

HARDCORE Sissy EROTICA

Sissy

CUCKOLD
FOR THE
BLACK
WORLD
ORDER

BLACKED
FUTURE

Bobbi
 *Mare*



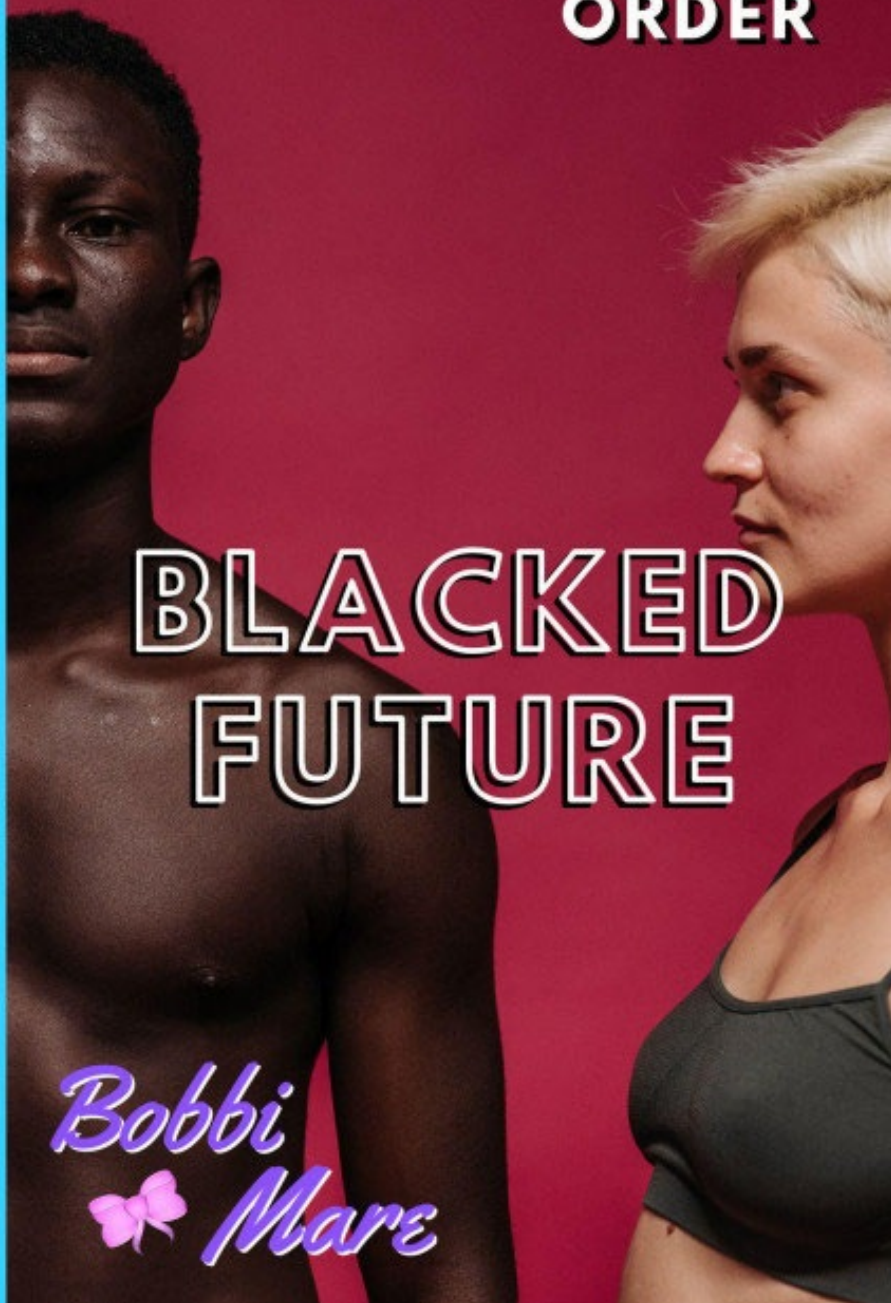
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Blacked Future: Sissy Cuckold for the Black World Order

Bobbi Mare

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Chapter One

“Okay. You may come in now.”

I paused with my hand pressed against the bathroom door. I’d been kneeling in the hallway for the last hour. In addition to being cold—I was buck naked, after all—I was stiff and sore. My body protested loudly as I grabbed the doorknob with my other hand and pulled myself to my feet. My knees crackled and my back popped. It was with an awkward feeling that I turned the knob and pushed that door open, but what I saw inside rejuvenated me.

I couldn't believe my eyes.

The sexy, slutty, seductive woman standing before me couldn't possibly be the plain, polite, pretty woman I’d married so many years ago.

Not that I minded the look. Hell no! It's just that I'd never seen her like that before . . . and, yeah, it made me a bit jealous that she’d never put so much effort into her appearance for my sake, but would for a black man who’d done nothing more than grab her ass in the shopping market and tell her to meet him tonight.

Not asked, not suggested, but told.

I’d come up from behind him, my arms laden with bread and cookies, so all I saw of him was his back as Roxanne quickly nodded, assuring him she’d do just that, without so much as a glance in my direction. Not that she needed my approval, of course, or that he needed hers. Not really. Our little community of New St. Croix had been one of the first in the state to embrace the Black New World Order and, as such, things tended to be a bit more casual around here. Black ownership was strongly recommended, if not yet required, and white submission was still something in which we had the illusion of volunteering. So long as we treated our black superiors with respect, they did the same for us, allowing us to learn by example just how black ownership could change our lives for the better.

It was something my wife and I had only discussed in hushed whispers and awkward laughter after a few drinks, but it had always been her that brought it

up, so I guess I wasn't too surprised when she had agreed to her first black 'recommendation' so easily.

I shook my head of wandering thoughts and brought my attention back to the present. "Oh, my love." I whistled softly. "You look . . . well, just wow."

"Really?" She pouted. "Is that all you can say?" I suppose she was trying to make me feel bad, but she looked too damn sexy for her down-turned lips to make the pout anything but erotic. She had taken her straight, blonde hair and transformed it into a full, wavy cascade of platinum fire. Her eyebrows had been trimmed and plucked into a thin, slightly slanting arch that gave her a look of bold confidence. She'd really laid the makeup on thick, from foundation to lipstick to eye shadow, giving her a slutty, almost whorish appearance.

I stammered and stuttered, not sure what to say. Finally, I settled on, "You've had a busy afternoon."

"Mmm." She turned that pout into a blown kiss. "Do you like?"

"I love it," I said softly, forcing myself to swallow my guilt and shame. I knew about the power of black men, and I knew what their attention could do for a white woman, but I was still jealous to know that Roxanne had this incredible sexpot inside her, and yet had chosen to never reveal it to me.

My wife—I had to remind myself she was still that—was dressed in slutty club clothes I didn't even know she owned. A too-short black skirt clung tightly to her well-rounded ass, and a too-tight white blouse stretched over her beautiful breasts, the top two buttons popped to highlight the depth of her cleavage. Her already wondrous breasts were further compressed by one of the push-up bras I loved the look of, but which she usually claimed was too uncomfortable to wear when we went out. A slender black lace choker surrounded her neck—that was certainly something I'd never seen before, and its suggestion of a collar made me feel weirdly aroused—and she had sets of big black hoop earrings in her ears that tinkled softly when she tipped her head.

Standing there, my bare feet cold against the tiles of the bathroom floor, it occurred to me I'd never seen this woman before. She was my wife, but she wasn't. It was like watching a total stranger get dressed for a date, and it was turning me on as much as it was making me feel ashamed.

Roxanne extended her hand and curled her fingers in a beckoning motion. There were inch-long extensions on her nails, painted almost an identical shade of red to her overdone lipstick. There was a glow to her, an aura of excitement that excited me almost as much as it left me feeling anxious.

When I came closer, she just stood and stared, further feeding my anxiety. When we'd arrived home from shopping, she'd told me there were two ways we could play this. I could sulk and be angry, let my jealousy get the best of me and make things even more tense between us, in which case I'd be sleeping on the couch in the den. Or, I could give myself to her, just as she was giving herself to a black man whose name we didn't even know, be happy for her, and be rewarded with the indulgence of my own fantasies.

Foolishly, perhaps, I'd agreed to play the dutiful husband, never imagining that when she talked of my fantasies, she was actually referring to what she'd read about submissive white cuckolds and their fantasies of black ownership. That, however, was about to become very clear, very soon.

After an eternity of waiting, she broke the silence. "Then it's time to shave."

"Shave?" I was confused. "Do you want me to help?" I found that liked that idea. If I was going to be a white slave for the weekend, then taking care of her intimate needs was fine by me ... except she was already dressed.

"No, silly." She snapped her fingers and pointed to the tub. "You're the one who's going to get shaved."

I stiffened. The idea seemed shameful and embarrassing, but if getting shaved was the worst her fantasies had to offer, then I'd be her baby-faced husband and count myself lucky.

"Stand in the tub." The moment I stepped over the side, she turned the knob all the way to the right, blasting my head with icy cold water.

I shrieked like a little schoolgirl.

"Oh, I like that sound." Seconds later, she adjusted the showerhead downward, giving my cock and balls the same treatment. "Oh, look how small somebody is!" As I moved to cover my shame, she turned off the water and reached down to smack my hands away. "If I hadn't promised your locking to our new Master,

I'd put a chastity cage on you right now and flush the key down the toilet."

"No!" The cry was out of my mouth before I could stop it. It was a protest against chastity, against the idea of a Master, and against the shameful threat of another man being the one to lock me up. "Please."

"Not to worry." She began lathering my face with one of her shaving creams, leaving me smelling of citrus and roses. "Like I said, I have other uses for that adorable little thing." The first scrape of the razor down my cheek was hard to take. It was like I felt every hair being cut free, one by one, undoing a full year's worth of carefully cultivated growth. Somehow, the second was even worse, what with the way I felt it slide across the naked flesh its path overlapped.

I'd originally grown out my mustache and muttonchops as a 'Movember' charity thing at work, but I'd kind of grown attached to it. Besides, Roxanne had told me on more than one occasion how ruggedly handsome and socially daring she thought it made me look.

And, yeah, I guess there had been some sense of rebellion in refusing to shave. As the Black New World Order swept across the country, facial hair was increasingly becoming a mark of black masculinity. White men weren't just shaving, there was a whole new industry of extreme hair removal that had grown around the new idea of what it meant to be white, with no distinction between male or female. In fact, there was a billboard just across the street from our apartment that showed a happy white couple getting waxed together while a black man stood tall and proud with a straight razor held flat against her cheek and at an angle to his throat.

