

HARDCORE SISSY EROTICA

Bobbi Marx
& Bob Neils

BLACKED
FUTURE

COUNSELING
BY THE
Sissy BLACK
WORLD
ORDER

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Blacked Future: Sissy Counseling by the Black World Order

Bobbi Mare & Bob Neils

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Sissy Counseling by the Black World Order

John

20 years from today . . .

It's hard to look anything but guilty when you're pacing the waiting room, rehearsing your lies, and cursing yourself for slipping up on the details, but that's precisely where John Duvall found himself that ominous autumn afternoon. He wasn't the kind of a man who performed well under pressure, but he suspected he was even less the kind to survive prison with his dignity intact.

Hence this charade of marital counseling with the woman he loved more than life itself.

"Sit down." Tracey hissed it through clenched teeth. He knew she was just as nervous as he was, but at least her anger fit her story. She was supposed to be the wronged party here, the jilted wife. It would have seemed odd if she wasn't angry.

Still, for a man so meek and mild, such anger from his fierce, full-figured wife was hard to take.

"Are you sure we have to go through with this?" He sat down and immediately began squirming in the too-soft leather chair. He picked up a glossy men's magazine and idly flipped through the pages as if he knew the difference between straight-leg, relaxed, wide-leg fits or could tell you what an unstructured blazer and statement crewneck looked like.

His wife slapped the magazine out of his hand. "Unless you want us both in jail as illegal immigrants she seethed quietly, "you'll damned well play this just as

we practiced.” The haughty toss of her head and crossing of her arms was a look of displeasure he knew well. “It’s your fault we’re in this mess to begin with.”

It wasn’t, not at all, but he let it go.

Just like he always let it go.

With five years and fifty pounds on him, his wife naturally dominated him, but she was still an undeniably attractive woman, curvy and confident in a way that made him weak in the knees. Her skin was so fair, so perfectly unblemished, it was a crime how the yellow fluorescents of the office gave it such a sickly yellow cast. As for the long, black hair he so carefully washed and style for her each morning, it hadn’t been cut since the day they’d met. When braided, it was long enough that she could wrap it around his neck and choke him while they kissed.

Something he knew from experience.

He tried to emulate her posture, but it just made him look like he was sulking. He couldn’t stand the silence. It felt so accusing. “I just don’t know why I have to be the one with the problem,” he whined. He took a moment to make sure nobody was looking, and then quickly kicked off his shoe and rubbed the back of her leg with his foot. “Besides,” he whispered, “I think it’d be far more believable if you were the one having the affair. I’m hardly anything to look at, but you-”

“Mr. and Mrs. Duvall?”

The coldly bemused tone of the receptionist’s voice startled them both. Tracey was first to rise from her chair. She nearly sprawled on her face when John was slow in removing his foot.

“You idiot!” she snapped.

Her anger was a good cover. He nervously smoothed his uncomfortable suit pants while his wife took a safe step away, as if she couldn’t stand to be near him.

“Yes,” he said, his voice coming out in a high pitched squeak. “That is,” he tried to force something deeper, “we’re the Duvalls.”

Tracey huffed loudly. “For now,” she scowled.

Oh, that was a nice touch. He’d have to remember to commend her on it later.

If the young black receptionist suspected anything, she didn’t show it. “Miss Shawna will see you now,” she said sweetly. She paused with her hand on the office door.

Maybe he was just being sensitive, but the smile she showed them looked more amused than polite. It was as if she were mocking them. As if she knew something they didn’t . . . or knew something they didn’t want her to.

And what was with the way she said Miss?

It almost sounded like she meant to say more, but cut herself off.

It was all so weird.

“I know these sessions can be difficult,” she said, “but you are her last appointment for the day. She’s promised to give you all the time you need to amend your statements and find your path.”

There it was again.

Was it his imagination, or had she unnecessarily paused on ‘all’ the time.

And what was that ‘amend your statements’ comment about?

For that matter, what was with this ‘path’ business?

Didn’t that all sound ominous and weird?

John was starting to sweat.

It was all falling apart and he hadn’t even said a word!

Tracey stomped through the door the moment it opened. John moved to follow but paused to whisper a polite, “Thank you,” on his way by. When the receptionist winked back, he blushed profusely.

Great. That was all he needed. How the hell was he supposed to play a

womanizing gigolo when he couldn't even have a woman look his way without causing him to blush? Sure, Tracey thought they could play his quiet shyness as a sort of macho silence, but he had zero confidence they were going to be able to pull this off.

They were doomed. It may not have been his fault they were there - this was all her idea, her dream - but it would certainly be his fault if they failed.



Mistress Shawna

Mistress Shawna Charelle watched carefully as the pathetic white couple made their way into her office. She already knew the truth about their claims, but even if she hadn't done her research, she'd have immediately picked up on the signs.

This was not a marriage in jeopardy.

Any fool could see that.

The Duvalls were not an estranged couple, never mind one a step away from divorce.

About the only thing that did ring true about their story was the long wait for substandard care in Canada. Like so many others, they were cross-border shopping their healthcare, coming to the United States for premium care- at a premium price, of course, especially for Canadians.

What Canadians, at that.

Otherwise, their lies were so painfully obvious, it was amusing.

Looking at the two of them, looking at the way the useless white faggot worshipped the very air left in his bitch wife's wake, she doubted they'd ever had so much as a fight in all the years they'd been together. She might get angry, she might have to discipline him some times, but she could tell the little wimp took it.

Took it, liked it, and begged for more.

Yes, they appeared to be under some stress, but she already knew the cause of that - to be quite honest, she was the cause of that - and she fully intended to use it to her advantage.

Technically, this should have been an open-and-shut case, a deep counseling session with a few seeds planted for black ownership, a bill paid, and an Agency escort back to the border, but she wanted more for them.

She wanted more from them.

She rather liked the wife. She was thic, she was hot, and had potential. And the husband? Oh, she had plans for him too. Yes, he needed his hair styled, an upgrade in fashion sense, and a little makeup, but he was clean and cute for a man in his mid-thirties.

In fact, they were about as perfect a couple as she'd seen in years.

The fact that the useless white boy had no idea how much his wife wanted this, how desperate she was to get more than just counseling out of this, turned her on.

This was going to be fun.



Tracey

Tracey tugged her sweater down as she took a seat. “Thank you for agreeing to see us, Shawna.”

The black woman raised a perfectly sculpted eyebrow. “That’s Mistress Charelle.” Her smile was like that of a shark, hungry and menacing. “Understood?”

