HARDCORE SISSY EROTICA

Sissy

AGENT FOR THE BLACK WORLD ORDER

BLACKED FUTURE

Bobbi Mare

Blacked Future: Sissy Agent for the Black World Order

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Part One: A White Boi's Life

20 years from today . . .

"Good morning, sweetie." I saw Momma look up from her coffee. It wasn't the sound of my high-heeled slippers tapping across the kitchen floor that alerted her – noises like that were so commonplace, we took them for granted – but the sound of my prolonged yawn. "Didn't sleep well?"

"No, Momma," I responded. "Daddy Darnell gaped me so wide last night while he was watching the big game, I couldn't keep my butt plug inside me." As a community sissy under the Black New World Order, I was required to be caged and plugged whenever I wasn't being used by a black superior. "The naughty sissy alarm kept going off, and I had to keep getting up to log the explanation in my diary."

"I heard that." She took another sip. "I thought maybe you were trying to fiddle with your cage and stroke your tiny little penis to a stolen orgasm."

"Momma!" I pretended to be horrified, but I saw her smile behind that coffee cup. "You know I would never, ever do such a thing. I've never once cum like a boy," I reminded her, "and I hope I am never, ever forced to."

I made a show of bending over to get a bottle of cold water from the bottom of the fridge, and even wiggled my ass, hoping my shiny pink sissy panties might catch her eye, but it seemed to take forever before I heard her gasp at what she saw. It never once occurred to me that she might think I had done something

wrong, although I knew my real mother would have had a heart attack.

Well, not my real mother. As far as I was concerned, the woman I knew and loved as Momma was my real mother. She'd saved me, raised me, and loved me. By real mother, I mean birth mother, but we'll get back to her soon enough.

Momma leaped from her chair so fast, I heard it topple to the floor. Startled, I looked over my shoulder just in time to see her rush forward and wrap me in an awkward embrace. She knew well enough to keep away from the fresh tattoo, but she hugged me as tightly and warmly as she could.

The pride I saw shining in her eyes brought tears to my own. In a shy little whisper, with just a hint of mischief in my eyes, I asked, "Do you like it?"

Centered on the small of my back, in precisely the same spot as her own tattoo, was a dark black spade, three inches high and two-and-a-half inches wide. Splattered to the right, on a jaunty little angle, was a pattern of faux cumstains in the shape of a princess crown. Inside the spade itself were the letters `SPSW' in a very girly, very pink, very cartoonish font. The tattoo was still a little puffy and tender, but the ointment I'd put on before bed had healed it nicely.

"It's gorgeous, sweetie!" She hugged me again. "What does the SPSW stand for?"

"It's what Daddy called me when I was done," I told her.

The man I called Daddy, of course, was not my real father. Sure, I had a birth father somewhere in my past, but I'd never had a real father - and never missed it either. No, Daddy was Daddy as in Big Daddy, the older black man in the neighborhood who had taken charge of my training.

"He said that I was a Sissy Princess Sperm Whore." I was suddenly very aware of stepping on her territory, but I knew it was ground we were meant to share. "I know you've always hoped I might find a Master to own me, but Daddy thinks a sissy with my talents and my thirst for cum should be remain community property." I giggled at the memory of how we came to that decision. "He says not even his big black balls can keep up with me."

Momma didn't say anything. She just stood there and stared at me.

"It's okay, isn't it?" I asked. "I mean, there's enough cum for us to share, isn't there?" I began blubbering like a little schoolgirl. "I could always go somewhere else. Find another community in need of a sissy."

"Don't be silly," she finally replied. "Neither of us are going anywhere. I'm just . . . well, super proud and kind of stunned. You've grown up so fast." I felt the warmth of her DDD-cup breasts leaving my back as she pulled away. "It seems like just yesterday you were asking me about my tattoo."

You're probably a bit confused, but that's totally okay. Unless you were born into the Black New World Order, our life can be a lot to take in – kind of like a fat black cock in a virgin sissy ass. You have to know where Momma and I come from and why

we're together to understand why we do what we do, so let's pause the story for a moment so I can give you some background.

My parents were leaders in the white pride movement - I refuse to dignify their terrorism with capital letters - and they put their disgusting, misguided cause before everything else.

The pathetic white man who fathered me was killed in a plane crash before I was even born. Technically, he was killed in a plane crash while I was being born, but he died without knowing that. He'd been on his way to Georgia, where he was to lead a weak, white protest against the reelection of America's first black futa president. I never knew him, but everything I've learned about him over the years assures me that the authorities were justified in shooting him down. If they'd have hesitated, he'd have not only murdered the President but massacred hundreds of beautiful black bystanders.

I've seen photos of him, of course, and I've even seen a holo-vid his movement filmed where he walks on camera, refuses to shake a black man's hand, and spits on it instead. It's a pathetic piece of propaganda in which his hand looks ridiculously small and weak next to his black superior, the whole thing coming across as a satirical farce with a laugh track that was surely intended to mock the black man, but which instead only calls attention to my father's pettiness.

The equally pathetic white bitch who birthed me had no use for a child. She pushed me out in the dark alley behind their little clubhouse and left me for dead while she went back to planning her boyfriend's triumphant return, not knowing

he'd already been shot down. My Momma just happened to be passing by, on her way home from an evening of riding black cock at the downtown gentleman's club, when she heard my cries.

She could have kept walking, but she was afraid the bitch would come back and claim me. She could have called the authorities, but she was afraid they'd just hand me over to the bitch. She could have snatched me up and dropped me off at the nearest hospital, but she was afraid the bitch would come to her senses and start looking for me.

Instead, Momma scooped me up and took me home, as excited by the prospect of being a mother as she was thrilled by the idea of secretly guiding the child of America's foremost white pride couple on a path to black ownership. That's not to say she raised me out of cruelty or spite. Far from it. She loved me from the moment she saw me, and she raised me with that same love, nurtured me, and prepared me to enjoy the same lifestyle she loved so much.

I have no regrets about not knowing my parents. There's never been a single moment that I felt their absence from my life as anything but a blessing. I love what I've become, what Momma helped make me, and I wouldn't change it for anything.

As for my Momma, she was a struggling medical student before the rise of the Black New World Order. She wasn't studying to be a nurse, but an actual doctor. Imagine that! Once unheard of because she was a woman, the idea is now just as unheard of because she's white. Some people would say she was born to the wrong generation, but she's never felt a moment's resentment for having her dream replaced with something better.

Momma and I have always been very close, as much best friends as family. There was nothing sexual or inappropriate about our relationship, so get your mind out of that gutter, but we have always been very honest and open with each other about our sexuality. It's because of her that I've had the opportunity to embrace my place in life without the fear, shame, or doubt my parents would insist I feel.

I know, I know. None of this is what you came here to read, and you probably don't care about any of it, but it's important that I establish the proper expectations. Now, onto what does matter . . . those big black details I know you've come to hear.

Momma belonged to the neighborhood, servicing black men and women whenever and however they desired. I grew up seeing her either in the arms of our black superiors or at their feet, and I grew up seeing her happy. Even before I had my first sexual thought, watching her taught me the aesthetic joys of black on white. There's just something beautiful about it the contrast.

The night my appreciation became erotic is one I will never forget. Momma often left me home alone while she was out being used, knowing there was nowhere I'd be safer than surrounded by our black neighbors. Normally, I would have been in bed, watching retro horror vids on my holo-tablet, but I had just popped downstairs to grab a slice of cold pizza from the fridge when I heard her come in. I didn't hide, not really, just sort of kept out of sight so as not to interrupt their evening.

Momma was dressed in a gorgeous red cocktail dress, with shiny red heels

and a matching purse. I'd watched her get dressed and do her makeup before she left, even picking out her shoes and her purse. She was a pale woman, blessed with freckles all over her body, and red just set them off beautifully. Seeing her come through the door, with that black man towering over her, she'd looked like such a tiny little ghost. I'd never really thought of her as short, but she'd looked like a child as she'd turned around and stepped into his arms.

I saw how he possessed her, how he controlled her with nothing more than ebony fingers placed against her ivory throat, and I knew I wanted to feel that same sense of submission.

So, that was the beginning of my understanding, but it was the summer of my fifteenth birthday when I finally came to fully understand the sexual power of those relationships. And, yes, that means we're finally getting to the story of that tattoo!

Momma and I were out laying by the pool - me out in the sun, her beneath the biggest patio umbrella you'd ever seen - when I caught a glimpse of something on her back. Curious, I waited until she rolled over to pick up her soda, and then leaned in for a look.

It was a tattoo. The very idea of such a thing on my Momma's backside thrilled me. Tattoos were powerful things, the kind of marks you saw on lowly slaves and treasured property alike, but I'd never seen Momma's tattoo until that day. Her tattoo was a black spade, about two inches wide at the bottom, set in the very small of her back. It would have been hidden by anything other than a bikini

bottom, so I couldn't even guess how long she'd had it.

I understood the spade, of course, but I couldn't make sense of the lettering inside.

` W4BBC' was written inside that spade, in carefully drawn, very feminine, stylized lettering.

We'd never had any secrets between us, and she'd always welcomed any questions I might have, so I simply asked her what it meant. For the first time in our lives, she paused, as if she might not answer.

"Oh, my sweet sissy, where do I even begin!"

She invited me to sit on the end of her chair so we could talk.

"I guess it's time for every family's favorite chat. The birds, bees, and black cock."

That was the afternoon that she told me, proudly and openly, that she was a Whore 4 Big Black Cock. That's precisely how she said it. Whenever my Momma used those words, you heard the capital letters in her voice - the same capital letters we refused to use for my parent's white pride movement.

Whore 4 Big Black Cock.

That's what the W4BBC stood for, and the spade around it represented the fact that she was owned and marked by her black superiors. Naturally curious, I asked her what was so special about black men. I mean, I knew they were bigger, stronger, and just plain better than white sissies like me, but I was still kind of in the dark about what made them special for a woman like my Momma.

She told me to think of my own cock at its hardest and longest, and to place

my hand against my chastity cage as if I were stroking it. Next, she told me to imagine it four times as long, and to imagine it six times as thick. When my eyes widened and my hand expanded around the imaginary cock, she laughed in delight.

That, she told me, was only the beginning. She told me to think of my messiest nighttime drippies. This wasn't a topic of shame for us, especially since she changed my sheets and knew what a young sissy was capable of. She then told me to imagine a cock that could produce ten times that amount of cum, and not leak it out in drips and drabs, but shoot it out in explosive jets of fresh, hot black cum.

That was the first sissygasm, and it was all in my head.

Now, before you start thinking you have me all figured out, that conversation didn't fill me with a sense of inferiority, or suddenly crush my budding masculinity – mostly because I didn't have any! I didn't feel the least bit insulted by the comparison to my own sissy dicklette, and honestly didn't feel as if there were anything wrong with me or it. Instead of making me feel small and weak, the conversation simply informed me that black men were bigger and better.

Anyways, that catches you up on the important stuff, so let's get back to the story.

"I wish my mother could see me know." I wiggled my ass again and did a little dance. "I'm sure that bitch would be ever so proud of her blacked, marked, sissy son."

"Now that would be a sight!" Momma giggled. As I joined her at the kitchen table, I saw her reach into her purse and pull out a condom that was so full of cum,

it took both her hands to hold it. "I wondered why Master insisted I take this home with me last night, but now I understand."

She tossed it to me across the table. Predictably, I completely fumbled it, but I saved it before it hit the floor. Sissies may suck at sports, but we know better than to waste black cum!

"Oh my god! I'm so sorry!"

She just laughed. "Enjoy your treat, sissy. It appears you've earned it."

As I skipped down the hall, clutching the warm collection of sperm to my chest, it occurred to me that this wasn't just a present from her Master, a reward for being marked by my Daddy, but something she'd worked hard to collect for me. That thought stopped me dead in my tracks.

This was special.

I was special.

More importantly, my Momma was special.

I rushed back into the kitchen. "Thank you, Momma." I kissed her on the cheek and thought about how much of my cum had come from that beautiful pale flesh. "I promise I will always make you proud. I'll never be my mother's son, but I'll always be my Momma's sissy."

She shook her head and laughed. "Oh, I can already see you're going to be a completely incorrigible little sperm whore." She slapped me on the ass. "You have no idea how long I've waited to say this, but get that panty-clad ass to your room and make sure you swallow every drop of that superior black community cum."

I started to back away but lingered. "Are you sure you don't want to share?"

"Next time, sweetie." She shooed me away from the table. "This? This is all yours."

Before you even say it, I know, I skipped over the story of my own tattoo, but that was totally on purpose. It's my story. It's my first story. It's a story that belongs to Daddy and me, one Momma had nothing to do with. Now that you know her, it's finally time to know me.

I'd met Daddy – and his big black cock - the night of my eighteenth birthday. I just turned around and there he was, the most magnificent black Master I had ever laid eyes on. I can still remember the first words he ever said to me:

"Fuck, I just want to have my way with you over and over again. I want my thick black cock claiming your sweet little pink hole. I want you to resist me. I want to break you, to make you just a cum loving craving slut. I want the look in your eyes as you feel me shoot my cum deep inside you."

But, instead of following through on any of that, he just walked away. I was so horny I cried. I'd never once thought about masturbating without permission, but I'd be lying if I said I didn't rub myself through my cage until it hurt.

The night that earned me my tattoo came about six months later. It was summer, which meant parties up and down the block, but I was still waiting for my chance to serve. Daddy kept telling me I had to prove myself, do the cleanup work before I could become the main event, but the naive little sissy that I was, I didn't really understand what he meant.

Momma was servicing a family reunion for the Denzels that night, while Daddy had an absolute house full of horny black couples and their eager white slaves. Dressed in a shiny black-and-white rubber maid's outfit, a severely laced corset, and six-inch ballet heels, I minced through the crowds, serving drinks and snacks and stopping for black men to finger my ass and tell me how it'd been ages since they'd enjoyed one so tight, while black women tugged on my cage and told me how they'd never seen one so small. I would have happily dropped everything to please any one of them, but I spent the night becoming increasingly frustrated.

Finally, at around two in the morning, a very well-fucked white sissy with bite marks all over his cute little A-cup breasts told me there was a mess in the master bedroom, and Daddy needed me to clean it up. I was a bit disappointed – I'd have rather been the one to have helped make the mess – but I was eager to do anything Daddy required of me. I was desperate for his approval.

As I climbed the stairs to the third floor, away from the sounds of the party, the house grew increasingly quiet. By the time I stepped into the hallway, it was almost like I was in a different house altogether. I minced down the hall, still not quite sure what I was to clean or how, but I smelled it long before I saw it.

It was the aroma of male arousal, mixed with the perfume of feminine musk. It was the intoxicating scent of sex. It was so intense, so overpowering, it nearly drove me to my knees. As it washed over me, rippling through my soul, I felt myself become dizzy with desire. I knew, even before I opened the door, that the master bedroom had been host to either a massive orgy or a massive gangbang – perhaps both.

