

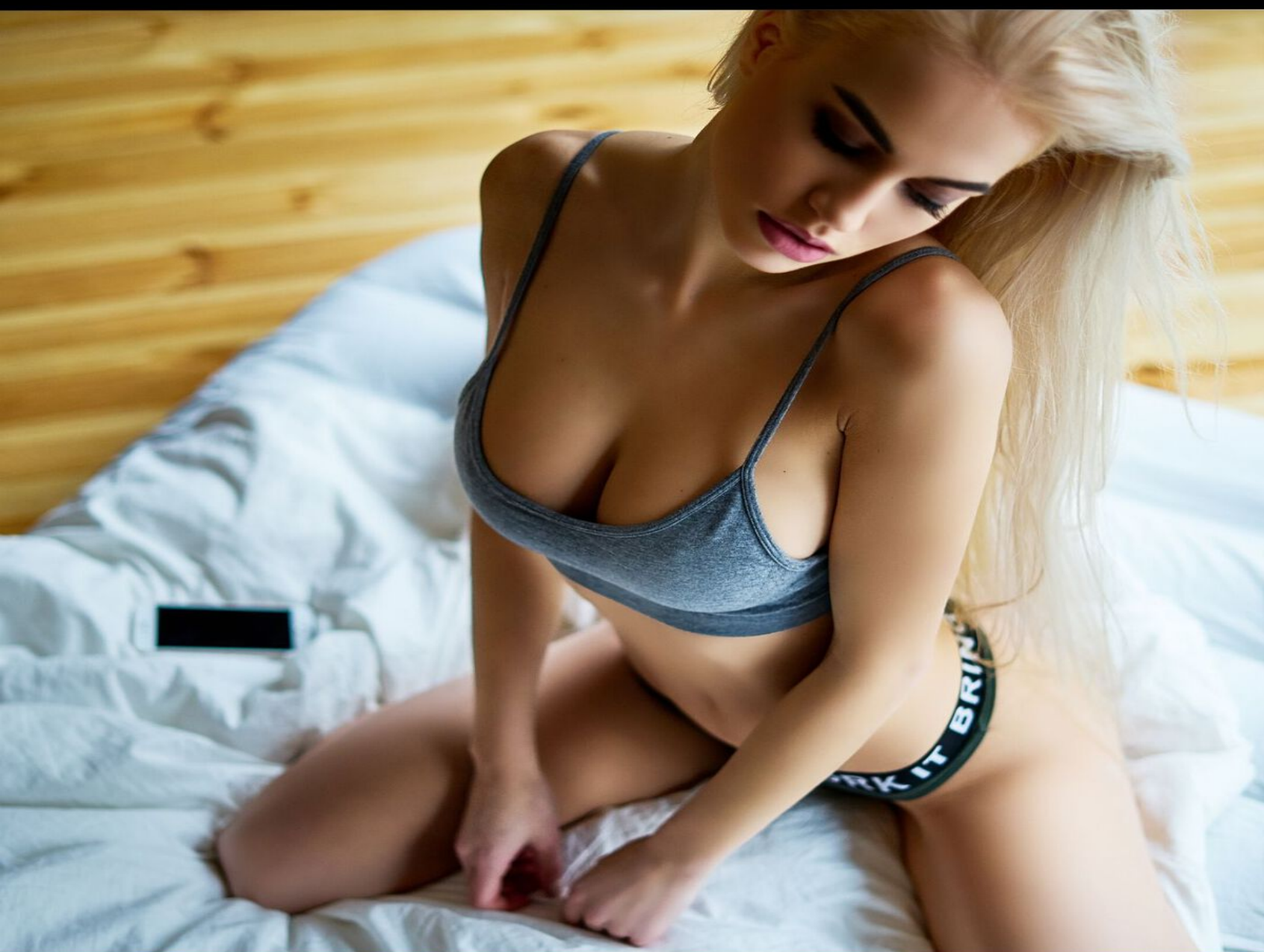
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CUCKOLD
HUMILIATION

Part IV

Blackhouse
LOCKDOWN



REMY LEONE

Cuckold Humiliation
Blackhouse Lockdown
Part **IV**

Remy Leone

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All characters are consensual participants and are of
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BEGINNING ANEW

Steven never brought up what he saw in the bathtub with between Ellie and Vernon. The month had been filled with silence and subtleness that kept Steven up all night. His lack of sleep had been only ensured by the two late night visits from Buck. As a man, Steven felt completely broken to do anything to rectify himself in any real way in not only Ellie's mind, but even his own. He felt like a man who commanded no respect and held no authority in the home.

Even worse, Tyson's washer and dryer had left them without much clothing at all. Her beautiful figure and femininity were welcomed by the whole household, but at Steven's dismay. The only positive for Steven was that each time she had made a man release the tension from between their legs, they seemed to be in a better mood. Especially Buck, who always ensured that Steven had something to eat and something to drink, even while supplies were beginning to run low.

Tyson was the only one who seemed to be the most pent up out of the group, outside of Steven. Not only was he the only one

who was still working during the entire the event that were out of his control, but he had to share his tiny home with five other people. Luckily, he had a bedroom that he could retreat to and even luckier to have a lock. He was getting less action than Steven was, if he counted the time he rubbed off against Ellie's thigh. For some reason, Tyson's words made Steven less worried, but instead feel guilty.

Maybe I should just ask Ellie to get with Tyson... he is the man off the house. Steven thought while lying next to his wife in bed. He stopped himself, *No, wait... what I'm I thinking here... what the hell is wrong with me?*

His mind was conflicted with the changes that were happening inside of him, he wondered why his thoughts were programmed to be submissive. He had never felt very masculine in his entire life and had to wonder if that played a part in it. He let a hand run over his soft and smooth leg that could have been mistaken for a woman's.

Even while losing some weight in lockdown while utilizing the treadmill down in the basement, he still had a hard time getting rid of the softness on the front of his body. Especially his nipples that had remained puffy with fat and almost felt like they had grown slightly. Where a man was hard, Steven felt he was either thin, or soft and this did not exclude his portions that were considered his most manly of parts.

There has to be a way to make myself feel more like a man. Steven contemplated, before looking to the other men in the house as role models for himself. They each had attitude, but they also had bodies that were less doughy than himself. Even Buck, who was still round, but his biceps and chests were like boulders.

It suddenly clicked. *I know! I'll work out!*

The thought made him optimistic once again. The television had made it sound like they would have much more free time on

their hands as things became ironed out in the real world. With all of that time he would begin to sculpt his body in a way that would get him the respect he was craving, but also the attention from his wife again.

...

Steven hadn't received much sleep that night as he was much too excited for the next morning to come. The lack of sleep hadn't bothered him though and he sprang out of bed while Ellie continued to sleep.

It was unusual to use the restroom with some foul smell permeating inside. Steven, he aimed himself into the porcelain bowl to release his bladder, but his usual stream was replaced by an uncontrollable splashing. Normally he could pinch it off, but was unable to and made himself sit down to finish his morning routine.

Steven wondered if this had anything to do with his perceived penis shrinkage. *No... you're just being paranoid...*

After finishing, he stood up and found a plate of food and a coffee waiting for him. "Thanks Buck!"

Buck was checking something on his phone when Steven. He said nothing, but cheers his phone towards him while he took a sip of his own coffee in his silence.

Vernon was reading book while Tyson and Snags played video games like usual, but when Steven had announced his arrival, Tyson used work as an excuse to go back to his room.

"Buck..." Steven was cutting up some pancakes that he had made. "...I was wondering if I could accompany you on a work out."

Buck stopped looking at his phone and looked at Steven. There was a look of surprise on his face, which Steven had not seen before and was sort of refreshing in an odd way. He had spent so much time with the guys that he was starting to recognize some of

their quirks. The snickering from Snags was already expected.

"Accompany on a work out? You hear this fool?" Snags laughed to himself.

Vernon was enthralled with his book and Steven was unsure if he even knew that he was in the same room with him. He had Buck's attention though and he waited for his response.

"Tell you what. You do the dishes... and you can *accompany* me," Buck replied in a friendly, but slightly suspicious manner.

"There you go Buck, make that whiteboy do the dishes," Snags commented from the peanut gallery while smashing buttons down aggressively on the game.

Steven ate his bittersweet meal that always had that extra spice, or additive that he was beginning to grow a taste for. Washing down the rest of his plate of food with the warm coffee, he put his plate in with the stack of plates from Tyson, Snags, Buck and Vernon already.

"Well, I better go get us ready," Buck said while smacking his knees and standing himself up. He walked by and toss the coffee sloppily in the sink make it splash Steven.

"Oops," Buck said. "At least it wasn't scalding hot! You're lucky you didn't get hurt, am I right?"

"Hehe," Steven wiped his face that was covered in coffee. "Right... right... I'm lucky!"

I haven't been feeling very lucky lately...

Vernon finally spoke up revealing that he knew Steven was there the entire time and simply choosing to ignore him, "God-damn right you are... you married *way* out of your league!"

Vernon stared at Steven by looking from around his book and Steven lightly nodded with a smile doing his best to take

Vernon's comment as a compliment, "Thanks..."

"Pfft... *thanks* he says..." Vernon shook his head and leaned back to cover his face with the book. Vernon began to go on another one of his tangents, "Your entire generation is soft!"

"What's his problem?" Steven whispered to Buck.