Tracey only hesitated a moment. She had to keep this professional if she was to maintain her façade, but Mistress? Really? Wouldn’t John notice, find that a bit much? She forced herself to play it cool, but that one word of respect was enough to make her panties damp. “Yes, Mistress Charelle. Please accept my apologies.”

“By all means.”

Was that a smirk?

Did she suspect something already?

Tracey shook it off. “You know why we’re here, so let’s not waste any more of our time than we have to. I left my husband when I caught him sleeping with another woman, and now we’re being forced to attend counseling just to prove we’re no longer a couple.”

The counselor nodded. “It’s one of the most common types of tax fraud, Tracey.”

She opened her mouth to ask for the same courtesy, to demand she be addressed as Miss Duvall, but paused as the large black woman leaned forward. The woman all but loomed over her and her husband. She only now noticed how low the chairs were. It was intimidating, and she knew that was likely the intent, but it didn’t make it any less effective.

The counselor continued. “A husband and wife find themselves in debt, and suddenly the good old days of filing single start to look attractive. Let’s be honest, we’re talking a difference of approximately twelve-and-a-half thousand dollars for you both.”

“What?” John nearly jumped out of his chair, only managing to shift his guilt to counterfeit rage a half-second later.

“Sit down, John.” That was a sneer. The stern woman looked as if she’d taken personal affront to the interruption. “You’ll get your chance. Not that you deserve it.”

As embarrassed as she was by her husband’s performance, and as much as that ‘deserve’ comment felt a little over the line, Tracey appreciated the chance it gave her to gather herself. “Look, we didn’t come here for tax advice, and our marital problems have nothing to do with money or debt.”

“They don’t?” Mistress Charelle clasped her hands before her, the long burgundy nails flashing like claws. Her hands were large for a woman, even larger than John’s. Tracey couldn’t look away. “Are you sure about that?”

“Absolutely!” She tried to look as offended as she sounded, but her gaze was still lingering on those hands, imagining the feel of those nails dragging furrows in her skin. She forced herself to shake off the thought of them wrapped around her throat. “I don’t know how much you were told about our case,” she protested, “but the only debt we have is our mortgage, and we’re actually six months ahead on our payments. Our credit cards are all paid, and we haven’t had to worry about student loans for years.”

“I see.” The dark-skinned woman wrote something down on her notepad. “And,” she asked, “what about future debt?”

“Excuse me?”

“Well, from what I see here, you’re going to be hard-pressed to pay for that extended Blacked Power cruise you’re planning without the hefty tax return you were expecting.”



Mistress Shawna

Shawna just sat back and let that sink in. They were trying so hard to maintain their façade of animosity, but it fell apart every time the white bitch opened her mouth.

We.

Our.

Our.

We.

Her every protest was couched in terms of them being a couple, not of her as an aggrieved, soon-to-be-divorcee.

Mentioning the cruise at this point was a bit of a gamble, but she was feeling frisky. Sure, she knew a little bit too much about their case for a typical counselor, but there was a reason US healthcare was looked to as an example for the rest of the world. Not yet. An outside couple this perfect only came through once every few years, and it had been so very long since she'd last had the opportunity to add a pair of immigrants to her stable.

A few discreet inquiries, a few bribes, and even a little blackmail were a small price to pay for the fun they'd soon be having.

Usually, she liked to taunt white couples like them a bit more, to really make them squirm, but she was already squirming herself. She so desperately wanted to see the other woman's cold white skin pressed tight against her smoky black flesh, and she was eager to see if the cute little white boy blushed that bright all over.

White boy cuckolds were one thing, but this one . . . he had sissy written all over him and that would double his value.

She stood from her chair slowly, giving the married couple a chance to admire

the way her skirt and blouse clung erotically to her ample curves. Even with a desk between them, she towered over the sitting couple. “Let’s drop the bullshit and cut to the chase.” Shawna sauntered around the desk and moved behind the couple. When she locked the office door, it gave a satisfyingly loud ‘click’ against their quiet, nervous fear.

With a quick pivot on her three-inch black heel, she turned to face their backs. “You,” she cooed, coming in to kiss the woman’s neck, “care more for your husband’s happiness than even your own. And you,” she laughed, turning to nip at the white boy’s ear, “can’t even look at another woman without blushing, much less cheat on your wife.”

“But-” The white bitch’s eyes were wide.

“You can’t-” The useless sissy’s cheeks were red.

She silenced them both with a quick squeeze of their thighs, her nails digging in deep enough to elicit a gasp from the husband and a muffled squeal from the wife. “You have two choices here today. One, you can turn around, march right back out that door, let our Agents escort you back to the border, and deal with the consequences of your fraud back in the cold white North. Officially, as an American, I can’t make recommendations regarding charges, but I think you’ll my observations do hold a lot of sway.”

She moved her hands up their thighs, stopping just shy of their respective crotches.

The way they tensed was exquisite. It made her already hard cock strain against her tight panties. When she felt the silence had dragged on just long enough, she snapped, “Do you understand?”

They nodded together, almost in perfect sync.

It was so adorable.

Oh, these two were going to be fun to train.

She was already thinking about keeping them.

“Two,” she dropped her voice, forcing them to lean towards one another to hear,

“you can submit your worthless white asses to black ownership.” She turned her hands outward. The thic bitch bit back a moan as her finger pressed against the wet heat of her sex through her tight jeans. The skinny sissy boy didn’t say a word, but she felt the tiny white cock in his pants gave a little twitch. “Do precisely as you’re told, without question or complaint, and you can walk out of here property of the Black New World Order, proper American property, wearing your new Jack and Jill of Spades leather collars instead of being arrested by some useless white Mounties and their regulation steel cuffs.”

She could see them wavering between fear and desire.

It was time to put all her cards on the table.

“Trust me, no matter what black-owned cuckold fantasies you were hoping to indulge on that cruise - your special requests were delightful reading, by the way - belonging to a black Queen, being owned by an entire country of superior black men and women, living a black-owned life, is going to be so much better.”



John

John didn't even need to look at his wife to know that she was in. He could smell her arousal. It was one of the things he'd always loved about her. Tracey was a woman who loved sex, with a body that wasn't shy about broadcasting the fact. As much as she liked to tease him over his blushing, red cheeks were nothing compared to how quickly her nipples got hard and how ridiculously wet her pussy got when she was turned on.

Their sex life was amazing, better than he could have ever dreamed, even if he rarely got the chance to fuck her without the hollow strap-on, but she'd only become more aroused and more demanding as she approached the big four-oh.