"There." Five minutes and a second disposable razor later, she was done. "That's going to look so much better."

"You think so?" I looked over her shoulder and examined myself in the mirror. I looked strange. I looked even more naked than I already felt. I looked younger, less like a man. I wasn't sure I liked it.

She grabbed hold of my chin and pulled me forward. While I was still off balance, she attacked me with a bold, deep, passionate kiss.

That I liked.

Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all.

When she finally let me come up for air, I smiled. "So, that was your fantasy? This whole date with a black man thing was just an excuse to get me to shave?"

For some reason, her answering laugh made the hairs stand up on the back of my neck. It wasn't a giggle or a chuckle. It wasn't a hearty guffaw. It was a breathless, almost maniacal laugh of malicious glee. "Not even close." She trailed her hand under my chin, down my neck, and over my chest. Her pinch of my nipple made me gasp. "You promised to indulge our new fantasies." The twist of my other nipple made me groan. "And I plan to hold you to it."

Well, that wasn't quite what I had meant, but it appeared there was no backing out now. I decided I might as well try to make the best of it. After all, she was my wife. What could she have in mind, really, that would be so out there or unexpected that I couldn't handle it? Besides, when she was done with her date, she'd be coming home to me, and maybe she'd save a little of that sluttness for her husband.

"Okay, so what's next?"

Her hand shot down to my cock. She didn't tug or twist, she squeezed. Hard! My beautiful wife turned her hand and dug her nails into the soft, tender flesh of my ball sac. When she yanked me forward, I slammed my knees against the tub and nearly toppled out.

I hissed through clenched teeth, even as I felt my pained cock growing in excitement. What the fuck was up with that?

"Good." She released my balls and motioned for me to climb out of the tub. "Follow me."

Follow her I did, right into the bedroom, where I marveled at what she had done to the place. She'd draped heavy black curtains over all the windows and placed scented candles on just about every available surface. Depending on which way I turned my head, the room smelled of baby powder, lavender, or vanilla. In the corner by the closet I could see a high-definition camera with multiple lenses that looked very pricy and very professional.

What really drew my eye, though, was the shiny pink covering she'd laid on the

bed. I ran my finger over the surface and listened to the squeak. “Is that rubber?” A hard slap of her hand across my ass caused me to jerk my hand back as if burned.

“It’s latex.” She left me to hunt through her dresser. “Really fun when it’s wet, and easy to clean up.” Before I could ask how she knew that, she turned to face me, her hands hidden behind her back. “Trust me,” she said confidently, “we’re going to need them.” Something occurred to her and she smiled. “Well, since you’ll be doing the housework for the foreseeable future, I guess it’s more that you’re going to need them.”

I tried to look nonchalant as I shrugged, but I was getting anxious. What the hell had I gotten myself into? Who was this strange woman before me, and what had she done with my wife?

Was this all the result of a black man’s attention or, as the conspiracy theorists would have us to believe, was there really something in the water to make white people feel meek and subservient? I respected the idea of the Black New World Order, but I’d always been one of those who wondered if we were just addressing a legacy of racism with a different kind of racism, trading one idea of genetic superiority for another. My wife, on the one occasion we’d had a deep conversation about it, suggested that black people had always been superior, always been bigger, stronger, healthier, and more virile, and that a century of slavery and racism had been nothing more than a white Christian agenda designed to obscure the truth.

The challenge was that the whole movement was as much about politics as it was about biology or sociology, and that made it hard to know what to believe. Even the name of the movement itself was political and carefully orchestrated. There were those who preferred Black World Order, rejecting the ‘New’ Order terminology as being too reminiscent of the conspiracy theories of tired old white men, but then there were those who embraced the full term for the very same reason, enjoying the thought of rubbing it in and making those old white men confront their fears.

A hard slap across the cheek snapped me out of my musings.

“Focus,” she snapped. “You’ll have all evening to get lost in your thoughts. So long as I’m standing here, you will focus on me!”

I flinched. “Sorry.”

“Lay down.” She pointed to the center of the bed, where she’d marked out a small ‘X’ with black electrical tape. “Ass right there,” she told me, “and spread your arms and legs.”

I thought I knew what was coming next. Although it had been years, we'd played bondage games a few times before, and I'd enjoyed them more than I cared to admit. Some needs, some desires, a man just wasn't meant to speak out loud, especially not in this new world of institutionalized slavery and submission.

With quick, rough manipulation of my wrists and ankles, she handcuffed me to the bed, securing me to each of the four bedposts. I stupidly tried to turn my head away as I saw the blindfold in her hands, but I was powerless to resist when she slipped it over my face. This was new, and I wasn't sure I liked it. Not knowing what she had planned for later was one thing, but not knowing what she was doing now was quite another. I'd never felt as helpless as I did at that moment.

She squeezed my cock again. “Start behaving or we’ll have to graduate to stricter punishments.”

I nodded blindly.

“That’s better.” She tugged at the blindfold, adjusting it over my face. “This is supposed to heighten your other senses, and I want you in sensory overload by the time we’re done.”

Strangely enough, she was right. Deprived of my sight, the first thing I noticed was just how strongly I could smell the scented candles. The too-loud sound of my restless body squeaking and squelching against the latex sheets filled the room. I could suddenly taste the lingering citrus of her shaving lotion on my upper lip.

And then she took my cock in her mouth.

“Oh, love, that feels so good!” One thing I had always loved about Roxanne's wild years, before we met, was that they had taught her to become a champion cocksucker. She’d really put all of that behind her when we met, not denying her past, but choosing not to relive it with me. There’d still been many mornings,

though, where I'd woken up to find her pretty lips wrapped around my dick, just waiting for some breakfast cum.

I couldn't remember the last time she'd awakened me like that, and it saddened me. Both the fact that she'd stopped and the fact that I'd allowed myself to forget.

She started slowly, taking just my head into her mouth, but quickly progressed from there. Bobbing her head up and down, she took a little bit more of me into her mouth each time, eventually ending up with her lips pressed up against my balls. If I'm being honest, it wasn't as big of a deal as it sounded, at least not for her.

"Ohhh, fuck yeah. So good!" I wished I could see the bulge my cock made in her cheek—that was always such a turn-on—but I was hardly in a position to complain.

"You like that?" she teased, releasing me from her mouth. "Would Steve like some more?"

That was a stupid question. "You know I do, babe."

"Mmm, too bad this is my weekend, not yours." For a moment, I was afraid that meant the blowjob was over. She made me wait for what felt like an eternity before adding, "Fortunately for you, I think I would like some more . . . this one last time."

Before I could get too distracted by that ominous comment, she took a deep breath and swallowed my entire length with one ravenous plunge. "Oh, Christ! " If she had moved even an inch, I swear I would have cum right then and there. She knew me better than I knew myself, though, and held me there until the moment passed.

That was when she did something she had never done before. She locked her lips around the base, tonguing my balls and sucking my cock at the same time! "That's it!" I growled, "here it comes!"

She quickly pulled back and let me fill her mouth with my explosion of cum. As I felt spurt after spurt after spurt of the creamy white stuff shoot into her mouth, I thought I was going to black out. I had never cum so hard and so long in my life!

I was just about to tell her how incredible that was when she laughed. “My god, I’d forgotten what a weak little flood your tiny cock produced. I’d hoped for one final feeding from my husband, but that was barely enough to qualify as a taste.”

I felt my cock instantly shrivel and then grow even smaller as she spat loudly. I felt it splatter wetly against my stomach. Usually, she liked the taste of my cum, or at least so she’d made me believe. I was used to happy, lip-smacking sounds, not this vulgar rejection. The bed shifted as she rolled off, but with her bare feet on the carpet, there was no sound to suggest where she was or what she was doing.

Before I could ask where she went, her whisper caressed my other ear. “I’m not going anywhere yet.” I jerked in surprise. While I tried not to think about that ‘yet’ and all it entailed, Roxanne moved down the bed and began rubbing something cold against my cum-covered stomach.

“Hey!” I yelped., “That’s cold!”

She dug those nails into my balls again. “Silence.”

I bit back a response and settled for grinding my teeth together instead.

Her nails dug in more, nearly deep enough to draw blood before she finally released me. “Good boy.”

As I panted and struggled to contain myself, she began muttering under her breath. I couldn’t hear the words, but she sounded amused, like she was playing with a new toy. She continued rubbing around my stomach for a good two or three minutes. I had no idea what she could be doing. Finally, she stopped. The room went silent once again. As I waited for her to say or do something, I felt my worries about where she was going and what she’d be doing coming back to haunt me.

Suddenly, she was back, her hand wrapped around my balls. She squeezed them hard, and when I opened my mouth to yell, she shoved something in my mouth. I tried to spit it out, but she was really pushing. “Mmmph!” I felt her fiddling with something behind my head, and then my left cheek stung with something being snapped against it. “Hmmmph!”

When she let go, I couldn’t push the object out of my mouth.

“Ohhh, you look so pretty,” she teased. She ripped the blindfold from my face. “Don't you just love it!”

The mirror she was holding showed me exactly what she had done to me. Not that I needed it. She had fitted a penis-gag over my face. As she trailed a finger around the smear of cum on my belly, and then raised that finger to run it around my lips, I made the connection and realized what she'd been doing.

Roxanne must have seen the realization in my eyes because she laughed. “Yes, that's right, a tiny white penis-gag coated with runny white penis cum.” Her hand pushed the gag deeper into my mouth. “It's not much, but every white cocksucker has to start somewhere.”

I panicked. I thrashed against my restraints and tried to force the gag out of my mouth with my tongue, but that meant touching it, tasting it, and that was even worse. I wanted nothing more than to run to the bathroom and rinse my mouth, but I couldn't.

“Settle down, Steve.” She paused. “Or should I say, Stephanie?”

My blood ran cold at that. Was it just a mocking little pet name? Was she just playing? Or was she already so committed to this Black New World Order thing that she was ready to turn me over to become some sissified toy for black men? Had the man from the supermarket, her date for tonight, said something about me? Had he put this idea into her head? Or was she doing it all on her own, hoping to impress him with her commitment?

There were so many questions I wanted to ask, so many answers I was desperate to know, but the truth was none of it was going to change my situation one bit.

“I'm not sure what time we'll be back,” she told me, “but something tells me you won't be bored.” I watched as she pressed her palm against the wall and activated the bedroom video wall. There was a time, long ago, that we'd snuggled in bed and watched porn together, but it had been so long I'd forgotten we had a screen in here. As her fingers danced over the controls, I saw the image shift to the ceiling instead.

