

# HARDCORE GAY EROTICA

*Bobbi*



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**\*SKINNY WHITE BOY\***

*With Cream*

Interracial

Straight-to-Gay

**<Erotica>**

# **Skinny White Boy with Cream**

Bobbi Mare

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## **Table of Contents**

[Skinny White Boy With Cream](#)

[Reviewer Rewards](#)

[About the Author](#)

## **Skinny White Boy with Cream**

One of the best things about spring was being able to take my lunch hour walk without bundling up in boots, gloves, and a jacket to navigate the haphazard path of plowed and unplowed sidewalks. It was still early enough that I needed a sweater – yesterday had been cold enough for a jacket – but the absence of white everywhere did wonders for my spirits.

I was on my way to the coffee shop for my usual skinny vanilla latte when I heard a holler of, “Hey, white boy!”

Even before I turned to look, an instinctive, “Yes, Sir?” slipped out of my mouth. It likely wouldn’t have been so embarrassing, had it not been for who it turned out was behind the call.

When I did turn, I spotted a middle-aged black man standing in the doorway of one of the new townhomes, the ‘luxury’ end unit with the extra sliver of yard. He was a big guy, looking like a football player who’d softened a bit in his retirement, but still powerfully built. He had a well-trimmed goatee on his chin, but his head was shiny and bald.

“Respect! That's what I'm fucking talking about!” he yelled from across the street. “Get your white ass over here. I got work for you.”

I was already taking my first step before I knew I’d even take a first step. Why I did it, I don't know. I had a job. A good, entry-level job. A respectable job, one that paid me a good bit of money. The job was why, even though I worked from home, I was wearing khakis and a polo shirt when I could have spent my days in cheap pajamas or tighty-whities and a ratty old t-shirt. Nothing proper could come out of this conversation but, for some unknown reason, I found myself crossing the street and cutting across the driveway to his door.

Maybe it would have been different if we were downtown, somewhere I might not feel safe, but this was the suburbs. Not only that, but this side of the block was composed entirely of the newest, most overpriced units available. It just screamed safety and responsibility. That was the whole community sales pitch.

Plus, it helped a lot that he didn't look like some tattooed gangster draped in chains, but like someone's dad. The kind of guy you'd see in the grocery store and never think twice about.

“I see you walk by every single goddamned day,” he told me as I approached. “I know what time you walk by and what time you come back with that sissy faggot drink in your hand.”

Hey, whoa, I didn't like the insinuation. I tried to interrupt, to protest, to defend myself, but he silences me with a glare. One look, one simple stare, and I just bit my tongue. This was crazy.

He raised one of those black python arms and made a show of checking the gold watch on his wrist. I couldn't see any details, and wouldn't have recognized them if I did, but it just looked expensive. “I know you got 17 minutes on a bad day, 22 on a good one,” he told me. “That's plenty, maybe even more than we need.”

This was all going too weird, too fast. What the hell was he talking about, and why had he been keeping such good tabs on me? “Time for what?” I asked.

Instead of answering me, he just smiled – he had a mouth full of perfect, polished teeth – and stepped backward, one meaty arm holding the door open for me.

Maybe it was confusion, maybe it was being overwhelmed, maybe it was just me being polite, but for some inexplicable reason, I accepted his invitation. I should have questioned it, asked for more information, at the very least. I sure as hell shouldn't have been stepping into a complete stranger's house when I knew nothing about him. There was something about him that just sort of commanded respect, though, if not actual obedience. He didn't look like a cop or a soldier, but I wondered maybe if he were a teacher.

Inside, the house still smelled of fresh paint and new carpets, but I could see he'd furnished it in a clean, open-concept style, and decorated it with a variety of sports memorabilia, mostly football and hockey, which made me reconsider my guess at teacher. Perhaps he was a retired athlete who'd kept in the game as a coach or a trainer or something team-related.

He settles into a well-padded leather easy chair, where he rested his arms on the

sides, and spread his legs wide. With that pose, it looked more like a throne than a chair, especially since it was positioned to dominate the room.

I tried not to look, fought to meet his eyes with mine, but that position pulled his pants so tight that it showcased a mind-boggling bulge that I swore couldn't be real. It was like he had two fists clenched inside his pants, and was flexing them, ready to Hulk his way out of them at any moment.

When I moved to take a seat on the couch across from him, he gave me a quiet "Tut-tut," shook his head, and pointed to the floor between his feet.

Awkwardly, hesitantly, even more confused by what was going on here than I'd been when I followed him in the door, I took a few steps forward to stand before where he was sitting. Suddenly I felt like I was back in college, called before the Dean over that incident where I was caught coming out of the girls' sorority after curfew, and had to lie about being there to steal panties for some stupid initiation stunt. All so I wouldn't get the girl in trouble who'd made me her bitch the first day of classes and had spent the evening riding my face and slapping my panty-clad cock – the same one I'd pretended to steal, but with no good explanation of why I was wearing them.

The Dean had shaken his head, told me he knew, that the girl was trouble, and if I knew what was good for me, I'd stay away.

I was hearing that same advice in my head right now, only it wasn't the girl who was trouble, it was the man before me.

"Like I said," he told me, interrupting my memory, "I got a job for you. You won't need to buy that overprice girl's drink anymore, and I promise you'll be swallowing something way tastier." He flashed those perfect teeth. "Sugar-free, and full of protein." Still smiling, he shrugged and said, "Don't know about shit like gluten, but pretty sure it's gluten free."

I was starting to get a very clear idea of what he wanted, and I wasn't interested.

I wasn't gay, not even bi-curious, and the fact that I had sobbed like a baby and fought like a demon to get away from that girl back in college when I didn't take the Dean's advice and she went too far one night, trying to peg me, was proof. Not this time. Not again. I raised my hands and opened my mouth to start telling him just that, but he talked right over me, as if what I had to say didn't matter.

“I got a condition. A medical one. A prescription for daily treatment too, only it's a tough prescription to fill.” With two fingers he plucked a prescription slip from the table beside him and held it up before him. “It's all legit, all on the up-and-up. I'm saving you the ten bucks for that ridiculous drink and paying you twenty-five a day.”

Twenty-five bucks to humiliate myself? To let myself be used by some man? No thank you! Not for ten times that amount! I start to protest again, but he flicked the prescription at me, and I found myself waving my arms wildly to catch it.