They hadn't agreed to any concrete plans regarding experimentation for the cruise, but they had discussed any number of taboo fantasies, fueled by the voyeuristic thrill of watching the culture of black ownership from North of the 49th parallel, and the counselor's comment about special requests certainly raised more than his eyebrows. He knew his wife hadn't selected a blacked ownership cruise by accident, but to think she'd planned more . . . that turned him on despite the situation they now found themselves in.

Or, he realized, perhaps it was because of the situation.



Tracey

Tracey was just about melting in her seat. She didn't know if the counselor had noticed yet, but she was so wet it felt like she'd pissed her white cotton panties. John was an amazing husband and an amazing lover, as attentive to her needs as he was imaginative in bed but, lately, she had been craving a little something more – for both of them.

She'd been watching a lot of illegal online porn, authentic videos of black ownership experiences in the US that were banned and censored by the Canadian authorities, and she was utterly infatuated with the idea of being completely dominated by a black woman. She'd always been the dominant one in their marriage, always been a take-charge kind of gal, but she'd been increasingly feeling the need to surrender to someone who could do the kinds of things to her that she did to her husband.

The idea of that person being a woman was as much a taboo as her being black. The erotic contrast of black flesh against too-white skin? The whole idea of race-play and reparations, a reality for their neighbors, but still a fantasy for Canadians? The thought of being consumed by the entirety of black culture? The fantasy of being a race-traitor, of sacrificing their citizenship to be bred black? It was all so erotic, all so forbidden, but just icing on the Sapphic cake of woman-on-woman love.

Okay, maybe she'd done more than just watch blacked porn and think about the lifestyle. The fantasy had become an obsession, and as much as facing the reality of it scared her, she knew she'd do anything her black Mistress demanded.

If things went well, if their introduction to black ownership was everything she dreamed, then maybe she could finally live out her fantasy of John being given the same reasons to smile and moan and whimper in pleasure, courtesy of a massive black lover. The idea of seeing her hubby's manhood erased, leaving him just another bitch for black use? That half of the fantasy was pure taboo, something they'd never discussed, but she knew he'd do anything for her and that turned her on.

They'd watched enough interracial porn to at least plant the seeds, enough cuckold cleanup porn to acclimate him to the idea, but she knew he'd be so fascinated by the sight of her being blacked that it would never occur to the submissive sweetie to say 'no' when another cock entered the picture.

If she was lucky, if they were lucky, Mistress Charelle would have a strap-on of her own in that desk.



Mistress Shawna

Shawna knew she had them hooked. John's pathetic little cock all but leaped into her hand as she pressed her fingers deeper into the white boy's crotch, and Tracey was already making wet squishing sounds beneath her massaging hand. She strutted through the horny couple, nearly knocking John's chair over in the process.

She turned and leaned back on the edge of his desk in one smooth movement. With the chairs where they were, at the height she'd achieved by having the legs cut down, she knew the mysterious darkness beneath her skirt would be right in front of their eyes.

It would be impolite to look away.

With slow, practiced movements, she carefully slipped off her grey jacket and unbuttoned the cream blouse beneath. One by one the buttons popped free, slowly allowing her ample bosom to strain even harder against its restraints. Her breasts were heavy and swollen, desperate for attention, but she wasn't quite ready to let them free.

Not yet.

"Now, I'm going to ask you fucking white sluts a question, and you'd better believe I expect an honest goddamned answer."

Their two heads nodded as one. She was pleased to see that both of them were leaning towards her, although they likely weren't aware of their actions.

"Why a blacked ownership cruise?" She began tracing circles over her bra, causing the nipples beneath to become harder and protrude even more. She knew damned well what they were after - she'd already admitted to reading the bitch's special requests to the travel agent - but she wanted to hear them say it aloud. "What's the appeal?"

"Honestly," the bitch answered, "it started with the color, the contrast." She

loved the way Tracey bit her lip when she blurted it out. “I can’t explain where it comes from or why. It wasn’t originally a racial thing, not at all. It’s just that the starker the contrast in things, the more I get turned on.”

Her wimp husband was quick to agree. “It’s true. Our bathroom, our bedroom, even our kitchen are all black-on-white. Stripes, checkerboard patterns, alternating colors, you name it.” He blushed even deeper as he smiled. “We’ve always said that when we renew our vows, she’s going to come in riding on a zebra, leading a panda parade, with a pair of lemurs sitting atop each shoulder.”

Shawna allowed herself a private moment.

Black-on-white, not white-on-black.

That was telling.

And she was glad they’d left out the clichéd Dalmatians.

The detail they’d invested in this showed they’d thought about this a lot. As a woman who appreciated beauty, who had an eye for aesthetics, she liked where they were coming from. “You said started,” she prompted when they both went silent. “You said originally.” She undid the top clip on her bra. “I want to know what it became.” She leaned forward and rested her hands on her thighs, framing her overflowing breasts for them. “Tell me what you hoped to get out of it.”

The hot white bitch spilled it all. Her hands trembled in her lap as she tried to hold them still. She confessed about the illegal interracial porn, the cuckolding fantasies, and the black ownership dreams. She admitted to wanting to be dominated, to needing to be owned and controlled. She even, with what Shawna swore was the sound of a small orgasm where she was rubbing her thighs together, confessed to her dreams for her husband, seeing him completely emasculated and turned into a black cock loving faggot.

Shawna laughed when the white boy quickly shifted his hands to cover what she knew was an involuntary orgasm. She could smell the mixture of strong white pussy juice and weak white sperm in the air.

She snapped her fingers.

These two were ready.

She pointed to the floor.

They were fucking perfect.



Tracey

The moment their counselor - their Mistress, she reminded herself - snapped her fingers, Tracey poured out of her seat, ending up a puddle of white flesh upon the floor. She crawled across the floor and pressed her lips to her Mistress' shiny red heels. She kissed the woman's stocking-clad feet through the open toes, first right, then left. She bowed her head to the floor.

"We submit our worthless white asses to black ownership," she promised. "We want to - no, we need to - be the property of the Black New World Order." She ached to run her hands up those legs, to slide them under that skirt, and explore the heat of her black sex, but she hadn't been given permission. "Please, Mistress. Collar us. Tattoo us. Mark us. Brand us. Let the world know we've accepted our place."