"Don't you worry about him," Buck chose not to whisper back. "You just get those dishes washed, A.S.A.P."

"Uh-yeah-okay!" Steven put soap in the water to let the bubbles form as Buck walked downstairs and into the basement. As he stared down at the bubbles it reminded him of the bath that Vernon and his wife had taken not long ago.

Vernon is such an asshole sometimes, Steven fumed as he began to wash each plate, cup, mug and silverwares. As he washed the pot, pans and the rest of the cooking utensils, he dwelled on Snags. *And he is such a little punk who should have been disciplined a long time ago!*

He knew he would not be the man that would do it though. Not only was he not the type, but he wasn't even sure if he was capable of following through with it. True, that Snags was shorter than himself and was skinnier, but he had arms corded with thin strands of muscle and looked to be much more coordinated than himself.

Steven had always been a runner, but never much of an athlete when it came to competitive sports. He hated the pushing and shoving that came with those activities, especially considering he was always so much weaker and softer than the real jocks his age. Better to not compete and avoid the conflict altogether in Steven's mind.

The frustration only motivated him to wash the dishes and put them out to dry. The faster he was finished, the faster he could get to working out and the faster he began working out, the sooner

he would get a body that commanded the respect he was seeking.

"You missed a spot," Snags said as he was about to walk down the stairs.

"Huh? Where?" Steven walked through the kitchen to see what Snags was talking about.

"Right there," Snags simply said, but made in indication where he was hinting.

"Where?" Steven didn't see what he was referring to.

Snags began to cackle out in laughter and Steven could see that he was being tricked without having to ask. His mind became very loud and he tightened his lips together before stomping away to go back down towards the basement. The entire time, Snags was laughing like a hyena which only made Steven angrier with each step. There wasn't much he could do about it though besides use his anger over Snags laughter as motivation.

We'll see who's laughing soon.... Steven thought while taking the last footstep off of the stairs, and stepping onto the basement floor where the small gym was in. Steven had remained optimistic. *A new day... a new Steven...*

Buck had already been bench pressing a set of two large plates with an extra two medium plates and one small plate on each side. The bar bowed lightly with the amount that was on each side, but Buck was lifting it effortlessly up and down. The bar alone was almost forty-five pounds itself and Steven wondered how he could lift so much without exerting much energy.

Buck noticed him and stopped after completing his rep. Setting the bar down and standing up, he stretched his arms around. "Alright, nice and warmed up."

Warmed up? He was only warming up? Steven was intimidated by Buck's prowess of strength.

"So, is it my turn?" Steven stared down at the bench with the weights on it, contemplating how this would work.

"Oh no, that would crush you in a second. Split you like a twig, boy," Buck chuckled. "I've got a much different routine for you."

"Different for me? Why?" Steven questioned.

"Why? Buck mimicked back as though he was offended, before barking back at Steven. "Why are you questioning me?"

"I didn't mean anything by that, Buck, I'm sorry!" Steven squeaked.

Buck shook his head, "I come up with a customized workout program, just for you, and you are here questioning me..."

"Buck, really, I'm sorry..." Steven apologized again.

"Don't you trust me, boy?" Buck asked.

"Yes, yes, I trust you! I swear!" Steven said.

Do I really though? Steven was unsure.

"Look, Steven... I can't have you questioning me, every-step-of-the-way... ya' understand? You either follow the program or you don't," Buck stated and crossed his muscular arms over his bulging chest.

"Alright, Buck, I won't do it again, I'm sorry," Steven said in a high-pitched tone, filled with remorse. Feeling compelled to tell his perspective he continued, "I just---"

"Alright, then..." Buck was uninterested and cut Steven off. Then, he pointed over towards the small table that was near the washer and dryer. "Go hydrate. We've got lots of *working out* to do."

On the table were two water bottles that had push-down tops.

One was large, black and the size of a thermos. The other one, was pink, much smaller, but the size of a typical twenty-ounce bottle.

“Which one is mine?” Steven asked.

“Do you really have to ask,” Buck replied with a question.

Steven grumbled, but grabbed the pink bottle and began to drink what he thought was water. The water had the same familiar taste that had been in his food, but was very strong this time. He stopped after taking a few chugs, before looking over at Buck who watched him rather intently. Holding up the pink bottle towards Buck, he thought about questioning him, but decided against it. Buck took it personally when he questioned him and he wasn't going to make that mistake once again.

“Go on,” Buck hurried.

Steven went back to drinking the bottle full of water that had the distinct flavor that he was becoming more accustomed to. The liquid gave him a small burst of energy and he could feel a small tingling sensation that went all over his body after slamming the bottle back down on the table empty. A rush of blood went into his head and Buck looked pleased, which made Steven feel at ease.

Buck showed a series of works out that were designed to work his abdominal and lower half of his body. It surprised him that Buck wasn't having him work out his upper body, but wasn't going to question it. He simply followed orders for the next two hours as he was put through grueling physical pain. He had sweat so much out of his body that Buck even refilled his pink bottle, but by now, he hardly noticed the taste that was potent before. Either his body was craving water desperately that it didn't care, or he was becoming so accustomed to whatever Buck was putting in what he was consuming that he was becoming conditioned to it.

By the time he was finished working out the lower half of his body, he was hardly able to stand. He needed a third bottle of water

from the pink bottle that Buck eagerly obliged him. Returning with a new bottle, Steven chugged it down with Buck smiling widely above him.

"You did really good today," Buck nodded up and down.

"I did?" Steven was pleased to hear.

"I think I have a way for you to improve. I'm going to phone a friend and see what I can do to really accelerate the speed of the results," Buck said.

Results? What kind of results is he talking about? The same kind that I am, I hope.

SNAGS AND ELLIE

Steven continued his regimen with Buck for the next week and he could feel that he was much more agile and flexible in his lower half of his body. His legs had become more toned and even his ass had started to fill out more. They hadn't focused on his arms or his chest, but he assumed that would be coming soon.

Tyson had been getting a lot of work done, Vernon had finished his novel and Snags had been playing the game almost non-stop. Every so often they would go downstairs in the basement and share a few cigarettes that had a funky smell. Some nights they would play cards while others they simply shared a drink and some of their wildest stories. Vernon always had a story that could one-up the others, but Buck's stories held their own. Sometimes he felt culture shock and other times Steven just felt sheltered while listening to their stories. Each of them had forged their own paths while Steven had his lined up from him since his very birth. Go to school, get a job, save and retire.

Another week had gone by of working out under Buck's diet and exercise and he had trimmed the fat around his waist, toned his

thighs and backside. During that week he was beginning to have to sit down when he was releasing his bladder. Without a haircut, his straight blonde hair was now down by his eyes, over his ears and beginning to cover his neck. He had smelled a funky smokey smell in the bedroom they stayed in, once over the last couple of weeks, but dismissed it.

It wasn't until the end of the week and another grueling lower body workout would he finally come to find out. Steven put the pink bottle down after finishing it and was able to still walk upstairs with his newly trained body. Buck had been in contact with someone on the outside who must have been giving him information on how to train him, but like normal, he didn't question it. He was getting results.

Walking into the kitchen he could hear Vernon snoring from the living room with the television still going. It wasn't the sound of video games though which Snags usually played, but something on cable.

Poor ol' man. Ate a plate of food and couldn't even keep himself awake. Steven noticed Vernon.

The old man was sleeping on the lazy boy chair with a plate of crumbs that had a fork on it on his stomach. Steven decided to be friendly and clean up after the old man, but wondered where Snags was.

Walking down the hallway back to their bedroom, he could hear Ellie muffled talking through the walls. It didn't take long for him to put two and two together as he got close to the door.

Snags... what are you doing? Steven could sense that he was becoming more emboldened as they all lived together for longer.

The door was cracked open and the light was beaming out into the dark hallway. Both of them were laughing and there was shuffling apparently going on that made Steven's heart began to

thump. Ellie gave a squirming giggle that sounded playfully tense.

Ellie... what are you doing? Worried Steven as he stood outside the door, doing his best to prepare himself for what he was about to spy on.

Snags was standing over Ellie and hunched over Ellie, tickling her midriff. She was laughing and smacking at his hands, but it appeared to be a game of slap hand that they were playing. Steven could see that even if she was acting that he wanted Snags to stop, she surely wasn't saying it out loud.

Ellie had worn the leggings that were ripped from Tyson's dryer and Buck's late-night ravishment. The white t-shirt was tied in a knot tightly at the middle of her breasts which acted as its own push up bra. Her large natural breasts spilled out the top and bottom, but her nipples were covered under the thin layer.

"Snags!" Ellie squealed.

"Alright," Snags laughed before sitting on Steven's pillow, and leaning back against the headboard. "Come ova' here, though."

Snags feet weren't even to hang off the bed, but he was strong enough to tug Ellie over towards him. She assisted, by crawling towards him and sitting next to him after moving her own pillow aside. The younger man slung his wiry arm around the back of Ellie's neck.

"Snags... I'm almost old enough to be your mother..." Ellie said.

"Nah, girl, my moms is at least two years older than you... maybe even three," Nodded Snags confidently.

I remember a time when a year or two seemed like a major difference. Steven recalled while analyzing the generational difference between the young adult and themselves.

"I bet you was fine as hell back in the day," Snags stated

abruptly, before quickly correcting himself. "I mean you're still a MILF."