I opened the door, stepped inside the room, and felt my toes sink deep into the carpet.

Now that I was here, standing before the evidence of that sexual indulgence, I guessed from the shape of the stains that it was the contributions of fifteen, maybe even twenty big, black, virile men and just the one sexually submissive white woman responsible for the mess. Beneath the more pungent scents of sweat and musk was a deeper, more primal scent that was nutty and tangy and sweetly sour. It took me a moment to place it, but it was the smell of cum . . . and it was overpowering. I felt lost in the aroma, hypnotized by the smell. I'd been smelling it on Momma my whole life, tasting it in our good morning kisses, but nothing could have prepared me for the sheer erotic excess of the experience.

Momma had acclimated me to cum, and sucking Daddy's big black cock had seen me become obsessed with it, but this . . . this was pushing me into the realm of addiction!

I slowly approached the bed. It was an absolute mess. The mattress had been knocked askew, with the bottom right-hand corner overlapping the box spring by more than a foot. The fitted sheet had been pulled loose at all four corners, and the mattress cover was only hanging on by the top left corner. As I got closer, I could see that the sheets were so wet that they glistened in the light. There were two huge wet spots where the light bounced back like sunshine off a calm lake, and a much larger area encompassing them that just looked damp.

I knew it was cum, but I had never seen that much cum at one time, in one place.

There was so much of it, it didn't look real.

I was in a hypnotic trance as I walked towards the bed. The sight of all that cum utterly consumed me. I could see the two pools of cum, thick enough and slick enough to be my Momma's best European hand cream. The liquid was an off-white color that I'd never really appreciated before, shot through with faint tinges of yellow. It looked thick enough to paint with but smooth enough to lubricate the most delicate machinery. I could smell it more and more as I crossed the room, until that smell became a taste in the back of my throat.

I was completely unaware of what was happening around me.

All I knew, all I saw, were those twin puddles of cum.

And then I fell.

Two steps away from the bed, I stepped on something even slipperier than the cum. Whatever it was - I never thought to look for it after - just slid out from beneath my feet as I tumbled awkwardly towards the bed. It all happened in slow motion, as if I were watching it through some voyeur vid, instead of my own two eyes. I saw the bed coming closer to my face - I was, of course, falling closer to it - and saw the topmost pool of cum growing before my eyes. I actually saw a hint of my reflection in the creamy mirror before a euphoric splat and a well-cushioned blow took my sight from me.

I had landed, face-first, right in that pool of cum. I couldn't have planned it any better or aimed any closer if I had tried. For the longest moment, I just laid there, surrounded by cum, feeling it ooze into my every orifice. I had cum in my eyes, up my nose, in my ears, and in my mouth. It was like being drowned in a pool

of hot glue . . . except hot glue never tasted so glorious. Without consciously being aware of what I was doing, I began kissing and licking and slurping the cum from the bed. I began slowly rolling my head from one side to the other, coating my face with even more cum.

It felt so wonderful, so sexual, so right. I felt as if I'd found my destiny, as if I'd been baptized in all that black sperm. There was just something about the experience that spoke to me at a subconscious level, fully awakening the already blossoming sissy inside me.

When the room began to spin about me and I began to see black spots before my eyes, I knew it was time to surface for a breath. Completely dazed, I stood up from the bed and turned to face the dressing table mirror. What stared back at me was a slender, long-haired, pale-faced sissy with enough cum on his face to make him look like a glazed donut. It was a sight like I had only imagined, something I'd dreamed of but never experienced. It was absolutely intoxicating. I felt my tiny little dicklette strain against its cage. Forgetting for a moment that it was me, I watched the sissy in the mirror wipe a thick dollop of cum from the tip of his nose with two fingers, and then slowly bring the treasure to his lips. When our tongues flicked out to taste those dollops, to lick those fingers clean, we both exploded in our panties.

The sudden intensity of the orgasm rocked me to my very soul. It sent me stumbling backward, where I tripped again. This time I came down on the edge of the bed, landing in the second, smaller puddle of cum. How much of this was planned and how much just a series of happy accidents, I couldn't tell you, but I

felt as if fate had chosen that moment to thrust me towards my purpose. I was ready to embrace it. Shocked out of my hypnotic stupor, I rubbed my face all over the bed. I ripped my maid's outfit off, leaving just the corset and panties, and threw it across the room. I began rubbing my hairless chest in the cum as well, scooping it with the cups of my corset. My nipples were getting hard from all the excitement, and my penis was already twitching again.

Before long, I had the spent cum of more than a dozen big black cocks all over me, soaking into my pores, and drying upon my skin. For the longest while I just laid there, my head lolling back and forth, stoned on cum, as I felt it slowly drying upon me.

Before somebody came in and found me like this – and I really hoped it would be Daddy who'd be the one to come through that door – I had to make myself presentable. I unlaced my corset and wiggled out of my panties, then rescued a cum-soaked satin nightie that I spied sticking out from beneath the bed. I slipped it on, feeling its damp material, heavy with cum, cling to me like a second skin. This time, when I took a fresh look in the mirror, I saw not a sissy but a slut, a worthless white whore who didn't even have the decency to get out of her sperm-saturated clothes before climbing back into her cum-coated bed.

"Well, now. Aren't you quite the sissy princess?"

They were just eight simple words, each one spoken in a deep, booming baritone. It was a voice entirely free of the accusation or condemnation you're probably expecting. Under the Black New World Order, behavior such as mine wasn't just tolerated, it was

encouraged. Instead of scorn, that voice was laced with amusement and arousal.

I looked up from the cum-drenched mess of the bed to find Daddy standing before me. He was fully clothed and perfectly groomed, with his close-cut black hair and a clean, ticklish black beard with a distinguished splash of grey on his chin. His eyes bored into my soul from across the room, and his lips were pursed in thoughtful amusement. What surprised me was that he showed no signs of the physical exertion that had given birth to my cleanup opportunity. Even through the maze of my matted hair and the mess of my glazed eyes I could see the outline of his semi-hard cock straining down his right pant leg.

It didn't quite stretch down to his knees, but the head was far enough down his thigh for me to know just how aroused he was.

"I've waited six long months for this moment," he told me, "and you have not disappointed." I watched, spellbound and hungry, as he began undoing his belt. "Some white boys must be forced into their life of sissy faggotry, while others just naturally submit to superior black cock." He unzipped his pants and let them drop to the floor. "Either way, they all come to understand that the only proper place for a white boy is at a black man's feet."

I could see the immensity of his cock, restrained but not contained by the elastic leg-band of his white briefs. I'd sucked it dozens of times over the last few months but had never had the pleasure of riding it.

I hoped that would change tonight.

"I considered taking you for my own, laying claim to your worthless white

ass, but . . . well, let's just say the neighborhood prefers you remain available." He began rubbing his cock through those briefs, encouraging it to grow beyond his grasp. "Your Momma has been a very good influence on you. Watching you grow, we all hoped that would be the case, but none of us expected just how well you'd take to your destiny."

When he pulled off those briefs, and his rapidly hardening cock sprang into view, it was all I could do to stop myself from jumping off the bed. Instead, I remembered my training, recalled all the blacked educational porn I'd watched, and began crawling seductively towards him, biting my lower lip to show him my hunger.

"You were fucking made for black cock, sissy princess." He was playing with his cock, making it jump and twitch, and laughing as my eyes followed its every movement. "Do you want to suck this? Do you want to feel it pushing past your tonsils until it's fucking you deep in your throat?"

I lunged forward, closing the final inches between us, but he slapped me across the face. It wasn't a love tap, it was a hard slap, one that sent me sprawling across the bed. I felt the sting of his hand upon my cheek and knew I'd be wearing his imprint for days.

"Ah, ah, ah," he reprimanded me. "Even when she's lost in the pleasure of dozens of black cocks, your Momma never forgets her manners." His hands squeezed their way down his cock until a huge drop of pre-cum could be seen glistening at the tip.

Oh, why must he tease me like this? He knew I had to have it!

"Please, Daddy!" I got back on all fours and crawled closer. “Please feed your sissy white boy.”

He wiped at the pre-cum and held his finger out before my face. "Do you want this?"

I nodded, unwilling to take my attention from that glistening finger. "Please," I whimpered. "I want your cum, Daddy." I shuddered with delight. "I want it. I need it.”

“Lick it, bitch.”

I did just that. I caressed his finger with my tongue and coaxed the delicious pre-cum into my mouth.

“Suck it, white boy.”

I took his finger in my mouth and sucked it like a tiny cock – although, truth be told, it was still longer and thicker than my pathetic little dicklette.

He grasped my chin with his hand and forced me to look deep into his eyes. “I know how much you want this. I know how hungry you are for my cum.” He yanked my jaw open, pulled my head down, and slammed his cock into my mouth. It was so big it choked me. Just how I liked it. I was gagging and gasping for breath, drooling around his massive black shaft, and loving every minute of it. He just held himself there, slowly stroking my cum-covered cheeks and enjoying my hot sissy mouth.

I'd been so wrapped up in the taste, the smell, and the feel of cum, I had forgotten those other aromas that defined Daddy for me. With my mouth still inches away from his balls, I once again smelled the powerful aroma of his male musk

and masculine sweat. I was sweetly sour to my nose, familiar in a way that thrilled me, and yet it smelled sharper, more pungent, like a black god operating at a whole other level.

As he began pressing forward, I immediately relaxed my jaw and felt him begin sliding into my throat. He began gently fucking my face, stroking all ten inches of big, black cock into my mouth. I gagged every time the last two inches forced their way past my lips, but the feel of his balls bouncing against my chin thrilled me every time. It'd taken weeks of training for me to learn the art of deep throat, but the black men of the community swore I was better at it than most white girls.

It wasn't long before he was ready to cum. Whenever his cum-sack caressed my face, I paid close attention to how his big, swollen black balls felt against me. I felt them grow tighter and knew that the black cum I'd become addicted to was churning inside. I began sucking harder, but then Daddy stopped and I got all confused.

"Keep sucking, boy, and you'll get a nice surprise." Despite his words, he pulled back so that only the head of his cock was still trapped beyond my lips. "Keep sucking and I'll let you swallow all that black sperm you need." I actually felt his cock quiver on my tongue. I knew he was close. "Or," he teased, "you can turn around and take your first load where white faggots need it most."

It took a moment for that to register but, when it did, I cried out in joy. It felt wrong to release his cock without having tasted his cum, but I did what I had to do. "Yes! Please!" I turned around and wiggled my ass for him. "Fuck me, Daddy. Split your sissy bitch in half." I thrust towards him as I'd seen so many white girls do on

the holo-vids. “Breed me black, Daddy.”

He scooped up a handful of cum from the bed and drooled it all over my asshole. “I’m fully erect, white boy, and about to burst.” He forced three fingers inside my ass and I grunted with the sudden pressure. “This black monster isn’t just going to split you, it’s going to break you.”

I nodded my understanding. The truth of the matter was, he was a citizen of the Black New World Order and I was just white trash sissy property. He could fuck me until I bled and I’d still thank him for the privilege of serving the superior race. He didn’t have to ask for my permission, but it made me feel so happy that he even teased such a question.

“Break me, Daddy.” I thrust against those invading fingers.

“I’m going to make your ass my kingdom and plant my seed in your ‘till you can’t take anymore. You understand me, sissy? You’re officially my bitch now.”

I squealed in delight. He always knew just want to say to get my sissy dicklette dripping. “Yes, I’m your bitch, Daddy. I want to be one of those sissies with a perpetual black cock gape. I want everybody to—”

The rest of my words were lost as he replaced those fingers with his cock. He stabbed my white ass with his ebony sword and forced it to open before him. The pain of that first penetration was like nothing I can possibly describe. It was like a burning, tearing, pulsing agony that renewed itself with fresh waves of pain every time my heart beat. I bit down hard, refusing to scream, but tears coursed down my cheeks.

As much as that hurt, the pain of his black cock withdrawing from my ass

was even worse. That was a hot, empty sort of pain. It was a terrible, helpless, hopeless agony, the pain of knowing the source of it was gone and you still hurt.

"No!" I choked back tears and wiggled my ass. "I can do this, Daddy! I can take it. Fuck me. Break me. Fill me. Breed me." Worse than the pain was the thought that I'd failed him. "Use me, Daddy. Take your pleasure from me."

He laughed. "Stupid bitch. I'm hardly done with you." He used two hands to scoop more cum from the bed. "I want to fuck you stupid, not rape you bloody." I cooed with relief as he released the load of cooling, gooey sperm inside my gaped ass. "I like my bitches well lubed."

It still hurt when he thrust back inside me, but not as much as the first time. It left me with enough reason to remember my training, to recall all the exercises they'd taught us at school. I focused on my breathing first. Deep breath in, long breath out. Once I had that under control, I turned my focus to muscle control. Pushing against him came naturally, it felt like what my body should do, but relaxing that push and squeezing around him was a move that I took a little longer to conquer.

As the pain shifted into the realm of dull ache, I paid attention to my body. I let myself feel what it was feeling and thrilled to how deep he was plunging inside me. His big black cock was rearranging my guts, forcing them to move aside and shift into places that would leave me open for him, and every black man that followed, to fuck. It made me feel all weird and squirmy, but I loved knowing why.

I kept waiting for him to bottom out. I was anxious to feel his entire body pressing against my ass, to know that I had taken all of him. He'd been so close to

cumming when we began, though, that I never got the chance. With a guttural growl of triumph, he unloaded inside me. That first explosive jet of black sperm erupted in my ass and I squeaked in surprise. I swear he came hard enough that I could taste it at the other end.

I was in heaven.

Jet after jet of hot black cum claimed my ass and I squeezed my ass muscles, milking out even more. If you've never had a black man cum inside you, never felt the thrill of being completely fucking owned by superior black cock, it's a spiritual moment. Your entire life changes beneath him. You know you'll never be the same.

You'll be better.

"Son of a bitch! You're a fucking sissy princess and a goddamn sperm whore!" He slapped my ass as he continued thrusting inside me, forcing that cum so deep it'd become a part of me. "Before the neighborhood gets a chance to tap this, we need you plugged and marked."

I let out a frustrated mewling noise as I felt his cock withdraw from my ass. I looked back over my shoulder and pouted like a good sissy faggot. "But I feel so empty without you inside me, Daddy."

"I know. That's why I brought this." He held up a black butt plug and I squealed with delight. White sissies are caged at puberty, it's just a fact of life, but we have to earn being plugged. Some white boys go their whole life never being plugged. While I'd always been confident, I wouldn't be one of them, seeing that plug in his hand was a big moment for me.

He pressed it against my ass. It slipped in with just the smallest of pushes. It

felt good, but what happened next felt even better.

I knew what to expect, so I watched as his thumb pressed against the base of the dildo. It recognized his superior black DNA and triggered inside me, the petals of the plug opening like a flower to keep it securely in place.

I'd been fucked. I'd been broken. I'd been bred.