That was a setting I'd only used a few times, alone, while she was visiting her mother. I didn't know she realized it could do that. Keywords and commands flashed too quickly across the screen for me to follow, but I could see the queue

of videos building as they scrolled down the right edge of the screen.

“We’re both going to learn our place tonight. Maybe not quite how you’d imagined, but precisely how we both knew we’d have to someday.” More videos were added to the queue, one after another after another. “I know you need a bit more education before you’re ready, but I’m not even mad about that because I know you’re not rude, you’re just ignorant of our proper place.”

I whimpered a bit as I saw her lock the display with her handprint, ensuring that even if somehow I was able to get free, I’d be unable to escape the visual barrage of whatever she had planned.

“Master sent these over for you, so be sure to tell him how much you appreciate it when you see him later.” Everything set up to her satisfaction, she sauntered over to her dresser and sat down to fix her hair and put on more jewelry. I’d always been so impatient with her, waiting in the living room while she seemed to take forever getting ready, but watching her routine was strangely calming and more than a little erotic.

As she finished putting on her earrings, she teased me with an exaggerated gasp. “Oops! I almost forgot.” Roxanne pressed her hand against the wall and adjusted the volume up as high as it would go. For a moment I allowed myself to hope that she’d forget to lock it a second time, but there was to be no such reprieve. She came back to the bed and leaned down. “Master assures me these videos have the most amazing audio. You really have to hear it to love it. Every scream, every cry, every grunt, and every groan. Not only that, but there’s a near-subliminal voice track that will help you feel the way you should as you watch.”

Now I was really worried. I stared silently with pleading eyes, hoping she’d at least remove the gag. The worst part was, looking up past her smiling face, I could see a countdown on the ceiling that told me I was less than thirty seconds from . . . as she put it, learning how to feel. She squeezed my cheeks and laughed. “And the best part is, Master and I can check in on you at any time to see how you’re progressing.”

It was only then that I remembered the video camera. I gulped in surprise. I couldn't help but taste the flood of saliva and cum that ran down my throat, aided by her squeezing my cheeks. I grimaced at the taste and wondered again what I had gotten myself into.

Roxanne grabbed a handful of clothes, gave me a quick kiss on the nose, and was gone, closing the bedroom door on her way out. Alone, I promised myself I'd be strong, told myself I could endure this for her sake, if not for mine. At least the woman on the screen was attractive, a DDD porn star with plump, perfect cock-sucking lips. Watching her wouldn't be all bad, except for the fact that I couldn't masturbate to it.

The videos began.

I guess it shouldn't have been a surprise to see a big black cock slide past those cocksucker lips, but her hungry squeal of delight still made me jump. That cock was huge. I was in awe of it as I saw it keep sliding forward, gagging her until tears began streaming down her cheeks. And yet she was still smiling, leaning into it, hungry for more. I saw the shape of his cockhead bulging out her neck as it moved down her throat, and yet there was still more cock to go!

Black hands entered the screen. They grabbed onto either side of her head and held her there as he fucked her face. It was brutal the way he used her. The soundtrack was awash in the disgustingly sloppy sounds of rough use, but the wet squeals and gagging noises coming from her tortured mouth were ones of pleasure. She was enjoying this. She wanted this. She seemed to need this. It was all so confusing, but as shocked and disgusted as I was, there was no denying that I was feeling aroused as well.

“Take it, Roxanne.”

The words hit me like a punch to the gut. I knew that wasn't my wife on the screen . . . knew that the deep, booming baritone wasn't talking to her, but to a completely different woman with the same name. But what I did know, and what I guess was only just hitting me now, was that my wife was out with another man, and that she could very well be getting fucked—just like that—very soon.

I'd let her make a cuckold of me, and I'd let it happen. I'd barely raised a word of protest, and I certainly hadn't put my foot down like a real man would have. Even if that wasn't her on screen, even if that wasn't his voice calling out her name, I knew in the pit of my gut that the very same thing would be happening between them, just not on screen, and just not where I could see.

I didn't know if that was a blessing or not.

“Fuck yeah, here it comes, bitch!”

His hands moved just enough that I could see the woman’s eyes go wide with shock. He’d stopped moving, stopped thrusting, and was now pumping her throat full of cum. Within seconds it was overflowing her mouth, running down her chin to drip into that perfect cleavage. It was more cum than I’d ever seen in my life, more cum than I’d ever produced in a month’s worth of orgasms. He kept pumping and cumming, and she kept swallowing, but it was too much.

I foolishly thought he was done when he started to pull out, but he was still cumming! That black monster was pointed at her face, showering her with a spray of hot cum. It splashed across her nose, her cheeks, her forehead, everywhere. I shook my head in disbelief as his shaft began to droop, just slightly, sending its spray directly into her cleavage instead. She was a mess of black cum, slicker and shinier than the latex bedsheets beneath me, and she was squealing in delight, begging for more.

Just when I thought it was over, the black man’s right hand came back into frame. When he snapped his fingers and pointed to his cock, I expected her to descend upon it and lick it clean. Instead, a new head entered the frame, a woman with short black hair who made a cautious, timid approach. I could see that she was shaking, could see the tightness of her cheeks where she must have been tense with . . . fear? Anticipation? Dread? Excitement? Whatever it was, she eventually closed her lips around that black cockhead and began awkwardly humming around it.

“Suck it, baby,” the first woman said. “Oh, you always look so pretty with a big fat cock in your mouth. I want you to suck that black meat, baby. Lap at it with your tongue. Mmm, that’s right, don’t fight it.”

The more I looked at the second woman, the more I wondered about just how she was taking all this. Was that humming a sound of her pleasure, or was it designed to enhance his? Had she closed her eyes in bliss, or in denial of the evidence of what she was doing? I suspected there was more going on here than I imagined, and I feared I wouldn’t like the answers when they were made clear.

“That’s enough, faggot.”

That’s when the woman pulled her lips from that cock and turned slightly, revealing herself to be a man. Now that I saw his face, I wondered how I could

have ever mistaken him for a woman. I guess it all came down to expectations . . . and maybe a little bit to fear.

“Clean your wife up proper. You know you whitebois like that shit.”

“Yes, Master.” That voice sounded so meek, so defeated, I immediately felt myself sympathizing with him. I saw the husband shudder as he licked a wandering trail of black cum from his wife’s breast. “Thank you, Master.” He didn’t shudder with the second lick, just sort of grimaced, and even that was gone with the third. By the fourth, he almost looked to be enjoying it. I wanted to believe it was all an act, but there was no denying the growing enthusiasm I saw as he pressed his face deeper into that cleavage and noisily slurped up all that cum.

I tried not to watch. I closed my eyes tight and turned away, but that’s when I realized I could hear something else beneath the sounds of sex. There was a voice, almost too quiet to hear, speaking in a soft, soothing, steady stream of words. I couldn’t make out what it was saying—at least not consciously—but I knew it was the subliminal track my wife had mentioned, telling me how to feel.

It was going to be a long night.

Chapter Two

“Hi, babe!”

I strained against my bonds and tried to speak through my gag. “Ummmm. Mmmnnngghhh. Urrrgghhh.”

“Sorry, darling, but I can't understand a word you say.” My wife sat down on the edge of the bed. She looked wildly disheveled, as if she'd had a busy night. “You really shouldn't talk with your mouth full.”

“Uuuuaagghhh!” It was no use. Until she removed the gag, there would be no way to make her understand me. What's more, every time I tried to say something, my tongue kept coming up against the pink prick she'd shoved in there, reminding me of the taste of cum that I'd long since sucked and licked clean, but which still hovered in my imagination—a dark imagination fueled by endless hours of videos of forced bisexuality, cuckold cleanup, simpering sissies, and faggot femboys with smooth skin where their balls should have been.

“Mmm. I see you've been enjoying your lessons almost as much as I have mine.” I felt her nail trace a line down my erect cock. I wanted to die of embarrassment. For the last four hours I had been forced to watch guy after guy being orally and anally penetrated by one black man after another, all while girlfriends, wives, and lovers looked on in delight, verbally urging them on. I'd seen more cumshots, snowballing, and creampiees than I could have ever imagined, and all of them ending in the white man's mouth.

“Would you like to cum?” she asked me. “Huh? Would you?”

“Mmmnnngghhh.” I vigorously nodded my agreement.

“And would you like me to help?” She took my continued nodding as a sign of my agreement. She wrapped her hand around my cock and began jerking it up and down. I would have preferred her lips—or, better yet—her pussy, but would gladly take what was offered. It wasn't long before I was ready to cum, thanks to

hours of intense stimulation without release. My cock was harder than I had ever seen it before, and the pressure in my balls was so incredible, it was painful.

“Come on, Stevie, cum for me.” Roxanne added a gentle twist to her masturbating hand and began pumping faster and faster. For a brief moment, I was able to forget the movie playing above her and focused only on the two of us.

Fears of ‘lessons’ aside, I needed to cum.

“Unnnngghhh!” I was bucking my hips off the bed, right on the very edge of cumming, when she suddenly let me go. I howled my disappointment into the gag, unable to believe she’d let me get so close, only to stop. Powerless to stop it, I felt a ruined orgasm rush through my cock. The cum flowed instead of spurting, completely absent the intense bliss of orgasm. It just kept cumming, like a weak geyser, the hot sperm pooling at the base and spreading up to my belly button.

“Oh, that was wonderful, dear. We’ll have to watch you put your lessons into practice soon.” While I whimpered into my gag, still thrusting my hips in pursuit of the orgasm I’d been denied, she climbed off the bed. I watched her rummage through the bottom drawer, unable to guess what it was she might have been looking for.

When she returned to the bed, a triumphant smile on her face, I knew the night was far from over.

She ran a pink funnel back and forth in front of my face, cooing as she turned it this way and that. Then, with one finger plugging the bottom, she began scooping the cum of my ruined orgasm into its wide plastic mouth. Every once in a while she would pause and tip it so that I could see the contents. It was a far cry from anything I’d watched black men produce during my ordeal, but hours of edging had me filling the narrowest bit almost to the top.

Finally, having gathered all she could, she slowly crawled up the bed toward me.

“Oops! I almost spilled some.” She giggled as she slid around on the bed, the sweat-slickened latex sheets challenging her awkward crawl. “I told you these were fun!” Once she was back on secure footing, she knelt beside my head. She dipped one finger into the funnel and began spreading cum across my lips and

nose. I tried to turn my face away and was rewarded with an eyeful of cummy fingers. It stung, bringing tears to my eyes. “I’m sorry,” she cooed, “but you made me slip.” She waited for me to look at her. “You do have two eyes,” she warned and left it at that.

I remained motionless as she finished my sperm-facial.

