
De Basement Games!
Concept by
Devin Dickie
Written by
Dex O'Donald
Illustrated by
Boccaccio
QOS BOOKCLUB
Patreon.com/QoSBookclub
11 ILLUSTRATIONS INSIDE!

(De)Basement Games!

Story by Devin Dickie
Written by Dex O'Donald

© 2019-2065 QoSBookclub

All Rights Reserved
No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, contact us by sending a DM to patreon.com/QoSBookclub.This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are a product of the author's imagination. Locales and public names are sometimes used for atmospheric purposes. Any resemblance to actual people, living or dead, or to businesses, companies, events, institutions, or locales is completely coincidental.

QOS BOOKCLUB

Patreon.com/QoSBookclub



CREATOR DISCLAIMER & CONSENT STATEMENT

All characters are 18 years of age or older. This work is a consensual adult fantasy depicting kink, power-exchange, and humiliation role-play between enthusiastic, informed consenting adults. All sexual acts, dominance/submission dynamics, and scenarios in this story are fully consensual within the fictional universe and represent negotiated fantasy play.

This content does not depict, endorse, or glorify real-world non-consensual acts, coercion, blackmail, violence, or sexual assault. Any appearance of reluctance is part of a pre-negotiated consensual non-consent (CNC) fantasy where all participants have safewords, ongoing consent, and the ability to stop at any time. In real life, consent must be enthusiastic, ongoing, and revocable at any moment.Bullying, non-consensual acts, and sexual violence are never okay in reality. If you or someone you know is experiencing bullying, abuse, or non-consensual situations, please contact the appropriate authorities or support services immediately.Readers are encouraged to practice safe, sane, and consensual kink in their own lives with proper communication, negotiation, and risk-aware consent.

Chapter 1

“I’m surprised you guys invited me back,” Simon said.

“Why’s that?” Boz asked, scratching his scalp in the space between his dreadlocks.

“I thought you guys were mad at me.”

Dickson Taylor narrowed his cunning stare behind his eyeglasses. “Why would we be mad at *you*, Simon?”

Simon looked at each of them in turn: Boz, Dickson, Jamal and Cosby. They made a halfmoon of black faces around the game table. Even though Simon sat at the table, it felt very much like four against one. But perhaps that was just his conscience talking, because there was no way his old D&D buddies knew *anything* about his involvement in their expulsion from Wilmington High.

“No reason,” Simon said. “It’s just, when I hadn’t heard from any of you, I thought you were tired of me or something. Like you didn’t want to play with me anymore.”

“Tired of *you*?” Dickson said with an unreadable smile. “Never, Simon. In fact, things haven’t been the same around here without you.”

That much was obvious. The ‘gaming zone’ had always been in Dickson’s uncle’s basement, and when Simon used to come over regularly it was a clean, habitable place, where most of their time was spent at the circular table they sit at now. Before Simon’s absence, the boys had played Dungeons and Dragons every Friday night, and there’d always been a certain amount of charm to Dickson’s uncle’s basement.


QOS BOOKCLUB
Patreon.com/QoSBookclub
Boccaccio

All that charm had fled. The basement smelled like old laundry and late puberty sweat. The garden-level windows were blacked out, and the quartet had taken up drinking and smoking since being expelled; there were empty bottles and dirty ashtrays all throughout the basement. The corners and walls were darker now, the dirty orange lamp that lit the area somehow dimmer. It used to be a bright place, or at least there was a natural ambience to it that went well with the hours-long campaigns into the world of Dungeons and Dragons. Not being able to see the walls anymore gave Simon a claustrophobic feeling, though he swore he could make out large, faint rectangles at regular intervals.

"That's good to hear you guys still like me," Simon said. "Shall we start the campaign then?" He nodded to the array of dice and figurines on the tabletop – the usual accoutrement for a game of Dungeons and Dragons.

"First things first," said Jamal, his walleyed stare paired accordingly with his nasally voice. "Let's fill the cups."

Simon raised his eyebrows; he was unfamiliar with the new tradition.

"I've been busy in the lab," said Cosby, standing from the table and fading into shadow along the back wall of the basement. It was here, Simon knew, that Cosby kept his work area, although

‘laboratory’ was probably a better word for it. “Since we were expelled, I’ve had a lot of extra time for my work. I’ve been dabbling in moonshine here and there, and I decided to mix up a special batch for your return, Simon.”

Simon could just make out Cosby’s large frame in the darkness at the other side of the room. Cosby was a sharp kid, especially good at science, and had been on his way to a scholarship at a prestigious university before Simon did what he did.

The other three boys watched Simon as they waited for Cosby. It seemed to Simon they never took their eyes off of him.

Simon tried to push the paranoia away – surely none of them were aware of his role in getting them expelled. He turned his mind to the real reason he had agreed to come back to this shithole in the first place.: Boz’s phone, and the chance that Simon might be able to delete a certain photo from it.

There was no guarantee it would happen, and in fact, it was more than a little unlikely. But Simon had to try. If he could find the picture of Kelly on Boz’s phone and delete it, then it would be like none of it had ever happened. If by some chance Simon could pull this off – delete the picture without getting caught – then he would also collect a few of the comic books he’d left here and leave and never come back.

And he would never speak to any of them again.

"Where you goin' in the fall, Simon?" Boz asked, leaning back in his chair and cracking his ashy knuckles. "You get accepted to Harvard or some shit?"

"I wish," Simon said sheepishly. "I'll probably just be going to a school one state over."

"At least you get to go to college," Boz said. "Ain't nobody interested in our black asses since we got expelled."

"That really sucks," Simon replied. "I'm sure there's something that can be done. Have you tried the community college here in town?"

"Nah," Boz said icily.

Boz was the unofficial leader. The tallest, the one with a mean streak. Early adulthood at eighteen years of age had made him awkward and oversized, and the array of dreadlocks hanging from his head intimidated people. Of the four of them that Simon helped to get expelled, he felt the least bad for Boz. In fact, he felt nothing but satisfaction with it. None of this would have ever happened if it weren't for Boz sticking his nose where it didn't belong. In all reality, the boy had brought it on himself.