"MILF? Pft, I don't know about all that," Ellie acted humbly. "But, growing up, I had many men courting me. Yes."

Snags smirked and shook his head at Ellie's attempt to be proper, but his eyes were staring directly down the ample amount of cleavage that was on full display. Ellie sat lower on the headboard and had no idea that Snags was staring down her shirt the entire time they spoke.

What a little weasel! Steven said from behind the door. Remaining hidden inside the hallway, he was interested to see how far things were going to go before he had to step in.

"What about you?" Ellie asked Snags. "What were you like?"

"My school was the one of hard knocks," Snags said. "That's where I got my education."

"But you're so young..." Ellie began to say.

"I might be young, but I got life experience..." Snags replied.

"Uh-huh, okay," Ellie dismissed.

"More experience than that limp-dick whiteboy you're with," Snags snapped.

Whoa! Why am I getting attacked here?

Ellie giggled, "Snags! That's my husband!"

Thanks baby...

"Yeah? Does that somehow change what I just said 'bout'em?" Snags snarked.

Cold! What did I do to this guy, for him to hate me so much?

Ellie had a smile that was almost evil on her lips and was just as hurtful as her silence was to Steven. She nuzzled in towards Snags who was just as small as she was in sheer size. It bothered Steven that even though Snags wasn't bigger or even older than himself, that he commanded his wife's attention better than he could.

"He's a little bitch ass fuck-boy," Snags hand that was wrapped her neck was lower down her chest. Steven knew where he planned to put that hand and Ellie did nothing to stop him.

"He's just never struggled," Sighed Ellie, partly agreeing with Snags. "Everything has just been handed to him on a silver platter."

Steven found his wife's words painful, but he felt like he needed to know the truth.

"Even you?" Snags asked her.

"Even me what?" Ellie didn't understand.

"Look at you... look at him... you basically are the silver platter... hell, platinum platter..."

Ellie giggled, but it ended with a sad face, "He's just so emotional lately... deep in his own mind and feelings... and it gets..."

"Gets what?" Snags persisted.

Yeah... gets what? Steven listened closely.

"I'm just glad that we don't have a kid," Ellie said as though a weight had been lifted off her busty chest somehow.

Those words were impactful to Steven who physically was unable to have any offspring. It bothered Steven and it felt like she was admitting that she was happy about his condition in an indirect

way.

"No shit, what could that loser teach it?" Snags snickered.

Aghhh! Steven's mind yelled.

However, his joking must have deescalated the situation built up in his wife's mind and Ellie responded cynically, "How to go get hot and sweaty with Buck downstairs?"

Ellie! Steven's face sunk.

"That's all good, leaves me all alone with you..." Snags hand finally was on Ellie's breast. Steven could see that she hadn't even looked at the hand on her breast and it was quite possible that she didn't know it was there up until Snags gave it a firm squeeze.

"Damn shame, these tits are perfect for producing milk... why don't ya'll have one though?" Snags asked.

Ellie shrugged, with her breast in Snags hand and squeezing it, "Steven... well... he has low sperm count..."

Ellie! What the hell? Steven self-consciously yelled internally.

She continued. "His body produces the lack of testosterone to produce any..."

Oh my god... don't keep talking... Steven cringed.

Ellie concluded in a matter of fact sort of way, "He has an overproduction of estrogen in him."

"Damn, I didn't even know that type of shit is possible..." Snags replied while still fondling Ellie's breasts from around her neck. He was no longer staring down her shirt and was looking off into the distance. The younger man's face showed that he was completely perplexed by what Ellie had said to him and was trying to comprehend it.

"I guess he's just not man enough..." Ellie exhaled in self-pity.

Steven felt the air escape his lungs and he attempted to breathe, but couldn't. Hearing his wife say that made his entire life feel like some sort of sham. It took him a second for him to regain himself from his emotions that had been overwhelming him more than usual and especially lately.

"I just thought that whiteboy was a punk ass bitch... I didn't know he had a reason for being such a pussy," Snags said without remorse.

"And you thought you were experienced," Ellie looked up at him and giggled when she saw his confused face.

Snags smiled, his golden tooth flashing light in Steven's eye from the hallway. He looked down at Ellie confidently, "You're right... I'm not experienced with that bitch-ass shit, but... I *am* experienced with some big ass tits..."

Snags hand slid slipped into the top of her white shirt and into the top of her breasts. Ellie's eyes finally widened and she sat up, which only allowed Snags a full handful of her breast.

"Snags! I'm a married woman!" Ellie said as though she was offended, and her mouth open, but her lips were much to arched upwards in a smile for Steven or Snags to believe her. Besides, his hand was still down her shirt and she wasn't doing anything to pull his hand out from it yet.

"And I'm a black man with my own sort of needs," Snags replied in a cool tone.

Steven could see the outline of Snags hands moving around under the front of her shirt and could see Ellie's breasts moving around from him groping her. It was like the younger man was using her chest as some sort of impromptu stress relieving ball in the way he was relentlessly squeezing. His thumb and fingers were

seen in the front of her shirt and it was obvious to Steven that he was twisting and tweaking her nipple lightly. Her body responded, by them becoming erect and poking through the front of the shirt prominently enough for Steven to see them both from the other side of the room.

“But...” Ellie’s eyes were looking around as though she was physically searching for some sort of excuse.

She stopped her thought process when Snags his ass up and used one hand to begin to pull down the elastic waistbands of his sweatpants and his boxers down simultaneously. The smaller man was leaning against Ellie while he propped his back up against the headboard and pulled them both down around his thighs.

Not my pillow! Steven held out hope, but realized it was useless to. *Oh c’mon!*

The younger man’s bare ass sat back down on Steven’s pillow and his rock hard big black cock sprang up and swayed like a diving board. His hand was still down Ellie’s shirt playing with her nipple and tit, but did nothing with his other hand. Instead, he sat back and let Ellie get a good look at it and sat back spreading his legs further and letting his balls flop down against Steven’s pillow too. Snags was flexing his cock, making blood rush into the long shaft and impressively moving it back and forth.

Boi-Yo-Yoing! Steven’s mind thought as he watched its spring-like motion. It was like Steven’s own subconscious was making fun of his ego and the lack of control over his own mind was driving him insane. *How can I taunt myself in a time like this?*

Snags cock wasn’t as long as Vernon’s and not nearly as thick as Bucks, but it stood stiffly up and erect. The older men’s cocks were a bit floppier in hardness, but the veins on the lengthy shaft were pulsating. Steven could almost see the younger man’s heart beating through the flesh of his big black younger cock. There was something about the cock’s youthful proud stance hypnotized Steven

and Ellie alike as they both stared at it from different distances and perspectives. The size and length of it was abnormal and further emphasized by the short black youthful adult's smaller stature.

Almost like a third leg... Steven observed in jealousy.

Ellie's chin began to move towards the direction of the door which made Steven take a half step back, but he noticed that her eyes never left the big black cock that was only a couple of feet away from her eyes.

"A-are all black men this big?" Ellie asked.

Steven began to wonder himself. Buck, Vernon and Snags were all packing footlongs in their trousers, while Steven barely could feel his shaft anymore. He was unsure if his penis was shrinking, or the constant comparison made his cock smaller in strictly relative terms. Either way, it filled him with inadequacies as a man and he wondered if it was part of the reason for his own masculinity.

"What you mean *this big*? Steven *really* does have a limp-dick, doesn't he?" Snags smirked and he gave her nipple a tweak.

How am I a limp dick? My cock is hard right now! Steven defended himself while he rubbed his palm over the head of his hard cock. It felt quite considerably smaller and it wasn't even worth using his finger and thumb on his nonexistent shaft. *C'mon Ellie... speak up for me! Please!*

Ellie didn't utter a word in defense of her husband's deficiency of endowment and her nervous giggle appeared to be the confession that the cocky adult teenager was looking for. Snags arrogantly smirked while he spoke, "I knew he had a little pecker."

At least the head is exposed... Steven tried to remain selfishly optimistic, even while being disrespected by Snags. His palm rubbed firmly over the mushroom knob that protruded from his crotch as he disregarded his noticeable shrinkage.

Ellie giggled, "I guess I just always thought the black men in the pornos that Steven watched were just abnormally large. In all honesty, they just seemed too big to be real."

"Fucking weirdo..." Snags commented as he squeezed her tit roughly, causing her tight top to dishevel slightly.

"I know... right?" Ellie agreed.

Steven could feel the tip of his knob beginning to drip out of the tip and began to lubricate it over the curved flesh coming from his crotch.

"And what do you think about them now?" Snags began to sway his cock back and forth. It slapped against the bottom of his pelvic area and Adonis crevices and his belly button.

"It looks real to me... and really big," Ellie admitted in between deep breaths.

"Touch it to see how real it feels," Snags said in the form of a suggestion.

"Oh Snags, I can't believe I've let it get this far..." Ellie replied, but didn't know what the end of her own thought was.

Snag didn't give her time to object any further and took control, "Show me how big his cock is compared to mine."

Ellie did as the younger man told her to do and reached up and wrapped her hand around his cock. Her feminine figure was mature compared to the young man on the bed up until now. The small white hand barely could wrap around Snags shaft. Her hand was tiny like a munchkin on the cock that looked like it belonged to a giant.

"I'd say it's about this big," Ellie stopped her hand to show Snags.