“Oh, you look so pretty!” She howled with glee as she bounced up and down on the bed. “You know, some of the faggots and femboys at the club tonight swear by this stuff. They call it a whiteboi’s most perfect beauty aid.” She paused to appreciate her work. “Although,” she giggled, “I’m sure yours doesn’t have quite the potency as what they’re used to.”

My wife, this woman I hardly recognized, leaned down and whispered in my ear. “If you liked that, my sweet cuck, you’re gonna love this even more.”

There it was. Cuck. She’d said the word. There was no denying it, not now.

While I pondered that, she grabbed a hold of my pink dildo gag. I nearly cried with relief, thinking my freedom was at hand. Instead, she fiddled with the end sticking out of my mouth and pried loose what must have been a plug. I tried to scream as she shoved the funnel into that hole, but quickly stopped myself and tried to plug it with my tongue. She jiggled funnel and gag back and forth, defeating my pathetic attempt to block the flow. “Now, you stay still and just look pretty while I finish preparing your treat!”

I don’t know what I thought might be next, but I certainly wasn’t expecting her to throw her leg over me and straddle my face. For a moment, I allowed myself to be excited, but then the smell hit me. She smelled of sex! I’m not just talking about the lingering aroma of arousal or the kinda funky smell after we’d made love, but the total sensory overload of a whore at an orgy. What’s worse, as she raised her skirt—revealing her lack of panties—I could see the juices of another man glistening in her pubic hairs.

There was nowhere for me to go, no way I could move to escape it. Roxanne positioned herself over my mouth. She lowered herself down enough to press the wide end of the funnel into her flesh. Up close, I could see it all too well. With a moan of pent-up delight, she released a flood into it. It all came out in a milky white, watery sort of flow, a man’s orgasm—or, I strongly suspected, orgasms plural—mixed with her own juices. The worst part of it all was the sound. It

reminded me of listening to her pee through the bathroom door, but there was a sloppiness to it, the sound of gobs of semen sliding loose to plop noisily into the funnel. Some of it ran straight through the funnel to flood my mouth, choking me with the rush, while some of it oozed and dripped, coating my tongue with the viscous evidence of her blackening.

“Ooohh! I’ve been saving that all night,” she sighed. “Master took me twice, then shared me with some of his black friends. It was so hard to count when big black cocks were filling all your holes at once, but there must be seven or eight loads in there for you.”

With a final wiggle of her ass, she shifted backward, pulling herself free of the funnel, and trapped my head between her knees. “Can you taste them? Can you taste all that hot, thick, potent black cum? I always thought the stories had to be exaggerated, that no man could be that big and cum that much, but they were, and they did.” She jiggled the funnel, helping to keep the flow moving into my mouth. “Master says he looks forward to feeding you himself, but he feels it’s important for whitebois to develop a taste for black cum so they can demonstrate the appropriate thirst and proper appreciation.”

Oh my god! Was this what my life had become? How had we fallen so far, so fast? It had only been one night, hours I could count on one hand, and my beautiful, loving wife had become a total black cock slut. This afternoon I’d never done more than taste a hint of cum on her lips with an after-blowjob kiss, and now I was choking down the loads of a half dozen black strangers, each one of whom had stretched out my wife’s cunt and filled her to the brim!

“Don’t you just love having your sissy-mouth filled with cum?” she asked. “Hmm, my pretty? Doesn’t it just fill you up so good, my sissy? Just like you saw in your training videos?”

I pleaded with her to stop, but either she didn't understand my muffled cries, or she didn't care. She kept jiggling the funnel until it was empty. Then, to top off my humiliation, she spat into it and laughed as I swallowed that too.

“Now that you've been milked and fed,” she cooed, “I'm going to go downstairs and beg Master and his friends to destroy me in our bed.”

My eyes popped wide at that. He was here? She’d brought this black stranger to our house? With friends? And she intended to entertain them all, to suck and

fuck and fondle and stroke their massive black cocks, in our bed?

It was too much.

It was almost unthinkable.

But then I remember everything I'd heard and read about the Black New World Order. She didn't need to invite them, those black men were free to go where they wanted, to do what they wanted, with whatever white slut, cuckold, sissy, femboy, or faggot they desired. What's more, I knew, deep in my heart, that I'd never sleep in that bed again. After tonight, it would no longer be my place.

As tears of shame welled in my eyes, she removed the pump, sealed the dildo shut, and climbed off the bed.

Roxanne stared into my eyes as she began peeling off her slutty club clothes, the too-short skirt, and the too-tight blouse. "Master says there's nothing like cuckolding a whiteboi in his own marital bed to teach a sissy his place." Suddenly, the crackle of cellophane caught my attention. As I strained to look, she laughed and turned. There was a fresh tattoo on her left ass cheek. It was a black spade the size of my fist, with a stylized 'Q' in the center.

"You'll get yours soon enough," she promised, as if that were something I'd been looking forward to. "Master just needs to determine whether you're a cuck or a beta." She gave her ass an exaggerated wiggle as she began crossing the room. "I told him I'm sure you'll prove yourself full-on beta, but you still have to earn his mark."

I howled wordlessly into my gag, but she slammed the door behind her as if I hadn't said a word.

Only too aware of the sounds and the picture still coming from the video screen above, the taste of black cum in my mouth, the memory of that tattoo, and the fact that my ruined orgasm had left me hornier than ever, I felt something in myself crack. I hadn't been broken, not yet, but I was starting to accept that it was inevitable . . . starting to realize the only control I had over the situation was how miserable I wanted to be and for how long.

Chapter Three

Another two hours I lay there, trying to ignore the sounds and images—the lessons—but becoming increasingly aroused despite my situation. For the most part, I might have been able to withstand the constant audio and visual stimulation, but subliminal text, flashing by too quickly for me to consciously recognize, had increasingly begun to be interwoven with the subliminal voices, spoken too softly to consciously register.

That crack I had felt? It was growing wider. I had come to appreciate the beauty of black-on-white, to admire the contrast of strength, power, and virility with submission, meekness, and surrender. The larger I saw black men become, the smaller I felt . . . and, god help me, the smaller I felt, the more it aroused me.

I had begun looking forward to the kind of humiliations that, just hours ago, had so horrified me.

What's more, where I should have been horrified and disgusted that my wife was fucking strange men in our bed, angry and sick over knowing I was being cuckolded, I found myself hoping she was enjoying herself. I'd seen what black men had to offer. I knew what I had to offer. I loved her, and as much as it shamed me, I wanted her to enjoy the best.

Suddenly, the display above me changed. The images disappeared, replaced by words that flashed by so quickly I feared the flickering would induce a seizure. At the same time, the voices began speaking louder, faster, but still in some distant range that remained maddeningly impossible to pin down. I felt my pulse begin to race, my lungs begin to pant, and my mouth begin to gasp. My body was trembling, like electricity was shooting through it, and my cock began to twitch and spasm as if approaching orgasm.

But it was not to be.

Not yet, at least.

And then it all stopped. A new scene appeared on the ceiling, and I found myself watching it with an anticipation so intense it scared me.

It began with a white guy in a hospital bed, being attended to by a big-breasted nurse. She was wearing an outfit two sizes too small, with nipples that looked like they were going to rip through the material at any moment. I saw the patient

desperately trying to rub himself against her, to make contact with her body in some small way, but it was as if something stopped him each time. I could see the frustration in his eyes—a frustration that barely masked the fear beneath.

Without touching him, the nurse yanked on his sheets to position him in the center of the bed. I watched as she attached him to the various traction pulleys and straps hanging from the ceiling, never once touching skin-to-skin as she closed each cuff around his wrists, ankles, throat, chest, and waist. It was a coldly clinical scene, and yet it was dangerously erotic at the same time. The nurse seemed to dance as she moved, her breasts and ass swaying, with a smile that never left her face.

I was so busy watching her that I didn't realize what she was doing until she stepped back, leaving the helpless man suspended just above the surface of the bed, his head pulled upside down and his legs pulled up. She ran a tube of bright red lipstick around his lips, and then walked the length of his body, pausing at the other end to slather his ass with some kind of thick, glistening gel. Watching it, it occurred to me that his position created a perfect line from ass to mouth that I knew wasn't accidental.

“Looks like the white bitch is ready.” That a new voice—a deep, masculine voice. My body twitched in response, and that worried me.

“Nothing like a whiteboi virgin served up nice and proper.” Another new voice—deep and masculine as well, but older, gruffer. My cock pulsed, and that confused me.

As the nurse walked out of frame, I found myself anxious for her to go. I should have been watching her every movement, but instead my eyes were darting back and forth, seeking the men behind those voices.

The one from the right entered first. He was a tall, slender black man, well-muscled and clearly athletic. He looked like he could use those big strong hands to manipulate and control a simple white boy without breaking a sweat. His cock was one of the longest I'd ever seen—and I'd seen a lot tonight—a cocoa sort of color darkening subtly closer to the base of the shaft. He pressed the swollen cockhead to the white boy's lips, and I was ashamed to find myself trying to open wide around my gag in response. The patient had no such gag and eagerly welcomed that black monster inside.

My attention was split, waiting for the other voice to show himself, so I caught the movement to the left almost immediately. This black man was a few inches shorter than the other, thick with muscles gone to fat, but in a solid way, not an obese one. He was clearly the older of the two, his cock shorter than the younger man's but more than twice as thick, a chocolate brown from base to tip. When he stepped right up and pressed it to the white boy's ass, I tensed myself, as if awaiting the same penetration. It didn't go in easily, not with as thick as it was, but he just kept on pushing, tearing that white ass wide open.

It was the most incredible thing I had ever seen in my life. There's no way that big black cock should have been able to fit somewhere so tight and so small, but he was making it his home.

Excited now, despite myself, I looked back to the other end and saw that the younger man had more than half his cock buried inside the white boy's throat. He was thrusting in and out, fucking his face as if it were nothing more than a pussy with teeth. As my eyes moved back and forth, from one end to the other, I noticed that the white boy's tiny little cock was standing straight up, precum flowing freely from the tip.

And then the older black man thrust forward, shoving two, maybe three inches of black meat inside that tight little ass at once, and that cute little white cock erupted. It looked like my ruined orgasm from earlier, but from the way the white boy's toes were curling and fingers waving, he seemed to be enjoying it.

I had barely begun to think I might enjoy it too when a new voice startled me out of the scene.

“Hi, honey!”

Confused and disoriented, I looked away from the screen to find eight black men carrying my wife through the door, while a ninth held it open. Several of them had to duck on their way through, while a few had to turn sideways to squeeze through. I saw bald heads, short curls, tight braids, and even some long dreads. They looked to range in age from their mid-twenties to their late-fifties, much like the two black men on screen, and their cocks were a dizzying array of shapes and sizes. The only thing they had in common was size—each was longer and thicker than I'd ever seen on a white man, with low-hanging sacs and grapefruit-sized balls.