Then there was Dickson. Street wise and always three steps ahead of everyone else. He was stout, and stronger than he looked. He wore eyeglasses but they didn't make him look like a nerd the way it did with Cosby. They made him look dangerous somehow. Even now, as he stared at Simon, Simon couldn't tell what the boy was thinking.

Jamal was the smelly kid. He was also the thug, long and skinny and decked out in sagging pants, Jordan sneakers, and a do-rag. He'd been just a tad too skinny in high school to be anything but a nerd, destined to this quartet of misfits.

"No college for me either," Dickson added. "Damn shame to, because I was thinking about business school."

"It's not fair," Simon said. "The school was too harsh when they expelled you guys."

"I'd just like to catch the little snot that ratted on us about the senior prank," Dickson said. "But I guess we'll never know who it was."

Cosby returned from the back of the room with a mason jar in his hands, a murky brown liquid inside. He set the jar down on the table and passed out paper cups.

“A toast,” Dickson said, raising his cup. “To Simon. Glad to have our most *loyal* party member back in action.” His voice was flat and his gaze never left Simon.

They toasted and drank. The moonshine was strong and it burned all the way down. Simon grimaced and coughed.

“You alright there buddy?” Dickson reached across the table and slapped him on the back. “We need you at full strength today. I’ve got one hell of a campaign planned for you.”

“I’m fine,” Simon said, sucking wind. In truth, he was already light-headed.

“Let’s get everybody in position then. It’s time we got started.”

Dickson settled in his seat and raised the divider that shielded the information for the campaign they were about to play. As Dungeon Master, the flow and control of the game was completely up to him. The others sipped their moonshine and adjusted their gaming pieces.

Simon’s phone vibrated in his pocket and he slid it out to read a text from his girlfriend, Kelly.

Have fun today and don't do anything dumb! Remember – it's all in the past now.

Simon frowned and texted back: *For sure. See you tonight? Of course! Muah!*
Simon slid the phone back into his pocket. He looked across

the table at Boz. Boz was grinning at him. Simon *hated* that cocky grin. That arrogant, knowing grin. Everything Simon had done to this point was justified *because* of that grin.

That stupid smile and the stupid thing he'd made Kelly do.

Simon had never had a real girlfriend before, and Kelly was *perfect*. The sort of girl to make Simon pinch himself every morning he woke up and realized that he hadn't been dreaming when she said she'd go steady with him. She was a late transfer that senior year, coming over from another state.

There was nobody like her at Wilmington high, that was for sure.

Kelly was a pale goth princess, with just enough curves to fly under the radar of some of the more popular kids. Her hair was straight, black and layered, and she was able to wear it in a

number of provactive styles. In addition to her juicy figure, she had the plumpest, reddest lips that protruded from a pale, pretty oval face. She had soft porcelain skin. Emerald green eyes. Beneath that intimidating, sexy exterior was a smart, curious girl who found Simon to be sweet and funny. They had hit it off right away, and it had been Kelly who practically forced Simon to ask her out. Not a bad deal for Simon, considering he was a short, nerdy kid with a mop of blonde hair, glasses, and about twenty extra pounds of baby fat which he carried mostly in his rump.

They'd dated six blissful months before Boz stuck his foot in the door.

As wonderful as Kelly was, as wise beyond her years as she seemed to be at times (what with her Flannery O'Connor books and her poetry journals), she was still an impressionable 18-year-old girl. Perhaps her greatest strength and greatest flaw was her endless curiosity. From books, to hobbies, to boys – Kelly was *curious*.

Boz used that curiosity against her.

When Simon first got a girlfriend, when he first brough her around his nerdy friends, he thought his pals were happy for him. They had certainly been as gentlemanly and dignified as he'd ever seen them. On the rare occasion she was there in Dickson's basement, she would sit at Simon's side in a low-cut black mesh

top that showed off her great pale slabs of breasts. She was always very quiet, listening. Having her there made Simon feel like his status was raised amongst his group of friends, him being the only one with a girlfriend. A sexy goth girlfriend at that.

Of course, the façade of manners was quick to dissolve. Boys will be boys, especially boys like Boz Harris, who had more testosterone in him than brains. It didn't take long for Boz to start interjecting sly comments about Kelly during a campaign one day.

"After we loot this dungeon," Boz would say, "why don't we stop off at the tavern and pay the milk maid a visit?" He had nodded at Kelly as he said it, and everyone – including Simon – had laughed. That particular day she'd been wearing a black tube top that showed off the tops of her tits, and her skin appeared almost translucent amongst all the ebony in the room.

Or Boz would say: "Damn girl, you getting juicy, huh? You sure Simon Says over there is treating you right?"

Or: "Let Kelly roll the dice. Come on girl, *shake em' up!*"

It continued on and eventually Simon stopped bringing Kelly to Dickson's altogether. In fact, Simon decided he didn't want his horny friends around her at all anymore. They probably thought

that since Simon had a shot with a girl like Kelly, then they did too.

Clearly Boz thought so, because when he finally made his move on her, he was totally shameless about it.

Simon only found out what Boz did because he went through Kelly's phone. Somehow he'd gotten her number. Their texting was simple and friendly at first but then Boz redirected the conversation. Simon wondered if Boz's careful manipulation of Kelly was influenced by Dickson. Perhaps Dickson had been the one with the phone, the one texting, even. What ended up happening was, Kelly's curiosity was piqued by a certain stereotype of black men. Boz offered to satisfy that curiosity with a picture, but only if Kelly would reciprocate.

I'll show you the whole thing, but you need to do a lil something for me.

But what about Simon? You won't tell him will you?

This ain't got nothing to do with Simon. This is between me and you.

The first picture he sent her was a tease: Boz in the bathroom mirror, squeezing his sweatpants against the outline of his bulge.

It was no surprise to Simon that Boz was hung – everyone in their friend group knew it. But trying to wonder what Kelly's reaction would have been when she first saw it put a strange sensation in Simon's gut.

What Kelly sent in response to that picture is what ignited the spark for everything else that came later.