He laughed at my feeble attempts but waited for me to finally get it under control and unfold it to read it. It looked like a legitimate prescription from a doctor with way more acronyms than letters in his name, written in what had to be a doctor's indecipherable handwriting. If I strained, I could read what I swore said 'fellatio to completion' along with terms and liquid measurements that meant nothing to me.

When I finally looked up from the prescription, it was to find that he'd unzipped his pants, pulled down his briefs, and freed that massive package from where it had been straining against his pants. Holy fuck! It looked like nothing less than a thick wooden bat and a pair of baseballs, bigger than anything I'd ever seen outside of the most extreme porn. It didn't look real, but I could see it throbbing with the pulse of his heartbeat.

“Big cock, big balls, big sperm. Gets awfully sore if I don't unload several times a day.” He began stroking the bat and it got even bigger. “Masturbation ain't enough. Doesn't clean me out right.” Holy hell, it was getting longer and thicker by the moment! “Doc says I need pressure, need to have it sucked out, to relieve the pressure.” He let go of the bat and it bounced freely, hypnotizing me with its ebony sway. “Like I said, I got work for you.”

I was stunned. I didn't know what to do, what to say. Words completely failed me in the face of that impossible mass of manhood. I just stood there, staring, with my mouth hanging open, unable to process what was happening here.

“You ain't got all day,” he told me. “Your lunch is gonna be done before I am.” His voice dropped into a smooth sort of whisper that I'm sure would have been seductive if I were a girl. Fuck, what was I saying? It was seductive. It was drawing me in. “Do a brother a favor and wrap those white boy lips around my

cock. You know you want it.” He chuckled, but there was nothing malicious in the sound. “You know there's a reason you can't close that mouth.”

My every instinct told me to turn and run, warned me that there'd be no coming back from this. Despite that, I felt my knees growing weak.

He gave that monster cock another stroke and I saw precum drool from the tip. I couldn't very well measure it, but I swore there was more juice hanging from his cock than I could produce in my biggest, long night of edging-and-porn, cumshot. His powerful black hands pushed the cock down, then let it loose so that it popped back up. It was hard to believe his aim could be so perfect, hard to accept that was anything more than a fluke, but that string of precum flew up, sailed between us, and landed right beside my nose.

I smelled it, a scene of masculinity, power, and virility. It was a heady scent that made me dizzy. The still-warm liquid slid down to my lip, where I instinctively licked it away before I could stop myself. It tasted . . . well, I can't tell you exactly how it tasted, but my body responded to it, sent me all sorts of signals, as if I'd been starving all my life and that was the nutrient, the protein, that I'd always been missing.

My body was on its knees before my head consciously processed all that.

I was scared. I felt sick to my stomach with fear that somebody would see me, that he'd tell somebody about me, but I was something else too.

I was hungry.

He squeezed a hand around his cock and pushed, forcing out an even larger bead of precum. Maybe it was my imagination, but from my knees I swore that I could smell it, almost taste it.

And that's exactly what I did

My head moved forward, almost of its own volition, and my tongue protruded to lap up that precum, hot and fresh from the big black cock before me. It tasted good. No, better than good, it tasted right. I could feel the heat of his manhood, the waves of hot power emanating from it, and it made me feel . . . safe, protected, needed . . . maybe even desired. This was all so new to me, but so exciting at the same time.

My lips followed my tongue and suddenly I found myself kissing another man's cock – not just another man's cock, but a stranger's big black cock – and not stopping there.

Something triggered inside me. I opened as wide as my jaws would allow and forced myself down on that cock. I crammed three inches of it into my mouth, but it was only a fraction of what lay throbbing before me. I hollowed out my cheeks and sucked hard as I began bobbing my head up and down on that black shaft. I felt the drool building in my mouth and loosed my lips so that it would flow, giving me lubrication for what I needed to do. I began bobbing faster now, more smoothly, all while my tongue lapped up the precum that was running steadily from his cock.

“Fuck yeah. Ain't met a white boy yet who didn't know how to treat a black man's cock,” he said as he laid a hand against the back of my head and held me so that there was always an inch of cock in my mouth. “You faggots got it bred into you. It's instinctive. You can't help but want to serve, to please, to worship a real man.”

I heard myself humming agreement as I kept sucking, really into it now, intoxicated by the flood of precum and hungry for the real thing. I wanted to use my hands to speed him along, but he slapped them away when I tried. “You suck,” he told me, his voice strained, “I fuck. That's how this works.”

My jaw was already sore, my cheeks were sore, and even my tongue was getting sore, but I wasn't about to slow down, much less stop. As huge as he'd looked from a distance, as massive as he'd looked up close, you couldn't really appreciate his girth until it was filling your mouth and threatening to split your lips.

I forced myself to take even more of him, fighting my gag reflex to do a good job, and I managed to swallow another inch. I couldn't deepthroat him. That just wasn't happening. But I had him good and deep enough to suck his cock.

“Oh yeah, that's it. Good boy.” He had both hands on my head now, not holding me, but guiding me. “This is already one of the best blowjobs I've ever had, and it's only your first.” That filled me with such pride that I sort of trilled around his cock, my tongue vibrating with the noise, and that made him moan so deeply that I felt myself dribble a bit of cum into my pants. “Fuck if you ain't something

special,” he told me. “Fuck if you ain't just the e-pit-o-me of the hungry white boy.”

Everything about who I was and what I was supposed (or not supposed) to be doing faded away. At that moment, there were no doubts, no self-conscious thoughts, no regrets. It was just my mouth, his cock, and those words. I felt like I'd found a purpose that no job had ever given me, a place in life that no relationship had ever made me appreciate.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.” He was breathing heavily now, his hands clenching tighter, still guiding me but holding me back so that the head of his cock was smack-dab in the center of my tongue. “Right there, baby, right there. Suck me, white boy, suck me as hard as you can.”

Moments later, with a roar that I'm sure must have shaken the neighbor's walls, he exploded in my mouth. It came out so hard, so fast, and so hot that I'd have pulled away if he weren't holding me in place. It was all so different from what I was expecting, so much more intimate and powerful and overwhelming. His potent black seed quickly flooded my mouth, backing up into my nose and making me choke as I struggled to swallow it down. It was thick and heavy, but slick at the same time.