Now I was plugged, that black seed stuck deep inside me where I had no doubt it'd be attacking my white ass and teaching it to submit to the next black cock that slipped inside.

"Your Momma will be pleased to know the apple doesn't fall far from the tree."

A million different thoughts and feelings were flooding my brain as I came down from my cum-induced high, but number one among them all was that this had to happen again.

He paused in the act of dressing, with his briefs on, and his pants halfway up his legs. "Tell me, sissy princess, have you seen your mother's tattoo?"

I just nodded.

"Before we open that ass to the neighborhood, we need to get you one of your own." He continued getting dressed. "You need to be marked so that everyone knows who you are and what you do best." Once he finished, he motioned for me to lay spread-eagled on the bed and began tying me to the bedposts with black rope so soft and smooth, it felt more like a caress than any sort of bondage. "I'll send Darnell up with instructions. Come see me when he's done."

Part Two: The Weight of History

That summer saw me settle into a comfortable routine of servicing superior black cock and glorious black pussy, sometimes on my own, and sometimes with Momma beside me. I'd already been used by every black woman in the neighborhood - white sissies didn't need to be plugged if you were just sitting on their face - but, by the time July had passed, I'd taken every black man in the neighborhood in both my holes. I was officially community property, with every family having staked their claim to my worthless white ass, although it was Daddy's cock I most often clenched inside me as I fell asleep.

I'd thought that was it, that my life had forever changed with the marking of my first tattoo. I'd settled comfortably into my fate, and it was a fate with which I was deliriously happy. It turns out, however, that it was only the beginning.

My first hint of what was to come next arrived on a September morning after a long night of being used by the black lesbian couple who'd just moved next door. They'd strapped me to their padded sawhorse and ridden my face while their white slut fucked me senseless with the biggest strap-on dildo I'd ever seen. Seriously, it was as thick as Daddy's forearm arm and almost as long! They'd had to carry me home, but all three of them had smothered me in kisses as they tucked me in, promising I'd be seeing a lot of them.

Being such a sound sleeper, I have no idea how long Momma sat on the edge of my bed that morning, her arms wrapped around her legs, with her head resting on her knees, just watching me. I'm not even sure what it was that woke me

up. Yeah, I smelled the cum leaking into her panties, but that was hardly anything new, and I don't think it was strong enough to pull me from my sleep.

The moment I opened my eyes, though, she favored me with a half-smile that set off alarm bells. I instantly knew that something was up. She didn't look like herself. She looked anxious in a way I wasn't sure I'd ever seen before. I hoped it was nothing I had done, but clearly it was something we were going to need to talk about.

"Good morning."

She looked and sounded off. Even in my sleep-addled state, I could sense it. My heart immediately caught in my throat. Something was up. "What's wrong, Momma?" I rubbed the sleep from my eyes, determined to focus.

She favored me with a half-smile again. "Nothing's . . . wrong."

That heart that was caught in my throat? It just swelled to twice its normal size. It felt about ready to burst! Not only did she look upset, but she was hiding something, holding something back. I could sense it.

"Momma." I reached out and placed my hands over hers. Even with the tension in the room, I couldn't help but admire her long, perfectly red fingernails. Mine were cute and pink, which I absolutely loved, but still short. "What is it? Maybe nothing's wrong, but something was certainly up. What has you so upset that you can't even be open with me? Of all people?"

Realization dawned in her eyes.

Clearly, it had been instinctive, unconscious holding back on her part. She was so distracted by whatever was bothering her, she hadn't even been aware of

what she was saying. She melted before my eyes. A real smile, authentic and honest, spread across her face. "Oh, baby, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to upset you."

"It's okay, Momma." I adjusted my pink baby-doll as I sat up and squeezed her hand. "It's okay, I swear it. Tell me what's on your mind."

She took a deep breath. That hardly made me feel any better. “I had a visitor this morning while you were sleeping. A man from the government.” Her hand turned over to squeeze mine back. “He was from the Black House, sweetie. He had a letter from the President herself.”

I didn’t know what to say. I was at a total loss for words. What could the President possibly want with Momma? I mean, she was amazing and I loved her, and I knew she was highly sought after by neighboring communities, but the Black House? Seriously?

“What did you do?” I asked, only half-joking. “Are you being given an award or something?”

“Actually, baby, it’s you she’s interested in.”

“Me?” I was stunned. “Why?”

She shook her head. “I wish I could tell you, but the Agent was only allowed to tell me my half of things - and, before you ask, I’m not allowed to tell you that half.”

I started to tremble. “I’m not in trouble, am I?”

“No, sweetie, that’s the one thing I can tell you.” She chewed on her bottom lip for a minute, clearly pondering a decision. Finally, she told me, “We’re needed to help our country. That’s all I can say.”

The President herself needed help from Momma and me? She was calling us to serve not just the Masters and Mistresses of our community, but the entire Blacked States of America. Was there any loftier honor to which a sissy could aspire? I was so excited, I would have leaped out of bed if I weren't afraid of knocking Momma to the floor in the process.

"Agent Neil will be back to get you in one hour." She tapped her wrist and checked the time on her bracelet holo-display. "You need to be dressed to impress, so get your sissy ass in gear. You do not want to be late."

I was a little embarrassed to have done it in front of her, but I creamed my panties just a little bit at just the thought of what an Agent of the President might want with me. I immediately wondered, though, why she seemed so concerned. "This all sounds amazing, Momma. So, what's wrong? What's bothering you about it?"

"It's just . . . well . . ." She paused for a long moment before continuing. "You're going to hear some things today that might upset you, and it bothers me I can't be there for you." She blushed. "Oh, hell, I've probably said too much, so don't worry yourself. Just make me proud, like you always do."

"I'll make you the proudest Momma the world has ever seen!"

A little while later I was showered and shaved, hairless from my eyes to my toes, and standing naked before my closet. I danced from one foot to another and played with the short lock of hair over my right shoulder.

I had never felt less like a boy and more like a true-and-proper sissy in all my

life. I felt like a girl going on her first date, and I had no idea what to wear.

Just then, Momma came in, visibly tapping her wrist to remind me of the time. "What's taking so long, sweetie? Get dressed!"

"But what do I wear?" I was almost in tears, I was so nervous. I just knew I had to pick the exact right outfit or risk disappointing Agent Neil - and, by extension the President herself.

"Think about it. What have I told you about dedication and pride? What have you learned about being prepared for people to know you for who and what you are?" She waved her hand at my closet. "This is the most important first impression you will ever make, sweetie. There must be something in there that a sissy princess would wear."

There was, and I immediately knew what it was. I rummaged in the very back of my closet, withdrawing one of my earliest outfits. I'd kind of outgrown it, graduating to more mature (and publicly suitable) feminine attire, but it was precisely what popped into my bimbo brain every time I secretly thought about submitting to the President's big, hard, shemale cock.

I quickly slipped into my pink ballerina's outfit, complete with leotards, tights, leg warmers, ballet shoes, and tutu. The tights were a bit sparkly, with the leg warmers a half-shade of pink darker. The tutu, of course, was sparkly and crisp, standing out like I was suspended in a perpetual pirouette. To top it all off, I opened my costume jewelry drawer and pulled out my princess crown.

It was a cheap bit of plastic, painted to look silver, and covered with gaudy fake stones. The moment I saw it at the carnival so many summers ago, I knew I'd

had to have it, and Momma had raced four other white sluts in the blowjob competition to win it for me.

When I pranced out of the closet, doing an awkward twirl for Momma's amusement, she clapped in delight. "Oh, that is so precious!" She rushed over to hug me. "That," she assured me, "just screams sissy princess. If I didn't know you were my sissy, I would never guess you weren't a teenage slut."

"Can you do my hair for me, Momma? Pigtails?" I tilted my head and fluttered my eyelashes. "Please?"

She laughed as she began braiding my hair. "Oh, you're just incorrigible!"

When she was done, I readjusted my crown. "Do I look ready?"

"Oh, yes." She nodded. "Oh yes, indeed, my sissy."

Twenty minutes later, I was kneeling in the back of an armored limousine, the same kind of all-terrain, amphibious, hover-assisted vehicle the President rode in. It was like a hotel suite on wheels. I felt guilty just being there, and the anxious silence didn't help.

As I gazed shyly at Agent Neil, a seven-foot-tall mountain of black power and authority, and waited for his invitation to unzip his pants, he pinched my chin between two fingers and turned my head left and right. What he was looking for or what he was thinking, I have no idea. He just grunted, nodded, and apparently found what he was looking for, because he relaxed the pinch and instead slipped his thumb into my mouth.

It wasn't his cock, but it was an extension of him and it tasted of sweat,

musk, and something darker, like smoke or ash. It almost gave me pause, but I knew better.

"Tell me, faggot. Do you enjoy sucking black cock? Do you like wearing black sperm all over your worthless face?" He shoved that thumb into my mouth. "Do you enjoy betraying your race and fouling yourself with black men?"

I couldn't speak, so I nodded around his thumb.

"Do you ever worry about what people will think? Has it ever occurred to you how much other white boys must look down at you?"

This time I shook my head. It was true. The kind of white boys he was talking about was of no consequence. I honestly gave them no thought.

He pulled his thumb out and slapped me across the face. It stung. It was hard enough to leave a mark. I liked it. That wasn't the reaction he was looking for, because he hauled off and slapped me across the other cheek, this time hard enough to send me tumbling. I immediately returned to my kneeling position and thanked him for the marks.

For a moment, just a moment, I thought I saw a flicker of surprise in his eyes. It was quickly gone, though. He reached over me and pulled something from a cooler bag that had been hanging on the back of the seat. When he held it before me, I saw that it was a beautifully swollen condom, bursting at the seams with cum.

"Tell me, sissy princess, are you truly committed to being a sperm whore? Fantasy is fun, and I know sometimes the novelty of the situation can be overwhelming, but can you really see yourself eating like this every day for the rest of

your life?"

"Absolutely, Master." There was no question in my mind.

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely, Master." There wasn't the slightest shred of doubt within me.

He stretched the condom between his hands. He turned it this way and that, forcing the cum to slosh back and forth. "The President will need your complete and utter obedience," he cautioned me, "but, more than that, she needs your unyielding enthusiasm." He let go of one end of the condom and the latex snapped back into shape, jiggling and bouncing with all of the cum inside. "If you're to serve as she needs you, this will just be an appetizer. You'll need to work more cocks and swallow more cum than any worthless white slut has ever dreamed of."

"I won't let her down," I promised. Perhaps I was being a bit too bold, but I reached out to caress the condom with the fingers of my right hand. "I love it. I want it. I need it. Inject me with it fresh from the cock, smother me with a steaming creampie, or give my tongue a workout draining cum second-hand from well-fucked ass." When he didn't push me away, I allowed myself to place my entire hand against the smooth, shiny latex. "Give me condoms to suck, bowls to empty, or floors to lick clean. Feed it to me fresh or frozen, hot or cold, one load at a time or more loads than I can count." I brought both my hands out before me and cradled the condom gently in my hands. "You said it yourself, Master. I am a sissy princess sperm whore."

"It's a good start." He nodded. "Now, I'm going to shove this entire condom inside your mouth. I want you to keep it there, with the knotted tip sticking out

between your pretty lips, while we finish our little drive."

I did as he was told and was surprised to feel how full it made my mouth feel. My jaws were already aching from the effort required to hold it safely in place.

Sometime later, I'd guess an hour, maybe an hour-and-a-half, we finally stopped. I only knew because the change in momentum caused me to sway a bit where I knelt before Agent Neil. The limousine itself made no noise. When the door hissed open with a release of pressurized air I hadn't noticed getting in, Agent Neil motioned towards it with one massive black hand.

I slipped gracefully out into the sunlight and knelt beside the car. He didn't say a word, but he patted me on the head as if I had done something good! That small gesture of praise filled me with such joy, I nuzzled back as it left my hair. He must have noticed that, because he dropped his hand right back and grabbed a hold of my hair, using it to yank me to my feet.

Although my legs were fine - I'd knelt for longer on far harder surfaces - I was dizzy with the strain of keeping my mouth open. I was gagging and drooling uncontrollably, barely able to swallow past the swollen bulb of cum-filled latex, and my ballerina's outfit was an absolute mess as a result.

With a growl, the Agent pulled me towards the edge of the cliff, which looked down upon the ruins of a residential neighborhood far below. I didn't recognize it, but I recognized the type, full of old cinderblock houses, concrete yards, and old gasoline-guzzling cars. Before the Blacked States of America had cleaned things up, it would have been the kind of neighborhood full of crazed junkies, homeless

winos, and dangerous-looking gangbangers - the kind of place people stayed far away from, and which the police only visited when required, and then only in well-armed groups.

It looked as if there were at least six houses that had recently burned to the ground. Smoke was still rising from two of them. I couldn't make out individual police vehicles from here, but the number of flashing lights suggested dozens of them, at least.

I turned away from the scene to see Agent Neil watching me closely. "Does that upset you?" he asked.

With my mouth full, all I could do was shake my head. All that destruction. Of course it was sad.

"That's it? It doesn't strike you personally?" He waved a hand to encompass the view. "Aren't you going to ask me if anybody was hurt? Don't you care?"

I paused. I felt like he was trying to trick me into saying something wrong, but if it was the kind of neighborhood I suspected it was, a white pride holdout, then - and I feel horrible for thinking it - they were no great loss. I shrugged my shoulders.

Agent Neil just stared at me. We must have stood like that for fifteen minutes, neither of us saying a word, but it was no great hardship. I was used to sitting - or standing or kneeling - quietly and just gazing upon my superiors with love and affection. Finally, with a curious pursing of his lips, he smacked my cheek and told me to bite.

Finally!

I tried to do just that, but hours of keeping my mouth open made it remarkably difficult to close. I had to work my jaw back and forth a few times, massaging it back to life, before I felt any sort of flexibility return. Even then, biting down on the condom proved to be much harder than I had anticipated. It wiggled and rolled and shifted atop my tongue, pushing the cum away from my teeth, and leaving me with only flat edges of latex to worry at with my teeth.

It was so frustrating! I was so close . . . I just had to figure out a way to make it work.

And then I remembered Momma's earliest cocksucking advice. "Relax," she had told me. "Be patient and use your tongue."

Of course! I sucked hard on the condom and used my tongue to push all of the cum to one side. I had to repeat that maneuver a few times to get it just right, but when I finally bit down on the swollen side, I felt the gentle pressure and resistance that told me I was on the right track. An instant later the condom popped, literally exploding inside my mouth. I nearly choked on the condom itself, since I'd still been sucking when it popped, and I felt an absolute torrent of cum push past my lips to run down my face.

It was glorious! My first instinct was to swallow, but Agent Neil had just told me to break the condom. He hadn't told me what to do with the cum.

"What you're tasting," he told me, "is seven loads of superior black Secret Service seed, drained from the newly blacked bitches we captured down below. We made those uptight, racist, traitorous white bitches suck it out from one another and then spit it into the condom for you." He adjusted the growing bulge in his

pants. “One of those loads was mine.”