In the picture, she'd clearly taken the time to set her camera up and put it on a timer. Her hair was long and straight and black, and it slipped past her shoulders and down to her bare, pale nipples. She was topless. Her skin so fair that you could count the faint blue veins in her breasts. She's had blackish blue lipstick on, and her plump mouth was closed and pursed. Her green eyes stared out from behind slanted lashes. Her arms were bent at the elbows and she squeezed her tits together that way, with her hands and fingers reaching behind her neck. It was sensual and staged.

As if that photo had not been enough to numb his senses, Simon then saw Boz's reaction.

Goddamn girl! Simon is one lucky white boy!

And then the photo: Boz's nine and half inch prick slung over the counter and drooping halfway down into the bowl of the sink.

Kelly's reaction was a *mind-blown emoji*.

She caught him with her phone a few minutes later and they argued. Simon didn't blame her and he made that abundantly clear. He made sure Kelly understood he was holding nothing against her, that he understood her natural disposition to be curious and that it wouldn't be fair for him to be mad at her. They settled things with a handjob and he made sure she promised not to talk to Boz anymore.

Everything was fine after that between Simon and Kelly.

But from that day onward, his vendetta against Boz only grew. In the countless hours he spent plotting his payback, Simon convinced himself that all four of his D&D pals were in on it. That they were probably trading the pic around and getting off to it. These thoughts nearly drove Simon insane until at last the opportunity he wished for presented itself.

Boz, Dickson, Cosby and Jamal were planning a senior prank. On Monday morning when the school opened, there was a real live donkey up on the third floor of the senior building. It had shit all over the hallways and done thousands of dollars in damages.

Everyone agreed it was the funniest senior prank at Wilmington in ages. Everyone but the principal, who informed the student body that if anyone had information on who was responsible, that they should report to him as soon as possible.

And so it happened like that. Simon went to the principal and ratted. The boys were expelled, their chance at college extinguished in an instant. All because of Simon.

He didn't reach out to them for the longest time, nervous that they knew he'd done it somehow. Eventually, Dickson called him up and asked where he'd been. Simon decided to show up to save face, to gather up any comics or video games he might have left there, and if possible, find and delete the picture of Kelly.

If he could do that, then *everything* would be fixed.

Now it was time to roll the dice and start the game. A strange, excited quiet had settled over the basement. Simon felt like the others looking at him, grilling him, waiting for him to do something. He noticed Boz's phone on the table, just beside his moonshine. So close yet so far away.

"You four are on the road to the King's castle," Dickson began, reading off a sheet of paper hidden behind his divider. "The winds

whisper of betrayal, and a buxom pale milkmaid beckons you onward…”

As Dickson spoke, Simon raised his eyes to the sound of footsteps on the level above them. Dickson’s Uncle Curly was a heavy-footed man with an overbearing disposition. Simon was able to follow the sound of the groaning boards as the man walked across the landing overhead to the door that opened on the basement staircase.

The door at the top of the stairs opened and Dickson paused in his reading.

Uncle Curly called from the top of the steps: “Gotta package up here, little niggas! Come on and get it or I’ll sell it at the pawn shop for pennies! Haha!”

“One sec, Simon,” Dickson said, standing from the table along with the others. “We’ve been waiting weeks for this damn package. Be right back.”

“What is it?” Simon asked, firmly planted in his seat and trying not to look and see if Boz was taking his phone with him.

“Something for the campaign,” Dickson said, a glint in his eyes. “Something special for the big reunion.”

The boys chuckled. Simon laughed too, as if he were in on the joke. The truth was, he didn't give a damn what was in the package and he didn't give a damn about this game.

The moment their backs were turned he looked at where Boz had been sitting – he'd left his phone!

Simon breathed evenly and watched the four boys retreat up the stairs.

The very moment the door closed, he jumped out of his seat and went for the phone. His gut told him it would be locked and he would have to try a password – he had a few in mind – but miraculously, the phone was already unlocked.

His pulse quickened. He navigated to Boz's photo album while keeping a keen ear on what was happening upstairs. He could hear voices and feet shuffling, excitement and the tearing open of a box. Laughter.

Simon was in. He scrolled through countless dick pics that Boz had taken of himself. Countless angles and the various degrees of erection. The same hunk of shlong over and over again. Simon couldn't find Kelly.

Quickly, he navigated to messages. He found the conversation between Boz and Kelly (Kelly was noted as *goth tits* in Boz's phone) and scrolled.

And there was Kelly, showing off her tits. Quickly, he deleted it.

There were footsteps coming across the landing above. Thumb shaking, Simon went to the hidden folder on Boz's phone. There she was again. The same picture from the chat message.

Simon deleted it.

The door at the top of the stairs was opening, but Simon wasn't done yet. He knew he had about five more seconds before they cleared the banister and saw him going through Boz's phone. As fast and as carefully as he could, Simon navigated to the *recently deleted* folder and clicked it.

The last picture of his topless girlfriend looked up at him. He clicked *delete permanently* and the photo disappeared. Simon clicked the home button and the screen went black. He set the phone back down, exactly as he'd found it, and slipped back into his seat just as the boys came past the bannisters.

Inside, Simon was raging with victory. He was careful not to show it on his face.

“You good down here, Simon?” Jamal asked as they came back to the table.

“Oh I’m great,” he replied. “Just excited to play. So, what’s in the package?”

Dickson held a large cardboard box. The top was open but Simon couldn’t see what was in it.

“All sorts of shit,” Dickson said.
“You’re gonna love it,” Boz snickered.
“Am I now? You going to show me what you got?”
Dickson set the box down on the table. To his left, Cosby was grinning.

“I’ll show you,” Dickson said. “But we’re gonna need some light first. You mind hitting the switch, Cosby?”
“Not at all,” Cosby said. He walked around the table, past

Simon, and flicked the light switch on at the bottom of the stairs. The murky dark that had consumed the room vanished, and bright white halogen lights lit everything in sudden burning detail.

Simon smiled nervously, looking at the box, until he saw what was on the walls.