His cum tasted a little nutty and a little metallic, like licking a spoon, but mostly it was sweet. Somewhere in the back of my head, I giggled, telling myself he lied about it being gluten free, but that was just my brain trying to deflect from a situation for which it had never been prepared.

Although I'd hesitated for a moment, mostly out of shock when it first exploded, I continued sucking and sucking . . . sucking as if I could drain that nectar straight from his black balls.

It went on for what seemed like forever. He had to have been ejaculating for a solid ninety seconds by the time I felt the explosions begin to grow less and lighter, two full minutes before I felt the rock-hard rod of his cock start to show the first signs of going soft.

Even after he finished, I kept on sucking, like an addict desperate for more, hunting for that one last drop.

He laughed and tried to push me away. When I resisted, he slapped my cheek

hard enough to snap me out of my cum-induced stupor and force my mouth open in surprise.

That big black cock slipped from my mouth, leaving a trail of cum and spit down my chin. In fact, now that my senses were returning, I could feel wetness all down my chin and my neck, feel my damp shirt clinging to my chest. I smelled of sex, smelled of cum. I started to feel horrified. I began to give in to the crushing guilt of what I'd allowed to happen when he stroked my cheek gently, turned my face up to his, and said, "Good job, white boy. The best." He wiped some cum from my cheek and pushed it into my mouth, smiling when I sucked hard on that finger. "Daddy says you're just what the doctor ordered."

I didn't know what to say.

I had no what to do.

My body didn't know how to feel, my brain how to react.

I just sort of knelt there until he reached down, put his hands under my arms, and lifted me to my feet. In a daze, I let him lead me to the door, where I worried for a moment about how I must look, or what people would think, but then he grabbed my face, turned me to face him, and kissed me.

Oh. My. God.

That kiss.

It was mind-blowing.

He kissed me hard and deep, with a kind of passion I'd never experienced. "The interview went well," he told me when he let me go. He slapped me on the ass and pushed me out the door. "I'll see you tomorrow. Don't let your white ass be late for your first day of work."

**XXX**

I didn't remember the walk home.

I didn't remember anything of the afternoon at work.

I know that I worked. I mean, I saw the emails and the call logs, but I didn't remember any of it. I sat there in my leather office chair, with the smell of cock all over me, with cum stuck to my teeth, and with my shirt growing crusty and smelly against me. I was like a robot, though, just going through the motions of what was familiar, comfortable, and safe, until I was free to process it all.

I didn't remember making supper. I didn't remember a single thing that I watched on TV that night, but I saw the empty slots on my DVR that told me I'd watched something. I just sat on the second-hand couch, still dressed in what I'd worn to suck a black man's sock, still with cum and sweat and saliva glazed all of my face, waiting for it all to sink in.

It finally happened in the bathroom before bed. I was looking into the mirror and suddenly I saw myself. I saw how swollen my lips looked, how bloodshot my eyes were, and how, even beneath the stupor of denial, there was a light in my eyes that I hadn't seen in ages. That light was what ultimately broke through to me, not what I did or who I did it with, but how it made me feel.

"I sucked a black man's cock today," I told my reflection. "I let a black man cum inside my mouth." A smile twitched at my cheeks. "I wanted him to cum inside my mouth. I liked it when he came inside my mouth." A weight that had been sitting on my shoulders all day seemed to lift. "I'm not gay," I promised my reflection, "but I think I want to do it again." The rock that it felt like I had been carrying in my stomach had hatched into a flurry of butterflies. "I want more of his cum. I want Daddy to call me a good boy again."

As luck would have it, my phone chose that exact moment to vibrate with a message. I picked it up, annoyed at the interruption, and saw the message was from a girl I'd dated a few times, but never gotten past second base with.

*I'm horny and drunk and this is totally a bad idea but wanna come over and fuck?*

I considered it, thought about it for a few moments, but I found that I had zero interest. I had no desire to tap that, even if she was a hot girl who was so far out of my league that I should have already been dressed and running out of the house. I looked back into the mirror, and the light that had started to fade with the text was already returning.

*Not tonight. Sorry.*

She sent back a selfie in response, one that showed her in all her goth chick glory. Leather boots, fishnet stockings, latex miniskirt, lace bra, and a big candy sucker between her puckered lips. She had one hand down that skirt, promising a taste of what lay inside. On any other night, that would have been it. I'd have probably raced out of the house without even getting dressed, but tonight . . . it just wasn't doing anything for me.

*New job. I sent back. Gotta be ready.*

The next selfie she sent was, not surprisingly, one of her giving me the finger. If she hadn't been so drunk, she'd have likely looked pissed. I turned off my phone before she could send another, or before some other message, alert, or tag could interrupt my night.

I took off my pants, my socks, and my underwear, but decided against washing my face, brushing my teeth, or changing my shirt before bed. I wanted to be

surrounded by that smell. I wanted to keep rediscovering that taste all night long. I needed to know in the morning that it hadn't just been some bizarre dream.

### XXX

The next morning was the longest of my life. I kept watching the clock, just waiting for lunch to come. I blew off two team calls and ignored half a dozen emails because I couldn't concentrate. I didn't know what I was thinking, much less what I might say. I had to protect myself from myself. I was afraid that if somebody asked me an innocent question like "How's it going?" I might just spill. Everything.

By the time lunch did finally roll around, I was a wreck. I knew what I had to do, what I maybe even wanted to do, but it was one thing to let yourself go in the moment, to give in to something you couldn't control, and another thing entirely to deliberately seek it out because you wanted it.

Twice during my walk I found myself turning down streets I normally didn't, just to take my route away from his house . . . and twice I found myself turning around and marching right back to where I belonged. It was the third detour that stuck, the abrupt right turn with his home almost in sight. I scurried along the bike path that ran behind the subdivision, down the train tracks, and back to the more familiar streets, my coffee shop a green-and-white beacon of safety and comfort on the horizon.

I stepped inside and smelled the familiar scents of coffees, lattes, teas, and baked goods. I heard the quiet sounds of innocuous pop music whispering through the building, intertwined with the slightly louder sounds of morning conversation. This was where my lunch was supposed to take me. This was where I belonged.