It was hard to smile with so much cum in my mouth, so I bowed my head and graced him with a polite curtsey instead.

“Go ahead and swallow.”

I did, and it was glorious. Like most creampie cum, it was runnier than fresh seed, which made it easier to swallow. I shuddered with pleasure as each load disappeared down my throat, my clit twitching in time with each pulse of my throat. Black cum was always delicious, a treat for which I was always grateful, but knowing I was swallowing the loads that had blacked a gang of white pride traitors . . . oh, that turned delicious into exquisite!

When I was done, I poked the knot of the condom between my lips and smiled. Agent Neil returned the smile as he popped it out of my mouth.

“Fuck. I’m nearly convinced.” He turned back to the scene below and dropped the news Momma had been so worried about. “What would you say if I told you Randal Rodney Reynolds was captured as part of the raid below.”

I would have spat in the dirt if I wasn’t afraid the Agent would think I was spitting out all that cum. “I’d say I’m disappointed.”

The Agent cocked an eyebrow. “Really?”

“Yes, Master. We thought he was dead.” I felt my stomach churn at the idea that the father I’d never met, the man I had never wanted to meet, was still alive. “It sickens me to think what kind of horrors he’s been up to in the years since his plane was shot down. The world would have been better off if he remained dead.”

“As I explained, the women we found within the compound have already

been well blacked. I think it's safe to say they've all seen the light - or the dark, as the case may be - and are eager to service polite society." He smiled. "They'll begin their reparations Saturday night, when all the major networks will be broadcasting the footage of their blackening, with happy, black cock slut interviews to follow."

"It will do people good to see that, Master." I returned his smile. "Maybe they'll be able to help some of their kind come around."

"There are two I just have a feeling about, a mother-daughter pair I suspect have been dipping into black cock behind their men's backs all along, and I think we'll find that more common in these compounds than their men would like us to think. It's not just about helping white sluts come around, but about showing them it's okay to embrace their own desires."

We continued to stand there quietly. It occurred to me that, with his clearance, he could have driven us right into the heart of the action down below and forced me to confront it in person. I gazed down over the side of the cliff, at the jagged rock face below, and wondered if he'd planned to throw me over if I'd shown any sympathies for the terrorists.

He, of course, knew exactly what I was thinking. Most of our Masters and Mistresses, I'd found, were exceptionally good at reading their sissies, sometimes even more so than their sluts. "I didn't bring you here to throw you over." He kicked at a pile of stones. We listened to them tumble and bounce before ending in a silent crash somewhere below. "How would you feel," he asked me, "if I told you your father and the men of his compound were being prepared for a very special episode of Bimbois! to air after the black cock slut interviews?"

I bit my lip before I could say anything. It was the closest I had ever come to disagreeing with something my black superiors said or did, and it frightened me.

"Tell me what I seen churning inside that pretty sissy head of yours. Be honest."

"I hate it," I snapped out. "They're criminals. They're terrorists. They've hurt so many people and stopped so many others from enjoying life under the Blacked States of America. I hate them all, Master, and it sickens me to think they're going to be rewarded with black cock bliss." It all came out in a rush, but as soon as I realized what I'd said, I shrank into myself, expecting a slap that never came.

He nodded. "And that reaction, right there, is why I brought you up here, not down there. The President didn't want anyone to possibly recognize you in case you were part of it, and I didn't want you to make a scene in case you weren't."

"Thank you, Master."

He placed his hands on my shoulders and gently pushed me to his knees. He didn't permit me to unzip him, but held my head to his thick black bulge, knowing the feel and smell of black cock would comfort me. "There's a reason the President is doing this, but it's not about rewarding them. Far from it. It's not about punishing them either. It's about setting an example. It's about making a statement."

I nuzzled closer and felt the weight of his black balls beneath the suit. "I don't understand, Master. Wouldn't a trial and execution do that even better?"

"That would be a show for us," he explained. "A statement to those who already live and thrive under the Black New World Order. Just think what Saturday

night will mean to all the other white pride groups around the country. Just think how broken and damaged they'll be seeing their women happily blacked, listening to them talk about the glories of superior black cock, and then watching their men become hungry bimbo faggots for black cock."

I giggled into his leg. "That does sound delicious, Master."

"Imprisoning or executing them shuts down one group," he explained. "After Saturday night, any group your father and his men seeded or supported, any club they spoke at, any commune they sent men or women to will be suspect. Our intelligence suggests that over a hundred white pride groups will turn on themselves this weekend and cease to exist come Sunday morning."

That made me smile. "I'm still disappointed he's not dead," I told the Agent, "but that makes me happy."

"Then this will make you even happier." Agent Neil finally unzipped his pants and released that massive black trouser snake inside. It still smelled of sex, or black cum and white pussy. I happily engulfed it in my mouth. "If you successfully complete your training this afternoon, and I have no doubt that you will, then you'll be a part of something even bigger."

He began fucking my face with slow, languid strokes, enough to urge me on, but not so much that I couldn't pay attention to what he was saying.

"You and your Momma will have your own network special Sunday night." He began fucking me harder, shoving that glorious shaft deep into my throat. "Once the world sees what has become of Rachel Reynolds, the bitch who shat you out and left you for dead, then your parents entire fucking white pride empire will

come crumbling down by Monday . . . fucking . . . goddamn . . . morning!"

I squirted hard into my sissy panties at the same moment Agent Neil came deep in my throat. I looked up at him, he looked down at me, and I knew whatever he was looking for here today, whatever the President had tasked him with confirming, he'd found it.

♠♠♠

Part Three: Practice Makes Perfect

From the cliffside, Agent Neil drove us to a nondescript warehouse on the outskirts of town. It was a boring brown box of bricks, with nothing to distinguish it from the warehouses around it, and that was precisely the point. It was designed to blend in and be forgettable. Even a dumb sissy like me knew that.

We stopped twice on our drive around the building, and each time the Agent waved his credentials out the window, as if someone were standing there to inspect them. Finally, we arrived at a door so small that I feared he would have to walk in sideways. He flashed his credentials one more time and suddenly the wall around that door cracked open. Silently, it shifted inward, revealing a cleverly concealed space large enough for the autonomous limousine to enter.

"You're a nice ride, sissy, but this is where I pass you off to the Agent-in-charge."

I turned to give Agent Neil a quick kiss as I raised myself off his cock. I held myself there, waiting for him to reinsert my butt plug, but he just spanked my ass and opened the door.

I was so confused. I felt so empty as I stepped down onto the concrete floor, my heels making a sharp crack where they landed. Before I could turn to ask him about it, though, a booming voice lifted my heart in my chest and my feet from the floor.

"Would you look at that! I told y'all you ain't never seen a white sissy so queer in your life. I mean, they're all just faggots in waiting, but I swore to fucking

god this sissy of mine takes the cake!"

As Daddy came striding over, completely naked and glistening with sweat, his muscles all rippled and taut, and his massive, semi-erect black cock swaying with every step, even the Agents guarding the door gave him respectful nods. Part of me wanted to run and throw my arms around him and part of me wanted to drop to my knees and crawl. He saved me from the decision by picking me up and tossing me in the air like a rag doll.

"You know the President never questioned your judgment, Agent Darnell, but she had to be sure." Agent Neil had followed me out of the car to stand with the other Agents. "We've waited nearly twenty years for this moment, a plan passed down from President to President, and she wasn't about to let it fall apart on her watch."

With a laugh, Agent Darnell - Daddy - caught me and threw me over his shoulder. "At ease, Agent Neil. You know I'm just yanking your chain. I'm glad you got to experience my Sissy Princess Sperm Whore for yourself." He put me down on the floor and I sank to my knees. Instead of fucking my throat, though, he snapped his fingers and I heard the sound of bare feet slapping against the floor. Before I could turn to see who it was, Momma dropped to her knees beside me.

Daddy stepped up and slapped both our faces with his cock. He hit us from the left, giving Momma first taste, and then from the right, giving me sloppy seconds. Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted the trail of pre-cum across her cheek and cooed softly.

Agent Neil laughed. "The President has had her eye on both of you for quite

some time now, sissy, but she had to be sure you were the real deal. Both of you."

As his cock slapped us again, this time from right to left and back again, Daddy said, "Living undercover in your little neighborhood has been real, and training you has probably been the best gig of my career, but watching the two of you make history this weekend is going to be the thing that puts my name in the history books."

Momma grabbed my hand and we smiled right back at him. But then she began to squeeze it, and kept squeezing, until it started to hurt.

"And," Daddy added, as Momma squeezed even harder, "erase your bitch mother's name in the process."

"Momma," I gasped. "It's okay. Agent Neil already explained. He didn't tell me what exactly we'd be doing to bring her down, but he broke the news that the bitch and the asshole were alive. I'm okay."

"Agent Neil? If you'll join me, son, we'll process these two wonderful, worthless, whores and read them in on the mission."

It wasn't until they were standing side-by-side that I noticed the resemblance. When Daddy said 'son' he wasn't just referring to a junior Agent, but to his own flesh-and-blood. No wonder his big black cock fit me so well!

Agent Neil unzipped his pants and let his half-erect cock dangle before him. Momma and I opened our mouths to begin sucking, but that's not what they had in mind. The two men took their cocks in hand, pointed them our way, and began pissing all over us. This was not a piss-feeding or a yellow facial - Daddy had taught me the pleasures of both - but a full-on bath.

I heard Momma gasp with delight as hot, acrid urine from those superior black cocks splashed all over us and I answered it with a squeal of my own. We didn't move, not really, but we both shifted our shoulders and arched our backs to help our Masters cover more of us with their piss. Both must have been holding it, waiting for this moment, because I swore they pissed for two minutes straight. By the time they were done, there wasn't an inch of our bodies that wasn't glistening with piss.

"Look at their fucking smiles, Dad. You can't fake that kind of worship."

"I told you, son. These two here, they're the real deal."

Agent Neil zipped himself up. "As Senior Agent-in-Charge, I'll leave you to read them in. I've got my own special project to work on this afternoon."

Daddy nodded. "Sally? I've heard good things from that side of the warehouse. If it's not compromising or stepping on anybody's toes, I'd like to send my sissy over to say hello."

He laughed. "Fuck, biggest score in history waiting on the other side of the weekend, and you're already looking three steps ahead to the next op." Agent Neil waved as he walked away. "We'll keep an eye out. Sally's good, but I daresay you sissy may be a touch better. Either way, they'd make a killer team over there."

Daddy saw the question in our eyes and waved it off. "We'll talk about that later. For now, you need to know what's in store for this weekend." He squatted down before us and looked us in the eye. "Your bitch mother has been running a private prison on the Canadian side of the Dakotas, using traitors within our own prison system to divert black, non-violent prisoner transfers from as far away as

Utah and Kentucky. It's been going on for the better part of six years, and I'm ashamed to say we only uncovered it about eighteen months ago."

Eighteen months. That would line up with Canada's abrupt leadership change. The old guy wasn't dead, just suddenly off the radar. Given what Agent Neil had already revealed about the weekend, I had to wonder if their ex-Prime Minister might be the first international contestant on Bimbois! That's assuming, of course, he hadn't already.

"The President has briefed the current Prime Minister in on her plans, and she has his full support. She feels awful about leaving those men there, but we must ask that they sacrifice a little of their time for the greater good. Once this is all over, their crimes will be forgiven and they'll be rewarded for that sacrifice."

"How can we help, Daddy?" A part of me was angry at what the bitch had done, but the truth is she was a stranger to me. A larger part of me was saddened for those men's sacrifice.

"Two of you are going to arrange their release while providing them with release." He laughed at his own joke. "We're talking hundreds of frustrated black men, locked in brutal chastity, who haven't so much as felt a white hand on their cocks in years, much less the kiss of sissy lips or the embrace of slut cunt." He pointed his cock at me, piss still shining on its head. "You're going to be the instrument of their release from chastity." He shifted it to Momma and I saw a drop of yummy yellow urine splash her thigh. "You are going to be the instrument of their release."

She shuddered in blacked bliss at the thought. I didn't need to hear her speak

to know her thoughts. Momma had been training for this for years.

Daddy surprised us by crouching down to look us in the eyes. "Despite their sacrifice, taking care of our men is actually the lesser part of the job. The bigger part is the spectacle that we'll be arranging for the world. This prison is a scar on both countries, and just closing it down and rooting out the traitors in our own system will only accomplish so much. The President needs people to look beyond all of that and see what we're doing to transform the moment." He surprised us again by taking my head in my hands, pulling me forward, and kissing my piss-stained forehead. "This is a job that calls for a Sissy Princess Sperm Whore. We not only need someone who can do the job, but someone who can do it with enthusiasm. The world needs to know you are as they watch what you do, and they need to see you enjoy it."

"I will, Daddy! I promise! I swear it!" My tiny dicklette was pulsing in its cage. "I won't let any of you down."

" I believe it. You're a natural. But we still need to prove to the President that you're capable before she'll ship your white asses up North." With one hand he grabbed me by my pigtails. With the other, he took hold of Momma's ponytail. He hauled us roughly to our feet.

"Tell me, slut. Are you hungry for black cock? Are you aching to run a black train on all your holes, until you're so fuck-drunk you can't walk or think?"

"Yes, Master." Momma had that glazed look in her eyes I knew so well. She was more than ready.

"And you, sissy. Are you hungry for black sperm? Is your belly crying out to

be filled with so much superior seed you'll look fucking pregnant with it?"

I didn't care that it hurt where he held my pigtails. I bounced up and down on my heels with glee. "Yes, Daddy! I am so very thirsty for cum." I licked my lips at the thought. "I want to lick every spurt from Momma's skin, suck every load from her pussy, and drain every deposit from her ass. I want to lie beneath her as she's being fucked and lap up every ounce of cum that drips out of her holes."

He let go of my pigtails and slapped me on the ass. "Follow the sound of cum-dumb sissy squeals over that way," he told me. "Agent Neil will give you the lowdown on his operation while I get your Momma in position and her holes dripping for you." He picked her and threw her over her shoulder. "Tell that boy of mine you're to watch only. I don't fucking need you cum-dumb too, not yet."

I skipped across the hard, concrete floor, my ballet slippers swishing softly with each step. With my attention completely focused on the growing image of the petite redhead being impaled atop a rubber-sheeted mattress, I was taken by complete surprise when a hand emerged from the darkness, stopping me dead in my tracks. It was, by far, the largest hand I had ever seen in my life. Had she wanted to, I'm sure the woman behind it could have thrown me across the warehouse.

As soon as my heart stopped racing and dropped out of my throat, I choked out, "Um, hello, Mistress."

I heard a growl from the darkness, but with the lights behind her, the sentry was nothing more than a big, black, looming silhouette. She leaned forward until her head was next to mine, and then whispered in my ear. "Don't say a fucking

word, stay behind the yellow tape, and don't make eye contact with Sally." She gave my ear a lick, and then bit down hard on the swollen lobe of my ear.