When Mistress Charelle nudged her face with her foot, she returned to kissing. She licked all over that shoe, her tongue sliding easily across the shiny surface, and then gleefully licked her sole when she presented it. She'd never felt so debased and degraded in her life and she loved it.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw John slide out of his chair to join her. He'd always had something of a foot fetish, so it was no great surprise that he so quickly overcame his shyness. They knelt together on the floor, shoulder to shoulder, and worshipped at the feet of their new black Mistress. The way her husband sucked on the three-inch heel, taking it all the way into his mouth and worshipping it with his tongue, turned her on.

She saw his hand begin to stray. She didn't blame him. She wanted to caress those legs as well, to run her hands along those exquisite stockings, but they had to be patient. Before his enthusiasm could get them into trouble, she reached over and squeezed his hand, hoping he'd take it for the warning it was.

Together, they kissed and licked their way around the counselor's heels, brushing cheeks regularly, and even paused for the briefest of kisses before returning their attention from rep lips to red shoes. Despite her fantasies, Tracey had never played the submissive role, but she was thoroughly enjoying the experience.

There was something so sensual, so erotic, so natural about assuming her place before this black Mistress, she could feel the pussy juice running down the inside of her thighs.

When Mistress Charelle reached down to place one hand on the back of each of their heads, forcing their faces against her shoes until it hurt, she lost it.

Another tiny orgasm shuddered through her body.

She knew she'd found her place.



John

When the counselor snapped her fingers, John immediately looked up. Eyes wide, he watched as she undid the final clasps on her bra and allowed it to fall open. With his wife a half-second behind him, he kissed his way up the black woman's skirt, over her wide white belt, and across the naked flesh of her stomach. She tasted of sweat, powder, and something vanilla.

As they neared those gorgeous black globes of flesh with their rounded, puckered, dark pink areolas, he heard his wife cry out. "Oh, Mistress, they're so beautiful."

Without waiting for any further encouragement, and wanting to be first, he darted in and gave the left breast a tentative kiss. When the black woman didn't stop him, he gave himself over to that kiss. She tasted as incredible as she looked. He was hungry for her. His open-mouthed kisses soon gave way to passionate sucking and slurping.

He didn't cry out like his wife did when Shawna pushed them away, far too soon, but he shared her bitter disappointment.

The counselor - their Mistress, he reminded himself - looked annoyed. "I will not suffer pathetic white sluts to be dressed in my presence." She threw a dismissive wave their way. "Undress one another for me. Give me a show."

John turned to his wife and smiled. He reached down to grasp the bottom of her black sweater. As it slipped over her head, she mouthed the kind of quiet "I love you" that always made him shiver. She returned the favor, pulling off his white dress shirt even as he fumbled with her bra.

Suddenly, all three of them were naked from the waist up.

He looked to Shawna for confirmation, and she nodded to continue.

He dropped to his knees and carefully unbuttoned Tracey's white jeans before slowly sliding them down her legs. While he helped her to step out of them, he

played one of their favorite games, using his mouth to remove her sopping wet panties. He wiggled his tongue deep into her slit to free them. Gripping the crotch between his teeth, he pulled them down her legs. His face was glistening with her juices. They were all he could smell, all he could taste. He knew it'd be time for his pants next, but was very much afraid he'd explode the moment she touched him.

“White boy.”

He looked up, wet panties in his mouth, to see their black Mistress pointing her finger at him.

“No cumming, faggot.”

Fuck. How did she know? He somehow managed to keep himself under control. He appreciated his wife's restraint, compared to how she would normally undress him, but he really couldn't blame her for nibbling on his balls as she freed them from the tight briefs. Dancing out of his socks took a bit of work, but soon enough they were both naked, a pair of white lovers kneeling before their black Mistress.

He had seen the appeal before, even understood his wife's fantasies of black ownership on some level, but only now was he coming to truly appreciate it the way she did. The contrast of races and roles was erotic and powerful. It was primal and basic. It was . . . as naturally beautiful as anything he'd ever been witness to before.



Mistress Shawna

Oh, the white sluts were good. They were so in love, so into each other, it was going to be an absolute delight to break them together.

As much as she wanted to drag out her big reveal, Shawna really just wanted to fuck. Thanks to two clients running late and another arriving early, she'd missed her secretary's daily blowjob so she was swollen and full and ready to burst.

But there was one very important thing that had to be done first.

“Faggot.” She pointed to the pile of discarded clothing with her toe. “Put on your wife’s bra and her panties.” The way he blushed made her smile. “Sissies shall always be properly attired in my presence.”

He started with the panties, which were several sizes too big, but being soaked with pussy juices they actually stuck in place rather well. He'd look better in something tighter that advertised his sissy nature, but this was a good start. She expected him to struggle with the bra, especially after he fumbled so adorably getting it off his wife, so she was shocked by how he clasped it in front before sliding it around and into place. It was too big as well, but as he slipped his arms into it, the hang of the cups gave him a delightful illusion of breasts.

Her perfect white couple had been just that so far – perfect – and now it was time to indulge her own fantasy of contrast. She turned around and bent over the desk. While the two sluts watched, entranced, she shook her very ample derriere before them, the twin globes of flesh bouncing and swaying beneath her skirt. She unzipped the side of her skirt and wiggled her way out of its tight embrace, leaving it in a pool of leather upon the floor. The panties underneath were heavy and thick, a control-type garment that kept her arousal in check.

She ever-so-slowly tugged them halfway down her ass, pausing with just her asshole exposed.

“Kiss my ass, sissy white boy.”

John attacked her naked asshole so quickly he came close to knocking her over. She knew how hot and musky she must smell back there after a long day, but she also suspected he'd gotten used to that taste with his wife's comparable, if never equal, ass over the years. She watched him wedge his face between her cheeks and was surprised when his tongue began probing at her asshole.

With a swing of her hips and a bounce of her ass, she propelled him back, knocking him to the floor. Shawna looked over her shoulder to make sure the white bitch was watching as she slipped a pair of fingers inside her ass, giving herself a good fuck. When they were good and slick, she held them out to the other woman.

“Kiss them.”

The white bitch wasted no time.

“Lick them. Suck them. Taste my ass juices.”

To her delight, the other woman seemed to have no hesitation at all, swallowing both fingers and sucking hard upon the musky, earthy taste.

“Ok, that's enough.”

When Tracey reluctantly sat back, Shawna slipped a third finger inside herself. She shoved them deep and wiggled them against the walls of her ass. When she withdrew them, the scent of her ass carried all the way up to her nose. She presented them for John to worship. She knew he still had that first taste of ass on his lips. “You were such an eager little slut. Lick my fingers. Taste the depths your tongue couldn't reach.”