Yet, when I stepped up to the counter to order, it all went sideways.

The barista's usual polite smile of greeting spread into something wider and brighter. Before I could even say hello, she said, "Good afternoon! Your special

order is ready and paid for. It's right over there.”

Sure enough, I looked over to the pickup area and saw a single coffee sitting there, just waiting to be carried on its way. It had to be mine, but I certainly hadn't called or ordered ahead. I didn't even have the app on my phone anymore. As far as I knew, only one person knew my routine this well, knew where and when I'd be here, and that . . . well, that didn't exactly fill me with confidence.

I took the half-dozen steps to the pickup counter, feeling as if every eye in the place were on me. I felt watched. More than that, and it was stupid because nobody there could possibly know what I'd done. I felt judged.

The coffee was turned so that the label faced away from me. I slowly turned it my way, hoping beyond hope that the barista had made a mistake and that the order was actually something innocent, for somebody else entirely.

It turned out that the only mistake was mine, thinking I could put yesterday behind me and somehow just continue with my life.

Where my usual 'Skinny Vanilla Latte' should have been written on the label, it read instead 'Heavy Black NutCream' with a smiley face. As if that weren't enough, the big, bold, black letters of what should have been my name screamed instead \*Good Boy Cocksucker\*.

Before anybody could say anything, before I could accidentally meet the knowing eyes of somebody around me, I snatched up the coffee and fled for the door. I was horrified and humiliated, sickened by the thought of what people must think of me, and yet . . . somewhere deep inside me, that \*Good Boy\* invigorated me, reminding me of the emotional high I'd been left with yesterday.

I followed my usual route back home. I started calmly, sipping at my drink as I always did, but it tasted off. Maybe it was my imagination, the power of suggestion, but I was half certain my coffee had been sweetened with cum. It was impossible, of course. I hadn't seen him anywhere near the coffee shop, and I had to assume health regulations would have kept the barista from doing anything more than mess with the label, but the more I drank of it, the more I tasted and the more wondered.

### XXX

I was running by the time I reached his house, my empty coffee cup still clenched tightly in my hand. I should have thrown it away, gotten rid of the evidence, but I found myself wanting to keep it as a sort of memento. As humiliating as it had been in the heat of the moment, the gesture seemed kind of sweet now, and that \*Cocksucker\* had me as excited as the \*Good Boy\* had me happy.

It was with a racing heart and sweaty palms that I stopped in front of his house. There I stood, waiting anxiously, hoping he'd come out and get me, that he'd once again take away my choice and free me from responsibility for letting this happen, but the door remained stubbornly closed.

If this was going to happen, then I had to literally take that first step. I approached the front door and raised my hand to knock, but the door wasn't latched. It swung open at a touch, and I let myself in.

He was sitting in the same padded chair as yesterday, but today he was dressed today in a football jersey and a pair of knee-length shorts. He made a show of looking at his watch. "Right on time, white boy. Just what I like to see in my faggots."

"Thank you, Sir," immediately came out of my mouth.

He raised an eyebrow. "And just what are you thanking me for?"

"For the job, Sir. For letting me suck your cock. For feeding me your cum. For seeing in me something I didn't know was there." I absentmindedly twirled the empty coffee cup between my fingers. "For reminding me of my role and doing so in a way that made me feel appreciated." I found myself blushing as I set the cup down on an end table where he could see it. "Good Boy Cocksucker. I was embarrassed, but I liked that."

"You fucking white boys are such girls. It's a wonder any of you ever thought to aspire to manhood." He kept his hands on the armrests but pointed his fingers inward. "So, you come to work, or what?" he asked. "Doctor says I gotta take it

easy.”

I don't want to say I ran across the room, because I didn't, but I may have been a little obvious in my haste. I dropped to my knees so hard that I knew I'd have a bruise on one kneecap come morning, but it was a distant thing, it didn't matter. Yesterday he'd exposed himself, allowed surprise and awe to draw me in, but today I had no such excuse. If I was going to do this, I was going to have to reveal him for myself.

So that's precisely what I did.

I tugged his shorts down, just far enough to give me access, and immediately saw a huge wet spot on the front of his briefs. Before I could stop myself, I found my tongue dragging across the white cotton, not willing to let even a drop of his black cum go to waste.

He hissed, like he hadn't expected that, but otherwise he didn't say a word.

I tugged his briefs down and his massive cock popped free, bouncing up to swat me on the nose. I giggled – yes, I fucking giggled! – as I followed it with my tongue. He wasn't all the way hard yet, so I traced a line down his shaft with my tongue until I came to his balls, those magnificent storehouses of his potent black seed, and dragged my tongue all over them. This was something new, something I hadn't planned to do, but it felt right. I took one ball into my mouth and sucked, gently, then did the same with the other, not caring that they were hairy and tasted of sweat and piss.

I felt his cock stiffen against my forehead. Knowing that I'd caused that filled me with such a deep sense of satisfaction. There was a small part of me that said this was gay, that sucking balls and licking my way around his shaft was different from just sucking cock, but this was my job, and I was determined to do it well, to be a Good Boy Cocksucker, and that meant taking care of everything involved. If that was gay . . . well, so be it.

By the time I was ready to take his cockhead into my mouth again, I was ravenous with hunger, driven mad with need, beyond eager to taste him again. I thought a lot about what I was doing this time, trying to get clever in how I licked and sucked, alternating that with some blowing and kissing, even a little tooth scraping, but his annoyed grunts told me I was losing him. I was trying too hard, forcing something that had come so naturally yesterday. This wouldn't do.

I shut off the part of my mind that over-thought everything, the part that so often trapped me in a well of anxiety, and let instinct and muscle memory take over.

It went much smoother from there. It was all much easier and much more pleasant for us both. I heard his annoyed grunts give way to moans of pleasure and groans of satisfaction, and felt his body language relax around me. He opened himself to me, as opposed to protecting himself from me. I wondered if there was a part of him that feared I'd regret it all, that I'd do something stupid like bite him, but I think it had just been the natural tenseness of somebody who wasn't enjoying themselves.

The precum was flowing again, perhaps even heavier than yesterday, and I sucked it down like the sweet, sweet treat it was. I thought back to that coffee, wondering it had been thickened with black nut cream, and wondering even more what it would be like to have one of those cups full of nothing but his cum. In my mind's eye I saw myself wandering the streets, sucking and slurping up my black Daddy's cum with blissful abandon.