I bit back a yelp. I melted against her gloriously ample, tightly bound breasts, and felt her massive futa cock rub along my thigh. Just the smell of her was making me swoon, her pheromones overwhelming my better judgment.

"Agent Neil asked that you be allowed to watch. You can stand over there with the fluffers."

She grabbed my chin and forced my head to the side. A pair of white sluts, so similar in appearance they could have been twins, were on their knees. I watched as they bounced blissfully from one futa cock to another, sucking and slurping, but never providing their lovers with more than a momentary oral tease.

When she turned my head back, her eyes were just a gleam in the darkness that was her face, but they were boring into mine. “If it were up to me, you’d be there on your knees with them, where a pretty little white sissy like you belongs, but I understand you have a mission of your own to complete first.”

It was hard to remember, hard to focus. I wanted to be on my knees. I wanted to join the fluffer sluts in worship, but then I thought of Daddy . . . of Daddy needing me . . . and I shook it off. Mostly From where she stood, she must have noticed the lights glistening off my sissy cage because she looked down and broke out into a huge grin that split the darkness with a swath of perfect white teeth. “Oh, damn. When it’s time, the two of you are going to make quite a pair.”

I knew better than to say anything. Instead, I just nodded and, when she released me, offered up the deepest curtsy I could before skipping over to stand with

those two hungry sluts. The smell of futa cum was delicious. I'd heard rumors, but always dismissed them as fantasy and exaggeration. There was no way, I'd told myself, cum could taste like candy or be so addictive that it turned you into a brainless cum-hungry bimbo with but a taste.

Now, though, looking at the line of black futa, seven-foot-tall specimens of Amazonia femininity, with the breasts, hips, and assess of a fertility statue, but the cocks of a horse-sized mythological beast, I understood why they were such a secret. Women like that could take over the world, if given half the chance.

It wasn't until I felt a pair of hands lift me up and carry me a few steps away that I realized I'd been halfway to my knees. I looked up to find myself in Agent Neil's arms. For a moment, my need was so strong, I hated him for taking me from it, but then I remembered who he was and I burst into tears as I sobbed for him to forgive me.

"It's okay, sissy. That was a test. Believe it or not, only about one-in-a-hun-dred have that strong of a reaction, and most of them are white sissies. I had to know which way your hunger would take you before I made a call on your involvement in the mission."

I just stared back at the fluffers, watching as the futa beauties worked their way through the sluts' mouths in a sort of rotating assembly line, starting from the right and moving to the left. I wanted to make myself useful. I wanted to join them, to get back into position to save them a few steps, but Agent Neil held strong.

"If it weren't for my father and I marking you with our piss, giving you some protection against the allure, I doubt even the two of us together would be able to

hold you back." When I didn't respond, he slapped me. Hard.

"Forget the sluts," he urged me. "Sally should be your focus. If the President and the Queen approve, it's her you'll be working with."

I obeyed and turned my attention back to the redhead lying atop the round, rubber-coated mattress. She looked older than me, closer to Momma's age than my own, but still beautiful. I could see her tiny titties shining with cum, and when I shifted to look between the futa bodies surrounding her, I saw a tiny little sissy clit, uncaged, with no balls beneath it. I tilted my head to watch the futa cock driving into her ass, and there was no way I could think of it as anything but a sissy cunt. She was gaped wider than Momma on gameday, and the amount of cum squirting out with each thrust told me this was far from her first.

"Sally is training her body to futa cock," Agent Neil explained. "Their unique biology and her body's response to their pheromones makes for a powerful combination, one that can be deadly. I've seen virgin boys back in Africa torn in half by the power of their futa hunger, utterly destroyed by a fucking their bodies can't handle, begging for more and dying with smiles upon their faces."

I looked higher up the bed just in time to see Sally's sword-swallowing act. I saw her gasp for air as the futa cock hovered over her lips, and then watched it slide between them. I was sure she'd be gagging at two inches, that beautiful black cock was so thick, and expected her to be heaving at three, maybe four, but I saw all event inches disappear inside her. I watched that futa cock stretch her throat and I counted the inches of its bulge. It was amazing. It was impossible.

I wanted to be her.

Agent Neil picked me up and turned me so that he was blocking my view. He bowed his head in remembrance of those boys, and that touched me. "It's not enough to want it, sissy. You have to be ready for it."

"Ready for what, Master?" I forced myself to focus on him. "How can Sally and I help? What does the President need us to do?"

"The day will come," he told me, "when the futa will no longer be mystery and myth. It's still years away, but the world will know their name - their true name - and that of their hidden kingdom. Hidden away for centuries after being all-but exterminated by white Christian missionaries, they're preparing to claim their place as leaders in the Black New World Order."

I was amazed. I, of course, knew nothing about this, although I'd always found it odd that mysterious, monstrously-hung black goddesses would be known by a Japanese term like futanari.

"The success of our first futa President convinced them that the world was ready for change, but your father's assassination attempt reminded them the world still has a long way to go. When my father suggested it, I had my doubt about involving you, but I just got off a brief conversation with the Queen and she loves the symbolism of using the asshole's own flesh and blood to advance her cause."

"I like it too, Master. I'm happy I get to tear down my bitch mother's legacy and put an end to the terrorism they built, but I think I like the idea of building something up even more." I paused in thought. "I never wanted anything to do with my parents, but it occurs to me they've positioned me to do more good for the Blacked States of America than any sissy has ever dreamed of." I giggled. "Oh,

they're going to be so mad!"

"Agreed." Agent Neil spun me around. I saw the six futa climb off Sally's well-fucked body, but before the ones being fluffed could take their place, he called for a pause.

"Hey, there, Sally." He spoke slowly and clearly as he guided me over to the bed. "I need you to listen. I need you to hear me."

She giggled. "I hear you, Master."

"Good. I want to introduce you to your new sissy sister. She has her own mission to complete but, when she's done, she'll be joining you in Africa."

We stopped before the slippery, cum-soaked bed. The smell of licorice and cotton candy was so intense, so powerful, I would have sworn we were at a carnival. Even though I doubted she could see me through all the cum covering her face, I curtsied deeply.

"Sorry," she giggled, "I didn't see you come up." Her voice sounded soft and dreamlike, as if she were floating inside her head. She beckoned me downwards with a wave of her hand. "Give me a quick kiss on my eyes, would you?" With a sing-song sigh, she said, "I'd like to be able to see what I have to work with."

I lunged forward, eager to comply, but Agent Neil stopped me. "I told you, Sally, she has another mission that takes precedence. We can't have her cum-drunk."

It took every ounce of control I possessed not to fight him. I so wanted to fall atop her, to rub our faces together, and to slurp that sticky mask from her face. She looked so beautiful like that - not just covered but confined by cum - and the

mixture of so many different flavors of futa sperm had my head spinning."

"Fine." She looked so cute when she pouted. "Tell me, sissy." The blissful smile was back on her face. "What does all this futa cum smell like?"

Safely in Agent Neil's embrace, I leaned forward and inhaled deeply. "Ooooh. Cotton candy," I told her. "Red licorice," I added with a sigh. "And buttercream frosting."

Sally blew cum bubbles with her lips as she cooed, "She'll be wonderful."

I pushed against his arms, wanting to kiss her, to smell her, to taste her.

"For fuck's sake. I told him this was a mistake." Agent Neil hauled me off my feet and dragged me back out of the lights. He put me down on the floor, pulled down his pants, and began dragging his ass across my nose and mouth. "Come back to me, sissy. You still have work to do."

It took a few moments, but the sharp, acrid smell of his ass seemed to have the same effect as his urine. I felt myself pulled towards him, remembering my natural place between superior black men like him. I stuck my tongue out and began licking him, tasting him, breathing him in, and surrounding myself with his essence.

I began to feel like myself again.

I heard the first sounds of black cock ecstasy coming long before we reached the opposite end of the warehouse. Apparently, when she wasn't worried about waking me, Momma was a screamer. "Well, it sounds like the party has begun." Agent Neil pointed me in the right direction, slapped my ass, and sent me on my

way. "Get your sissy ass in there and start offering your services."

There was no Agent guarding this scene, no need to caution me against my natural instincts. I saw the line of naked black men waiting for their turn with Momma and I simply did what I was born to do. You probably won't be surprised to know that I creamed my panties a little bit when that first cock entered my mouth. I was hungry. I needed it. More than that, I needed to find my place again, be of use to my superiors, and prove myself to Daddy and the President. I barely managed to swallow half of him before he pulled out and I turned my face to the next one. Not being able to linger on magnificent black cock was a bit of a disappointment, and I freely admit that the greedy sperm whore in me regretted not being able to finish off at least one orgasm, but I knew that every single one of those cocks was building up to an explosion, increasing its reserve of cum with my oral caresses, and that I'd get my taste when it was my time. The cold, impersonal, business-like nature of the cock-sucking was such a turn-on! I loved when Masters like Daddy talked to me, when they called me names and urged me on, but there was something so erotically satisfying about just being used.

Even if I knew my real job waited on the other side of Momma's gangbang.

I didn't even know Daddy was standing there watching us until he yelled out, "Break time, boys. Let's see the sissy do what she does best."

My jaw was sore and my mouth dry, I wondered whether I was ever going to be able to swallow again, but I knew all the ooey, gooey, yummy cum dripping off of and out of Momma would take care of it. Her gangbang - this part of it, at least - had gone on for at least two and a half hours, during which time and I had sucked

each of our fifty black Masters at least a half dozen times each. I'd begun to know them by feel and by taste, and I used all of my talents to work their superior tools in whatever way seemed to bring them the most pleasure.

They used me a bit harder for that teasing, and I loved every one of them for it.

As I climbed shakily to my knees, a trio of white sluts came over and wrapped me in the biggest, warmest, sweatiest of hugs. I immediately recognized them from the neighborhood.

"Oh, my, gawd . . . you so rock." Bridgette kissed me hard on the lips, snowballing me some of her own saliva. She'd been the slut I'd shared my lesbian neighbors with. "We'll be watching and waiting, so make sure you save us a kiss."

"Our Masters have paired us with a lot of sissies for some crazy shit, but you always were my favorite." Courtney's kiss was a little less sloppy, but also lingered a little longer. She and I had once served an outdoor party in matching maid's outfits, standing back-to-back, with our waists and ankles chained to one another. It had only been awkward for the first few minutes. We never spilled a single drink. "Make us proud, sissy fag, and bring home some man-sperm for your sisters."

"I'm jealous of you, just so you know." Greta spat in my face. She was the slut who'd introduced me to the joys of swallowing cum-farts. "But I couldn't imagine a better sissy for the job." She licked the spit off my nose and kissed me.

"No matter what you've got between those legs, sissy," Courtney said for the three of them, "we've all agreed you're an honorary slut."

"We were tasked with watching you and training you," Bridget added, "but

you stopped needing our help a long time ago."

"If you're all done reminiscing," Momma cried out, her voice hoarse from big black cock, "I need my sissy."

With a giggle and a wave to the sluts, I skipped into the harsh glare of the lights and stopped before Momma's slippery, cum-soaked bed. Unlike with Sally, I didn't need to wait for instruction or caution here. I leaned into Momma's mask of cum and licked a stripe across her eyes.

When she finally managed to crack them open, I could see a glimpse of brilliant green within her bloodshot orbs. "My sissy princess sperm whore," she cooed. "You finally get to show all these Masters what you're so very good at."

I was about to do just that when she yelled for the sluts to join us.

"Bridget!" She didn't bother to look to see if the slut in question had heard her. "When it comes time for the real thing, we need to make a scene. I want my sissy dressed like a princess. Slap a corset on her, lace it up right, and then get her a dress that's pink and flowing. I want billowy sleeves with puffy shoulders, and I want the bustle to be stiff and nicely shaped. Oh, and get her something to help keep that cheap plastic crown in place. I want her looking like a fucking cartoon princess."

My eyes must have lit up with excitement because she giggled as she scurried away.

"Greta!" This time, she looked over her shoulder to make sure the slut was standing there. "I want the sissy dressed like a princess but made up like a whore. Forget the foundation, but do her lipstick, blush, eyeshadow, and eyeliner." She

grinned mischievously. "Use the cheap stuff, and lay it on thick. I want to see it run and smear as she gets her face all coated with cum. By the end, I want her to be a fucking sperm-swallowing raccoon in a dress!"

I bounced on my heels. “And a crown,” I added.

Momma laughed. “Yes,” she amended, “a fucking sperm-swallowing raccoon in a dress . . . with a crown!”

"Make it quick, sluts!" Daddy’s voice barked out from the shadows behind me, making me jump. "I want to see our princess here slurping cum before it begins to harden on her Momma." He waved to a few of the technicians. "Bring the lights in a bit closer and turn up the space-heater. She’s going to sweat a bit, but I want to see the black sperm run."

I so hoped he would fuck my face while the girls got me dressed, but it seemed I was to be denied that pleasure. That was okay, though, because I had the treat of a lifetime awaiting me the moment everything was ready.

The corset came first, a stiff, awkward, confining piece of lingerie that I instantly fell in love with. I could hardly breathe, much less move, but I'd lost at least 3 inches off my waist, creating a nicely feminine flair with my hips, and I had enough chest flesh squeezed together to create some realistic-looking b-cup breasts. I asked Bridget if she could cinch it tighter, but she told me bigger tits were useless if I couldn’t get into position to lick the cum off the backside of Momma’s body.

She had a very good point.

The princess dress was absolutely glorious and, with the corset in place, it fit

perfectly. At Momma's command, I danced around for a few moments, allowing it to billow and swirl and sway about me. It was, instantly, the happiest moment of my life, and it was the dance I knew would carry me through the prison when it came time.

I was a Sissy Princess Sperm Whore, and I was going to prove it to the world.

Makeup was quick, heavy, and sloppy like Momma wanted. I couldn't actually see myself, but I felt like a clownish raccoon with the weight of it on my face. Greta assured me it was just perfect, though, and necessary to show properly under the bright lights. The camera, she told me, added ten pounds, but also erased half your makeup.

Daddy waved them all away. "It's your time to shine, sissy. The President and her staff are watching the feed from the Black House, so let's show them how my sissy feeds."

The thought of the President watching made me nervous, but when Momma smiled up at me and blew bubbles with the cum melting around her lips, I forgot everything but the smorgasbord of superior semen before me.

"I know everybody expects you to start you out with something minor, like fingers or toes, but fuck them." Momma raised both arms in the air, globs of black sperm slowly stretching away towards the sheets below, and waved me close. "We'll get to that, but after two and a half hours of being used for everybody else's amusement, I want to fucking cum, and I want to do it now!"

She screamed that last bit, grabbed the front of my dress, and yanked me onto the bed. The moment I landed, she pushed me down between her thighs,

locking them around my head. She began gyrating against my face even before I had my tongue out. "Eat me, you sissy faggot bitch! Fuck me with your tongue and scoop all that hot, slimy, tangy black cum out of my cunt." She grabbed me by the hair and pulled me even tighter against her until I was breathing the stale, cum-laden air of her gaping pussy. "Make me cum, princess!"