“We've got a really special treat for you,” Roxanne cooed from her perch. She was resting comfortably in the grasp of eight muscular black men, with one for each foot, knee, butt-cheek, and armpit. “It’s nearly time for your last lesson, your blackening exam, if you will...”

More than a few of the black men grinned at that.

“...but Master and his friends thought you could use a refreshment before they begin.”

Leaving the doorway, the final stranger came over to the bed and removed my penis-gag. Before I could manage a word, he clamped a hand over my mouth.

I knew better than to try to bite him or pull my mouth away.

I knew what was coming, and I kind of wanted it. It would be my second such feeding, and I knew it was going to be larger, fresher, and even more virile, but that aroused me in ways it shouldn’t have.

My mouth was watering at the thought.

What the fuck was happening to me?

The men carrying my wife moved around the bed like a well-coordinated team. They carefully settled my wife—my blacked hotwife, I suddenly realized—on my face, making sure her raw, gaping pussy was directly over my mouth. Even before her glazed, puffy lips touched mine, I felt a colossal load of hot, gooey semen fall into my mouth.

I swallowed it out of reflex and was rewarded with what seemed an inexhaustible supply from her pussy. It ran thick and heavy and hot from deep inside her pussy, fresh cum courtesy of the black men surrounding us. I savored every drop. It was shameful and humiliating and disgusting, but I couldn’t help myself. If I hadn’t broken completely, but my white pride was tissue-paper thin, ready to tear at the slightest provocation.

“Oh, yes!” Roxanne grasped the headboard and ground herself against my face.

As she did, the black men surrounding us began telling me what had gone on downstairs.

“You should have seen it, whiteboi. Your slut wife walked right into the bar, flashed her tits, and asked who wanted more. Then she flashed her pussy and invited black dick to come and fuck her brains out.”

“Yeah. We all fucked her at least twice. Some of us, and I don’t mean to brag, three times. During it all, she kept her pussy propped up on a pile of pillows, telling us to make sure we filled 'er up good for the cuckold faggot at home.”

“When we was done, your new Master stepped up and pissed all over her. Drenched the bitch from head to toe. Said he wanted her covered inside and out so you’d understand.”

“Oh, fuck yes!” Roxanne screamed her ecstasy to the whole neighborhood. “I let a bunch of strange black men fuck me silly, my sissy. Twenty, maybe twenty-five ooey, gooey loads of hot cum inside me, saved up just for you.” She began humping my face even more frantically now, getting off on the fact that, the more aroused she became, the more diligent I became in feeding on her pussy. “And then Master baptized me with his piss. You know why? You know what he wanted you to understand?”

I mumbled something into her pussy, but I doubted she even knew it, much less heard it.

“He wanted you to understand that I’d rather be pissed on by a black man than fucked by a whiteboi.”

And that’s when one of the black men punched me in the balls. All the air in my body escaped me in a gasp. I heard my cries blow bubbles inside my wife’s pussy. Pain washed through me, bringing tears to my eyes, welled up against the cum covering my face, and just sort of pooled there. Moments later I felt my balls being yanked through some kind of cold metal ring. The hard, cold sheathe of what I knew had to be a chastity cage came next, squishing my cock down, pushing it back inside me, before the two pieces meshed with a click.

“And that’s why you’re all locked up now. A proper cuck doesn’t need the temptation of an itty bitty white cock begging for a tugging.” Roxanne began riding me harder, and from the new taste I could tell that watching me be caged

had aroused her even further. “This is all I need from you, my pretty sissy faggot. Suck my pussy! Eat their cum! Clean me all up so they can fuck me all over again.”

For a moment, I wanted to fight it, deny it, shove her off, find a way to get that chastity cage removed, and run as fast and far as I could. The truth of it was, though, I was enjoying this. For all the shame and humiliation, my wife’s excitement was arousing me, and the idea of chastity . . . well, it was something we’d toyed with over the years, but the idea that it might be permanent was something else. No, there was no point denying it. It wouldn’t matter what I might say later, when the thrill of arousal was gone. No protests or excuses were going to disguise the enthusiasm with which I was feasting on my hotwife’s creampie pussy.

My only regret at that moment was that I wish I could have seen her getting fucked. I wish I could have watched her being destroyed by those monster black cocks, but voyeurism was just a fantasy—cuckold cleanup, it appeared, was my fetish. Just knowing Roxanne had been fucked hard and deep was enough to satisfy me, and being allowed to worship at the altar of her sex, to feast upon the copious evidence of her infidelity, that was a kind of intimacy of which I’d never dreamed.

It was no wonder so many couples were falling so willingly under the control of the Black New World Order. Once you stripped away all our assumptions and insecurities, all our biases and prejudices, there was no denying that there was a natural order in America, and our place was on the bottom, serving and pleasing those above us.

Men like those around us.

Men like our Master.

I wondered which of them he was?

“Thank you for making this so easy, honey,” Roxanne panted from above me. I was still licking and sucking at her pussy, coaxing other men’s sperm out of every nook and cranny. “This was the awakening I’d dreamed of for so long. I so desperately wanted us to get blacked, but I didn’t know how to ask you. When Master took that choice away, I think we both knew how the night would end.”

She gasped as she shuddered through the throes of an orgasm, flooding my mouth anew. “I can't wait for you to see what Master has planned for your blackening!”

And that was when the last fragile remains of my white pride broke completely. Waves of pleasure washed over me, emanating from my caged cock, and I felt a thin, watery stream of cum dribbling from the tip. It acted like a ruined orgasm, but it felt like the best orgasm I'd ever had. It was a hands-free sissy cuckold orgasm. I'd cum from nothing more than the taste of black cum and the promise of black cock inside me.

I was okay with that.

Chapter Four

The next morning found us sitting at the kitchen table. Hot coffee and waffles grew cold before us. Cream and sugar sat untouched.

Damn, but this was awkward.

As so often happens in such situations, we both tried breaking the silence at the same time.

“Honey, I’m—”

“Steven, I have to—”

Embarrassed chuckles eased the tension.

“Please,” I offered, “you go first.”

She took a sip of her coffee first. Judging by the grimace on her face, it tasted as bad as I imagined, but holding the mug gave her something to do with her hands. “I want to thank you for yesterday. I know things went faster and farther than you could have expected. Hell, they went so far beyond my wildest expectations that I would have thought it all a dream were it not for the sting of my tattoo.

“That and this cage between my legs.” I blushed. “Sorry if I missed anything, but peeing this morning was an adventure. It kind of went everywhere.”

“Real men stand to pee, honey,” she replied. “Cucks and sissies sit, just like girls.”

For a long moment there was silence between us.

“I guess we both have a lot to learn about our new lives.” Saying the words out loud should have hurt, but it was a relief to have it out in the open. Things had changed last night, and no amount of coffee and waffles was going to undo that.

“Are you upset?” Roxanne started to duck her head shyly, an old habit of hers, but she stopped herself and fixed her eyes on mine. “Because I’m happy. Really, truly, genuinely happy.” Her smile lit up her face.

It was me who ducked his head. “I’m . . . um, glad.” A blush spread across my cheeks. “Seriously. You looked so blissfully happy last night, and I enjoyed being a part of that.”

“And you want to get blacked next. Your tight little sissy cunt wants to be shoved full of black cock, doesn’t it?”

I blushed even harder as I nodded my head.

Roxanne reached out and lifted my head, forcing me to look her in the eyes. “I want to hear you say it,” she smiled. “I want to hear the words.”

“I want to get blacked.” The words were a whisper, but I said them.

“Louder, cuck.”

“I want to get blacked.” I tried to speak up, but it was hard.

“And what else, sissy?”

“I want to get fucked.” It was getting easier.

“One more time, bitch.”

“I want to get fucked,” I admitted. “I saw what black cock did to you and I want some of that. I tasted black cum inside you and I want more.” It felt good to get the words out. “I don’t care that my cock is locked up,” I told her. “I don’t think I’ll be needing it anymore.”

She squealed! “Oh my god, you don’t know how much I needed to hear that!” Roxanne dragged her chair around the table to sit beside me, our knees and foreheads touching. “We both knew this was inevitable, but it was important to me that we enter our blackening willingly, before the world took away that choice.

“It’s okay,” I assured her. “Truth be told, I’ve thought about it too. I saw how

happy people like the Franklins, the Chambers, the Haydens, and the Stevensons are under black ownership. Every time I run into him, Marshall tells me how much better he feels since his Master castrated him, and Larry is as bad as a door-to-door Jehovah's Witness, constantly preaching about the joys of surrendering to black cock." Those were things I'd never shared with her, and it shamed me to think I'd felt the need to keep secrets. "I was terrified to broach the subject with you, and it scared me when you made the first move, but the truth is I'm glad to be beyond all that."

Her eyes went wide. She leaped off the chair and into my lap. The cage pinched where it pressed into my balls. "That's amazing!" She kissed me. "That's perfect!" She kissed me again. "That's so much more than I could have hoped to hear this morning!"

We kissed for a few minutes. Tender, passionate kisses of a couple still very much in love, even if how we showed it, shared it, would never be the same. "To be honest," I told her, "I'd have brought it up sooner if I hadn't been so selfish, so fearful of losing you."

"Oh, my beautiful sissy faggot, you could never lose me. You'll have to learn to share. You'll have to accept that you will always come second, but I will never stop loving you."

"How far have your fantasies gone?" I asked. "Where do you see me in this new life of ours?"

"Truth be told, and please don't be mad, I've always seen you as kind of feminine. It's why I love you, why I married you. Even before the Black New World Order was more than just a wild rumor, I'd always had this fantasy about you being my sissy wife." She adjusted herself on my lap. "Cleaning me up after my lovers. Sucking them with me." She shifted again. "Getting fucked, side by side, like bitches in heat." My wife giggled as she slipped a hand between us and ran a finger around the rings of my cage.

"And were those cocks always black?"

"Oh yes!" Her eyes lit up. "Always."

"I think I want that," I confessed. Not that I could feel anything, but old habit had me thrusting into her hand. "If our Master is coming to blacken me, I want

you to dress me up. Make me pretty. Make him want me, love me, desire me.” I swallowed hard, surprised at myself. “I don’t want to be a cuckold locked in a cupboard, and I don’t want to be some pathetic man to be kicked around. I want to show our Master that I can be more, that I can be worthy of you both.”