I felt myself growing hard in my pants.

My throat was sore from yesterday – I'd sounded a bit hoarse on the one call I hadn't been able to blow off this morning –but I was determined to get better at my work, to pursue an oral course of continuous improvement until he promoted deep down my throat. His mushroom cockhead was huge. I couldn't take it very far down my throat, but I forced myself as far down onto it as I could, and from the way he cursed and thrust his hips upwards, I knew the extra effort was appreciated.

I was eager to taste his cum again, but I also wanted this to last forever. Wanting to be a good boy all over again, I followed his lead as to the pace. When he finally led a hand brush the back of my head, tenderly, almost lovingly, I knew that was my signal to move this forward. I redoubled my sucking, even as I bobbed up and down in the sloppiest blowjob I could manage.

I wish I could have seen myself. I wish he'd recorded it so I could watch it later. I'd always loved watching women give blowjobs in porn, especially when they got sloppy and messy, their makeup running down their faces, and I wondered how I must look. I knew how it felt, how he tasted and smelled, but what must my white boy face look like as it bobbed up and down on that big black cock?

Would the camera be able to see the light in my eyes that I'd seen in the mirror last night? Would my enthusiasm show through, or would I just look like a fuckdoll being used for his amusement?

When he came, there was no warning, no clenching of his hands, no verbal humiliation, just a tensing in his shaft that I barely had time to register before hot cum was exploding inside my mouth. It was heavenly, a million times better than yesterday, because I knew what to expect. I already knew that I liked the taste, and instead of being overcome with fear and trepidation, I was surrounded by an eager sort of anticipation.

With me in total control this time, I had the chance to explore his orgasm, to find out just where I could suck and lick to maximize the force and volume of his ejaculation, and just where I could position my mouth to savor all the tastes. I drooled less this time as he flooded me with that hot black nutcream. I managed to keep it from squirting into my nose and choking me. I swore I could feel my stomach swelling with all the cum being dumped inside it. I felt so happily, blissfully, erotically full, knowing that each spurt that added to his load was another star for my cocksucking performance.

When he finished cumming, I let him grow soft in my mouth and savored the final drops that I knew only escaped once you were no longer erect, the drips that could ruin your pants if you weren't careful. It was a strange experience feeling it grow soft, a whole new taste and texture, but I liked it. It felt like a caring thing rather than a kinky thing, the kind of thing a Good Boy Cocksucker would do.

Finally, with a sigh of regret, I let him slip from my mouth. When I looked up, I saw what I might have taken to be a smug look of satisfaction on anybody else, but what I knew to be a look of confidence on his. It was the smile of someone who'd picked the right man, the right white boy, for the job.

“Even for a faggot white boy, you're a natural.” He smiled at me, and it made me feel so good. “I knew I picked well.”

“Thank you for the opportunity, Sir.” I was happy. Deliriously happy. Happy in a way I hadn't been for years. “Thank you for seeing something in me.”

“Oh, I saw something in you alright,” he smirked. “Same thing I'll be seeing deep inside you tomorrow and every day after.”

### XXX

And so we went for the next month, as the uncertain weather of early spring began to hint at the summer weather not far off. The first weekend had been awkward. I wasn't sure if this was supposed to be a Monday-to-Friday work thing, but I figured that if he legitimately needed medical relief, he wouldn't take weekends off. And so I showed up that first Saturday, half afraid he'd have family or friends or other guests and be angry with me for intruding. He laughed at me when I stammered my explanation, but praised me for being a good white boy and, when I left, gave me another of those kisses that melted my brain and fucked up my soul.

We got to know each other better, which mostly meant I learned to gauge his moods, his needs, his desires, and his patience. We didn't really talk, as much as I wanted to know more about him, but I took the opportunity on each visit to let my eyes linger over a different part of his sports memorabilia collection. I was increasingly convinced everything there had significance to him, was tied to his career, but I wasn't sure how to broach the subject – and, admittedly, was afraid of doing anything that might alter our dynamic.

It was a gorgeously sunny Thursday when it all changed. He seemed agitated that day, physically pained, and it had him in a truly foul mood. He was completely impatient, slapping me twice and then grabbing hold of my head and fucking my face so hard that I shockingly took half his length down my throat, although he was in no mood to notice or show any appreciation. When he came, it was a massive load of black cum, heavier and thicker than any I'd ever experienced. It had been more than I could keep up with, even on my best day, leaving my shirt drenched with so much cum that I knew I'd be wringing it out into a glass when I got home.

When he was done cumming, and I was done working the last of his delicious sperm down my throat, I decided I needed to risk that dynamic I'd been so worried about upsetting. This wasn't the man I had come to know, and I was worried about him. "Are you okay, Sir? You don't seem yourself today." I

coughed past a stubborn gurgle of sperm. “I’m worried about you, Sir.”

He looked at me kind of funny, as if he were really seeing me for the first time that afternoon. “Tell me, white boy,” he eventually asked, his voice too low and too calm for me to tell if it was curious or strained, “is this just a job, or is there more to it for you?”

As it happens, I’d thought a lot about that very subject over the past few weeks, so I was able to answer promptly and honestly. “It’s more than just a job, Sir. It’s something I can do for a friend, something you need, something you appreciate. And it’s something that I enjoy doing. I’m not so foolish as to think you feel anything for me, Sir, even if those kisses knock me out of my shoes, so I wouldn’t be hurt if you told me that it was just a job, but I also wouldn’t be upset if you suggested it was more than a job.”

His slow, measured nod of understanding told me he’d heard what I had to say. If anything, though, he looked even more thoughtful than before. He led me to the front door and watched me walk slowly toward the sidewalk.

I had one foot on the black asphalt of the road when he yelled, “Hey, white boy!”

Feeling a giddy sense of déjà vu, I offered a quick, “Yes, Sir?”

“Get your white ass back here at 7.” He made a show of adjusting his cock through his sweatpants. “I more got work for you.”

### XXX

Coming back in the evening, when dusk had set and the makeup of the community was completely different, what with construction done for the day and families home from work and school, brought back all my old fears and anxieties. What would people think about why I was there? Were they watching me? Would they judge me?