If anything, the white boy sucked and licked harder than his wife, which boded very well for what she had planned next. She forced her hand deeper, jamming her knuckles against his teeth as she all but gagging him.

His eyes were watering, but he didn't pull away.

“Now, you both remember what I said earlier?” She pressed her legs tightly together, her secret hidden on the far side of the white couple, and wiggled her panties down to the floor. “About doing precisely as you're told, without complaint?”

Both husband and wife nodded.

Shawna slowly turned. She smiled as realization dawned on their faces, and smiled even wider when they both leaned in for a closer look. She stood proudly before them, her twelve-inch black cock poking out from her wide hips, with her belly hanging over it, and her DD-cup breasts hanging over that.

She was a BBW ebony-skinned Goddess with a BBC.

She was every man and every woman's fantasy.

She was going to fuck these pathetic white sluts and make them hers.

They may have been perfect, but she was fucking perfection.

“Starting at the base of the shaft,” she instructed, “I want the two of you to kiss your way up my cock.” She stepped forward and forced herself between them. “When I say kiss, I mean big, wide-mouthed kisses, the kind that will have you straining to kiss each other around my cock.”

Clearly entranced, neither husband nor wife had moved in, but neither had they moved away.

“First,” she said, fishing blindly on the desk behind her, “you’re going to do something for me.” Having found what she wanted, she tossed the tube of lipstick to the white bitch. “Fix the faggot’s lips for me. I won’t have some boy sucking my cock.” She stared at the white bitch. “I want to see you make your husband my sissy.”

To her credit, the bitch was quick to respond. She reached out and grabbed her husband’s face. She squeezed his cheeks, forcing him to pucker his lips, and applied to almost perfect coats of lipstick. “Smack your lips,” she told her husband.

He did just that.

“I know you’re used to useless white boys with tiny white dicklettes.” She placed a hand on the back of Tracey’s head. “And I know you’ve never sucked something so big, but you’ll have help.” She turned her attention to the husband. “Now, I know you don’t consider yourself a faggot, not yet, but you know you’re

hungry for my black cock.” She placed her other hand on the back of his head. “I know you’ve never sucked a real cock, and that’s why I’m letting the two of you do it together.”

She pulled them close enough to smell her, to feel the heel radiating off her cock. “Come now, my pretty little bitches. I want to see your pale white faces glowing against my hard black cock.”

It was no great surprise that Tracey was first to press lips to the rigid, sweaty flesh, but Shawna was encouraged to see how quickly John followed her lead. His kisses were tentative and awkward, where his wife’s were hungry and passionate, but he’d learn. After all, if there was one thing she loved more than having a white woman’s face buried in her black ass, it was having her black cock buried in a white boy’s face.

And if there was one thing she enjoyed more than that . . . well, first things first.

She continued to stroke their heads, gently encouraging their explorations, but it was clear neither needed the help. When they arrived at her swollen, glistening tip for the first time, it was Tracey who darted in to lick away the pre-cum with her tongue, but John who was the first to open wide and take that head into his mouth. She wanted to grab his head and ram it down, to thrust herself deep into his throat, to gag him on her cock, but she had to be patient.

He was doing so well it wouldn’t do to scare him away now.

The moment he released her, Tracey dove in and swallowed half of her shaft in one quick move. Not to be denied, John dropped down and bathed the remaining shaft in kisses, his cheek pressed tight against his wife’s chin. Moving as one, they worked their way up and down her cock three times before Tracey needed a breath.

Shawna was concerned for a moment when John hesitated, but he was just waiting for his wife to duel his tongue around the cockhead before trying to see how deep he could take it himself. He looked so eager, so hungry, she couldn’t hold back anymore.

“Relax your throat, white boy. Drop your tongue and try to burp around my shaft.” She reached down and placed a finger under the wife’s chin. With one finger she raised her up to eye-level. “As for you, bitch, I want to kiss you while

your husband deep throats my cock.”

The minute the other woman’s lips pressed against her, she began pressing against the head of the sissy below. It was such a fight not to close her eyes and lose herself in the kiss, but she forced herself to look past where her black hand held the white bitch’s cheek close, and down to where her other black hand was pushing the white sissy’s head closer, deeper, lower. There were tears in the faggot’s eyes, and the gagging was starting to get annoying, but she didn’t stop until she felt his chin pressing against her balls.

All things considered, for the first time, that was pretty good.

Just goes to show that inside every white boy there’s a black cock hungry faggot waiting to be released.

Shawna held him there, slowly and gently fucking his throat, while she lost herself in the passionate kisses of another woman.



John

He couldn't breathe, but he'd become very adept at holding his breath over the years. Tracey had always been a larger woman, and when she was in the throes of orgasm, she liked to ride his face without mercy. He had blacked out once from lack of air, and drowned in her pussy juices on at least three occasions, but it was hardly a hardship.

This was something different, though.

There was a cock in his mouth.

A dick in his throat.

A penis filling his face.

This was an experience he had never thought to experience, but he was coming to enjoy it. Their black Mistress reminded him enough of his wife for his attraction to be natural, and he and Tracey had watched enough black cock videos that he'd developed an appreciation for what was so mercilessly filling his throat. Staring down at a pair of black balls beneath his chin was disorienting - as was feeling white lingerie on his body - and watching the black shaft work its way between his lips was surreal, but all he had to do was look up to find his pleasure.

As he admired the mashed-up tits above him, black on white, double-Ds against double-Es, and the two gorgeous women kissing above them, it was easy to remember that it was a woman's cock that was fucking his throat.

There was absolutely nothing masculine about their counselor. She could call him faggot all she liked, but there was nothing gay about enjoying her special brand of counseling.

If that made him a sissy, then a proud sissy he would be.



Tracey

Tracey cried out in need as her Mistress broke away from their kiss. Kissing another woman had been everything she ever dreamed about. It was soft and feminine, full of the taste of lipstick. She wanted to make love to her forever.

“Look at your faggot husband,” Mistress Charelle said softly, as if not to startle him. “Look what a fucking cocksucking pro the white sissy has proven himself to be.”

She was right. The oral talents of her husband were quite remarkable. She’d fucked him with strap-ons before, gagged him with dildos, and used him to lick her vibrators clean, but she’d never seen him suck something so big or do so with such enthusiasm. It only occurred to her how well-endowed their Mistress was, and how deep John had taken her, as she watched as that black slowly, a half-inch at a time, withdraw from her husband’s mouth.

It took forever. It just seemed to keep coming.