She let go of my caged cock and began rubbing herself against me instead.

“And you’ll make a wonderful sissy wife, I know you will. I want you to be pink and pretty! I want you to wear satin and lace and frills and petticoats and heels and panties and . . . and . . . fuck!” She arched her back in ecstasy and I felt her orgasm against me. “I want us to wear matching lipstick,” she told me, “and suck our Master’s cock together.”

I carried Roxanne to the bathroom where we both disrobed and shared a long, hot bubble bath. As we shaved each other hairless, rubbed scented oils and lotions into each other’s skin, we threw our mental closets wide open and confessed all our secret fetishes. We left no fantasy or desire uncovered. One by one, we gleefully embraced and accepted each other’s secrets, finding the next always came easier, until we were casually chatting about dreams of life under the Black New World order that neither of us had ever dared reveal.

No shame, no guilt, no condemnation, no accusations.

It bonded us closer together than ever.

And, when we stepped out of that tub, it wasn’t as husband and wife, but as wife and wife, one a sissy, one a woman, property of a superior black man who would be coming soon to consummate our new relationship.

Chapter Five

A quiet week almost left me wondering if our hedonistic night had been a bizarre, one-time exception rather than a taste of what we could expect of our new life together. I mean, if you didn't count the fact that I'd been banished to an air mattress in the den, and Roxanne had been out with Master every night, usually not returning home until I'd left for work in the morning, denying me the opportunity to clean her up.

Saturday afternoon found me kneeling in the corner of my wife and Master's bedroom. I was penis-gagged again and dressed in the slutty outfit Roxanne had worn the night of her blackening and my first cuckolding.

She hadn't had to do much to let it out. This morning she'd begun by putting me into a rigid corset and lacing it up tightly—then re-lacing it up twice more to get it tight. I'd begged her for years to wear a corset for me, but she'd refused, claiming they were too uncomfortable. As it turns out, she was right. The material was scratchy against my shaved chest and the boning dug into my ribs, but the whole thing gave me a figure I didn't have naturally, and that figure boosted my confidence in ways I desperately needed.

I wasn't allowed panties, but I was permitted stockings and a garter belt in the same pastel shade of pink as the corset. The garter belt was a bit itchy in the small of my back, but the stockings were sheer luxury. I adored how they felt against my skin. The whole combination of corset, garter, and stockings framed my tiny, hairless, caged cock beautifully, adding a degree of sissy sluttiness to the ensemble. My arms and shoulders had been left bare, but there was a wide, frilly collar tied tightly around my throat that tickled me every time I moved my head.

Thanks to an accommodating stylist whose own husband was a black-owned sissy, I sported blonde hair extensions that gave me streaky bimbo-blond curls, carefully plucked eyebrows, and permanent eyelash extensions helped feminize my face so that I didn't have to worry about looking pathetic or comedic when my makeup began to run. My fingers and toes had been painted with a slightly

paler shade of pink to set off my outfit, although my toes were just a shadow in my stockings.

“Oh yes, oh fuck, oh shit, that feels soooo goood!” Roxanne was thrashing about wildly in obvious delight, riding . . . well, she’d ridden so many black cocks that afternoon, I’d lost count. It had been three hours since Master opened the doors of our home to his friends and I had watched my wife being fucked by one black stranger after another, a helpless cuckolded spectator to a live gangbang.

As much as I’d wanted to take part, to offer my services as a fluffer or a cleaner, it turned out Master had left instructions that I was off limits until he arrived. I would be blacked—soon, maybe even tonight—but he would be first to do the honors and take my sissy virginity.

Another spent man came over to wipe his fat black spent cock on my cheek. I wanted so badly to turn my head and kiss it, lick it, suck the glistening juices from the tip, but I’d been assured our Master was watching. I still didn’t know which of the black gods violating my wife was him.

Roxanne must have caught how I flinched, almost giving in to the hunger. “I know you’re feeling left out, sissy, but you’ll get yours soon enough, I promise.” With that, she turned her attention back to the men in the room. “More! More!” Covered in a thick sheen of sweat, only half of which was hers, Roxanne raised herself up on her elbows and begged like the wanton slut she’d revealed herself to be. “Please, I need you to fill me again!” She was gasping and panting from exhaustion. “If you want a change, take my ass. Anything. Just take those fucking tools and impale me!”

“What about the rubbers?” That was a skinny black kid wearing nothing but chains around his neck and high-top sneakers on his feet.

“Yeah,” asked another guy. “We ain’t used to covering up when we got prime white bitch flesh begging to be fucked.” He was an average-looking black guy, a fatherly-looking figure with just a little gray in his flat-top of curls. “Being told not to take them off is unnatural.”

“Oh, go ahead and slip into some new ones,” my wife smiled, “but tie off the old ones and add them to the pile.” Her words descended into incoherent babbling for a moment as she bucked her way to another orgasm. “Just please don’t spill

any of that beautiful black sperm!”

I don't know how she did it. I couldn't fathom how she could take it all, how she could last so long, and still be enjoying it. She'd promised me last weekend had been the first time she'd ever cheated with another man, and I believed her, but the flexibility of her wanton sexuality was truly mindboggling.

It went on like that for another ninety minutes. Roxanne laid on her side as alternating pairs of virile black studs fucked her pussy and ass simultaneously. She was still very clearly enjoying it, but her screams and shouts had dwindled to wordless moans and groans. With her eyes clenched tightly shut and her fingers brutally pinching and pulling at her swollen nipples, she put on a performance that would shame the wildest porn star, but I knew her well enough to know it was all real.

Part of me—a very small, jealous part—was pained to see her being used like that, but the rest of me was turned on. I half-hoped it would go on forever, only because I loved seeing her lost in the blissful throes of orgasm after orgasm. I gracefully accepted the smell of sex being smeared across my face as the guys wiped their black monsters on me, my eyes locked onto the big, bulbous, cum-filled tips of their condoms. I took their mocking looks and smirks and laughs with a smile and shivered with delight as they mocked my caged little cock.

I don't know what it was that caught her attention, what signal she'd been waiting for, but Roxanne's head snapped up from the bed and a smile spread across her face. When she spoke, it sounded like she was struggling to breathe. “Master says it's time to feed the faggot,” she gasped. She tried to stand but she was shaking too badly so she sat down on the storage chest we kept at the foot of the bed. “Oh, fuck.” She waved a weary hand towards the team of black men who'd stayed around to help. “You'll have to drag her over here for me.”

I smiled into my gag, strangely aroused to hear my wife refer to me as ‘her’. I smiled even more widely as a seven-foot black giant lifted me in the air and brought me over to Roxanne's side. His hands were like vices, and he carried me with no visible effort, but he still managed to set me back down on my knees with surprising gentleness.

“Lay down with your head between my feet, Stephanie, dear.” I'd been kneeling so long that my body was stiff. Two of the black men grabbed me gently and

tugged me into position. “Oooh, look at that sissy clit,” she laughed, giving my cheek a quick stroke with her naked toes. “You want this, don't you?”

I nodded up at her.

“Can you believe what a fucking little cumslut my sissy is? This cuckolded bitch just can't get enough!”

The guys all laughed.

“Fuck yeah. I don't think any of my bitches ever wanted it that bad.”

“I've had cucks pretend to be into it, but I've never seen hunger like his.”

“Do you think it's true that, with enough training, sissy bitches can tell one man's cum from another?”

“Well, experience is a great teacher!”

For most men—real men—every word would have been another nail in the coffin, but I desperately wanted to claim my place in this world. I just wished I wasn't gagged and silenced.

“Watch your tongue for a second, sissy.” Roxanne pulled the pink penis-gag from my mouth, leaving me feeling oddly empty—being forced to wear it nightly, while she was out, had gotten me rather used to it—but only to swap it for something better. She forced an O-ring gag into my mouth, slipping it between my teeth and my lips before locking it in place. It put one hell of a strain on my face, threatening to split my lips, but it left me wide open.

“There,” she said. “Do you like it?”

I wiggled my tongue in response.

“Perfect. Now we won't spill a drop of these generous donations of creamy sperm, and you can feed uninterrupted.” She started to turn away, but paused. “Oh, no swallowing until I say so, or Master will be very displeased.”

I just lay there, helpless and content in a way I don't know that I'd ever truly felt before. My mouth was salivating as the black first man crouched down to dump

the contents of his condoms—yes, condoms plural—into that funnel. He started with the condom he'd removed and tied off. Its contents tasted colder and lumpier than the fresh one that followed, but I still lapped it all up like the sissy cumslut that I was. The second, which he tugged off his half-erect cock while I watched, was more the warm goo I craved so much. They were both big loads, but they dripped down easily into my mouth, where I swished them around and savored the taste.

The next guy hadn't bothered to remove his all afternoon. It looked like he'd been carrying around a water balloon, the condom's reservoir was so full. I could smell pussy and ass on the latex. I could hear the cum sloshing around inside! When he tipped it up and squeezed the contents into the funnel, cum flooded my mouth with a hot, almost nutty taste.

Maybe it was my imagination or maybe the men were right, but I swore he tasted like one of the guys who'd creampie'd my wife last weekend.

One at a time, each of the black men came over and emptied their cum-filled condoms into my mouth. Before long, the hot, slimy, goo overflowed my wide open lips. Roxanne slipped off the chest and turned to sit on my chest, her face watching mine. She stroked my cheeks, coaxing the cum back into my mouth as she licked the overflowing ring of the gag. "So many mouthfuls, sissy," she gushed. "Isn't it delicious?" She laughed into my lust-glazed eyes. "Something tells me the greedy little cuckold slut wants more!"

A black man standing behind me, where I couldn't see his face, spoke up. "Why don't you take the tiny-dicked sissy for a ride? One last time." That had to be our Master! "Neither one of you will feel it, but it'll be a good life lesson."

Roxanne waddled backward down the bed, her legs perpetually bowlegged from getting fucked all afternoon, and straddled my caged cock. I felt the heat of her sex around my cock, the moisture of her pussy dripping through the rings of my cage, but that was all I felt. I watched between black men draining their used condoms over my face, my mouth now overflowing, as my beautiful wife took my cage in her hand and positioned it before slowly lowering herself down.

"Fuck me like the dirty whore that I am, you sissy cumslut bitch."

I thrust desperately into her cum-slicked, swollen pussy, but I knew she wasn't feeling it—because neither was I. She'd been so stretched by those black

monsters, I couldn't have felt more like a single finger inside her. Still, I thrust my hips with all my horny, pent-up enthusiasm, determined to cum. A small part of me wished it could be like the old days again. That old Steve longed to place his hands on either side of her, to squeeze her hips and make his way up to her heaving, sweaty breasts. He wanted to bite down on those gorgeous nipples while she squirmed beneath him. He was desperate to hear her moans of lust, to know he'd satisfied her.