Rationally, I knew I was being foolish. Closed doors were just that, and they

would have no reason to assume anything taboo or forbidden was going on. I mean, it's not like I was skulking around after dark in some lame disguise.

Ahem. Yeah, about that.

I pulled off the hood of my sweater, stood up straight, and forced myself to take a deep breath. Now that I looked, and perhaps even felt, less suspicious, I made the short walk to the door and let myself in, but he was nowhere in sight. The easy chair – what I'd come to think of as his throne – was strangely empty. His absence left the room feeling cold, less like a home and more like a museum. Speaking of which, I took the rare opportunity to look around, but what I saw didn't answer any questions.

There didn't seem to be a single name or number connecting everything, mostly group photos or team achievements. Even if his name was on any of the memorabilia, I didn't know it, so I would never recognize it.

“Well, white boy, are you coming?” His voice echoed down from the floor above. “Cause I sure as hell need to.”

Oops. I raced up the stairs, taking them two at a time, my sock-clad feet padding quietly towards my destiny. I had no idea where I was going, of course, but only one room at the top had any lights on, so that's where I headed. It was the master bedroom – or, the idea occurred to me with a nervous giggle, the Master's bedroom. There was a dresser, a desk, a storage chest, and a king-sized bed with a black iron headboard and footboard. A flush-mount ceiling light glowed softly like a full moon in the heavens.

He was laying atop the bed, completely naked and fully exposed. His body was everything I'd imagined it to be, tautly muscled but gone slightly soft with the years. He didn't look overweight or disproportionate, just incredibly large, everywhere, and in every way. Aside from the thick black curls at the base of his cock and upon his chest, he was naked and clean, although nothing shone like the gleaming dome of his head.

“Well, white boy?” He spread his legs wide, making room for me on the bed. “Get to work while I explain.”

“Yes, Sir!” I slipped onto the bed and crawled between those massive tree-trunk legs. This was the first time I'd actually approached him, had the opportunity to

crawl to him, and it felt good. I risked a few liberties, swapping kisses from one thigh to another as I worked my way upward, before burying my nose in his heavy black balls. It wasn't often that I got to start with him soft – the novelty of cramming him into my mouth and feeling him grow was ecstatic.

While I began my cocksucking duties, he explained why I'd been offered a second job.

“You're the first white boy I've put to work, but there were two others after you.” I didn't like hearing I wasn't the only one, but I took some comfort in knowing that I was the first – and, I assumed, the only one to stick. “The first was a fat ass white boy who panted and mewled like a fucking cow in heat. I like 'em soft, but only where it counts, and he was soft in courage.” He barked out a laugh. “Faggot didn't just quit on me, he moved right the fuck out of town.”

So, assuming the three of us white boys were in competition with one another, that was one gone. I smiled around my mouthful of big black cock and renewed my efforts to draw him deeper into my throat.

“His replacement was a jock, built for endurance, but dumb as a fucking post. I swear, that boy could go all night, but he'd get lost on his way to the door afterward.” He grabbed my head and pushed. My throat was still sore from that afternoon, but it'd already been stretched once, so I coughed my way down his shaft, just like I'd learned in the depththroat instructional videos I'd watched after work. “Damn, white boy, you got a throat like a bitch!” While I enjoyed the bliss of that compliment, he finished his story. “The dumb jock was a serviceable enough fuck, but he got cold feet when his mommy found out, so he bailed on me last night.”

I didn't want to interrupt – more importantly, I didn't want to abandon his magnificent cock before it was spent – but I felt like I had to say something. With a mewl of regret, I pulled my mouth from his shaft, leaving it slick and glistening with my saliva, the swollen mushroom head making a wet 'pop' as it was released. “Whatever they did for you, Sir, I can do, and I'd like to think I could do it better.”

He smirked. “Oh, really?”

“You said it yourself, Sir. I was your first white boy.” I licked his shaft, from tip to balls and back again. “And I'm still here.”

“And you’re a damned fine white boy cocksucker, but can you be more?” He sat up so quickly that it startled me. His giant black hands reached out, grabbed my shoulders, and yanked me upright too. “You really think you can handle what Daddy needs?”

“I don’t know, Sir,” I said honestly, “but I know I want to try.” With his sweat plastered all over my face, I breathed deep of his musk and remembered when it had seemed so foreign. “I’ve learned so much, Sir, and I’m ready to keep learning.”

He nodded his approval. “Truth is, Doc wrote me two prescriptions. Oral and anal.” He gave that a moment to sink in. “You take care of the pressure, the sucking me dry, and you’ve got a damned fine mouth on you. What the other two white boys took care of is working the muscles that make me cum. Fucking their thick white asses helps these big boys,” he said, giving his balls a squeeze, “maximize their production. Drains me enough that I can sleep without the pain backing up.” He brought that same hand up to my mouth and nodded as I licked it clean. “I didn’t sleep so well last night.”

Fuck. He was talking about fucking. It’d taken me a solid month to work that black monster into my throat, and he wanted to bury it in my ass. I might have become his bitch, but I wasn’t sure even a woman who hadn’t dropped a dozen kids could take that beast. It was massive, and I was not.

“Doc says the heat of a white boy ass is good for me, and it’s far softer and smoother.” He reached around and grabbed my ass. He squeezed my cheeks and shifted me closer. “Hotter and tighter than a handjob, and all with no chafing.”

Yeah, he wanted to fuck my virgin white ass. To my surprise, I found that I wasn’t completely opposed to the idea. I was scared. Fuck that, I was terrified, but I trusted him. A part of me couldn’t help but think of the bitch who pegged me back in college, and how much I’d hated that cold, plastic violation, but this . . . this could be different. I respected him in a way I hadn’t her, trusted him implicitly, whereas I’d lost all trust in her by the end. There was no question, this was gay. This was totally, absolutely, undeniably gay, but he’d already mastered one of my holes, so why not both?

And if that made me gay, well, so be it.

More than all that, though, more than the fucking itself, I loved the idea of him

cumming inside me. I knew how glorious it felt and tasted in my mouth, and I could only imagine it'd be even more powerful inside my ass. The very same psychological aspect that would have sent me screaming back on that first day had me inching closer to him now.