The only positive in Steven's mind was that his wife was being generous to him in the portrayal of his own size compared to Snags.

Her hand was an inch or two below Snag's bulbous head that looked as large as Steven's entire cock at full length. Snags stared down at her for a second with a grin before throwing his head back and laughing loudly. Ellie's eyes lit up when the younger black man began to cackle and her hand very slowly began to stroke the top end of his cock. Her hand stopped stroking and went back to show Snags Steven's length when Snags was finished laughing at Steven's expense.

"Da'fuck he even do with that?" Snags asked, while staring at his cock in her motionless hand.

Ellie giggled and her hand stroked the end of his cock a few times seeing what he wanted her to do. However, her face became serious suddenly and she let go of Snags cock. Pulling back her hand back she put it in her lap innocently, but allowed Snags to continue to rub her breast through her shirt in contradictory fashion.

"Wha-what happened? Why you stop?" Snags asked, with his pole standing stiffly into the air.

"Snags, what if my husband comes in..." Ellie said.

She's only worried about me catching her? Not the fact that she's actually cheating on me... and not only that, with a man half my age for heaven's sake! This is humiliating! Steven thought about the implications of it, but decided that at least she still cared enough to hide her actions from him.

In the end, he didn't know what to think anymore and fought his own perversions to put his tiny hard penis away. The door slowly opened as he began to enter the room silently. From the angle the door was at, Snags could see Steven, but Ellie couldn't. The two men made eye contact and Snags realized that he had been caught. He didn't flinch or even jump though.

He's clearly not afraid of me. Steven realized.

Snags even gave him a look of disgust as he eyed him up and

down, while still fondling Ellie's tit in plain sight. Knowing he had to say something quick, Snags growled out aggressively as he stared Steven down. "What the fuck is whiteboy going to do about it?"

He's right... Stood there aghast that the younger man wasn't going to at least pretend that he was morally in the wrong, but instead was simply going to stay in the bedroom with his cock out and with his wife. Steven began to back pedal back into the hallway with the door concealing him from Ellie.

"Oh wow, you really are a tough guy," Ellie said with a tone that conveyed that she was impressed. "You're really not worried about him at all are you?"

Why does she want to encourage him?! Steven thought after hearing his wife ask him basically to repeat himself.

"Fuck no. Weak ass pretty boy ain't shit," Snags boasted.

"Oooh..." Cooed Ellie.

"Now it ain't about to jerk itself off... so get at it..." Snags said with an authoritative tone. Ellie looked to be still hesitating, but Snags snarled. "Now!"

"Uh-o-okay..." Ellie sounded as though she was caught off guard, but snapped into reality and quickly reached over Snags lap. Her small hand wrapped around the near footlong shaft and began to stroke it up and down.

Ellie... no! Steven wanted to scream, but he knew that this was his fault. He wasn't even man enough to confront the young stud and now he was sitting bare assed on his pillow with his wife's small white hand stroking his big black cock at constant pace.

"Oh yeah... that's right baby..." Snags said as he rolled his head back on his shoulders.

"That feel good?" Ellie asked as she grabbed the end of his cock and grabbed at his head like it was the knob on a gear shifter.

She squeezed it a few times like she was squeezing a ball before returning her hand to stroke his shaft.

“Yeah... you like jerking off someone younger than you?” Snags asked.

Ellie bit her lip and shrugged her shoulders. Her hand never stopped rubbing him up and down while she avoided answering.

She does... Steven could tell that the age difference between her and Snags was turning her on. *Or maybe I'm the one turned on by it?*

Steven was left in the hallway and felt like less of a man as he pulled his tiny stubby hard flesh out that was dripping wet and began to rub at the head. He would have done anything at that moment to stroke himself, but his penis was much too small to do that.

Ellie's breasts bounced around on her chest as her hand pumped Snags cock up and down. The sound of Snags balls bouncing around could be heard thudding from across the room.

She's never jerked me off like this... Actually... Ellie's never jerked me off ever! Steven frustrating thought. His palm began to smash down against his cock and rub roughly in a circular motion against his own tiny penis as he watched Ellie jerk Snags big black cock around.

Steven was unsure if Snags rubbing his ass around on his pillow was intentional, but the younger man kept looking over at Steven through the crack of the door as Ellie rapidly pumped his big black cock in her small white hand.

“Cmon!” Nudged Snags. “Use both those hands.”

Ellie followed his instructions and got on her knees to lean over him. Both of her hands wrapped around the long cock so that

one could stroke his base and the other focus on its head. Snags was able to better to reach under Ellie's and grab at her tits. As she continued to jerk him off, her tits hung under her and swayed back and forth giving him access to both of them. It wasn't long before his hand was deep into her cleavage and loosening the knot around at the front of her chest and stretching the fabric of the t-shirt. His black hand fondling his wife's tits as she continued to jerk him off up and down, she finally leaned her face over it.

Please... don't tell me she is going to-.... Steven began to fear.

Saliva began to drip from Ellie's mouth onto Snags cock and after five or six drops, she used it to continue to lubricate the younger man's rock-hard pole. Even Steven knew that it was sad that he was relieved that his wife was simply spitting on another man's cock, but at least she wasn't going to put it in her mouth.

"Fuck yeah... make that ass bounce..." Snags said as he reached down and smacked her ass.

"Ooh..." She cooed. "I like it when a man's in charge..."

She does? She never ever told me that... did she? Have I always known that? Am I just not capable of being... Steven felt liquid beginning to gush out of the tip of his small penis. It didn't have the normal consistency that came out of the tip, but instead was more like water.

"Because you ain't use to it being with that little pink-dicked punk ass whiteboy. Now you got a real man's big black cock in yo' little white hands..." Snags said loudly with a moan. Ellie was working his cock faster, only encouraged by the younger man's vulgarity

Does he just like hearing himself talk? Steven cringed, but also felt his tiny knob becoming slicker as he heard the words: big black cock. *Maybe I like hearing him talk? Why though?*

. Ellie's tits were bouncing around in his small black hands and

were spilling out of them all over the place. She was naturally large and much too much woman for the younger, shorter man's hands to control. Nonetheless, Snags hands continued to maul them barbarically through her disheveled shirt. Over time the shirt had been stretched enough to allow one of her nipples to poke free and he played with it in open view in front of Steven as she jerked him roughly.

"Alright... alright..." Snags said, starting to stand off the bed.

Ellie was reluctant to release his cock, but when Snags gripped her by her blonde hair, she quickly followed. Snags lead her off the bed by her long blonde hair like a leash to a pet. From Steven's view, she looked like she was praying up to the short black man like he was some sort of black God and it made him disgusted with the sacrificial association he made. His body betrayed him and the aroused sensation overwhelmed him and rushed into his crotch.

"Stroke it!" Snags nearly yelled down at Ellie.

Ellie jumped slightly at the barking out of surprise, but quickly began to continue jerking him off. Snags looked all too pleased with himself with the white woman who was old enough to be his mother, jerking his cock off while he stood proud and tall over her. He even raised a foot and stretched it so he could put it up on the bed giving his large scrotum more room to swing back and forth.

She is staring at him like she belongs to him... Steven was hurt by how submissive Ellie was to the man who had only been adult briefly.

The wet friction of her hands pumping and squeezing his cock was loud and constant. Every half second, some wet clicking noise filled Steven's ears as she furiously jacked off the younger black stud. One of her tits was covered, but her other one had fallen out and was jiggling from her constant movement. Each nipple was hard and the one covered poked through her shirt so

Steven could see where it was at all times.

"You're about to see how a real man cums... and I ain't gonna' look like yo' dumbass husband did when he came in his sweatpants..." Snags said, looking directly over at Steven.

Ellie didn't just giggle, but she full out laughed like a witch. "Oh my god, that was so embarrassing! Why is he so-so-so pathetic!"

They both shared a brief laugh over the wet clicking noises that were coming from her giving him a handjob with both of her hands.

"Mm... yeah..." Signaled Snags with his teeth clenched and snarling his golden tooth at Steven

"Are you close?" Ellie asked. She was beginning to look like she was tiring out.

"Fuck yeah.... I'm.... cumming!" Snags said with a wide smile.

Ellie received a second wind of energy and her tiring quickened to a pace that she hadn't reached yet. Her hands were moving so fast that Steven could barely see them, outside of blurs. Snags groan was building from his chest and escaped his throat into a roar.

"Agh...Ugh.... Fuck! Agh... God... Fuck!" Each time a long stream of cum was spent from his loins and all over Ellie. The first shot hit her right in the face causing her to close her eyes, but aim the cock down. A second stream shot down right at the top of her tits, followed by a third and fourth stream. A splashing noise came from the next two streams that reminded Steven of when Buck came up and filled the outside of her asshole. More cum spewed all over Ellie by the liter, but Ellie's hands did not let up. She appeared determined to get every single drop of his white fluid out of his big black balls that aroused her due to their boldness.

"Oh my god...." Ellie finally said, letting go of his cock that was still standing up and just as stiff as it was before.

Snags grabbed the base of his cock and began to fling the cum off of his cock onto Steven's wife as she just kneeled beneath him. More and more strands splattered over her tits, her shirt and even the top of her thighs of her leggings that were already ragged.

Steven was already rubbing his wet stub as fast as he could and knew he was close. Snags rose a hand towards Steven to get his attention, and while standing over his cum covered wife, raised his middle finger towards him. Ellie couldn't see the younger man as she had to close her eyes to keep the thick white substance out of them. As much as it disturbed Steven, it was that last disrespectful act after using his wife that finally made Steven lose it.