Those dark rectangles that had been almost imperceptible earlier now revealed themselves as posters. Eighteen by twenty-four-inch glossy matte finish posters.

“Oh no,” Simon squeaked.

“You ain’t seen those yet?” Boz grinned. “Damn Simon, you were gone longer than I thought. Your girl been up there for *months* now.”

The soundtrack of their laughter played while Simon looked at each identical poster, one at a time. Kelly’s tits were brilliantly upscaled, just as they were on the phone but with a glossy sheen. Vivid enough to count the blue veins in her pale tits. Her round, ashy eyes staring out innocently, as if still bargaining for a picture of Boz’s dick. Her plump lips pouty and begging.

One, after another, after another.

“Don’t mind that one at the end,” Jamal said. “We been using it for target practice. Ha!”

They laughed louder. Simon saw the poster they were talking about. It was on the wall in a corner at the back of the basement.

A place rarely used except for desecrating Kelly's image. Dried white streaks were strewn across her tits and face, some of it still fresh enough to glisten in the bright lights.

Simon was speechless. Words could not formulate. His insides felt like they were all sucking in on themselves, wedging their way up into his ribcage and then between his lungs, making it difficult to breathe. He turned red and felt himself fill with hot shame.

"We know you ratted on us, Simon," Dickson said, reaching into the box. "And now you're going to make it right."

Simon saw what was in the box. He tried to stand up; he had every intention of running. But Cosby had his hands clamped on Simon's shoulders, and now escape was simply not possible.

At the top of the stairs, the lock clicked into place on the door. Then came the sinister laughter of Uncle Curly.

Chapter 2

Simon's twitching eyes jerked from the posters on the wall to the items Dickson pulled from the cardboard box. There were so many Kellys in the room that part of Simon felt like she was actually seeing this happen in real time. Even when his eyes weren't on her, her pale nipples prodded at his periphery.

Months, Boz had said. The posters had been up for *months*. And yet even this was not his biggest concern at the moment. "You got two choices as far as I see it," Dickson said, his

gravelly voice cutting the constant laughter of the others. "Either you get your big-titty girlfriend over here to wear this shit, or *you* can fucking wear it! What's it going to be, Simon?"

The first thing Dickson pulled out of the box was a baby blue corset. Attached at the top of the bust were shoulder pads with frilly hems. Then came the matching baby blue bottoms but more like panties with a large frilly waistline. Long white stockings were next. Finally, for now, came the matching baby blue high heels.

Dickson laid the stockings and the heels on the tabletop but held the corset and panties up so everyone could see.

"Make a decision, Simon – or we'll make it for you."

"It wasn't me," Simon sputtered. "I-I-I didn't rat on you guys!"

Cosby's grip on his shoulders tightened and the boy's belly pressed into the back of Simon's head. "Don't fucking lie," Cosby growled. "You'll just make it worse."

"You think I didn't know you was gonna fuck with my shit?" Boz said, walking around the table and joining Cosby in his cornering of the boy. "You ain't half as smart as you look, white boy! We got yo' bitch's picture *forever*, understand? And there ain't shit you can do about it!"

Jamal was laughing hysterically, clutching his sides, bloodshot eyes watering with joy. "We known it was you for a long time, Simon!"

"How?" Simon said timidly.

"Uncle Curly knows Principal Powers," Dickson said, still holding the baby blue attire aloft. "We've known since day one."

Dickson shook the clothing in his hands and gave Simon an amused smile.

"Pick right now," he said. "You or your girlfriend."

“I’ll call that big-titty bitch up right now and show her the posters,” Boz added. “I bet she’d do just about *anything* to keep us from spreading em’ around. What you think, Simon?”

“Or you can wear it,” Cosby said from behind. “Put it on and play a game with us and then we can forget it ever happened.”

Simon’s head swam from the homemade booze. The pressure they applied to him was stifling. He could feel all of his past mistakes tightening around his neck like a turtle neck two sizes too small.

In that moment, he knew there was no way out of this mess he’d made for himself.

“You can’t call Kelly,” Simon said. “Please. This doesn’t involve her.”

“Then put it on,” Dickson said. “Put it on and let us have our fun.”

And there it was, plain as day, no fine print to speak of. They wanted to dress him up and humiliate him. They wanted their revenge – and from the look in their eyes, Simon could see they believed they *deserved* that revenge.

“Just like the slut in the campaign,” Jamal laughed. “Our little milk maid *Simone*.”

“Simone!” Cosby echoed.
“Put it on, *Simone*,” Dickson said. “Or we call the goth bitch.”
Simon looked at Dickson, at the baby blue fabric he dangled

like a fishing line meant to reel in some perverse aquatic beast. He saw two paths ahead of him now but only one of those paths had Kelly waiting for him at the finish line. He knew his choice even if he did not have the gall to say it aloud.

He cast his eyes at the game pieces on the table, waiting patiently, as stuck in the mire of their fate as Simon was in his.

“Please,” he said. “Don’t do this.”

Cosby’s fingers scrunched the shoulders of Simon’s t-shirt and he yanked. When Simon tried to resist, Boz was there to pull his arms skyward, and in a few seconds he was shirtless.

He smelled Jamal before he saw him. In the clutches of the other two, Simon could only whine helplessly as the stinky one yanked his shorts down to reveal a pair of tight white underwear wrapped around his crotch and chubby ass.

“Look at this smooth fucking paunch,” laughed Boz. “Always had a sneakin’ suspicion you had a tiny white dick. Guess it’s time we found out for sure.”

Simon actually screamed when the cotton underwear tore from his body. It was sharp and fast and yet the humiliation of the moment heightened his awareness and it was like he felt the fibers tearing in slow motion. Then, in the next instant, his underwear was more like a white flag, if it was anything at all. And he was bare and exposed to the boys he once thought of as his friends.

“What in da fuck!” Boz screamed, arching his long bony finger at Simon’s withered white winky – the finger twice as long as the thing it pointed to. “Oh hell nah! It’s a fuckin’ tic-tac!”

Laughter, multi-layered and deafening, followed Boz’s insults. Simon went into panic-mode and now he struggled and shambled in the clutches of these boys, each taking turns to belittle what was between his thick thighs.