Me? The new Stephanie? I already knew she was satisfied. All I was doing was providing the icing on the creampie.

"Are you even in?" Her smile took the sting out of the words, turning me on. "I'm not going to cum, not with that tiny little thing, so you may as well get yourself off." Roxanne raked her nails down my chest. She began bucking her hips up and down to meet my plunging cock. "You want it, don't you, sissy?" She wiggled and squirmed, coaxing me closer and closer to climax.

Now she was reaching down, digging her nails into my ass. She began pulling me up with each of her downstrokes. "Come on, Stephanie, fuck me!" By this time, we were going at it so hard, the sounds of our slapping flesh were drowning out the jeering onlookers. Cum was sloshing around inside my mouth and washing over my lips to run down my cheeks and chin. She shook the sweat-soaked hair from her eyes. "I don't know why you even bother. There's no way your pathetic little dicklette can compare with the black stallions I've been breeding."

I was panting through my loads of cum. I was desperate. I was so close. It'd been over a week since I'd last cum and the jiggling of my cage alone was bringing me to the brink.

"Fuck me!" she screamed. "Show me you're the whore you so clearly want to be!"

I felt it. I was nearing the end. I screamed bubbles through my mouthful of cum as my climax approached.

"Oh, I don't think so." With a cruel grin, she dismounted on her upstroke, leaving me on the very edge. "You're not soiling my pussy with that watery whiteboi shit." She knelt and began stroking the underside of my cockhead through the cage. "Cum for me, sissy slut. Let me see that little thing squirt."

I exploded with a week's worth of teasing and edging—and by exploded I mean gently bubbled over with a weak, watery discharge. “Is that it? Is that all you have?” She giggled. “I was going to give you a little treat, but you'd never taste this.”

Slowly, making sure I was aware of every movement, she began shuffling her way up my body, her pussy leaving a hot, wet trail across my belly as she pushed my dress up before her. When the next black man stepped up to feed me, she politely asked if she could take this one, then carefully tugged the swollen condom off his engorged black cock. She pinched it between two fingers and dangled it above my face. It was hypnotic the way it swayed back and forth, the cum inside sloshing against the latex sides.

Instead of feeding me, though, she upended it over her head and let the cum run down her face. I watched as she squeezed it, dragging her fingers down to its length to get every last drop. It was the most erotic thing I had ever seen a woman do, but what came next was the most romantic.

She leaned forward, her hands on my chest pressing me into the floor. Her glorious cum-covered face approached mine, full of erotic promise. Roxanne spread her own lips over my gag and kissed me. It was wet, sloppy, and soon full of cum on both sides. She sealed her lips to mine as best she could and we spoon-fed each other cum with our tongues. At the same time, she grasped the back of my head and rubbed our faces together, sharing our masks of sperm. “Look!” she giggled between snowball kisses. “We're twinsies!”

“Boys?” Master's voice called out behind me, still hidden from my view. “I'm sure you can all let yourselves out. She's earned her blackening.”

I felt a pair of big black hands slip under my shoulders. They lifted me to a sitting position and held me there. I so desperately wanted to turn, to see who he was, but something told me I needed to wait. As my wife eased herself off my chest, a pair of thick black legs took her place, straddling my body. They were solid, strong legs, well-defined but not overly muscled. I could see a thin sheen of sweat all over them, telling me he'd been a part of the action this afternoon.

“You may look, sissy.”

I slowly raised my head, taking in every inch of the man who was now our Master. The first thing I saw, of course, was his cock, and it was absolutely

magnificent. It was thick and long, with a fat, bell-shaped head and a shaft that bulged in the center before narrowing—slightly—before the base. His balls weren't ridiculously huge but perfectly sized for his cock, full and round and tense. I could have stared at them all day long, but I needed to meet the man who'd changed our lives.

His waist was a healthy size and his abs well-defined but not extreme. He looked like a man who kept healthy for himself, not for anybody else, and who didn't feel the need to show off for the world. His pecs were just as well-defined, and for some reason I found that arousing. His neck was long and slender, his Adam's apple very pronounced, and his chin so square and strong I would have doubted it was real had I not already judged him as healthy.

Finally, I looked up into his face and saw a man I could admire . . . respect . . . appreciate . . . and, yes, maybe even come to love. He had a look of class and natural authority to him, like a high-powered executive or politician. I wouldn't have been at all surprised to find that he was a force behind the Black New World Order. His eyes, though, had a kindness to them that surprised me. But it was when he smiled, revealing a line of perfect white teeth, that I knew I was owned.

He reached down a hand. I almost reached up to shake it before I remembered my place. At the last minute I turned my hand over and let it dangle limply while he gently assisted me to my feet. "The next time I see you, I'm going to fuck you," he promised. "Hard and deep. I'm going to breed your sissy cunt until you forget that you ever mistook yourself for a man. Are you ready?"

I couldn't answer properly, not with the gag and my mouth still full of cum, but I nodded slowly and deeply, hoping he'd see my sincerity. I felt Roxanne reach down and take my free hand in hers, giving it a squeeze.

"Good." Master turned to my wife. "Have her cleaned and dressed appropriately. I want her to know that everything she feels is mine."

Roxanne squeezed my hand ever harder as she nodded.

"Swallow, bitch. Next time you'll be thanking your superiors properly for their seed.

I didn't know when he'd be back, but it was going to be a long wait.

Chapter Six

Monday evening I came home from work and paused, just inside the front door.

“No! No! Oh, fuck, don't stop!”

I didn't know Roxanne was serving at home today and I wasn't sure how I felt about that. If it was Master—and I desperately hoped it was—then I felt kind of jealous that she was getting fucked first, and that I'd be getting sloppy seconds. Then again, maybe Master was just using her to prolong my pleasure, getting his first orgasm of the night out so he could last even longer with me.

Quietly—not that anyone could hear me over my wife's lusty cries—I laid my messenger bag on the living room table. My first instinct was to run down the hall, but if Master was in there, then I knew I had to be prepared. I slipped out of my woman's blazer and knee-length skirt, kicked off my heels, and unbuttoned the top two buttons on my blouse. Giving it some more thought, I unbuttoned a third.

In my stocking feet I padded across the room and peeked around the corner into the den. I don't know whether I made a sound, but my jaw dropped so hard in surprise that I was sure they must have heard it bounce off the floor. There, on the rug of what had once been my office-slash-den, but which was now Master's, just like everything else in our life, my wife was wrapped in a passionate sixty-nine with another woman! Their heads were buried between each other's thighs, and I could hear them lapping at one another's pussy. Both women were squealing in ecstasy.

Having always fantasized about seeing Roxanne with another woman, I sat quietly on the floor to watch. In another life I'd have been tempted to stroke myself, but I'd been caged long enough now that it was easy to ignore that tiny reminder of my manhood.

“Oh fuck, I'm cumming! Yes, yes, yes!” I watched my wife lock her legs around the head of the unknown blonde. My wife's entire body went rigid with the force

of the orgasm. It seemed to come in waves, cycling through anxious moans and satisfied cries. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, she went limp. With her voice muffled by the other woman's sex, she said, "You can come in now, sissy."

The old me would have ducked back around the door and pretended he hadn't been watching, but when it came to my wife and her erotic needs, nothing was an accident. We lived in service to our black superiors. Our sexuality, like everything else about us, was on display. I knew Roxanne had planned this down to the very second. As I crawled into the room, a flash of movement caught my eye. I looked over and saw myself projected on the wall vid-screen, the ring gag holding my mouth open, and my wife squeezing used condoms into it.

"Hmm, you know," the blonde mused, "he does look better in pigtails and lipstick, with cum all over him." She winked at Roxanne and they both began giggling uncontrollably.

"She looks so pretty," my wife said, "and yet so slutty at the same time. I'd never have been able to pull off a look like that myself."

Donna nodded. "She's got serious fuck-me-eyes and pouting cocksucker lips, but innocent eyes and blushing, virgin cheeks."

"Donna here works at the pharmacy around the corner," my wife explained. "I stopped by to see her about some new makeup for you, since I'm tired of using up mine, and . . . well, her Master and Mistress arrived as we were talking. They decided we should get to know one another better."

I smiled. "I can see that."

"There's nothing like a late-blooming pair of white sluts," the other woman told me. "Obviously, I don't know what your Master has planned, but you both could have a ton of value to the BNWO. I see recruitment films, training videos, public demonstrations, and more in your future."

Now that I could see her, unentwined from my wife's thighs, Donna looked like a porn star herself. She had the bee-stung lips, too-firm breasts, and a bejeweled vagina that I'm sure looked great on camera.

"Did you know," my wife asked, wiping pussy juice from her nose, "that the government carefully orchestrates a white wives connection network? Donna

thinks I'd be perfect to join her. Basically, blacked wives are matched with wives who have yet to see their way forward, sharing their stories and their experiences to socialize the Black New World Order, to normalize submitting their sexuality, and to validate the tiny, forbidden, denied desires within those women."

I nodded. I could see her doing that very well. She'd blossomed so much in the past few weeks, and she was as bold and enthusiastic as any black man could ask. As Donna said, we came late in our lives to submission, but we also did so without the least bit of shame or regret.

"We're going to play for a bit longer, but you're to get yourself up to Master's bed." For a moment, I saw a look of disappointment pass over her face. "He wants your blackening to be all his."

I was so excited that I nearly bolted to the bedroom without thanking her. I did, though. I hurried over and kissed her deeply, turned to hug our guest, and then hurried to a bed that had come to hold such a different meaning lately.

Roxanne hadn't commented on my attire or told me to strip, so I took that as a sign that I'd presented myself well. I slipped into bed and settled myself amidst the pink latex sheets. My heart was racing. I was chilled and shaking and yet sweating at the same time. I didn't think I'd ever been so scared, but I also knew for a fact that I'd never been so excited.

It was finally my time.

I didn't have to wait long. When the door opened, revealing Master in all his glory, I mewled with desire.

He was already naked, his massive black cock swinging before him.

"You've taken to your training very well, sissy," he told me. "You've proven to be the most natural whiteboi cumslut I have ever seen." He stopped to stand at the foot of the bed. "You're ready to be blacked."

"Yes, Master. Thank you, Master." I blushed and batted my eyes. "Please, don't be gentle with me, Master. Use me like you use my wife. I want to give you as much pleasure as she does."