Only a drip of thick cum came from the tip of his little penis tip, but the sensation that ran through his body made him shudder. He couldn't breathe for a few seconds and had to lean against the wall with his own pants around his ankles. By the time he regain himself, Snags was wiping the excess cum off his cock and drying his hands off on Steven's pillow that he was sitting on.

Steven barely cared as he sat there trying to come back to the nightmare that had become his reality. He caught his breath as Snags left Ellie on her knees and covered in his bucketload of cum. Seeing him coming, Steven quickly pulled his pants over himself and stood up.

"Be a good husband and go help clean up yo' wife pretty boy," Snickered Snags softly as to not alert Ellie from the hallway he shared with Steven. He was looking up at Steven, but somehow managed to seem taller to Steven.

Steven said nothing, which only perturbed Snags, "We got a problem whiteboy?"

"No.. no problem at all, Snags... I'm sorry," Steven somehow found himself apologizing.

"That's what I thought..." Snags said eyeing him up and down. "Yo, I knew you wasn't about to do nothing the second you walked in there. That's why I made yo' bitch jerk me off in front of you."

Steven just winced.

"I'm going to fuck yo' wife, whiteboy..." Snags said coldly.

Steven raised his head to look at the dead look in Snags glazed over eyes. "C'mon, man, please..."

"Fuck you..." Snags shut him up. "...I'm going to fuck yo' wife... and there ain't a damn thing you're going to do about it. Right?"

"Well... I mean... if she doesn't want---" Steven avoided answering.

"Shut the fuck up. Say I'm right... now..." Snags was in Steven's face, making him look him in the eyes.

"Right! Yes... you're right, Snags!" Steven backed down and away.

"Exactly..." Snickered Snags. He then gave Steven a pat on the chest, followed by a few more until Steven realized that Snags was wiping his cum covered hands on his shirt. Snags laughed again seeing how defeated Steven was and shook his head at how weak he was as a man. "Pitiful. You are a real bitch."

Steven stood there and took the younger black bully's berating as long as he could dish it until he walked off. There was laughing coming from the next room over and Steven noticed that Tyson was in the doorway laughing. There was a sadistic stare under the thick framed glasses that covered his friend's face that Steven had never seen on Tyson's usually innocent face.

“Uh... hey...” Steven said awkwardly.

Tyson’s smiling turned instantly blank, before he shut the door on him.

How long was he watching? I hope it wasn’t too long...

ANOTHER WEEK OF CHANGE

Over the next week, Snags had remained his distance from him and Ellie, but his scent still remained on Steven’s pillow. He endured it by flipping it over, but it only helped so much which resulted in Steven whiffing the younger man’s ass from time to time.

Ellie’s shirt had become stretched, but she was still able to knot it at the front of her breasts. More cleavage was spilling out the bottom of the top and out of the sides. The threads of the stretched fabric of the shirt were following her ragged leggings example and becoming more transparent as time went on without any help from the other men in the house. Even without physical contact, Ellie’s breasts were large enough to stretch the shirt out itself, which basically acted like a bra.

The city had been limiting the water supply causing everyone’s body odor continue to soak into the home. Steven realized he hadn’t even noticed how much it smelled like the other men until one day he walked outside for some fresh air. He had become so accustomed to the smell, that it hardly even bothered him now which Steven thought was a good thing.

Conserving water was becoming an issue and Ellie and Steven were asked to bathe together. Instead, she chose to take baths separately, but in the same water. The only catch being that she always got to take a bath first. Normally, that didn’t bother Steven, but Vernon once decided to take another bath with Ellie so she could give him a sponge bath. Taking a bath after that

happened made it difficult for him to masturbate while alone in the bathroom; which was one of the only times to get privacy nowadays.

Ellie on the other hand had become cold and limited her time with Steven alone, rather choosing to go in the bedroom and look at her cell phone or one of her magazines. She had been talking to her girlfriends a lot lately and Steven got the odd feeling that she had been making fun of him to them.

Steven had continued working out with Buck who was continued to work out his lower body. He could feel his thighs becoming thicker while his stomach became slimmer. The sweatpants that normally fit him had now become loose around his waist, but tight around his thighs and even his butt. He could feel the clothing stretching each time he took a step in them now and attempted to speak to Buck about changing up the routine to focus on his chest and arms unattended. Steven felt like the neglect was making his arms skinner and his chest flabbier as time went on. Like his muscle was being converted into his chest and into his puffy nipples. It made Steven self-conscious to have his man boobs bouncing around while being active, especially in front of Buck who had been staring at him in odd ways. Steven guessed he was a small A-cup, but because of his puffy nipples he might have just considered a woman with his breast size to be considered flat chested. Steven had a compression shirt and was able to wear it, to hide his body from not only Buck, but the rest of the household.

"Buck, would it be possible to work out my arms today?" Steven would ask and flexed. His arms were thin and the biceps he used to have seemed like they were missing.

"No. You're not ready for that yet," Buck replied. "Now don't ask me again, I'm tired of hearing your whiney ass."

When Steven protested, Buck simply directed him to hydrate himself out of the pink bottle. What started off tasting like water with something in it, was becoming more thicker in substance and the salty, sweet and tangy taste had become pleasing to Steven

now. Buck explained that he had increased the potency of his workout formula drink to help him sculpt his figure.

By the end of the first month Steven's blonde hair had grown noticeably longer. He wondered if somehow the absence of hair on the rest of his body was due to the hair that was growing faster on the top of his head. It had reached the middle of his cheeks and could now slick it back behind his ears. The hair on the back of his head that use to reach his neck had gone to begin to brush at the top of his shoulders now.

Steven attempted to share his worries with Ellie one night after another workout with Buck, "Ellie... do I look different to you?"

"Well your legs and ass are looking really nice in those sweatpants!" Ellie said with spice, mimicking words she had heard from the other men in the house. She hadn't even taken the time to look at her husband with her eyes deep into her phone playing some game she had downloaded.

It bothered Steven that his wife was treating him like an object, especially considering how he was feeling. Even though his hard work was being noticed, it wasn't exactly how he wanted to be viewed. There were bigger concerns for Steven at the moment though and he continued to beg his wife, "C'mon, look at me!"

Ellie barely looked at him anymore and this was no different. She quickly glanced at him and shrugged. "You're still pretty."

"Thanks! That's so sweet of you to say..." Steven thought about it for a second before he asked. "Wait... pretty? Not handsome?"

Ellie looked at him confused, "You've always been prettier than handsome, honey. You're not *rugged* enough to be conventionally handsome."

She means I'm not man enough... Steven nodded in silence

and regretted asking her.

Ellie continued to stare at Steven and gave him a hard look, "You do look different though."

"I thought—" Steven began to agree, but her disturbed facial expression stopped him.

"Are you wearing my makeup?" Ellie's eye narrowed.

"No! Why would you--- why would I..." Steven was too embarrassed that he had to defend himself on the subject that he just stopped himself from finishing the sentence.

Ellie was suspicious, "You mean you're not using mascara, lipstick or eye liner?"

"Nope..." Replied Steven.

"And you're not putting anything on your face for your complexion?" She asked, with more attentiveness.

"Nuh-uh," Steven said.

"Are you serious? Your lips and cheeks... your whole face..." Ellie was trailing off and Steven could see that she still didn't believe him.

"I'm serious, Ellie!" Steven said with tension in his throat and tucking his hair behind his ears.

Ellie squinted her eyes and was looking around Steven's face trying to put a finger on what she was seeing. "Wow.... You really are prettier... I guess you were right honey, you do look sort of different... almost woman-pretty."

Steven grimaced at her words. *I can't show her my chest and penis now... she'll really say I look woman pretty...*

Ellie went to bed without an issue, but Steven had to get over the small of Snags ass on his pillow before he could even begin to

relax. Something about his primaeval scent made Steven's mind sense danger and his intuition continued to warn him nightly. Buck had been drinking heavily that night and wandered into the bedroom naked again.

He slightly stumbled while he moved towards the bed and Steven was worried that he was going to wake Ellie, but she was a deep sleeper. Steven tried to get Buck's attention, but the brawny black man was grumbling something incoherently. Buck was now standing over Steven's face with his smelly black cock-meat flopped on the bed at his face.

"Psst..." Steven tried to get Buck's attention quietly.

Buck continued to mumble, but thrust his hips towards the ledge of the bed and his cock at Steven's face. It poked him roughly and his head turned away. Looking up at Buck, he could see that his eyes were completely closed as he lightly humped at the air. His thick cock hardening as he moved around his hips into what looked to be an imaginary woman.

Is he sleep walking? Steven grasped.

Steven slipped out of bed while Buck humped at the air with his cock getting harder. He grabbed Buck's shoulders and slowly began to turn him away from the bed. He was able to be turned much easier than Steven anticipated and slowly walked him out of the room. Buck continued to thrust his hips back and forth with his cock now leaking out of its tip as he strutted out into the hallway.

Phew... that was close... Steven thought in relief.

The rest of the night Steven found himself having a hard time sleeping with Buck possibly lurking around in the shadows. Eventually, he would get some rest for a few hours before waking back up in the bed by himself. He knew he must have been sleep deprived since he woke up after Ellie who usually slept in after him and always referred to it as getting her beauty rest.