"I'm scared, Sir. I'm scared I can't take all of you, and I'm scared that I'll disappoint you, but I want to try." I forced myself to look him in the eyes. "If you're willing to be patient with me, to coach my ass like you've done my face, then I think I can make you forgot all about those other faggots."

"You're gonna cry," he told me. "First time . . . fuck that shift, first few times is gonna hurt. I'll lube your ass and stretch you with my fingers, but it's still gonna hurt until it feels good." He looked uncertain, hesitant almost. "White boy, I think you could be as good a fuck as you are a cocksucker, but I need to know it won't scare you away." He leaned forward and slipped a hand around the back of my neck. He pulled me close and I melted into another of those mindfuck kisses he was so good at. When he released me, he added, "I'd rather have you as just a cocksucker than lose you."

And there it was, the trust I'd been talking about. "Thank you, Sir." The trust, the respect, and, dare I say it, the affection I felt for him as well. "I'll keep all of that in mind, and I'll do my best not to disappoint you as a fucker, but I'll continue being your sucker for as long as you'll have me."

He looked down at the massive black cock standing proud between us. "Damn, but those white boy lips got me fucking hard." I squealed in surprise as he lifted me from the bed, flipped me over, and threw me down on my stomach. "Perfect for hard fucking a white boy ass."

I got absolutely manhandled, hoisted up by my stomach, my thighs ripped apart, my knees shoved forward, and my head pushed down into the bed, and all with no more effort than it would have taken to position a silicone sex doll. It should have been humiliating, but I found it exhilarating. I already knew he was bigger and stronger than me, but to feel it, to experience it with such casual, carnal movements was something else. There was no possibility for resistance, which was perfectly fine, because there was no will to resist either.

"Whoa! That's cold!" The sensation of cold, thick, wet lube being poured down the crack of my ass made me jump, but he just shoved my head back down onto

the bed. Three giant fingers rubbed the lube into my crack, spreading it around the opening of my ass. That felt weird but weirdly good, a little bit ticklish and a little bit erotic at the same time.

Suddenly, there was a pressure at my asshole and, moments later, one of those fingers was in to the second knuckle. I didn't scream but I gasped and panted for air, reflexively clenching my buttcheeks. Somehow, I had the presence of mind not to pull away. I knew he wouldn't have liked that.

SMACK! His other black hand came down hard across my ass with a slap that jarred my teeth. "Relax, white boy. Bear down and push back."

That was hard. My college bully-slash-girlfriend had tried telling me the same thing, but I was terrified that I'd . . . well, do what my ass was meant to do. I dreaded the idea of accidentally forcing out something disgusting, disappointing him, and proving myself a failure.

SMACK! "Bear down, white boy." SMACK! "Push back."

When I did as I was told that finger slipped all the way inside me. It felt like so much more than just a finger, though, so much longer and thicker. And I knew there were more to come.

"Good boy."

At that, I did finally relax, still bearing down and pushing back. He seized the opportunity to slip a second finger inside me, sending it deep alongside the first.

"Yow! Ow!" I hissed with pain. That stretched me, making my anal ring feel like a rubber band about to snap. I kept my head buried against the bed, though, and worked on my breathing. I pushed back against the pain and felt it recede, just a little bit, until the tearing became more of a straining.

"Good boy." Instead of a smack, he rubbed his hand over my ass, caressing away the sting. "Are you ready for another?"

"Yes, Sir." I started to tense up in anticipation, but quickly quashed that. "Please, Sir, may I have another?"

He pulled both fingers out. I felt so empty that I pushed my ass back, following

his hand, in an effort to take them inside me again. I felt his body press down on mine as he leaned forward, pressing me to the bed. His wiry chest hair tickled my shoulders and I felt his breath against my ear. “Fuck this ‘Sir’ bullshit, white boy.” Those three fingers played with my asshole but refused to enter. “If you want this, you’re gonna call me Daddy.”

That . . . that hit me hard, touched something deep inside my body and soul. “Please, Daddy. Put them inside me.” Oh, fuck, I liked the sound of that! “Fuck me with your fingers, Daddy. Spread me wide for your cock. Gape my white— OHHHH!”

Lubed or not, the penetration of those three fingers was intense. It felt like they were sawing their way inside me, cutting my asshole open as opposed to spreading it. I’d never felt so full! As he’d promised, I did cry a bit as he jammed them in to the hilt, but when he began moving them back and forth, fingerfucking my ass, butterflies of pleasure began to dance around the pain.

“Oh, fuck me, Daddy!” The words surprised me. I hadn’t meant to beg like that, not yet, but his fingers brushed something sensitive – my prostate, I assumed – and the electric spark of pleasure just pushed them out. “Use me, Daddy. Use me to work your muscles. Use my white boy ass to drain your cum.” I was wiggling against his fingers now, desperate with need. “Fill me, Daddy. Please.”

Daddy was still laying atop me, jamming those fingers in between us, but I felt him rise. “Head down, belly down, ass up,” he manhandled me. “That’s right, arch yourself like the white bitch you are. Show Daddy where you want it.”

When I was ready, he moved into position and placed the head of his cock against my asshole. Fuck, he felt huge! Compared to his fingers, it felt like there was an entire fist pressed against my ass, ready to punch right through me. It was hot and slick, his copious precum adding to the lube, but the mushroom head felt completely different from his hard fingers.

“Like I told you, white boy, this is gonna hurt.” He pressed a little more, just enough to open me up, “On the count of three, bitch.”

There was no count of three. He didn’t even get to a count of two. I’d barely heard his, “One,” and his big black cock was charging inside me like a desperate linebacker. I think I blacked out for a moment, in shock from the pain, the strain, and the sheer surprise. My body acted without me, trying to leap up off the bed

and into the air, but Daddy held me down.

“Relax, bitch.” He kissed the back of my neck. “Remember your instructions. Bear down and push back.” His voice was soothing, a deep baritone hum that vibrated inside my very bones. “Bear down past the strain. Push back through the pain.” He kissed me again. “You can do this.”

I was breathing so hard that I was nearly hyperventilating. My head was swimming. I was seeing black spots floating before my eyes. Daddy kept kissing and humming, holding himself against me, and that grounded me . . . anchored me . . . brought me back to the moment. The pain was still there, extreme, bigger than anything I’d felt since breaking my arm as a kid, but not completely unbearable.