He laughed, and it was the most wonderful sound. "Oh, fuck being gentle." He

walked slowly around to the side of the bed. “You need to be blacked, not babied. I’ll take you however I want and you’ll learn to enjoy it.” Standing so close, while I lay on the bed, he towered above me. “Something tells me you’ll be a quick study.”

And then we began.

Master climbed onto the bed and, without introductions or niceties, grabbed my head and shoved his cock into my mouth. It was my first black cock—my first cock, really—and I surrendered to it. There would be other chances to learn my way around it, to tease it, taste it, and bring it to erection, but this was about giving myself to him. I hadn’t appreciated how thick it was until it was stretching my mouth. I began sucking while he fucked my mouth, licking the shaft and slathering it with saliva to lubricate its passage through my strained lips.

Just when I thought I’d found a rhythm, he pulled his cock from my mouth and chuckled darkly at my hungry whimper. He held that big black cock before my face and stroked it, making sure I saw just how big, just how fat, and just how perfect it was. He slipped it back in a little more smoothly than the first time. He didn’t stop, though, just kept pushing forward until I was gagging around that ebony cockhead, certain that I was going to throw up all over him and prove myself worthless.

I began coughing, and that seemed to do the trick. With a painful plunge that I knew would leave me hoarse for days, his cock pushed its way into my throat. I’d done it. Well, he’d done it, but I’d surrendered to it. My Master’s cock was inside me, fucking my throat for his pleasure, and I loved it. Yes, it was weirdly uncomfortable and I was quickly growing dizzy from lack of air, but I was finding a new rhythm, swallowing around him and stroking his shaft with my throat.

“Look at that pretty bulge.” He placed a massive black hand around my throat and pressed. I could feel the shape of his cock where his hand pressed against that bulge. When he tightened his grip, choking me from the inside and the outside at the same time, it happened.

I came.

It was only a little sissy spurt, a weak trickle of semen from my cage, but the

waves of pleasure that lapped at my body, tides of joy washing from one end of me to the other, were the most wonderful thing I'd ever felt.

“It’s feeding time, sissy.” Master was making hard, short strokes into my throat. My vision was blackness and stars, but I could still hear him, feel him. I cried out at the feel of his cock being pulled from my throat. He gave me a few moments to catch my breath, allowed me a few hoarse, ragged gasps, and then told me to open wide.

Oh, how I wanted this! I wanted to watch his cock, to witness its explosion, but I knew that was a selfish desire. I'd seen how my wife had sucked all those big black cocks, how she'd made those superior men feel like they were the only person in the world who mattered, and I knew I had to do the same. I tore my eyes from where his hand was stroking his shaft and looked up into his eyes.

This was new to me, and it felt a little awkward, but I tried to convey my depthless love and adoration, my total surrender and submission, and most of all my boundless gratitude.

I saw a smile of approval light up his eyes at the exact same moment that I felt the first spurt of cum splash inside my mouth. It was a shockingly powerful stream of black sperm that shot directly into the back of my throat, gagging me anew. It was immediately followed by another that splashed onto my tongue. His cum was hot and wet and sticky and fresh . . . and I was already hungry for more. He kept stroking that magnificent cock and it kept cumming inside my mouth. Fresh cum directly from the cock of our Master, from the black man who owed me, was so different from the second-hand cum of other men, fed to me from my wife. It was everything I'd ever dreamed of.

“Don’t swallow,” he told me, “unless you think you’re up for a dry fuck.” Master came two more times, painting my teeth with one and lips with the other. “I don’t recommend it.”

Still looking up into his eyes, I kept my head tilted back, holding all that delicious cum in my mouth. I wanted to swallow it, to savor it, but I also never wanted to stop tasting it.

“I’m going to fuck you, sissy, and I think you’re going to enjoy it.” He shoved that thick black shaft into my mouth. I closed gently around it and allowed all that thick, hot, yummy cum to surround him. “Welcome to the Black New World

Order, bitch.”

I thought he'd flip me over and put me in doggy position, but either he was too impatient or he wanted to see the look in my eyes as he penetrated me for the first time. I lay there on the bed and spread my legs wide in anticipation. I gave his cock a loose, sloppy embrace as it started to withdraw from my mouth, then opened wide so as not to clean off any of the cum.

Master shocked me when he suddenly shoved three fingers into my mouth. He curled them against my tongue, scooping up cum, and then withdrew. I knew it was coming but I still gasped with delighted surprise when those cummy fingers pressed against my ass. I felt them smear his semen all over me, and when all three pressed into the entrance of my ass I pushed against them, opening myself and welcoming them inside.

It hurt. It felt like a burning and a tearing at the same time. It also felt good. Those three cum-slicked fingers gently fucking my ass, spreading themselves wider and wider, quickly began to feel good.

“Remember this moment,” Master growled as his fingers withdrew. “The moment you became mine.”

With that, he placed his massive black rod against my puckered little sissy cunt and shoved. It hurt. Oh, did it hurt! He didn't stop until the head of his cock was inside me, beyond the tight ring of my ass. I whimpered and gasped. I felt my body grow tense, my back arching off the bed.

And that's when Master lowered his head and kissed me.

He kissed me.

I swooned with desire and felt every ounce of tension melt from my body. I relaxed beneath him and kissed him back, hungrily, passionately, in a way I never had with my wife. Men and women kiss differently. There's a subtle power exchange to it, even if you don't realize it, and this was the first time I'd been dominated by a kiss. I surrendered to it, just as I had to the cock inside my throat and now the cock inside my ass. I accepted my place and gleefully gave up my own kisses of loving submission.

His cock slipped deeper inside me. Now that I was relaxed, with all my fears and

anxieties melted away, it was remarkable how easily I welcomed him inside me. It still hurt. It strained me, stretched me, and filled me with weird feelings I wasn't yet sure how to handle, but overlaying all of that was an indescribable pleasure.

It didn't happen quickly or easily, and there were still tears along the way, but Master pushed all the way inside me. I felt his balls press against the cheeks of my ass and I instinctively wrapped my legs around him, never wanting him to leave me. For the moment at least, he was content to allow me that embrace. He kissed me again as he fucked me with short strokes that served to inflame my passion even as they stretched my ass.

Rough black hands force my legs to disengage. Master withdrew from my ass slowly, making sure I felt every inch. I loved it and I hated it at the same time. It felt so good, but it came with the promise of crushing emptiness. When his cockhead popped free, I cried out, but I was quickly silenced by him moving up and shoving it back into my mouth. There was no reluctance, no hesitation. I didn't care that it had just come from my ass. I didn't care how funky it smelled or tasted. This was Master's cock, and if he wanted me to suck his cock before he fucked me again, I would do so ecstatically.

"Loose and sloppy," he told me. "Get it wet."

I obeyed. I let spit drool down my face, not caring how it ruined my makeup or how messy I looked, knowing only that I was lubricating his cock for my ass. I sucked him loosely, knowing I'd be fucking him tightly again soon enough.

When he did, it happened so fast that I didn't have time to tense.

Master pulled out of my mouth, laid down atop me, and plunged back into my ass in one smooth movement. Fuck, how could something that hurt so much feel so good! He didn't kiss me this time but he pulled me to his chest and hugged me close and fucked me. It was such a bizarre contrast. He held me so tenderly, but fucked me so passionately. My blackening was all about his pleasure. He fucked me hard and deep with long strokes that, at times, saw his cockhead pop back out into the air before plunging back in.

With no more warning than a tightening of his hands against my back, he pushed deep and exploded inside me. That was a new feeling, a totally alien sensation. It was humiliating and emasculating and arousing all at the same time. I moaned at

the feeling of cum splashing my insides, thrilled at the thought of my first sissy breeding, and knew that I'd been put into my place. This was where I belonged. This is what I was made to do.

It seemed to last an eternity and yet it was over all too soon.

“This,” Master said, grabbing a hold of my cage, “will not do.” He twisted and shoved it downward, crushing my balls between rings of metal. “Cages are an unsightly bulge and an unwelcome distraction.”

“Yes, Master.”

He reached across my body and rapped his knuckles on the wall. My wife was at the door so quickly, I had to wonder if she'd been standing there listening. When I looked over to see the grin on her face, and the flushed look on Donna's, I knew they'd been doing just that, pleasuring one another to the sounds of my blackening.

Master rolled away from them, exposing my sweaty, disheveled body. “You,” he told my wife, his fingers digging deep into my balls, “will have this removed before I fuck either of you again.”

I saw her eyes open wide. “I'll make an appointment in the morning, Master.”

Donna, clearly having been part of these conversations before, clarified. “If you give your physician your Master's name, he'll have his preferences and specifications on file. He can either explain the process to you, and you can choose whether to share the details with your sissy, or you can choose to both be surprised.”

“I don't like surprises.” Master positioned himself behind me so that his already hardening cock was wedged between my ass cheeks. With one finger he tapped each of my balls. “These will be removed.” Next, he drew an imaginary line around the base of my sac. “All this useless flesh will go with them.” He walked two fingers up the rings of my cage, stopping at the second from the top. “Your erectile tissue will be removed, along with the majority of your shaft, and your head compressed, leaving a perfect sissy clit protruding from your body.”

That was a lot, and it probably should have scared me, but all I could think was that it would allow Master and I to be closer. “Thank you, Master.”

Roxanne and Donna came over to join us on the bed. They laid down on opposite sides of us, my wife moving first to stake her claim next to our Master's body.

It was sissy heaven. I was filled with cum and covered with cum. It was all I could smell, taste, and feel. I felt like I'd be hoarse for a week, and I wasn't sure I'd be able to walk come morning, but I wanted to feel like this forever.

"Did you enjoy your blackening?" my wife asked.

"Ha!" The other woman laughed. "Silly question."

"Yes," I told Roxanne, "I enjoyed it very much. It was everything I dreamed. Thank you."

"You're welcome, sissy, but you're thanking the wrong person."

She was right. I turned to look at the man behind me. I felt like I should have been on my knees, my head bowed and my eyes lowered, but didn't think he'd mind. "Thank you for owning us, Master. Thank you for blackening both of us with your magnificent black cock. Thank you for being the first to fuck my throat and for feeding me your cum. Thank you for taking my sissy virginity and for breeding my ass with your seed. Thank you for being our Master."

"Get that problem taken care of," he growled, "and I'll let both my bitches thank me properly."

My wife was out of bed before any of us realized she was moving. "I'm going to call right now." She paused at the door. "I mean, if you'll excuse me, Master, maybe I can get us a morning appointment."

"While you're at it," he told her, "leave room in your schedule for my tattoo artist. We've got ourselves a bona fide beta of spades here."

Blacked and marked in the same week.

I couldn't wait.

The End

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 She-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 themes of find 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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