Snags was standing at the door to the bathroom this morning with his arms crossed over his chest, "Its occupied..."

Steven could hear someone groaning in the restroom and the noise emitting reminded him of the handjob Snags had received. "Is Ellie in there?"

Snags nodded.

Steven sighed in response and stood in line after Snags. A low moan from a man came and Steven could tell that Buck or Vernon had just busted a nut.

Probably all over her tits or face, Steven thought in preparation of the worse possible outcome.

Snags had a shit eating grin on his lips that turned into a sadistic smile as the man inside ejaculated. Ellie could be swooning along with the man grunting out the last spurts to finish. The younger man began to laugh at Steven lightly and shook his head as they waited a few minutes. Finally, the door swung open and Ellie came outside, her eyes went wide when she saw Steven.

"Steven!" Ellie said with guilt momentarily on her face.

"What were you doing?" Steven confronted her. *And who were you doing it with?*

"Nothing... I was doing nothing..." Ellie said standing in front of the door, not looking like she wanted to exit.

All of a sudden, the man inside the bathroom swung out into view in the doorway. The thick framed glasses on his face and with a big wide smile stood Tyson. He zipped up his fly, then buttoned his pants before he noticed Steven was standing right there. His smile faded away.

"I can explain..." Ellie began. "I was just helping him with his morning issue..."

"Morning issue?" Steven asked.

"Yeah..." Ellie didn't want to explain any further.

"Yeah, buddy, I've got morning issues... don't make a big deal about it," Tyson had a hard time saying it with a serious tone and rubbed at the back of his neck.

"And I just thought I'd lend a *hand*," Ellie said, but when Snags stifled a laugh, she understood what she had just said and tightened her lips to keep herself from saying anything else.

"Oh... well okay then..." Steven didn't believe it, but he did his best to swallow the lie. He didn't want to believe that Tyson would betray him since he was closest thing that Steven could call a friend. The rest of the house was slowly destroying him as a man.

The two of them walked off pretending that nothing happened, leaving Steven with Snags who just shook his head and continued to smirk at him.

"She might not know that you know...but we both know you do. Right?" Snags said watching his wife walk off.

"Yeah...." Steven admitted.

"Good. I just wanted to make sure you know how much of a coward you are," Snags said, standing there waiting for Steven to say something in retort.

He's testing me... Steven decided to keep silent.

"Alright, well I'm going to take a shit. Tell me how it smells after you go," Snags laughed and went into the bathroom.

Steven would take his turn after Snags while holding his breath to keep himself from gagging. Frustrated with how the others were treating him, but just as angry with himself for allowing them to treat him that way. Instead of brushing it off like he normally would have before the whole pandemic started, Steven found himself dwelling. When he uses to be able to utilize his logic, deduction of reasoning and his blend of optimism to pull him out of

a slump, now had changed too. He became overly emotional, wrapped up in his own self and the more he felt in general, the worse he felt overall.

Have I always been this emotional? Steven wondered while sitting on the toilet seat that was already warm from Snags. His stubby shrinking penis made it impossible to relieve his bladder while standing up anymore and had to sit down anytime he used the restroom. He had put his shirt above his nose to cover Snag's scent from invading his nostrils while sitting. Too scared to look at his own tiny penis, Steven made sure to do everything he could think of to avoid looking at it and remind himself of his own insufficiencies as a man. After finishing, he closed his eyes before he stood up, flushed so that he could put his knobby penis away.

"Ahh, much better," Steven whispered to himself under his own shirt. Putting his little penis away came to Steven as a major relief and physically hid his insecurities from the others.

He washed his hands and while washing his hands he dropped the shirt from his nose. Unsheathing his face showed Steven a face that he almost didn't recognize and he stared at himself forgetting he was washing his hands for a second. His lips were swollen, his eyes lashes had elongated and his eyebrows had become thinly arched over the top of his eyes. Putting a wet hand to his face, he rubbed his thin jawline and sunk in rosy cheeks and noticed that his skin felt silky smooth now.

What is happening to me? Steven couldn't

Steven slicked his long black hair back like usual and could feel that more hair rested on the neck and between his shoulders. He left the restroom and went to go grab a plate of food that was waiting for him. Noticing that there wasn't any jam for the toast, Steven opened the fridge and looked for it on the bottom shelf where he had seen it last.

Where is it? Steven looked around for a second before

finally feeling a harsh painful sensation slap across his ass. The sound of his ass being smacked from behind echoed into the fridge and into his ears. Naturally reacting, Steven stood up, but his head cracked at the top of the fridge and kept him bent over. While he was bent over, the hand that had smacked his ass ran down his crack. Still bent over the hand continued down between his legs until it reached his balls.

“What the fuck?” Vernon’s questioned feeling Steven’s balls and quickly letting go.

Steven slowly stood up with the jam in hands and with an awkward smile as he looked over to Vernon. Vernon’s eyes filled with horror, but he remained silent.

Snags was standing right behind and must have saw everything happen, “A-ha! You thought that was Ellie’s ass! You old fool!”

“Well-uh-well-ah-you... what the hell are you wearing those sweatpants for, boy?” Vernon shifted the blame to Steven.

“What do you mean? These are the same sweatpants I’ve been wearing the whole time, Vernon!”, Steven nervously said, seeing the embarrassment mixed with anger on the old man’s face.

“Ya old man, there’s something wrong with yo’ eyes,” Snags added, agreeing with Steven indirectly for the first time outside of video games.

“Wrong with my eyes? Look at this whiteboy... there’s something wrong with those pants... and the way they fit him...” Vernon spoke to Snags like Steven wasn’t standing right next to him, before adding. “...something wrong with my eyes-my-ass...”

Steven felt embarrassed by the way the scrutinized him and felt himself becoming hot, but the opened cool fridge soothed him from behind. Standing behind the door, he felt shielded by any more inspection of his tight sweat pants.

Vernon paced back and forth in the kitchen. Unable to let go of what just happened, "You know, in my time, men wore dress slacks or denim jeans.... They didn't show their ass off like a little common street whore and strut around looking for trick...."

"Vernon, I didn't mean to offend you... really, that's not what--" Steven tried to explain.

"I don't give a flying fuck about being offended... I'm talking about having some respect for yourself as a man," Vernon began to walk off and out of the kitchen, but before leaving he stopped to say one last thing to Steven. "I thought I was getting throughs to you, boy... about being a man..."

The way the old man looked at Steven only made the words that much more impactful to him. Steven thought back when Vernon told him to stand up for himself while completely denying the dirty old man's motives that night. He had been suckered into pressuring his wife into giving Vernon a sponge bath which resulted in now at least two separate handjobs. However, in the end and no matter the results, Steven had learned to stand up for himself as a man. Even if it was because of Vernon.

"I'm sorry Vernon..." Steven felt terrible for unintentionally tricking him into grabbing his ass. Dismissing the fact that Vernon had mistaken him for his wife, and his hand was not just going to spank her, but also rub her pussy instead of his own balls.

Vernon shook his head and walked out without saying a word and leaving Snags there.

"Snags, you have to believe me... I didn't mean to trick Vernon," Steven pleaded.

Snags shook his head, "You are one dumbass whiteboy, aren't you?"

The young man walked out and Steven was left in the kitchen by himself wondering what just happened.

BUCK'S BLACKOUTS

The next week didn't get much better for Steven who continued to feel his body, mind and emotions changing over time. He knew he was paranoid, especially considering his transforming body, but it felt like the entire house had turned on him outside of Buck. Their workout sessions had turned into two-a-days to incorporate stretching, yoga and running on the treadmill. He could feel his thick ass bouncing in his pants now and it gave him a strange sense of power for some unknown reason to himself.

Buck's brawny form had become slightly more defined as he continued to pump irons with his biceps and chest. His belly was still there, but Steven was beginning to see the outline of a six-pack under the thick layer of hairy skin covering his stomach. He made a couple visits over that time, but only after a heavy night of sharing beverages over stories with the group. Steven had managed to keep him out of the room each night, but he could feel that Buck was becoming more persistent and resistant to Steven's defense.

Each day would pass and Buck would never mention him sneaking into their bedroom at night, but each passing day caused Buck to become more agitated. Steven could almost sense that Buck's balls needed to be drained with some awkward intuition he had developed. There was some sort of tension and even smell the muscular black man was giving off that Steven could smell. It began to make their workout sessions a bit unbearable, but Steven stuck through with it seeing that he was getting positive results.

Tonight, would be the third time that Buck had tried to visit Steven and Ellie during night. By now, Steven could tell by the footsteps in the hallway whenever it was him and could do something to anticipate him. After hearing him this night, he got out of bed and was going to stop him in the hallway like last time. When the sleepwalking Buck reached the door, Steven was on the other side of it waiting to stop him.

Let's get this over with, Steven said waiting to hold the door. Looking back, he ensured that Ellie was still sleeping. Even though she was facing him, it was too dark to see if her eyes were closed which made Steven uncertain, but she was lying motionless.

The door slowly started to open and Steven pushed gently back at the door. Usually, the two of them would push back and forth on the door lightly for a few minutes before Buck would get the hint and walk back to the living room and falling back to sleep. A couple of minutes of the door pushing game went on and Steven knew that Buck would leave at any moment. The game continued for another five minutes before Steven realized that Buck was not letting up and only increasing his efforts. Slowly the door began to push Steven backwards causing his feet to slide over the wooden floors.