“Fuck me, Daddy.” I forced myself to push through the tears. “I need to do this for you.” I thrust my ass back and felt a half-inch slide deeper inside me. “I need to become better, for you.”

Instead of thrusting, he pulled completely out of my ass.

“No! Daddy!” I wiggled my ass. “I can do this! I promise!”

“Oh, you will, white boy.” The sensation of fresh lube running down – and inside – my well-gaped ass was wonderful. I moaned with relief, as much at the cooling sensation as the knowledge that it would make fucking easier.

Aided by the lube, and the fact that he’d already gaped me twice, his cock sank in at least two inches this time. It still hurt, the agony twisting my stomach into knots, but there was a thread of pleasure hidden deep beneath it that I knew I had to hold onto. I bore down, I pushed back, and I thrust my ass upwards. The sensation of that massive black cockhead driving deeper inside me was the weirdest, most marvelous thing I’d ever felt in my life. It was hot and hard, but it moved with me, flexible in a way that my college strap-on had never been.

My teeth were clenched. My eyes screwed shut, tears streaming down my cheeks. This was so much more intense than I’d expected, but . . . well, I was starting to feel like the intensity wasn’t all bad. I was being fucked. Me. I was being fucked. Fucked just like a bitch. Daddy was fucking me. A man was fucking me. A big, black, beautiful man was fucking me. He was driving his monster cock inside my ass and, when he was done, he’d be breeding my ass

with his cum.

Oh, how I wanted that cum! I'd endure anything to feel that!

"Fuck me, Daddy."

He pressed deeper.

"Fuck me, please."

He pushed harder.

"More, Daddy. I can take it."

He stopped.

"You've taken it all, white boy." I felt his body pressed against my ass. He gave me a little thrust and a wiggle of his hips, and I felt like we were connected. "I'm proud of you," he whispered, "but now I've gotta use you."

The next three minutes were heaven and hell, agony and ecstasy, all in one. He fucked me with long, hard, deep strokes, never withdrawing completely, but pulling back enough each time for that massive mushroom cockhead to stretch my opening. Agony gave way to pain, which gave way to irritation, and then to discomfort. The idea of it, the thought of being fucked by my Daddy, was more pleasurable than the act itself.

Until it wasn't.

I'm not quite sure when it happened, but that buried thread of pleasure I'd felt earlier rose to the surface. It didn't replace the pain, but it rode alongside it. Pain and pleasure became one, intermingled and combined in a twisted flurry of sensations that transformed whimpers to moans. Maybe that pleasure would have taken the upper hand, maybe it would have crested, but Daddy needed me too much to wait it out. His steady fucking began a frantic jackhammering of my ass, that big black cock pistoning in and out of me, faster and faster, until it happened.

Daddy roared and his cock exploded. I felt it. I wasn't sure that I would, I half feared reality would pale in the face of fantasy, but I felt his cock spasm inside

me.

I felt it twitch and pulse.

I felt the hot wetness of cum exploding inside me.

“Take it, white boy! Milk that cock! Take that cum!”

“Give me to me, Daddy! Give it to me, please!” Physical sensation didn’t matter anymore. I was being there for him, doing what he needed, being a good boy, and I loved it.

When he finished, he collapsed atop me, pressing me to the bed. He held me there, arms and legs wrapped around me, maximizing our body contact. He alternated kisses on the back of my neck with whispers and kisses in my ears. There were no words that I could understand, just sounds that soothed me.

Finally, I came back from the brink of erotic bliss and managed a quiet, “Was I a good boy, Daddy?”

“Yes.” He ran a hand down the side of my body, his coarse fingers raising goosebumps upon my smooth flesh with the passage. “My good boy cocksucker is a very good boy assfuck too.”

“I should get home, Daddy,” I whispered, even though I didn’t want to leave. “I have work to do tomorrow, and my boss doesn’t like it when I’m late for lunch.”

Instead of letting me up, he reached down, grabbed the bedsheets, and puled them over us both. “You can’t be late if you don’t leave.”

**XXX**

One of the best things about winter was being able to take my lunch hour walk without bundling up in boots, gloves, and a jacket, and not needing to navigate the haphazard path of plowed and unplowed sidewalks. Now that I lived with

Daddy, there was no need to leave the house for lunch at all. He still let me work my day job, just until the big day – we were getting married in the spring, a year to the day I'd first sucked his cock, following a \*White Boy Bride\* coffee cup proposal – but I spent more time riding his cock than I did my office chair.

I never could have imagined my life leading me here. Not that we needed labels, but I'd decided that I was indeed pretty fucking gay. I was a black man's bitch, an eager cum addict, a good boy desperate to be bred.

Daddy was happy to take care of it.

And me.

♠ END ♠

## **Reviewer Rewards**

First of all, thank you so much for giving my stories a read! It means a lot. I appreciate every book bought and every page read, but I love all your kind words of praise and encouragement even more. Yes, I'm a submissive with a praise kink.

If you would be so kind as to leave a review, even a short one, that would be super fabulous! Reviews help other readers discover my work and contribute to my stories getting better positioning in the search results.

If you have been so kind as to leave a review, please let me know. Send me an email, leave me a comment on my website, or DM me on social media. Send me a link to the review, and if you were kind enough to bless me with 4 or 5 stars, I'll gladly send you another of my stories (your choice) as a thank you for being a fan.

## **About Bobbi Mare**

Author of nasty, naughty, trashy, taboo erotica.

As a mature sissy who grew up with the Nexus, Beeline, and Reluctant Press paperbacks, and who matured through Transformation, Forced Womanhood, and the Visions of Fantasy He-Male magazines, I have a lifelong love of erotic transgender and fetish fiction.

Submissive sissies in pretty outfits and erotic bondage is my signature theme, but within my fiction you can also expect to find themes of forced feminization, breast growth and breastfeeding, oral and anal penetration, chastity, and castration, butt plugs and pegging, stunning shemales and fabulous futanari, big black stallions (both literally and figuratively), pony boys and pony girls, massive cocks with huge loads, and other deviant delights.

If you are not at least 18 years old, with an open mind and an insatiable sexual curiosity, then you probably shouldn't be reading my bio, much less my stories.

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