I didn't need to be told twice. I allowed myself a moment of bliss, twisting my head back and forth until my face felt completely coated in cum, and then dove in. She tasted like an orgasm. I can't think of any better way to put it. She tasted of so many different kinds of cum, all of them running together into a soupy sauce of sexual slime, but her own juices dominated everything. I sucked and I slurped and I bathed the walls of her cunt with my tongue, drawing in one mouthful after another. I felt her writhing against me, and knew it was time to go for the gold.

With a careful tilt of my head, I ran my tongue along the cum-coated valley between her gaping hole and her swollen clit. At first, I just brushed her clit with my lips, giving it the briefest of kisses, but then I slowly allowed that kiss to become harder, sucking her swollen nubbin into my mouth. There, I rolled it back and forth between my lips, nipped gently at it with my tongue, and continued to suck and slurp the copious amounts of cum now draining into my mouth from where it had pooled between her thighs.

"Almost there!" Momma unlocked her legs. He placed her feet against my shoulders and pushed me back. "Get your chin on the bed, sissy, and open wide." Momma raised herself into a squat, with that dripping pussy suspended directly above my open mouth, and slipped her hands into the mess of white goo still

trailing down her pussy. She began playing with her clit, frantically rubbing it back and forth. She was thrashing about on the bed, crying out with each movement of her hand, until her back arched and she screamed.

I smelled her orgasm a split second before the world exploded before me. It smelled like her dirtiest of panties, musky and sweet, like a drinkable perfume. I absolutely loved it! What came next, though, was a total shock. As she began cumming, the walls of her pussy pulsating with the power of her orgasm, a torrent of second-hand sperm erupted from inside her. It was literally like looking into the end of a fire hose that was being turned on for split seconds at a time.

The first blast of black cum exploded against my face with enough force to take my breath away. I immediately thought back to the first time Daddy came in my mouth and realized this was a hundred times more intense. It was as if every one of those fifty studs had cum at the exact same moment, penetrating my mouth with perfect precision. I choked and gagged and struggled to catch my breath, but I was already moving back in to lock my lips around her exploding pussy. When she came a second time, I felt it bulge my cheeks. It was as if I were chugging a mug full of superior seed, and I loved it.

This wasn't just cum, but loads upon loads of black sperm sweetened with the juices of the pussy that drained it all.

I was so busy swallowing, I lost track of how many times she came, but I know the cum was so thick inside my mouth that I had trouble swallowing. It coated every inch of my cheeks, my tongue, and my throat, and formed a slimy barrier upon both sides of my teeth. It was up my nose, in my eyes, and in my ears. My

senses were completely inundated with cum.

I was in sissy princess heaven.

"Oh, that was just what the doctor ordered." Momma pushed me away from her pussy, but beckoned me upwards on the bed. "Come on up here and give me a kiss."

It was one of the sweetest kisses of my life, feminine and tender on both sides, with enough cum being swapped back and forth to satiate the hungriest whore. The sound of our lips smacking and the semen squelching filled the room. We cooed and moaned into each other's mouths as our tongues dueled in a sea of white, with hers licking my teeth clean, and mine retrieving the deposits of sperm from her mouth. Despite her being my mentor and my inspiration, I'd only ever enjoyed the taste of her used panties and condoms. I'd only ever tasted the lingering remnants of cum on her lips. We'd never shared such intimacy before and I loved that Momma was going to be the one to help me bring down my mother.

It was fitting.

When she broke away from the kiss, it was with a smile of perfect contentment. "Oh, you are such a mess. Such a gloriously perverse, impossibly cummy mess." She blew a bubble of cum and giggled around it. "Tell me, princess, are you done? Is your sissy belly full? Have you had enough?"

I giggled myself and shook my head. I tried to answer her, but the cum was too thick inside my mouth for my tongue to form the words.

She nodded. "Right answer." I felt her hands dance up my back and across my neck before her fingers began wiggling into the hair on the back of my head. "I

want you to make love to my breasts," she told me, "lick them and suck them as if you were nursing on my titty cum." I was only too happy to let her guide me into place, and I felt my mouth begin to water at the sight of those glistening orbs. "Be my sissy faggot baby," she cooed, "and show me how delicate you can be."

As much as I wanted to devour her, to slurp my way from one ivory mound to another, I knew that wasn't what she was looking for. Instead, I laid my head against her left breast, feeling the stickiness against my cheek, and flicked a tongue against her other nipple. I kept licking until it was clean and brown, instead of white and cummy, and then gently took it into my mouth. I sucked it as if it were another clitty, drawing it in and out of my mouth, licking more cum off with each swipe of my tongue. Every time I tasted its cleanliness inside my mouth, I dropped down to suck the trails of sperm from the underside of her breasts, which I carefully spat atop her nipple, and then begin sucking again.

We must have laid like that for ten, maybe fifteen minutes, with her feeding me from both cum-soaked breasts. It was sexy and nasty and so very depraved, but also warm and sweet and loving. It sounds silly, but we bonded there atop that bed, and I could see it in her eyes. I knew my body would always belong to our black superiors, but my heart would always belong to Momma.

"Oh, I am so loving this, my sweet little sissy, but all this cum is starting to get cold and hard." She pulled me upwards, wrapped her arms around me, and locked her feet around my ankles. I wasn't sure what she had in mind, as she wiggled and thrust beneath me, but when she finally let me go, I understood.

My princess dress had acted like a sponge, wearing away the crustiest layers

of sperm, and soaking them into the material. As I raised myself up, it felt like the dress weighed three times as much as when I'd first put it on. It was heavy and wet against my skin, and so sticky I almost felt claustrophobic.

"Oh, that's so much better." Momma pushed me off the bed, and then rolled over in the cummy depression of the mattress, re-coating herself with the damp, still-slimy black sperm that had been trapped beneath the warmth of our bodies. "Ooops," she giggled, "looks like I'm all cummy again." She raised her foot in the air and wiggled her toes. "Start here, my princess. Without closing your mouth, except to swallow, licking your way up to my armpits and back again. Don't let those lips touch me," she cautioned. "I want tongue only."

As awkward and time-consuming as it was, licking her like that was one of the most erotic things I had ever done in my life. I felt her flesh tremble beneath me, goosebumps growing against my tongue. All that black sperm was so thick inside my throat, I couldn't have swallowed if my life depended on it, so I just kept my head tilted the right way and allowed the superior seed to slide down into my belly on its own.

Once I was done licking one side, she had me do the other. Once I was done that, she rolled over and had me do her back. Eventually, incredibly, between my stomach, my dress, and the floor, there was no more cum to be had.

Momma looked as sad as I felt, but that connection was there again, linking the cum-dump with the cum-cleaner.

"Did my sissy enjoy that?" she asked. A burp escaped my lips as I nodded, flooding my senses with the taste and smell of half-digested black cum. “What do

you have to say to our Masters?"

I giggled and batted my eyelashes. "More, please."

As one, they all let out a triumphant 'whoop' of approval. Even Daddy joined in, his hard cock bouncing before him.

"I have one last surprise for you," Momma said, "but first we have to get you out of that corset."

I felt a pang of loss as I saw my breasts disappear with the loosening of my laces. As a normal amount of air seeped back into my lungs, I began to feel dizzy and nauseous. Something was wrong, but I couldn't place it.

"Look at me, princess." Momma held my hands and stared into my eyes as Courtney continued to undress me. "Try to relax, and get ready for the nastiest, dirtiest, kinkiest, most perverted sight of your life."

It was hard, but by focusing on her, I was able to ignore the increasing waves of nausea inside me. As the corset came off, it felt like my body was exploding outward, becoming far larger than it had been before. All three sluts crowded around Momma and me, as if waiting for something special.

Suddenly, it felt like I'd taken a punch to the belly. I cried out with the intensity of it.

"Yes!" Momma hugged me close and danced us around the room, barely avoiding amused black Masters. "I knew it! I knew it!" She continued dancing us past the half-hard men. She didn't stop until we were standing back before Courtney, Bridgette, and Greta, who welcomed us with open arms.

"Far be it from me to spoil the party," Daddy barked at us, "but what the fuck

do you all think you're doing with my Sissy Princess Sperm Whore?"

They all looked at one another, looked at me, and then spun me around to face Daddy. "Not just any sissy princess sperm whore," they said in unison, "but your very pregnant sissy princess sperm whore!"

Daddy's jaw dropped. His jaw actually dropped. I'd surprised him, and that made me swoon with delight. He stormed across the room, moving faster and with more purpose than I had ever seen another man move. "That," he laughed, "is the most amazing fucking thing I have ever seen in my life!" He stopped before us, put his hands out, and placed them against the swell of my belly. It was only then that I thought to look down and see what everybody was so excited about.

The girls were right. My belly was grotesquely swollen, protruding out beyond my half-hard sissy clit. It looked like I was at least three months pregnant.

"The corset was so tight," Momma explained, "the cum had to find other places to settle. Once we unlaced the sissy, it all flooded downwards, swelling your belly with the seed of fifty men, who knows how many times over." She started to reach towards me, and then stopped. "Poke her belly, Master. Poke it and see what happens."

When he poked his finger into me, my entire stomach jiggled and wobbled like a bowl full of jelly. I felt the pressure rising into my throat, but was still surprised when I burped out a wet, sloppy, gigantic bubble of cum. I felt it oozing down my chin, but I was quick to suck it back inside.

"Oh fuck, that is hot." Daddy slapped my stomach and laughed as I burped and farted cum simultaneously. "Damn, but the sissy even smells like sperm!"

Daddy pointed to the camera above the bed. “And that, Madam President, is just a taste. You heard the sissy. She still wants more.”

Apparently, she approved because the camera light winked out even as a holo-message appeared on Daddy’s wrist.

"Agent Neil will take you home," he told us. "Get yourselves some rest and keep yourselves home until I come for you on Saturday. I’ve already told the community you’re off-limits for the next few days. They don’t know why, but they don’t question me."

I looked between the two most important people in my life, the Daddy who was more than a father and the Momma who was more than a mother, and smiled. “I love you both so much,” I told them. “Thank you for giving me my purpose.”

Momma was crying. “Oh, sweetie, I couldn’t be happier to be sharing that purpose with you."

Daddy kissed us both atop the head, although he grimaced at the taste of black sperm in Momma’s hair. “I ain’t never been prouder of two white bitches in my life. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m about to go jerk off and think about you being all hot and horny.”

♠♠♠

Part Four: A White Sissy's Destiny

Neither Momma nor I so much as touched a single black cock for the next couple of days, much to our mutual dismay. Daddy had sent someone to clear out our cum stash as well, which probably hurt me more than it did her, but the end result was one very tense, angry, anxious household. By the time Saturday night rolled around, we could barely watch the network special featuring the blackening of my parents' white pride bitches. It's not that we didn't enjoy seeing their uptight asses brought low or their tight, dusty little twats gaped wide by black cock, but it made us both jealous.

If we lasted five minutes before turning it off and going to bed, I'd be surprised.

When Sunday morning dawned, Agent Neil showed up at the front door with a pair of shopping bags in his hands. He tried to look all solemn and serious, but couldn't resist breaking into a grin as he handed them over. "This is going to be fucking priceless," he grunted. "You two are going to be twins."

Momma and I looked at each other, not knowing what to expect. We opened the bags together and found matching uniforms inside.

"Cheerleaders?" Momma held up her skirt and pompoms. "Really?"

Agent Neil chuckled as he helped me with mine. "Your bitch mother has two fetishes - white girl purity and white girls in costumes." He teased me with the short, pleated skirt, caressing my cage dicklette with it. "It was a close thing," he

told us. “You very nearly were stuck being nuns.”

Mom and I both shook our heads as we stripped down, right there in the open doorway, and quickly put on our outfits. The skirts were scandalously short, and the tops ever more scandalously tight, but I loved the long socks, the open-toed sneakers, and - most of all - the pigtails and ribbons. It sickened me to think we were doing this for that bitch, but it also tickled me to think we’d be turning her own fetishes against her.

Her own fetishes . . .

“Wait a minute!” I froze with one stocking rolled halfway up my leg. “Did you say my mother’s fetishes? Are we supposed to be going in as her lesbian playthings?”

He nodded. “Her innocent, untouched, unblacked playthings.” He saw the anger in my gaze and stopped it cold. “You’re going to have to suck it up, sissy, and hide your hatred of her. This is the only way we could get you in.”

Momma paled. “Please, Master. You won’t make my sissy do anything intimate with her, will you? That’s more than I think I can handle.”

I was sure he’d haul off and slap her for questioning him, but he looked more offended by the question than angry. “No, of course not. I’ll be honest, you may need to cuddle up to her a bit, exchange a few kisses and endure a few gropes, but we have a pair of guards inside who will be taking the sissy on a ‘scared-gay’ tour of the prison.” He paused. “If you can imagine.”

That broke the tension. Momma and I both laughed at that as we finished dressing. The outfits took years off both of our appearances, and with a little

makeup, I was shocked to realize we might actually pass as sisters!

"We don't have much time," Agent Neil told us. "There's a private plane waiting to drop you over the border, where one of those Royal Canadian Mount-me Please white boy faggots will be waiting to get you inside the prison with a girl of his own. They're on our side," he promised. "You can trust them."

Early that afternoon, just after lunch, we were three matching cheerleaders, handcuffed and on our knees before . . . the white bitch. She looked like a stick puppet made of bleached leather. A short, gangly, stick puppet with no curves and hardly any hair. If not for too-bright, too-thick makeup, I'd have mistaken her for a man. A weak, disgusting-looking little white man.

She stroked our heads fondly, one at a time as she circled, as she discussed the situation with Mister Trevor - our Canadian contact, working undercover himself as a prison guard.

"Denise here will attend to your needs," he told her, "while I take young Heather and Lisa on a tour of the facilities."

We'd met Denise at the airport with Mister Trevor. She bore a passing resemblance to the two of us, especially in a matching outfit, making her the perfect distraction to keep my mother busy. She knew nothing about the bitch, which made her role easier to stomach, but she was as eager as we were to see this whole prison come toppling down. Assuming all went as planned, she'd be joining our black Masters on their journey home, volunteering herself for service to the Blacked States of America.

As for Momma and me, it had been ages since I'd last heard somebody call her Lisa, and as someone born to the painfully white name of Heath, I clung to the sudden femininity of Heather, a name I'd never heard, and I knew that name would be mine forevermore.

"I'm all for teasing the zoo," the bitch laughed, "and I'm positively drooling over the thought of this child, especially, coming back in tears, begging for a taste of white pussy if I'll only save her from those disgusting animals . . . but, mark my words, they're both mine." Her hands pressed Momma and me down into the floor. "Do not," she seethed, "under any circumstances, even think of letting your guards tap my girls." The bitch dug her nails into our heads. I felt blood welling at her touch. "And if you suffer so much as one black finger upon their flesh, I'll unlock the worst of our beastly rapist asses and let them split your fat ass in half."