What is his deal tonight? Steven worriedly wondered while sliding back farther as the door opened further.

Defeated, Steven let go of the door before he was pinned against the wall and smashed by Buck opening it all the way. Standing in the doorway was indeed Buck and completely nude as usual, but his cock was standing completely up. Hard as a rock and without its normal arched droopiness to it, it pointed directly at Steven.

Oh my god... Steven gawked. He had seen Buck before, but his cock looked giant tonight.

The sound of dripping could be heard and Steven realized that Buck's thick throbbing member was dripping from its tip. Buck's eyes were closed, but his clenched teeth were showing on his snarling face from the shadows. Huffing like the beast he was named after, Buck stood in the hallway over the small puddle of precum that was forming. Each splatter acted like a bang on a war drum as it hit the ground. Its echoing through the silence of the room and hallway made Steven's heart wince out intimidation. Buck's big black spear was ready to attack and he began his slowly

moving charge with a small step which was followed by another.

Steven attempted to hold the line, but he was no match for the larger black man that walked into the room without much effort. His cock continued to drip precum all over the bedroom floor and he walked towards the bed that Ellie was sleeping in.

He's going for Ellie! Steven had to think of something quick. He had no idea what Buck's intentions were that night, but he knew it had something to do with releasing the buildup in his low hanging balls. Steven hopped on Buck's back, but the brawny black boulder of a man was able to haul Steven's daintier form as though he wasn't even on his back. Steven wrapped his small arms around Buck's thick neck to hold on, but was being bounced around.

It's like a rodeo, riding a Big Black Bull... Steven was thrown off the bucking bull and slid across the wood floor that was slick with Buck's juices.

Buck had reached the bed and even put a knee on it to climb into it, but Steven had intercepted him. It wasn't exactly ideal, but Steven had managed to grip a hold of the end of Buck's cock which stopped him. Buck didn't move while Steven did his best to grab a good hold of him.

Oh my god... my hand can't even fit around it... Steven thought. He had never touched another man's cock, but comparing it to his own made him feel worse and more emasculated rather than the fact he was grabbing another man's cock to stop him from fucking his wife.

Steven tugged at it, but the extra skin simply moved up and down on the thick shaft, but didn't make Buck move. Attempting to pull and tug at Buck's cock in different directions didn't seem to work either, as Steven's hand was much too small to get a firm grip.

I'll use both hands... Steven decided. Only when he chose this route was he able to fully engulf Buck's thick shaft with his

palms and delicate fingers. *Wow... I can feel the blood pumping and rushing in and out of its shaft... pushing out its veins...*

Steven pried Buck to face away from the bed finally halting him in his tracks with both hands. Slowly turning him away, he continued to tug and pull at the end of Buck's black hose and lead him very slowly away.

It's working! Steven realized as he continued to step backwards while leading Buck by his big black cock that was controlled by his hands.

Buck stumbled towards Steven unbalanced and swaying back and forth. Steven thought his groaning and movements were similar from a zombie from a horror film. The only difference was that Buck was pushing his hips forward and humping Steven's hands that squeezed his shaft as it was pulled making it that much more difficult to get a strangle on it. They had made it halfway across the room and Steven could see that he didn't have further to walk Buck before he had sent him on his way back to bed.

Almost there... almost there... Steven's tugging had turned into him jerking off Buck with both of his hands. Steven knew what he wanted and he was close to freedom that it was simply worth it to give into the alpha male's needs rather than trying to fight it.

Steven's hands were becoming covered in Buck's leaking cock and it only further lubed up the monster black cock that was in his hands. Steven herded Buck into the hallway while he continued to jerk him, leaving a trail of his cum all over the bedrooms floor. Buck grumbled and stumbled behind him the entire way and his huffing became louder.

Oh no... he's going to cum.... Steven that Buck would cum if he didn't stop stroking his cock. However, there was something that intuitively feared what would happen if he stopped too. *I don't want to wake the sleeping giant...*

Steven contemplated what he should do as his pace continued with the big black warm flesh in his hands. The friction and pace he had escalated to was causing the cum to string and splatter everywhere. Steven began to rotate Buck so that he was closer towards the bedroom door while simultaneously stroking the cock that was as thick and at least as long as his forearm. Inching towards the door, Buck's cock bobbed up and down when Steven finally released it.

Buck's movements came to a halt as did his loud breathing and Steven worried that he would wake up. Scampering back into the bedroom he could hear Buck slowly following him. Luckily for Steven, he was much quicker than the larger and slumbering man behind him trying to conquer the bedroom. Steven shut the door behind himself and stood with his back against it to keep Buck from entering. There was a strong thud that pushed Steven from the door, but that was all it took to stop Buck from using his wife.

Well, don't say I never tried to protect you... Steven thought too pleased with himself from doing his duty as a husband and dismissing all of the other times so he could cherish his small victory.

Ellie was still in bed lying motionless and presumably still sleeping. Steven took the opportunity to use some old socks to dry up all of the precum that Buck had dripped all over the floor. He tried to do it fast because he couldn't stand the idea of being caught cleaning up the cum from another man by his wife. It was already bad enough that he practically had to jerk Buck off to entice him to leave.

I was lucky... Steven reflected on what had happened.

But Steven knew that luck would run out and it was only a matter of time before Buck couldn't be persuaded.

...

The third month was beginning and Buck had focused his attention on Steven's exercise results. Buck had become increasingly demanding of Steven during his exercises and Steven was getting the impression that he just like being in control of him. He was in a position to tell him what to drink, how many repetitions to do and exactly how long he worked out for. He had continued visiting with his rock-hard cock leaking all over the place causing Steven to constantly have to clean up after him. Steven wasn't proud of himself, but just like the rest of the world, he was doing what he had to in order to get by. As long as Ellie didn't find out about the humiliating act, he could sustain what would have been unbearable before this whole thing had started.

When Steven walked downstairs to meet Buck in the makeshift gym in the basement, he could see that something was different about him. He was shirtless and wearing a pair of basketball shorts that went down to his knees and a pair of black tennis shoes. Outside of that, the only thing that hung around his neck was the thick chain that he had always been wearing. The amount of weight that he was putting up almost frightened Steven. It wasn't just the weight either; it was the loud noises that Buck was making. He grunted like a hog and roared like a lion as he lifted the bowing steel bar that looked like it was going to break.

Holy cow... Steven thought watching Buck act like a complete animal.

He was glistening from sweat that was all over his muscular chest and arms. His veins were bulging from his biceps and his forearms and his abdominal area that was still round, popped out the six pack underneath with each breath.

Buck didn't look too pleased to see Steven, "Get the fuck down here... and hurry the fuck up, I've been waiting!"

He's been mean to me all day, Steven thought back on what had happened over the course of the day. *Does it have anything to do with last night?*

“Yes sir!” Steven practically ran down the stairs, but stopped at the bottom of them. The way he descended the stairs decreased his chest bouncing up and down under his compression shirt in order to not draw attention to his growing man-breasts.

Buck had sat down on the end of the bench and straddled it. He put his thumb towards his back and shoulders, “Rub them.

“Over here!” Buck demanded with his hands on his hips. Steven couldn’t stop himself from noticing how much more muscular Buck’s thick and hairy body had become since they started. When Steven did as he was told, Buck continued, “You’re going to be massaging me from now on.”

“Well, okay...” Steven said like he had some sort of choice and began to rub at Buck’s shoulders.

“Oh yeah... that feels good...” Buck said rolling his head around in pleasure. “Its been so long since I’ve been touched...”

The way Buck said it made Steven sort of nervous and something in his intuition told him that he was hinting towards something. Steven didn’t even think that stopping the massage was an option, but the noises that Buck was making were pleasant and Steven wanted to make sure to keep Buck happy.

“I’ve got a surprise for you...” Buck said.

“You do? What is it?” Steven naturally asked while rubbing his back. He had some very large knots in his back that he had found and was working.

“After our workout...” Buck said feeling one of the knots loosened. “Oh yeah, Steven... keep going... mmm...”

The groaning and moaning coming from Buck reminded Steven of last night when his hands were occupied with other parts of the black man’s body. He pushed the thought out of his mind while rubbing down his shoulder and neck one last time.

“Okay, good enough,” Buck stated. “Now your turn to get some stretching in. I need your body nice and limber.”

The way Buck smile made Steven wonder, *For what?*

Steven didn’t argue and he got down.

“Hands and knees, boy,” Buck commanded while standing over him.

“Okay,” Steven meekly responded and did as he was told.

Buck took a knee next to him and put his hand down on the small of his back to arch it downwards. Steven could feel his hand running up his spine causing him to get goosebumps as he rubbed at his skinny shoulders.

“Nice and slim,” Buck said to himself, but loud enough for Steven to hear. “And down here...”

Buck’s hand slowly moved back downwards over the small of his back and over his ass giving it a nice squeeze. Steven’s mouth opened out of surprise, but he quickly shut it and looked back over his shoulder.

“That’s a phat ass,” Buck said down to Steven.

Fat? Is he calling me fat? But I’ve lost so much weight... and have really firmed up my legs and butt... what does he mean fat? Steven began to worry about Buck’s opinion of his body. “You don’t like?”

“Phat... is good... nice and firm phat-ass is *real* good...” Buck said while looking down at his hand that was now rubbing over the curviness of Steven’s backend.