And the entire length was coated in saliva.

Saliva from her husband’s mouth.

Her black-owned, cock-sucking sissy husband.

As all that dawned upon her, she went weak in the knees. A heart-stopping orgasm crashed over her. She added her pussy juices to that cock - and her husband’s face - as she squirted with explosive force. The blissful smile on John’s face provided another, smaller orgasm, but their Mistress barely allowed him time to lick his way up one wet leg before she interrupted.

“White bitches.” She snapped her fingers. “Follow.”

Tracey helped her rather dazed husband to his knees and kissed him hard on the lips, sharing the taste of cock for just a moment. Shoulder-to-shoulder, they crawled across the room and over to the blindingly white couch in the corner.

The moment their Mistress lay down upon it, her black, sweaty flesh absolutely glowing against the textured white leather, Tracey felt lust turn into love.

“Tracey. I want you to squat above me and hold my big, black cock at the entrance of your fat white, wet pussy.”

She was quick to comply, although the softness of the couch was a bit of a surprise, forcing her to work to maintain her balance.

“Good.” The black woman nodded her approval. “John. You’re going to lay on your back behind your wife, position yourself between my legs, and lick us both as I breed your wife’s cunt. Do you think you can manage that, sissy?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Tracey had to see this. She didn’t want to turn, not all the way, but she managed to look back over her shoulder to see her husband laying down between those well-toned black legs, his white torso standing out in glorious contrast.

When her Mistress reached up to caress her face, Tracey melted against her touch. She was entranced. She was in love. She was already owned. The other woman bit down hard on her lip and growled, “Fuck me, bitch.” Tracey immediately dropped down onto her lover’s impossible cock and heard her husband groan in delight behind her.

She cried out, already cumming again. “Oh, Mistress! It’s so big . . . so long . . . so thick.” She began rocking back and forth as she fucked, really grinding herself into the black woman below. “I’ve never felt so full, so complete.” She was delirious with pleasure. Mad with desire. She felt her husband’s mouth graze her pussy lips and looked back to watch him getting into his role as well. “I don’t know you swallowed this monster, honey.”

“Neither . . . neither do I,” he panted between licks and kisses, “but I hope she lets me lick it clean when you’re done cumming all over it.”

That was all it took for the next orgasm to wrack her body, and it only intensified as her Mistress pulled her down and into another hot, passionate kiss.



Mistress Shawna

Shawna grabbed Tracey's face and forced it down into cleavage. "Suck on my tits, bitch." She began thrusting harder into the white woman atop her. "Get ready, because you've never felt anything like this."

She looked down at the hungry white sissy. She locked her thighs around him, holding him in place. With one last upwards into his wife, she climaxed. Shawna screamed with the intensity of her orgasm as she felt Tracey shudder and jerk atop her. Her spurts were thick and heavy, erupting from her cock like a volcano, and filling the white bitch's cunt with potent black sperm. She continued to thrust, continued to cum, until she could hear the white bitch's pussy squelching around her shaft.

"When I pull out, bitch, you keep that pussy clamped tightly shut. Squeeze those thunder thighs together." The other woman looked confused but was clearly eager to obey.

She maneuvered Tracey over the sissy's head, then slipped off the couch and came around to stand between the white boy's bare legs. Those white panties looked so cute on him. "You're in luck, faggot." She began slowly stroking herself, letting them both see just how slick her shaft was. "Your bitch wife got me good and lubed for you, so this shouldn't hurt nearly as much as it would otherwise.

Shawna looked into his eyes and saw a mixture of fear, hunger, shame, and arousal.

"You're going to get fucked hard and deep," their Mistress promised, "but not until your wife asks for it."

Tracey's head perked up at that, and a new smile spread across her tired face. "Oh, Mistress!" It was the moment of her husband's unmaning, and she could see what pleasure the bitch was taking in being allowed a role in taking it! "Fuck my husband, please. Fuck his white ass with your black cock. Break his worthless sissy ass and make him a cock-hungry faggot for the Black New

World Order.”

Shawna pulled the sodden, too-bit panties out of the way and began pressing against the sissy’s tight ass. He howled in pain as she forced the tip of her cock inside him. Oh, how she loved that sound! No white boy ever cried as sweetly as he did with that first breaking of what he mistakenly thought to be his manhood. There was nothing like a white sissy’s first penetration by a real cock.

By black cock.

She caught movement out of the corner of her eye. The white bitch was trying to rub herself. She loved that her husband’s emasculation had her so aroused, but she needed to remember her place. “Bitch! I didn’t permit you to touch yourself. Keep those legs closed until I say otherwise.”

“Sorry, Mistress.” The fat white bitch was squirming with anticipation. “Please, Mistress. Fill my sissy husband’s faggot ass. Fill him like you did me.” Her eyes sparkled with desire. “Breed him, Mistress. Make him pregnant with your seed.”

Shawna pushed a bit harder. She kept the pressure steady until she felt her head slip past the tight ring of the white sissy’s sphincter. “Do you want it?” she asked, addressing both husband and wife at the same time. When they both nodded yes, she took a deep breath.

She planted her feet.

She drove her black cock deep inside that white ass.

“Oh, fuck, goddamn, son of a bitch!” John was panting and crying.

God, she loved that sound.

Shawna liked to see white boys hurt, she liked to see faggots broken, but more than that she liked to see the sissies come crawling back for more. That meant helping John find his way to pleasure.

“Relax,” she instructed. “Push out, just like you’re going to the bathroom, and let your muscles do all the work pulling me in.” To his credit, he was able to do just that. In her experience, most men needed several such instructions before they could figure it out, but this one knew how to obey.



Tracey

“Yes, just like that, honey.” Tracey’s eyes were as big as saucers as she watched that massive black cock bury itself to the hilt in her husband’s ass. It was so hard to maintain her control, to keep herself from riding his face to one last orgasm, but she had to trust in their counselor.

“Bitch!”

Her head snapped up. She looked up onto the other woman’s beautiful black face and smiled. “Yes, Mistress?”

Their Mistress was gritting her teeth now as she drove deeper and harder into John’s whimpering embrace. “Slip a finger inside yourself, find a bit of my cum, and pull it out.”

Their Mistress sounded so close to cumming, Tracey wanted to cry herself. She did as she was told. It was so very hard not to just let herself go, not to just let loose with a creampie torrent for her exhausted sissy husband, but something told her the best was yet to come.

“Taste it, bitch.”

She did, and it was glorious.