It's a good thing we had the pain to cover our real emotions because I could feel the same fury radiating off Momma that I was feeling myself. I couldn't wait for this bitch to go down!

"Yes, ma'am, we've been over all of this. The staff has been coached, and the inmates understand precisely what is expected of them. If they behave themselves and stick to *looking* scary, instead of *being* scary, you'll permit them a free evening of holo-vid indulgence."

The bitch hauled us to our feet. "Damn," she said, pressing her nose against my cheek, "this one smells so sweet. I can't wait to taste her virgin cunt and ruin her for all men."

It's a good thing she chose that moment to propel us across the room or else

I would have spoiled the whole mission by laughing in her face.

Even if we barely knew her, and even if she was okay with her part in things, I still hated leaving Denise there with the bitch, but we all had our roles

We passed through a series of locked doors, each one controlled remotely by guards we couldn't see. I started getting anxious as we delved deeper into the heart of the prison. As we passed yet another sign that suggested we were going the wrong way, I began to wonder if we'd been double-crossed by Mister Trevor. He hadn't said a word, but I didn't know if that was because he couldn't speak in front of the other guards or whether it was because he had nothing honest to say.

Finally, we stopped at the door to the infirmary. Much to my surprise, the doctor who welcomed us was as much of a sissy as I was - despite his thin little mustache, bald spot, and doctor's frock. Actually, I quite liked the way he pranced and swished across the room, and I made a note to ask him where he learned to pivot his ass like that when he walked.

"Now, this is just a mild muscle-relaxant," he promised us, "along with a slow-release painkiller." He swabbed at her arm first, and then gently slipped the needle in. "I know you're an accomplished gangbang whore, but you're going to see a lot of use today, and we don't want to see you damaged from your muscles being too tense, or your flesh being too tight." As he wiped the spot of blood from her arm and pressed a piece of medical tape against it, I saw a wistfulness in his eyes that I completely sympathized with. "Besides," he smiled, "we want you to enjoy yourself."

I looked up into her eyes and smiled as the doctor took my arm next.

"As for you, my sweet sissy, I know you're here more as a cleanup cumslut than a cumdump, so what I'm giving you is just a little something to help your digestive system. It'll prevent you from feeling nauseous or bloated with all that yummy cum." He put a cute little flower-shaped bandage on my arm and blew me a kiss.

"Thank you, Doctor Abel." Mister Trevor turned at a knock on the infirmary door. He opened it to reveal a pair of towering black men, one bald and the other with messy dreadlocks, but both barefoot and dressed in yellow prison jumpsuits. "Come on in, gentlemen. Thanks for volunteering to be first." He poked his head out to check the hall, and then locked the door.

Momma and I both slid to our knees at the sight of the new black Masters. It was instinctive. There was no question they deserved it. Even if it had been a while since they'd last been paid such respect, neither showed any surprise. They knew what they were due.

Mister Trevor took a knee beside us. "Here's where it all begins, sissy. If we're right, and if you're who we think you are, then emancipation begins here."

I was confused. I had no idea what he was talking about. Neither Daddy nor Agent Neil had explained what, exactly, I was here to do.

"Doctor Abel? Do you have the pain shots ready? Just in case?"

The cute little man was trembling. It was clear he wanted to be on his knees with us. "They're ready," he replied. "but we won't need them." He blew me a kiss. "Look at her. She's perfect. You know as well as I do that she's precisely who we've

been waiting for."

Mister Trevor nodded. "Gentlemen? I hate to ask this, but hopefully it'll be the last time. Please remove your pants and present your cages."

I heard Momma cry out in horror, but I was too stunned to form a thought, much less words.

The two black Masters had been fitted with what had to be custom chastity cages. They were massive contraptions of plastic-aluminum, banded with what looked to be steel, which I assumed was meant to increase their weight, and with it the overall discomfort, since it was no stronger. It was hard to wrap my head around them, to imagine those gorgeous, delicious, superior black cocks cruelly twisted and crammed inside.

Our new black Masters came over to stand before me. I immediately leaned forward to kiss their feet - partly out of respect and partly to distract me from those horrendous cages. What looked cute and natural and almost beneath notice on a sissy was an altogether different story on a black Master.

"Sissy." Mister Trevor placed a fingertip under my chin and gently raised my head. "Do you see those dull amber lights where the sheath meets the ball?"

I nodded.

"You need to press your thumb against it. That should safely remove the cage."

I paled. In school, we'd all been forced to endure the agony of another white sissy trying to unlock our cages, and it was a pain I never wished to experience again, much less inflict on another. The idea that I might inadvertently be

responsible for causing these superior black cocks even more pain, even greater disrespect, made me sick to my stomach.

"Should?" Momma asked.

He shrugged. "The warden corrupted BNWO technology to fashion these oversized cages, keying them to her DNA rather than the black DNA you're used to her. Our research tells us she took the cheapest, laziest route, utilizing a family DNA signature rather than something specific to herself."

"I can't do it." I shook my head. "I can't be the one to hurt one of our Masters."

The black man with the dreadlocks looked down at me, a smile on his face that looked out of practice. "This isn't your fault, little sissy. You didn't do this to us, and you can't make our lives any worse. If there's any chance you can remove these fucking things and set us free, then I'm telling you to do it."

"Do it, and do it now." The other black Master's smile looked even more unfamiliar, as if it had been a very long since he last smiled. "You two bitches are making me hard and I'm done waiting."

"Yes, Master." No matter how afraid I might be, I couldn't refuse an order. I screwed my eyes shut and thrust my thumb forward before I could second-guess myself. Instead of a sharp siren and howl of agony, I heard a click and a sigh so sexual, so intense, it made my cage leak.

My eyes were still closed with a semi-hard cock slapped against my cheek. It smelled of sweat and piss something sour, but I instinctively turned my head and welcomed it into my mouth. While I suckled at it, thrilling to the idea that mine was

the first mouth to envelop it in years, I watched out of the corner of my eye as I reached out to our other Master and unlocked him with the same brush of my finger. He slapped my cheek in gratitude as well, but Momma was there to suck him clean.

Kneeling there next to Momma, a superior black cock in each of our mouths, was the closest thing to heaven I'd ever experienced. I heard her sucking and slurping next to me as I pushed myself down on the glistening black shaft, feeling it glide across my lipsticked lips. As amazing as it had been to kiss the swollen, somewhat crusty head, it was nothing compared to the feeling of the dry skin coming back to life as it slid across my tongue. I took him in like a starving animal, gorging myself on his magnificent cock. I crammed inch after inch inside my mouth and he kept feeding me more.

The sloppier I heard Momma getting next to me, the hungrier I was getting for some thick black cum.

"Sssssllllooooorrrkkkkk . . ." Oh, I quite liked that sound! Sucking for all I was worth, I pulled slowly back and watched his wet shaft emerge from between my lips. Not only could I hear it escaping my hunger, but I could see the foreskin stretch as I tried to suck it from his shaft. His entire dick popped out into the cold air, falling down to slap me across the chin.

I wrapped my hand around his shaft and quickly kissed my way down to the base, where I closed my mouth around his balls. I licked my way around them, holding their salty, sweaty flesh in my mouth, as I continued to stroke the cock above. They were heavy and hairy and full of cum.

"Fuck yeah." My Master dug his hands into my hair and yanked me even closer. "Any mouth would feel good after that torture, but this sissy's got some serious talent."

I'd no sooner taken his shaft back into my throat and he exploded! There was no warning, nothing extra to feel, just a sudden geyser of white, hot sperm blasting inside me. At first, I flinched in surprise, but quickly recovered to begin slurping that wonderful nectar down. By the time I'd swallowed his third spurt, a twin blast was spewing alongside it. Startled, I looked sideways to see Momma holding her cock, bathing my face with its cum.

"You earned it," she told me.

I had a hot sticky mess pooling on my tongue, and it tasted extra sweet knowing that I had drained it from his black monster dick myself, but the creamy dregs running down my face were even more exquisite because Momma had chosen to share them with me.

As soon as my Master was done, I turned and took a few seconds to lick the last drops of cum from the other cockhead, and then began licking my way around it. Momma joined me, kissing me around the still throbbing black shaft. She pushed her head forward and mashed her lips against mine. They felt so full, and so moist, I just wanted to kiss them forever, but the cummy tongue that slipped between them was absolute bliss.

"Holy fuck." Mister Trevor sounded impressed. "Agent Neil wasn't kidding about these two."

Momma and I kissed around those two black cocks for what seemed like

hours, swapping back and forth, but it was probably no more than a couple of minutes. The two of us passed their cum back and forth from one mouth to another, carried by dueling tongues. We never spilled a drop, but eventually we swallowed the last precious puddle of their superior sperm. We took a few more moments to lick each other's teeth clean, and then finally broke away.

"You bitches are damn fine," our bald black Master told us, "but you're only getting started. This fucking sissy has an entire prison to free."

"You'll be perfectly safe," the doctor assured me, as if that made any difference whatsoever. "I maintain a very clean, disease-free facility. Any inmate who doesn't meet my standards is transferred out before they can ever become an issue." He was so cute when he blushed. "It's one of the very few rules I've been able to push through."

I grabbed Momma's hand and we climbed to our feet. "Masters? Your bitches are ready. There's a prison full of big, black Masters out there who need to give us their cum!"

They escorted us down to the showers. "We'll start here," they told us, "off-camera, in case the bitch is watching."

"Oh, we have her occupied," Mister Trevor assured them.

"Nobody asked you, white boy."

In the showers we found twenty caged black Masters standing against the wall. Twenty angry, horny, well-hung black Masters who were desperate to cum. Momma immediately laid herself down on the floor in front of them, her legs spread and mouth wide open. "Unlock 'em and fluff 'em," she told me. "I'll fuck

'em, and you can clean 'em, but we have to be fast. We have to be efficient. There's a whole prison to get to."

I dropped to my knees and crawled towards the waiting black Masters. "Come one," I grinned, "cum all. We're here to serve."

One by one by one I unlocked those magnificent cocks and watched them spring to life before me. I gave each a kiss and a quick swallowing, burying my nose against their mess of pubic hair, before setting them free to fill Momma. Within minutes we were surrounded by so many cocks, we barely knew what to do with them.

Just kidding. I knew precisely what to do with them. Between Momma and I, we had five holes, four hands, and one pair of breasts suitable for fucking. With twenty black cocks eager to unload themselves, we planned to make quick work of them before moving on.

The last black Master in the line-up, a short, fat, heavily tattooed black man with scars crisscrossing his torso, pulled me to my feet and onto my toes, all with nothing more than a finger beneath my chin. "Tell me," he said, his voice as smooth as silk, "are you the sissy princess sperm whore we were told about?"

"Yes, Master."

He tore my cheerleader outfit from me. "And are you prepared to make yourself mine?"

"Yes, Master."

He reached around and grabbed my ass, hoisting me to the very tips of my toes. "Do you want to feel my big black cock deep inside your ass?"

"Yes, Master. More than anything, Master!"

"Be careful what you wish for, sissy. I've been watching your Momma getting gangbanged here while you unlocked us, and my cock is harder and full of more cum than I think it's ever seen in my life."

I squirted a bit inside my cage. "Oh, I do so want it, Master."

"I'll fucking tear you apart, sissy."

"He will, sweetie." Momma looked up with a weary smile on her face. "I can see how fat his gorgeous cock is from here."

"That's okay, Master." I gave him my best, my most submissive, my most feminine smile. "If your cock really does tear me apart . . . well, your cum will just glue me back together."

He laughed, long and hard. "In that case, I think a little ass party is in order." He turned to the doctor. "Stiles?"

"Yes, Master."

"I think it's time to turn this fucking place upside down. That punishment box the bitch is so proud of? I think these two white sluts could make good use of it."

His eyes widened, but it was the pronounced lisp that truly gave away his delight. "Oh, yes. Yes, indeed. I can see precisely what you mean."

"Then get to it, faggot."

The doctor was bouncing on his toes as he led me out of the showers and on a circuitous route of the prison, turning away whenever he spotted a guard down

the hall. It seemed like we were walking forever. I loved heels - the taller the better - but even my feet were getting sore from walking on the hard concrete floors. I swore we were going in circles. I recognized some of the graffiti we passed. It didn't help matters that I stopped to unlock every black cock we passed. I restrained myself, denying myself first taste of them all, but I gave them kisses at random to show my submission.

Finally, as we passed a heavily reinforced door just outside the prison's common area, the doctor paused. He turned to me. "Do you trust me, sissy?"

"Yes." Maybe I shouldn't have. Maybe this long walk was just him setting me up for something, but, somehow, I did. I couldn't explain it, but I sensed a kindred spirit here. I knew him to be just like me. "I do." I meant it. "Why?"

He just grinned. "Quick, look scared." With that, he began pounding on the door, attacking it with his weak white fists while he cried for help.

"Doctor Abel." A mean-looking white guard opened the door. "What is it?"

"Prisoners," he gasped. "They found a way to short-circuit their cages in the showers." The way he trembled, even I believed him. "It's a mess. Three guards were watching over the shower." He let out such a perfect sob, I wanted to applaud. "Those monsters are raping them. You need to help them!"

"Fucking hell!" The guard turned and bellowed to the other men in the room. Six of them came rushing out, hastily dressed in riot gear, and looking ready to kill. "Which shower?" one of them asked.

"Blue-two," the doctor told him, pointing down a different hallway than the one we'd come down. "Please hurry. I barely made it out of there myself."

As the pathetic white guards rushed down the hall, the doctor grabbed at the door and led into what I could see was a central control room. He scrolled through holo-vid feeds until he found the warden's office, where I could see Denise riding my mother's face, grinding her pussy down around her while she pulled at her sagging, ugly white tits.

"Good. I didn't dare tell Mister Trevor about this, because I wasn't sure we'd be able to pull it off, but we're here. We're inside, the guards are occupied, and the bitch isn't paying attention."

"I don't get it. What's so special about here?"

He led me over to a nondescript box in the corner. "I insisted on this as an emergency precaution. The warden didn't give a damn about prisoner safety, but she saw the value in having a last-resort negotiation tactic in the event of a riot." He punched in a ten-digit combination and the buttons glowed green. There was a ten-second pause, and then the box opened, revealing an amber button that I immediately knew to be paired with the chastity cages I'd unlocked."

"Is that...?" My eyes were wide with excitement. "Will that...?"

"One swipe of your thumb and every black cock in this prison will be freed." Before I could move forward, the doctor stepped between me and the box. "On one condition," he told me.

"I like you, doctor, but don't get between me and all these black Masters. I'm not a violent sissy, but I won't let you stop me."

"Please," he begged, "just promise to take me home with you. Bring me back. I need to be a part of the BNWO. I can't live like this anymore, so close and yet so

far."