“Haha! This lil’ fagget need a PLUS SIX in dick size and he might graduate from tiny prick to a small one!”

“How the FUCK you get a bitch like Kelly!”
“Look at that chewed up piece of gum!”
“What a fuckin’ joke! All this time I thought lil’ Simon knew

how to roll dice so they’d always land on snake eyes. I guess he was just rollin’ his dick size!”

Upstairs, over the laughter, Simon could faintly here Uncle Curly watching television. He realized that even calling out for help would get him nowhere. He was trapped with nowhere to go.

“Let me go!” Simon cried. “I don’t want to play anymore!” “Too bad fagget – the game is just gettin’ started!”
They threw him forward, his naked body colliding with the table and wrecking the façade of the DnD game they’ve been meant to play. The clatter of plastic pieces and die rolling off the table, the smell of spilled liquor in his nose as a terrible palm mushed his cheek and pinned him to the table. He was bent over, bare assed, trembling with fear as they gathered closer. It was Boz’s strong hand pinning his face down, and it was Jamal who gathered Simon’s struggling hands to his lower back and kept them there.


QOS BOOKCLUB
Patreon.com/QoSBookclub
Boccaccio

CRACK!

Simon screamed.

“That’s for bein’ a rat!” Boz growled. Simon could feel the sting, the perfect outline of his huge hand tattooed against his rump. “Look at that chubby ass shakin’ all over the damn place! HA!”

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

“Ahhhhhh!” Simon screamed again. The spank was hard enough to send his crotch against the table, his wee-bits rubbing along the tabletop like a clit. And as the boys began to take turns spanking him, all while they kept him pinned, that rubbing began to arouse him. A horrible, tiny erection sprouted and he prayed no one would see it.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

It was Cosby’s turn and he had something in his hand – a wooden paddle, shaped like a DnD sword. He went to town on Simon’s cheeks, turning them red, turning them into a burning pair of trembling shaking slabs of meat.

“Pleeeease!” Simon begged. “No more!”

“My turn,” Dickson said, giving Simon more spanks with his harsh, bare palm.

“Alright enough,” said Boz. “Stand that fagget up so we can get him into character!”

“NO WAIT!”

The power of four sets of hands ripped him away from the table like a Band-Aid over a wound. It was on the turnaround that they saw what he didn’t want them to see; that thing which he could not explain and had a poor excuse for.

“YO WHAT THE FUCK!” Boz exclaimed. “OH HELL NAH! HIS ITTY-BITTY CLITTY GOT HARD!

“Nooo,” Simon pleaded. “It’s not what it looks like!”

“Fagget!” Dickson spat. “Always knew this punk was a fagget!”

“He don’t deserve that white girl,” Jamal agreed.

“Yo that shit is fucking *tiny*,” Cosby added. “I got pencils in my lab with more girth!”

Simon was claustrophobic with their faces of phobia and though he continued to sputter excuses they would not hear it. His rearend stung like it had been dipped in butter and sat on then griddle to fry. His eyes welled with wet; his bottom lip quivered. To be so naked and vulnerable amongst the larger, dressed boys, was to be completely defenseless.

The baby blue bottoms dangled in front of his face.
“Time to make you decent, bitch boy,” said Boz.
“Put that tiny clit away!” Jamal shouted.
Sniffling and defeated, Simon raised one foot and then the

other, allowing for Boz to pull the tight, slightly abrasive fabric up his legs and around his terrified tinker-toy. They were chuckling, laughing, sometimes shaking their heads in total disgust and disappointment, but they all watched him as the frilly bottoms came snugly to cover his shame.

“Alright, Cos,” Dickson said, his gaze falling on Cosby and then the hidden lab at the back of the basement. “Do your thing.”

“Just a sec,” Cosby said, departing for his lab.

The boys looked him over while Cosby was gone. Near enough for their bodies to press in on him, suffocating, claustrophobic. They were in a constant state of humor due to his

lack of clothing, and the little bottoms he wore. His entire ass, white and flabby, was exposed and he kept his hands over his crotch because he didn't know what to do with them.

"One thing we gotta take care of before we finish dressing you," Dickson said. "Actually – two more things."

Just then, Cosby came from the back of the basement with a familiar expression on his face: pride. Simon had seen it before, whenever Cosby was presenting his latest invention. Once, it had been a skateboard with exhaust pipes on the back and a tiny motor attached to the front. Another time, it had been a laundry wheel that collected dirty clothes. But now, as he approached Simon with glee in his eye, he held something in his hands that Simon could not understand. An invention beyond his wildest dreams and worst nightmares.

"Keep it away from me!" Simon screeched. "NEVER!"

“Scream yah head off, Simon,” Boz laughed. “Only person home is Dickson’s uncle Curly and he don’t give a *fuck*.”

Cosby approached with it stretched between his hands like some fleshy drapery of anatomic design. At first look, it was floating breasts – round and large, with the most realistic looking blue veins beneath the skin. If ever there was a science fiction movie where a female droid was to seduce the audience, surely this was straight from the set of such a film. But even as Simon looked at the invention, he knew this thing had come from nowhere else but Cosby’s lab. As they came closer, Simone saw the flat, pink areolas, the pudgy nipples barely rising from within that circle. The breasts themselves hung like melons, widening out at the middle, slightly torpedoed inward towards the center.

And those little blue veins beneath the almost translucent skin toe.

Even floating freely between Cosby’s hands at they were, the jiggling swaying tits did nothing to eliminate Simon’s sad erection.

“No sleeves needed,” Cosby said, turning the prosthetic around and pushing it towards Simon’s bare chest. “As real as

they get. Suction power so they stay on your chest, and ultra-realistic gravity and beyond anamorphic, there is *nothing* like these on the market – or in the world, for that matter.”

The kiss of the breasts against his chest was cool and instant – like a gel. The air bubbles popped out the sides as Cosby smoothed it over, and when the boy pulled his hands away, Simon felt his back between the shoulder blades tense. These things were realistically heavy.

“Holy fuck,” Dickson said. “Simon got TITTIES!”