“Now, tell me what you want. I want to hear you say it.” It was clear their Mistress could barely speak at this point, and John had devolved into a series of meaningless moaning and groaning, but she had no hesitation in answering.

“I want to feed the faggot,” she groaned, “while you breed it!”



John

John had never felt anything like the cock buried deep inside his ass. His wife had pegged him without mercy on any number of occasions, tied him up and fucked him with her toys, but latex was no substitute for the real thing. This was a real cock. It was hot and full of life. It was hard and soft at the same time, flexible in a way no toy could be. It had texture to it, and the balls slapping against his ass were a definite eye-opener.

This was fucking on a whole other level.

He was broken.

He was addicted.

He was a black cock sissy faggot and he was never looking back.

When his Mistress came, the world before his eyes exploded with color. He saw stars.

He cried out in hungry abandon as her throbbing black cock filled his ass. It was one thing to be fucked, it was another thing entirely to feel cum exploding inside him. It was emasculating and embarrassing . . . but it was also exhilarating.

Not that he had long to appreciate it.

No sooner had the stars filled his eyes and his wife's pussy cast them into darkness. She dropped down onto his face and what felt like a gallon of thick, viscous, sticky semen was pushed out of her swollen pussy. It filled his mouth until all he tasted was cum. It filled his nose until all he smelled was sperm. It filled his eyes, making them sting.

And he loved it.

As he felt their Mistress continue cumming inside his ass, filling him with so much cum he wondered how long it would be before he tasted it from both ends, he fought to keep up with the torrent of cum enveloping his face. He lapped and

licked and sucked and swallowed, but it was too much to contend with, too thick to easily swallow. It was running down his cheeks and chin, covering him in cum, and he loved it.



Mistress Shawna

Completely spent from back-to-back orgasms, Shawna slipped off the couch.

As consumed as they were by the frantic need to share her black seed, the two white bitches didn't even notice. They were rolling around, smearing her semen all over one another, and sharing sloppy, passionate kisses born of erotic overstimulation.

She always enjoyed the novelty of this moment. She had seen more than a few erotic interludes go very wrong when lovers came out of their black cock haze, their fear and guilt causing them to rebel, but it was all part-and-parcel of initiating new white couples into black ownership. They could come willingly or reluctantly, as happy sluts or as broken slaves. In the end, it really made no difference, blacked they were and blacked they would forever be, but the romantic in Shawna always preferred bitches who were desperate to please. As much as she enjoyed punishing disobedient white couples, she preferred when that was something she was free to do at her leisure, not something she was forced to do constantly.

It was time to put white subservience to the test. She stood before her desk, legs spread wide, with her half-erect cock dangling. Shawna squeezed her breasts, adjusting them so that they stood proud and firm, the nipples pointing slightly downward.

“Bitches, to me.”

It was amazing. The white bitch and her sissy husband stopped everything. With perfect coordination, they rolled over and off the couch in a single movement. They slid to their knees, side by side, and then crawled across the floor to lay prostrate at her feet. It was the kind of perfection one rarely came across in new slaves, and it boded very well.

“Yes, Mistress.” The fat bitch kissed her foot.

“Thank you, Mistress.” The sissy faggot kissed her other foot.

She wiggled her toes and both sluts eagerly opened their mouths to suck on them. She was going to ask them about their desires, confirm they were still entering black ownership willingly, but there was no point. It was clear what they needed, clear what they wanted.

“Sissy.” She snapped her fingers. “Crawl around my desk and open the bottom drawer. Inside you’ll find a black box tied in black ribbon with a black bow atop it.” She knew he’d fail, but she added the next bit anyway. “Pick it up with your mouth and bring it to me.”

“Yes, Mistress.” He looked so happy being commanded. His tiny little white cock - which, it occurred to her, hadn’t done more than leak all afternoon - bobbed with his every movement. It was so cute, she found herself wondering if she’d let him keep it. The balls, of course, would have to go, but she could see herself teasing the soft little stub left behind.

As expected, she heard the box tumble to the floor with a metallic crash, but the little faggot showed surprising ingenuity. A few moments later he came crawling back around the desk with the lid held between his teeth, his mouth forced open so wide he was drooling, the box being pushed along before him. Oh, this was one going to be fun to train. She suspected he had limits it would take her a long while to reach.

Shawna patted his head and he moaned with sissy satisfaction. “Slaves, to your knees. Backs straight. Eyes on me.”

Tracey and John - she’d need new names for the two - obeyed instantly. The white bitch was a little slow to assume the position, clearly not used to the submissive role, but was smart enough to look to her husband and follow his lead.

Shawna picked up the box and laid it on the desk beside her, lifting the lid and setting it aside. “Do you submit your worthless white asses to black ownership?” she asked.

“Yes, Mistress,” the bitch responded.

“We do, Mistress,” the sissy affirmed.

She withdrew the two collars from the box. “Do you submit yourselves to be the

property of the Black New World Order?”

“Yes!” The bitch’s tits shook with excitement. “We want it so much.”

“Yes, Mistress.” The sissy looked pained. She could see how stiff his dicklette was, and how his fingers twitched wanting to touch it. “We need it, Mistress. It’s where we belong.”

Now, this was going to be interesting. Should she collar them first, and then let the sissy have his release so she could watch for post-orgasm regret? Should she ruin his orgasm now, and forever leave him desperate and wanting? Or should she allow him one last release as a free white boy, to see if he’d still be so eager to accept her collar?

Really, there was only one choice.

“Slaves, turn to one another.” They were quick to obey. “Bitch. In a moment, I am going to tell you to jack off your husband’s pathetic little cock. Sissy. You are going to hold your hand over the head to ensure not a drop touches my floor.” She didn’t give them time to think about it. “Now.”

It happened so fast, she wasn’t sure whether it was one stroke of his wife’s hand or two, but the sissy faggot whimpered and moaned through a pent-up orgasm that left his body trembling. The bitch kept stroking, even after he was done, and Shawna knew what exquisite torment that must have been. She’d have to be punished for taking such liberties with black property, of course, but Shawna enjoyed the look of anguish on the white boy’s face.

“Pathetic. And you wonder why we’re the supreme race.”

“No, Mistress. We know. We understand.” Well, listen to that. The bitch might have just earned back that punishment.

“Sissy. If you still wish to be black-owned, if you still desire to serve the Black New World Order, then you will lick up that weak, watery, white boy sperm and beg me to castrate you.” Was it too much? Was she pushing too far, too soon? Normally, yes, but she felt the need to follow her instincts here.

He did it.