I hugged the little old sissy tight. "Of course! I'll ask Daddy to find you a good community to serve."

He was crying! It was so cute. "Thank you." He stepped aside and I immediately moved into the space he vacated.

I was still nervous looking at that button, no matter how many times I'd already seen my DNA work its magic, but I was excited too. Before I could stop myself, I pressed my thumb against it.

It flashed, but nothing happened.

"What's wrong? Why isn't it working?"

"It's working. Be patient." He took my hands in his and squeezed some reassurance into me. "It's a fail-safe to protect the bitch. You'll need to press it again in fifteen minutes."

Those fifteen minutes were the longest of my life but, when I hit it the second time, I heard the triumphant howl of prisoners even before I saw the light turn green.

"Doctor?" I grabbed him in a hug and danced about the control room. "You said something about a punishment box?"

With a squeal that I felt in my head, the sissy doctor led me back into the hall, down a flight of metal stairs, and into the prison common area. He led me into this large, clear plastic-aluminum box and had me kneel in place against a number of support posts. We were immediately swarmed by horny, well-hung, suddenly-free black Masters.

"This is the sissy who freed you," the doctor told them. "She's come for her reward."

A rousing cheer filled the common area as three of the black Masters crowded into the box with us and began binding my wrists, ankles, and neck to the plastic-alu-minum supports. Up close, I could see the slender supports, but from outside the box, it must have looked as if I were being suspended in mid-air. I heard something above me and looked up to find three plastic-aluminum toilet seats suspended above my head, one hanging from each of the left, right, and top edges.

"This was designed as a punishment cage," the doctor explained. "Sometimes, the prisoners refuse to accept their place and the warden locks them in here for the day, just to remind them of how unpleasant the male body can be."

"You do wash it out afterward, right?"

He laughed. "Would I be standing here if it wasn't?"

The doctor backed away. "I'll let our Masters pay their respects while I collect the others. I promise, we'll be back soon, and we'll bring presents."

I was restrained, locked in place, with both my holes on display. The three black Masters who'd strapped me in arranged themselves. One shoved his black anaconda in my mouth while another shoved his Coke-can inside my ass. I squirted from my cage at that, and then squirted again as the third Master joined him, shoving his cock inside my ass at the same time. Whatever had been in the doctor's shot must have been working, because I stretched to accommodate them both and it was wonderful!

These poor men were so horny, so needy, they came with only a few strokes.

I barely had time to taste the cum in my mouth, though, before another pair of cocks took their place. I was in sissy heaven, being spit roasted by magnificent black cock, pumped so full of superior semen that I could feel it running down my legs. As much as I tried to pay attention, I quickly lost track of who was who or how many black Masters I satisfied. One glorious cock blended into the next, until all I could see, all I could feel, all I could taste and smell and know was black cock.

The shifting shadows as much as the crust of black cum sticking in the hollow of my knees and elbows told me we'd been going at it for hours. My finger had freed hundreds of black Masters from their cruel confinement, and it seemed as if every single one of them was stopping by to exercise their rights to any worthless white ass that caught their eye.

Sometime later that day, as the afternoon was giving way to evening, it got even better.

"Clear the decks!" I didn't recognize the voice, but then four Masters fucking me - two in my mouth, two in my very well gaped ass - dumped their loads and stepped away. When nobody stepped in to replace them, I whimpered. I felt so empty! I was exhausted. I was numb where I wasn't aching. But I'd never been happier.

"Hi, baby."

I looked up to find Momma, Denise, and Doctor Abel standing on the platform above. All three of them were naked, looking woozy, weak, and well-fucked.

"We're here to feed you," she told me, pointing upward, "but first the world

would like to know who you are and why you're here."

I followed her finger and saw a holo-vid drone hovering between us. Suddenly, I understood it all. I knew what Daddy had meant when he talked about the network special. I didn't need a script. I didn't need to be briefed. I knew why I was there, and I knew what I wanted to say.

I'd no sooner opened my mouth, though, when a deep, booming voice bellowed, "Hold that thought."

I didn't need to turn around to know who that was - I'd know that voice anywhere.

"Daddy!" I squealed in delight as Daddy strolled across the common area, naked and shining with sweat. His fists were pumping up and down with every step. Something was dangling from his right hand. All I saw, though, was his massive black cock standing ramrod straight. He stopped and pointed at the drone. He opened his fist, made a chopping motion in the air, and then held up his palm.

It continued hovering, but it went dark.

Daddy tossed a pretty pink latex mask toward me. It had big holes for my eyes, with white trim around them, and platinum blonde pigtails attached to the top. I didn't understand the need for a mask, but I knew how to obey. I unzipped the white plastic zipper running down the back and slipped the mask over my head. It was slick with cum that squelched loudly as I zipped it closed. I loved it. It was like being sealed into a cum-filled condom, all warm and wet, forcing all that black sperm into my pores.

He poked his head into the box. "The President thanks you, sissy," he said

softly, “and you’ve got a speech to make, but we can’t have your face on television. You’ve served the Blacked States of America well, but you’re still needed for more.”

Before I could respond, he looked up at Momma and Denise. “You’re some of the finest white sluts a country could ask for, and I’m proud that you’re mine.”

“Thank you, Daddy!” I was confused, but I was still excited. I didn’t know everything that was going on, but I loved knowing we were serving our black superiors.

Daddy retreated from the box. He pointed at the drone and held up three fingers. The drone flashed back to life and he signaled a countdown with his fingers.

Three.

Two.

One.

That was my cue.

“Hi, Masters and Mistresses! Hello, sluts and sissies! You don’t know me, but you know my mother. She used to be the most renowned white pride terrorist in North America, but now she’s just another slut for the Black New World Order. You can’t imagine how hard it must have been for her to see the light, to realize how wrong she was, and yet be powerless to do anything about it, knowing that any actions she took to undo it would only cause more damage, more pain, more death.” I was really getting into it, thinking of how she must be screaming in horror at that moment. “I hope you can understand how difficult it must have been for her to play the long game, to covertly set up her own movement to fall, and to wait for her legacy to play out.”

The entire prison had gone silent. They were hanging on my every word.

"At first, even we thought hacking the BNWO chastity devices with her familial DNA rather than her fingerprint was a mistake, an act of hubris, but then my Daddy realized she'd known all along. All those times she'd told the world that the BNWO had taken her family, but the truth is she didn't abandon her son, she left him where she knew a blacked slut would find him. She didn't leave me alone because she thought I was dead, she left me alone to grow and thrive within the embrace of the Blacked States of America, so one day we'd be there to help her gracefully bow out of the white pride movement."

I couldn't help it. I giggled at the thought of how this must be making her feel.

"You know her as the country's greatest villain, but she was never more than a pawn of my father - or, as you know him now, winner of last night's Bimbois! spectacular." Oh, I was on a roll! Not just tearing down her legacy but making my father the real power in their movement. "She gave us the keys to free the political prisoners she'd kept safe here, not to shame them or make an example of them, but to preserve them so that they could return to society and finish what we started here today." What I said next nearly made me vomit, but I knew it would seal her fate. "I love you, Mom. Thank you for doing the right thing.

On command, Doctor Abel loosed a torrent of black cum that exploded out of his ass with the most deliciously disgusting sound, plopping down on my face with a massive, heavy, thick splash a moment later. It sounded atrocious, but looked fantastic, and it tasted absolutely glorious.

My dicklette twitched inside its cage.

Denise was next, and even if she'd already fed most of her loads to my bitch mother, she'd clearly renewed herself on the way down here. I watched the cum ooze from her ass and her pussy, mingling in one twisting stream that splashed down all over my head, coating me with her warm love.

Momma was next, and as she waddled into position, I worried she might pass out or fall off before finding her place. She looked pregnant, bloated, and super cum-drunk.

"Hi, sweetie." She giggled, clearly unable to control herself. "While you were working to set our Masters free, one of them told me about another punishment box the warden used on them. I spent the last hour curled up, upside down, and fitted with funnels to ensure all that yummy black cum stayed deep inside me." She groaned and I knew it must have all been shifting inside her. "The doctor estimates I've retained a good hundred loads deep inside me."

Momma adjusted herself on the seat above me. She looked down to blow me a kiss. "And they're all yours."

With that, Momma let loose with a colossal dump of black sperm that I swore was never going to end. It covered me from my head to my ass, running down my sides in a waterfall of white. It drove me crazy that I was retrained, unable to scoop it up and swallow it down, but I knew that wasn't what Momma had in mind. She was anointing me, covering me, filling me, and preparing me to get fucked hard.

I hoped Daddy would do the honors but, when I turned, he was walking

across the common area, his hand shielding his face from view. I saw him stop to talk to Mister Trevor at the door to the inner ring of cells where I could see several white guards already nine or ten inches into their reeducation. They were big, ugly, tattooed brutes, but they were taking to black cock like they were born to it.

Mister Trevor pointed inside and Daddy nodded, but whoever they were talking to was standing too deep in the shadows for me to see them.

And then he stepped out and I knew him.

Not just knew him, but was almost as excited to see him as Daddy.

It was the black Master who'd set me on the path toward this glorious box, the fat, tattooed black man with the Coke-can-sized black cock. He came bounding up into the box. He stepped between my legs, where the spent cum wasn't just coating me, but was pooling around the entrance to my own asshole.

"Gaped and lubed you may be," he promised, "but this is going to hurt."

"I know." I smiled to let him know I wasn't worried. "Thank you."

"Good." Once, twice, three times he stabbed at my sissy hole, sliding in the mess of cum, and making me flinch every time. The fourth jab hit the mark, though, driving an inch and a half of big black cock deep inside me.

"Arrrrrrgggggghhhhh!" I screamed as the fiery pain lanced through my body. As big as he looked, this was something entirely different. I mean, I knew he was huge, but experiencing it this way was something else. Still, I knew what he wanted . . . what I wanted . . . and I knew what I was expected to do. So, gritting my teeth, I blinked away the tears and begged for more.

He smiled and slapped my ass again. Then, widening his stance, he leaned

forward and pushed harder, forcing another inch past my tight little hole. Again, I screamed, thankful for the restraints that made it impossible for me to betray myself and attempt to pull away. It hurt like hell, but I knew it'd get better, just as soon as my sissy-ass stretched to accommodate him.

"That's a very good start, my sissy." He pulled out until just the tip was inside me. "I'm going to make you my fucking bitch."

"Thank you, Master." I trembled, afraid that I had failed him. "May I please have some more?"

Master's cock drove itself deep inside me. I gave myself over to the bliss and melted against him. Suddenly, I felt him drive even deeper, as if more than just a mental barrier had been broken.

The next thing I knew, his balls were pressed tight against my cheeks.

He was inside me. Master's big black cock was inside me. All of it. Every inch. From the tip of the head to the bottom of the shaft. I had taken him all.

The crowd cheered, but my Momma loudest of all.

Master pulled back slightly, reclaiming my attention, and then thrust back inside me. It was a gentle, almost tentative sort of fucking, but the look in his eyes told me it was precisely what he wanted.

"Please, Master." I wanted to pull away. I wanted to thrust against him. I wanted to drive his pleasure but, restrained as I was, all I could do was enjoy the ride. "Pull out and drive into me one more time? Please?"

He didn't say a word, but he withdrew his cock from my ass. It seemed to take forever, and I felt so empty once it was gone, but I knew I wouldn't have to

wait long for a return to action.

Suddenly, Momma and the doctor were there with us, scooping the cum from my body and coating our Master's cock with it. They pushed even more of it down between my legs, where I swear the good doctor slipped a few fingers inside me, just for an instant.

The moment they pulled back, Master took advantage of the extra lubrication and plunged deep inside me.

I'm proud to say I took him to the hilt.

I'm even prouder to say that was all it took for him to explode inside me.

Master growled and cursed as he held himself deep inside me, visibly straining to remain in control, but it was no use. He screamed to the heavens as he exploded, the sound silencing every man, woman, and sissy within the prison. I felt each hot, hard jet of cum spread through my insides, painting me, filling me, and forever marking me as his. The pleasure was indescribable. Tears were running down my face, mixing with the cum, but I never wanted it to stop. I lost track of how many times he came, but I know I felt it leaking out of me long before his cock began to withdraw.

For a moment, I felt like my life was complete. I decided I was done being a community sissy and, if he'd have me, I'd never leave my black Master's cock.

And then he came around and let his spent cock fall upon my face, just like Daddy always did, and suddenly I remembered myself. I belonged to Daddy. Any black Master could fuck me, but only Daddy could breed me.

Besides, I remember Sally and her African mission. I had more work to do,

and it began here.

I had to twist and turn to get the right angle, but I opened wide and began cleaning the cum that had filled me just moments before.

"Well, now," he smiled. "Aren't you quite the sissy princess?"

"Yes," Momma cheered, "she's Daddy's a Sissy Princess Sperm Whore."

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Epilogue: A New Blacked Era

The sun was rising on a new morning before Momma, Denise, Doctor Abel, and I were done fucking and sucking every black Master in the prison to freedom. They took their sloppy seconds from the newly blacked guards – except when my bitch mother was around to clean up – but they took their firsts from the four of us.

Mister Trevor saw us to the airport, where we were quickly ushered onto a private plane that was already fired up and ready to taxi down the runway. We'd barely had time to find seats before the doors closed and we were rolling. You'd think that after our marathon session we'd all be tired, but we were too happy, too cumdrunk to sleep.

Once we reached altitude the seatbelts were automatically released.

And that's when the cockpit door had opened, only for Daddy to step out.

I launched out of my seat and threw myself into his arms. He grabbed me by the throat and lifted me to my feet. When he kissed me, he kissed me hard, forcing his tongue deep into my mouth. I just surrendered to it, eager to be penetrated, to feel owned once again.

"I'm so proud of you bitches. I know you've been busy these last twenty-four hours, but it's no exaggeration to say you've changed the world. While we'll never breed it entirely out of existence, white pride as an organized terrorist movement is no more. With the blackening of your parents broadcast to the world, everything they once stood for has fallen apart. It's over." He paused while we all cheered. "At

least, for us. There's still work to be done in the world, but we'll talk about that another day."

Daddy threw me over his shoulder as he walked to the back of the plane. He unlocked the rear suite with his handprint, revealing a massive round bed with rubber sheets and wedge-shaped cushions. He climbed on the bed with me still in his arms and laid down so that I was snuggled tight against him. Momma and the others followed, arranging themselves around us.

Together, we watched the President's special address from the Black House lawn, which ended with the Prime Minister on his hands and knees before her, getting blacked – hard and deep and with a passion I doubt any Canadian white boy had ever experienced – for the whole world to see. We could see how lost he was to the assault of superior black cock. Daddy said we'd changed the world, and here was proof of that. We were watching history be made, the official beginning of the Blacked Dominion of Canada.

Something told me there'd be more than a few black Masters we had freed who wouldn't be returning south, but would instead stay to begin the blackening of the north.

I knew our neighbors would be in good hands.

The End