“Oh... that’s a good thing. I think I get it,” Steven said still slightly confused, but pretended.

“Let’s see that phat-ass shake...” Buck abruptly said while

Steven was still on his knees.

“Huh?”

“Give it a pop,” Buck beckoned.

Steven fell pressured, but gave his ass a shake. He had seen plenty of rap videos with models moving their butts around and had an idea of what Buck was asking of him.

“That’s it... mmm... good job Steven...” Buck said pleased. He gave his ass one firm squeeze, before ordering Steven back on his back to continue stretching.

During the entire workout, Buck continued to get very handsy and feely with him. Steven felt his hand rubbing against his thighs and down his calves when he was helping him stretch out. Sometimes he would cup his buttocks and he could even feel his fingers squeezing at his ass. While stretching, Buck had a full clench on Steven and was moving him around however he wanted to.

At one point, Steven almost gasped when he noticed that Buck’s cock had been hardening in his basketball shorts. The prominent bulge had lifted the shorts up and at certain angles Steven could see that Buck wasn’t wearing any underwear. His scent vacuumed out of his shorts with each movement as Buck controlled him.

Buck’s big black cock had been falling out of the bottom of his shorts and as they moved around, it was finally out in the open. It hung very low and swung with each of Buck’s movements sometimes slapping its thickness loudly against his own thigh indicating how heavy it was.

From one side to the other Buck would move and his cock would slap against Steven face. At one point, Buck had straddled over Steven’s face to let his cock lay against his face. At that point, Steven felt the tip of his cock pushing at his face and could see how it was hardening with each nudge of the tip of the cock against his

lips.

On his back, Steven could see that Buck was staring down at him with a menacing look and it would have been impossible for him not to notice that his cock was rubbing against his own lips. Buck's cock only became harder and the bottom of the shorts were now incapable of containing the monster between his legs and lifting inch by inch. Unable to speak due to Buck's cock, Steven was practically using his eyes to ask for mercy. Buck was staring down at him with a glazed over stare with his cock stabbing at his closed lips.

At some point, the look broke through and Buck must have realized what was happening and he let go of Steven. His eyes were filled with confusion as he stood back and away with the leg of his basketball shorts draped over his hard cock allowing his balls to fumble out the same leg. He was breathing hard and his muscular body was bulging and stared at Steven.

Steven was frozen with fear as he stared up at the beast of a man with the giant black cock standing over him. He had no idea what he should do and for a moment he had no idea what Buck was going to do. The black was in control of his white gym-slave and whatever he said next would go.

Buck took a couple of deep breaths, but finally said, "Okay, hit the sets..."

His cock began to soften, but pulsed to bounce while it descended. His answer had confused Steven, but it was clear to him that Buck just wanted to pretend that what just happened didn't actually happen.

Steven didn't want to linger on the moment any longer and got straight to put the weights on the leg bar. At this point he was willing to act like Buck's blackout moment hadn't actually occurred. However, Steven still knew that there was an animal that had yet to be unleashed in Buck and was fearful of that beast. They had managed to contain his size up until now, but without Buck being

even able to control himself, his sheer strength would be unstoppable.

Steven's guard had gone down while he worked out as Buck's cock had gone down. His emotions seemed to be attached to the giant hanging meat between Buck's dense muscular thighs. At least that worry wasn't in his mind, but Buck was talking to him very rudely and causing him names.

"Faster... Faster you little shrimp..." Buck growled.

"Move it twerp..." Buck smacked at his ass that time.

"Let's go sugar-tits!" Buck said making Steven cover his chest, which only made him openly laugh.

"Get that fucking phat-ass into gear like you don't have a big black cock up it!" Buck said in a way that disturbed Steven.

Steven continued to hydrate himself with the pink bottle water, but Buck was limiting the time he could drink causing him to drink faster. His body was filled with liquid by the time he got back to each repetition that Buck had him do. From squats, to lunges to running on the treadmill, Buck was riding him hard.

The whole workout was just as mentally exhausting as it was physically draining. His mind felt like it had been conditioned to accept all sorts of insults by the alpha black male and coupled with Buck's incessant objectification made him feel like of a man.

By the end of it, Steven was hunched over and sweating. Buck had walked off and retrieved a small black gym bag that had a pink strap and pink knitting. It looked like it belonged to a woman, but wouldn't have been considered a very feminine bag. Buck tossed the bag at his feet.

"Surprise."

"What is this?"

"After I found your water bottle, I asked Tyson about it..." Buck began. "He said that it belonged to that he used to fuck a long time ago... inside are her clothes..."

Steven began to open the bag and found clothing in it. Even after hearing Buck, he still didn't quite understand. There was a small pair of black spandex shorts, a sports bra, knee high socks, headband and a few other garments. Steven looked to Buck still not sure what he was getting at.

"That's your new workout outfit..." Buck said with a smile that show genuine pride and even excitement.

"My workout outfit? I don't understand... Isn't this made for a woman?" Steven asked looking at the small pair of spandex shorts.

Buck's face changed from smiling to scowling within a second. "Don't be such a bitch, Steven."

"But..." Steven didn't have time to answer.

Buck's body language showed that he had taken great offense to Steven's response. "I give you a gift and you spit in my face... what type of man do you think I am?"

"No, that's---"

"Answer me... what kind of man do you think I am? You think I'm going to take your bullshit?"

"But Buck! I honestly---"

"I already fucking told you not to question me once befo', did I not?" Buck was nearly yelling at him as he stepped to stand in Steven's face.

Steven thought he was going to be hurt and practically fell to his knees at Buck's feet. It was then that he noticed that Buck's cock was twitching under his shorts again.

He's enjoying this... he's physically enjoying tormenting and scaring me.... Steven was shaking at the foot of Buck who stood over him.

"Buck I'm sorry! I will do it... I swear... whatever you ask of me, I will do, okay?" Steven felt compelled to answer.

Buck had to stop himself from smiling and remain stone faced as he stared down at Steven. "Say thank you."

Steven had put his hand on Buck's calf and the warm flesh reminded him of the man's big black cock that was in his hands the night before. "Thank you! Thank you! Thank-you-thank-thank-you!"

Steven leaned down and kissed the top of Buck's shoes, but stopped himself realizing he may have gone a little overboard. When he looked back up at Buck's towering muscular form, he saw that the man was now smiling again. His cock was outlined in the basketball shorts at his crotch at eye level and had some effect on Steven. There was a strange vibe that he could sense stirring from Buck's loins inside of his shorts and it pushed against the front eagerly towards his own face.

Phew... Steven was relieved, exhaling. Inhaling only gave him Buck's scent and it bothered Steven that he slightly enjoyed it.

"Good... good... I'm glad to hear it," Buck said with a smile. "Do you know why, Steph?"

Steven thought about correcting Buck calling him Steph, but in that moment he remained submissive. There was no reason to cause any rift, especially with Buck angrier than usual.

"Because it would be rude to not be grateful for the gift you have given me?" Steven proclaimed in the form of a question.

"No," Buck's tone was dead of emotion.

Buck's hands reached down to grab at Steven's head,

engulfing it. With the large hands palming his head, Steven's wild imagination momentarily thought he was going to crush his head; Buck was certainly capable of doing so. The big black hands did not crush his head, but rather began caressing it like a master would caress its pet.

"Because I'm really pent up right now..." Buck said.

Pent up? With rage? He has been extra mean to me lately... Steven thought about it.

"And I need this..." Buck said softly. His tone shifting to practically smooth talking, as his hand caressed his hair.

"Need what?" Steven coyly asked, but had already assumed.

Buck said nothing, but in his silence made his intentions clearer. With Steven under him and on his knees, Buck took a step forward. Shifting his hips with his step he pushed his crotch forward and against the front of Steven's face.

Steven could feel growing even inside his shorts and it sent him into a frenzy, *Oh no... this is it... this is it... this is really it...*

Buck continued, giving a small thrust of his hips against Steven's face, "I haven't been getting my..."

The weight impacted against the front of Steven's face, and the cock in his shorts smashed against his nose and cheek. He leaned backwards which only let Buck get a better position to stand farther over him and thus push his crotch in his face more.

Buck thrust again, "Nnngh... Normal release..."

Release? That's why he's acting like this? Because he's not draining those big black low hanging balls... Steven almost became hypnotized at the thought.

"And I just might take it out on you... or that pretty little wife

of yours... so get with the *fitness program...*" Buck smirked at his own cleverness, but stepped backwards.

"Okay Buck... whatever you want..." Reminded Steven.

Steven gulped, and got to his feet. He was unable to look at Buck who had a raging hard on under his shorts and whose body language was intimidatingly taunting. The large muscular man's broad shoulders were squared up and he staring at him with a mean smile.

Steven could feel Buck's eyes gazing at his ass as he walked upstairs making his escape from dungeon that used to be a gym. The black bag with the pink strap was over his shoulder and now in between his small A-Cup breasts that had filled out since a few weeks ago and was no longer considered flat-chested.

Steven's emotions were running wild and he was unsure of what to do. Things were only getting worse and the way the television made it seem, they would be trapped in the house with the other men for a good month or two.

I'll just try and make it through... Steven tried to remain optimistic.

The problem was, his mind or his body wouldn't last that long...

Thank you!

Thanks for reading this story everyone. I hope you enjoyed!