He didn't even hesitate.

The sissy faggot lapped up every ounce of cum from his hand and then licked it clean. The way his wife beamed with pride, Shawna knew this was not the first time he'd been ordered to debase himself so. When he was done, he smacked his lips in delight.

Oh, fuck, but that was making her hard again.

"Please, Mistress, accept this pathetic white faggot into black ownership. Please teach me and train me to be a good sissy for the Black New World Order." For fuck's sake, his limp little prick was getting hard as he said it! "Please, Mistress, free me of my useless manhood. I beg of you, Mistress, take it away so that I can serve you and all my black superiors without distraction."

He begged so sweetly, she stood and slapped him across the face with her dick.

Shawna had one last trick up her sleeve, one final bit of mental manipulation to ensure they understood how and why they came to their fate. She handed the pastel pink collar with the black Jack of Spades tag to the bitch. "Prove yourself to me," she said. "Prove how much you want to be black-owned. Place this collar around the sissy's neck and renounce him as your husband."

The bitch didn't hesitate. She accepted the collar with a smile and turned to face the faggot. "John, I love you with all my heart, and I thank you for sharing in our black-owned fate, but I belong to Mistress Charelle now." She placed the collar around his throat. "You're no longer my husband. You're just another white faggot sissy slave."

Shawna nodded in approval. She handed the other collar - baby blue with a black Queen of Spades tag - to the sissy. "Prove yourself to me," she said, repeating the vows. "Prove how much you want to be black-owned. Place this collar around the bitch's neck and renounce her as your wife."

The little white boy smiled as he obeyed. "Tracey, you will always be the love of my life, the woman who taught me to heel, and who brought me to black ownership, but there can be no distractions in belonging to our Mistress." He lovingly placed the collar around her neck. "Giving you up is harder than giving up my manhood, but you are no longer my wife."

Fuck, this was so hot. She'd collared plenty of white couples before, but they'd never been this perfect. "Bow your worthless heads." When they obeyed, Shawna took the padlocks out of the box and locked each slave into their new collars. In doing so, she snapped off the key in each lock. "You may gaze upon me."

When the slaves raised their heads, she was surprised to see tears of joy on their faces. How had they not realized this was what they needed? How had they not come to their fate before now?

She handed them the broken keys and saw them smile.

She fucking handed them evidence of their slavery, proof of their permanent submission, and they smiled.

"You two are just so fucking perfect." She began stroking her cock. "I accept your sacrifice. You are officially black-owned, the proud property of the exalted Mistress Shawna Charelle." The way their eyes widened at the words was almost as delightful as the way their tongues poked out to lick their lipstick-smearred lips in anticipation.

Normally, cumming three times in an afternoon would be a challenge, but she'd never been so aroused in her life. Her hand raced up and down that shaft, her nails a shiny blur in the air. It didn't take long before she was ready. She twisted her wrist, adding a little extra stimulation to her swollen black cockhead. Shawna felt the hot cum boiling up her shaft.

"You are no longer Duvalls!" With a triumphant roar, she shot her first load across the white bitch's face. "I christen you Dashanique."

Her next load crossed both faces, leaving a thread of cum connecting them, but the third was all for the sissy. "I christen you Dannisha."

There were two more loads after that, and she sprayed them liberally across the two white sluts, painting their faces and plastering their hair. When she was done, she held her cock out to the faggot and he licked it as clean as a fucking lollipop.

"Now, without wiping, licking, kissing, or otherwise cleaning yourselves of my cum, I want the two of you to crawl back into the lobby and present yourselves

to Mistress Monique. She'll show you to your cages and take care of your paperwork."

"Paperwork, Mistress?" The white bitch looked confused.

"Yes. You'll be signing away your lives, your pasts, your possession, and your selves. You entered my office as pathetic white Canadian citizens, but you'll exit it as black-owned American property."

"Of course, Mistress." The sissy looked eager. "Thank you."

Shawna smiled. "While you're at it, beg to be plugged. Mistress Monique has a thing for gaping white asses and I know she's anxious to get her fists inside you both."



Dashanique

Even as the crowd of strangers gathered to snap pictures with their cell phones, Dashanique - oh, how she loved that new name - knelt naked before the hood of what was now her Mistress' car to do with as she pleased, and awaited her pleasure. It was hard to believe it had only been hours ago that she was a married woman worrying about something so trivial as taxes when all she had ever wanted to do was be black-owned.

If felt right. It felt natural. It felt like she, for the first time in her life, belonged.



Dannisha

Dressed in a matching pink bra and panties, Dannisha knelt alongside the slave who had once been his wife and thought back to that afternoon. So much had happened. So much had been revealed. It was like that black cock triggered something inside of him, freeing him from the role he'd felt required to play and exposing him as the black-owned sissy faggot he always secretly desired to be.

It was hard to look anything but happy when you're waiting for your owner, rehearsing the first thing you'll say to her, and cursing yourself for not asking to have your useless dicklette caged, but that's precisely where Dannisha found himself that auspicious autumn evening.

He'd always told himself he wasn't the kind of a faggot sissy who performed well under pressure, but not only would he survive black ownership with his dignity intact, he'd thrive under it.

The End

About the Authors

Bobbi Mare is an author of nasty, naughty, trashy, taboo erotica . . . a mature sissy whose signature theme is submissive sissies in pretty outfits and erotic bondage, but who also loves to explore forced feminization, breast growth and breastfeeding, oral and anal penetration, chastity and castration, butt plugs and pegging, stunning shemales and fabulous futanari, big black stallions (both literally and figuratively), pony boys and pony girls, massive cocks with huge loads, and other deviant delights.

Bob Neils is a happy phallophile and horny semenophile . . . which means that in addition to being a breast man, a leg man, and an ass man, he is also a dick man. While he has no romantic attraction to men, he does have a fetish for penises and an addiction to semen, which he finds is best enjoyed through anonymous glory holes, cuckold creampiees, shemale lovers, and fantasies of forced bisexuality and BBC worship. Fetish is what drives him, and he will never apologize for that.

Despite growing up 20 minutes away from one another and only being a few years apart in age, it was a gay bathhouse in Montreal, over 650 km away from home, where they first met . . . and immediately bonded over being the only two cock-worshipers in chastity. They only met that once, but they kept in touch and ended up collaborating on some shared erotic fantasies. Sold! to the Shemales was their first, followed by Sissy Vacation Exposure (originally published as The Tool) and Sissy for the Black World Order (originally published as Beta Boy Cuckold Cleanup).

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