And the laughter followed. And it increased, when Simon tried to turn this way and that and they flopped about as if they’d always been a piece of him – as if they’d only just grown outward in the last few minutes.

“Watch this,” Cosby said, then grabbed Simon by both nipples and *squeezed*. When he let go, the nipples were *hard*. Stout, erect, and beautiful.

“You a genius, Cos,” Jamal said.

“Would you look at this little tart,” Dickson said, looking Simon up and down. “I think it’s time we finish getting her ready – so that the *real* games can begin.”

It was the stockings first, smooth gripping along his feet, ankles, calves and thighs. They kissed just below the crease of his pelvis, going nicely with the subtle fringe on the blue panties. Fighting them in a physical way made him feel so stupid that he clammed up automatically; fighting them caused his new tits to wobble and swing and the humiliation of *that* was enough to silence him. Even wearing Cosby’s invention, Simon could not understand how they could so freely cling to his body, the material seemingly melding with his own skin to give the illusion of no interruption between textures.

He stepped into the blue high heels next, with much help from the laughing boys, and because these heels were such a sharp incline, it kept Simon even more off balance. Finally, it was time for the corset. It was of an old Victorian style, baby blue like the bottoms, and something you might find on a buxom milkmaid in a campaign. This corset had fluffy shoulder sleeves with a frilled

hem that clasped the arms. Watching them stuff his fake titties down into the cups, Simon was turned red with shame. Dickson pulled the corset straps taut in the back – so tight that Simon was forced to stand straighter and bare his new chest- weight. Between the tits and the corset, breathing was restricted, his draws of breath shallow and uneven. He was lightheaded.

The boys finally let go of him, and he stood there tottering as if on the edge of a cliff, trying to balance his new posture and new titties atop precarious blue heels. They circled him, laughing and jeering.


QOS BOOKCLUB
Patreon.com/QoSBookclub
Boccaccio

“That’s good for now,” Dickson said. “Just so we can get on with it. But if you act a fool, we got *lots* more we can fuck you up with.”

Boz pulled out his phone and the light over the lens came on. Simon tried to turn and bolt but of course he tripped and fell straight into stinky Jamal. Jamal caught him, righted him, and then held him firmly by the arms while Boz snapped pictures. Simon grimaced so hard his glasses became crooked on his face.

“This isn’t right,” Simon whined. “You can’t do this! You can’t take pictures!”

“I’ll take em’ and I’ll send em’ to Kelly, how bout’ that?” “You wouldn’t dare!”
“I’m gonna hold onto these,” Boz smiled, still snapping pics.

“If you act like a good little girl till the end of the day, maybe I’ll delete em’.”

“Turn around,” Dickson growled. “Let us see that fat ass in your new outfit.”

Simon had to stare at his feet to make sure he did not trip. It was better this way, really – to stare at the floor in defeat was preferable to admonishing the world around him.

“Now that that’s done,” Dickson said, “we can get started.” “Get started?” Simon started.
“For the campaign. Your campaign.”

Chapter 3

As it turned out, Simon's "campaign" had very little to do with anything resembling Dungeons and Dragons. His campaign wouldn't take imagination nor the mind's eye to see – it would all play out in all its glorious reality.

"Can we *talk* about this *guys*?" Simon didn't mean for his voice to crack, it just did. It was something that happened sometimes – the prepubescent squeak of a random word – and he was ashamed every time it occurred. The problem now, between the tight corset and extra weight on his chest, was that he'd become much more prone to doing it. Of course Boz and the others knew he was ashamed of this, and once upon a time had stifled their laughter – but not today. Today, the laughter flowed.

"We can *talk* about your first task," Dickson said, mocking his vocal break on the word *talk*. "You ready Cosby?"

Cosby pushed the mason jar full of moonshine to the center of the table. "Almost," he said. "Let me just grab that *thing* right quick."

The boys chuckled at this, whatever the "thing" was. Once again, Cosby disappeared to his lab. Meanwhile, Dickson took a clear plastic cup, the very cheap kind, and filled it to spilling. The liquor smelled strong in Simon's nostrils. He could see very well that

anyone who tried to lift the glass up from the table would end up spilling much of it before it stabilized.

Cosby returned from his lab. Simon let out a sigh of relief when he actually recognized the thing in his hands this time. It was a nerf gun. The more expensive kind, with the double cylinders full of darts, ready to be dispensed at someone else's (probably Simon's) expense. Except, as Simon looked at the gun, it seemed different somehow, altered perhaps. And the darts, well, they didn't look like any Nerf darts Simon had ever seen before. For on thing, the color was off – these were dark all over.

Cosby racked the bolt and smiled. "Just a little something I've been working on. You know, just *dicking around*."

"Your mission, should you choose to accept it, it pretty simple, Simon." Dickson pointed at the overflowing cup on the table. "You're going to do your best Eddie Murphy impression and carry that cup of moonshine upstairs to my uncle Curly. But you can't spill it – you can't spill a drop. Every time you spill some, Simon, I'm going to use Cosby's new toy on you."

Simon crossed his arms in nervous anticipation. His breasts spilled against his forearms and he felt silly. He looked at the cup, at the gun in Cosby's hands, and at the staircase leading up to the ground floor. Then he looked at his heels. It set in that this had been well planned from the start. All of it. Even the baiting with Boz's phone. These guys had been plotting on his downfall for some time, and they weren't going to let him walk away from it. Besides, they had pictures of him now – pictures that could ruin his relationship with Kelly.

Simon tried to adjust his feet within the straps of the heels and he nearly turned his ankle. When he tipped forward for balance, his tits nearly made him fall. When he straightened again, the corset seemed to cinch tighter. His face felt red merely from the act of breathing. He knew he did not have the energy to argue *and* do this task, the task that they would expect of him no matter what.

"You ready, Simon?" Dickson grinned.

Simon nodded, readying himself. Dickson took the gun from Cosby and lined Simon up in his sights.

"Go."

Simon reached slowly, awkwardly for the cup. He was not so nimble or coordinated to begin with, and now he was like a crash test dummy performing ballet. Just as his hand made it to the cup, he slipped in wrapping his fingers about it, and felt the overflow of warm moonshine run down his knuckles.

POP!

"AH!"

Simon felt it on the inside of his thigh, so exposed as it was. Trying to keep the cup from trembling in his hand, he looked down at the sight of the impact. At the dart.

At the little dildo still quivering where it stuck to his skin.

The boys guffawed and clapped. Simon stared at it. The way it had landed was shaft down, so that the mushroom tip pointed outwards and away from him. There was even a small set of testicles flush with the butt of the dart now stuck to him.

"I got a 3D printer," Cosby said, laughing his ass off. "You wouldn't believe what you can make with those things! And the

balls? They store the glue, Simon. It's going to take some serious effort to get it off."

The boys continued to laugh. Simon tried to stand up straighter and bring the glass to his chest, but it was no use – it was still too full. Another splash right over the side.

POP! POP!

Two more. One in the shoulder, one right in the center of his chest, just above his breasts. Two black dildos settling into place.

"Oh God," Simon cried. "Oh God help me!"

"Get moving," Dickson said, never taking his eye from the gunsight. "Uncle Curly likes to get day drunk."

Simon turned carefully. Boz and Jamal did not do him any favors by crowding close. Neither did the heels, but he managed to keep his balance for the most part until he got to the foot of the stairs. It was after the heel was planted on the first step, on his way up to the next, when he heard the pop of the gun again.

"Look at that ass jiggle!" Boz cried.

It was there, protruding from the left cheek, the flesh waving out even as the dildo jittered and settled in place. Simon winced. He got to the fourth step before it came again – this time giving symmetry to his humiliation. A dart in the other cheek!

POP! POP! POP!

“Yah girl will thank us!” Jamal called after him as he reached the top of the stairs, dildo darts decorating his ass back of his thighs. “Them things is bigger than yo’ lil’ dart!”

Sadly, that was true. Simon estimated that the 3D printed dildo-darts were approximately four inches long. The dildos had him beat.

Only Dickson followed him upstairs and onto the landing. Simon was not ready for uncle Curly’s reaction, who, standing in the kitchen smoking a cigarette near the window, burst into raucous laughter when he saw him.

POP!

Dickson had rotated around for that shot, and now Simon could see the shaft and the curve of the mushroom tip jutting out just over his line of sight. It was directly in the center of his forehead.

Curly was a large man, well over six-four, with powerful arms and a large gut. A tangle of dirty dreadlocks fell from his head, and when he laughed it was a deafening sound.

“Dildo boy!” uncle Curly cried in hilarity. “DILDO BOY! AHHH-HAHAHA!”

Tears blurred his vision and his feet hurt, but Simon focused all he had on the cup of moonshine. It was still quite full, despite Dickson being a strict judge of spillage. He only had to make it another ten feet to the kitchen, which he did, allowing only one more dildo-dart to be stuck to his arm.

“He-he-here, uncle Curly,” Simon sniffled, handing over the cup. Uncle Curly took the cup and down it in a gulp. A coughing fit came on, as he could not contain his laughter against the burn of the moonshine. He handed the empty cup back to Simon.

“Pour me another, dildo boy!”
Simon looked at Dickson, pleading with him.
Dickson nudged the gun in the direction of the basement.

“Let’s go fill it up then.”
Dickson made it back to the mason jar without incident, tits

and dildos jiggling, and his ability level in walking in heels steadily increasing. He set the cup down and Cosby filled it to the brim. While this took place, Simon noticed Boz on the phone.

Simon’s phone.

“What are you doing with that?” Simon said, accusatorily. “Hush up dildo boy,” Boz laughed. “I’m just browsing.” Simon thought of the nudes on his phone – those precious

nudes of Kelly. His stomach sank.
“Give me that back!”
“Nah!”
“Take this,” Cosby said, thrusting the overfilled cup of

moonshine into Simon’s hands. “And get walking!” Trembling, Simon turned away and made for the stairs. *POP! POP! POP!*

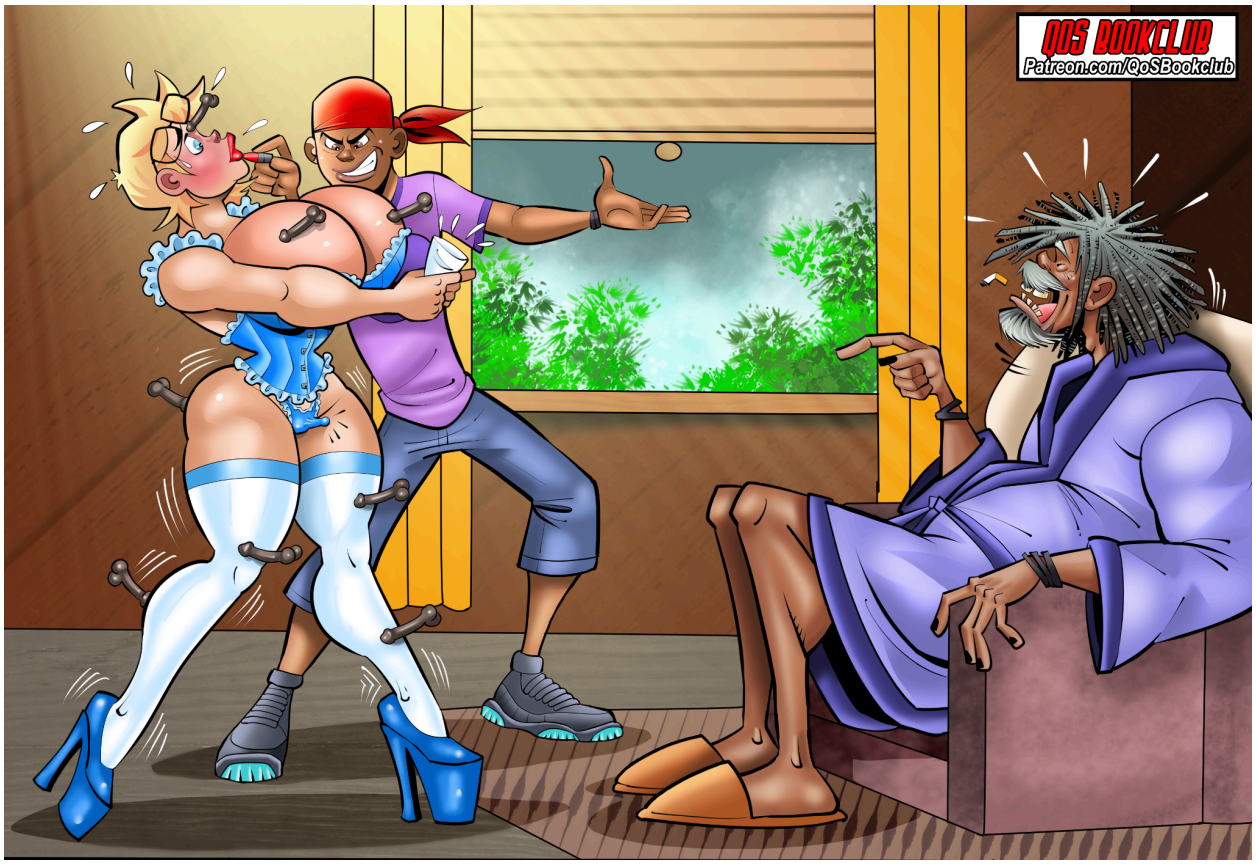
POP!

Uncle Curly was quite drunk by the time he finished the

second cup of moonshine. Simone was covered in dicks. Curly handed him back the cup and demanded one more.

At a loss, Simon returned to the basement.

But this time, when he made for the stairs with a fresh cup, Jamal stopped him.



“Hold up now,” the boy said, bringing a tube of lipstick to Simon’s mouth. “Quit fidgeting! You spill it he still gonna pop yo ass!”

Simon grimaced, but didn’t dare fight back as Jamal sloppily applied the product. Some quick blush was also added. Then he was walking again, getting the hang of it, only taking one last dart as he came out onto the landing.

Uncle Curly was blasted drunk.

“Come over ‘ere, dildy girl,” Curly drawled. He sat in the living room, legs spread on the couch in his house robe. As Simon approached, he could see that the man’s eyes were nearly crossed. He handed him the cup, Curly took it, and burped. “Look at you. Lookin’ like some dumbass white girl. Where them titties come from?”

“Cosby made em’,” Dickson said, the evilest smile Simon had ever seen across his face. “You should touch em, uncle Curly. They better than real.”

“That so, huh?” Uncle Curly looked him up and down. “Well if it’s all the same, I guess I better.”

Before Simon could get away, Curly had him by the wrist, dragging him into his lap. Simon had never been handled like that by an older man, and Curly's drunken strength was surprising. Simon felt very small as the man held him in his lap like some flash dancer on her break. Uncle Curly started groping the tits, knocking some of the dildos away with a wave of his hand.

"These is nice," he mumbled, licking his lips. "Real nice. Mmmm."

Simon froze there in his corset and panties, his nipples hard (both sets), getting his body groped.

"I've had a prettier," uncle Curly growled, and flipped Simon over suddenly and easily. Simon now lay across the mans lap, facing the floor. Curly knocked away the dildos from his ass and began to feel on the cheeks – rough and hard and kneading. "But this ass, this is *something*. Couldn't find ass like this back in the can, that's fo' sho'!"

"Oh God what's happening!" Simon cried. Dickson just laughed.

"I'm gonna go downstairs, uncle Curly," Dickson said, headed for the door. "Just send our friend back down when you're done with him, yeah?"

The door closed and Simon was alone with uncle Curly.

“Um…Mr. Curly, sir?” Simon sounded weak to his own ears. “I think there’s been some sort of misunderstanding. I’m Simon, remember? Dickson’s friend?”

“Simone,” the drunk corrected him. “Your name is *Simone*. And you got a fat ass…”

“Oh Mr. Curly please sir WAIT!”

Uncle Curly was big enough and strong enough to shove Simon along the couch, so that he could free his towering dick from his robe and begin to stroke it, slantwise, arching over Simon’s exposed cheeks. Simon lay there, breathing fast, cheek to cushion. As the older man stroked himself, he felt Curly’s rasping knuckles slapping off his asscheeks, and later, the rub of the mushroom head as Curly stuck *between* his cheeks. Simone didn’t know if this made him *gay* or not – it wasn’t penetration after all. Only a cheek-fucking. But why, oh why was he so erect inside his blue panties?



“Fuck,” Curly grunted. “Ah fuck.”

The head was slick a moment, wedged between Simon’s fat cheeks, before the gobbing ropes came sputtering forward. The old drunk had no distance, but he had volume. It leaked like sludge into Simon’s asscrack, greasing everything in between.

Simon squeaked, mortified, and went totally silent.

“Uugghhh,” Curly groaned, relieving his load against Simon’s puckered hole. “Fuuuuck. Good girl.”

Uncle Curly wiped of on Simon’s thigh.

“Better get yah ass back down there,” Curly sighed. “They be waiting. All sorts of games left to play with yo’ ass.”

Simon got to his feet and walked to the basement door, an odd, squeaky-sticky mess between his cheeks, and dildo-darts quivering with his shaking body.

When he looked back at uncle Curly, the man had fallen asleep with his dick out.

Chapter 4

In the simpler days of his young adulthood, a few days after his eighteenth birthday, Simon found himself wiling away the hours of a particularly hot afternoon in his bedroom, with his busty girlfriend Kelly at his side. Back then, he was still fast friends with Boz and the gang, and this was before he had gone to great lengths to keep Kelly far, far away from them.

"You guys have been friends a while, yeah?" Kelly chewed gum, her pouty lips moving in a locomotive circle as she chomped. She had the most ample mouth, so pink in comparison to the rest of her which was so pale. That day, Kelly wore a black tank top, and because she was on her stomach, the great package of her breasts looked ready to spill out all over Simon's bedspread. "How did you meet?"

"We met at school," Simon said, lying down beside her so that their bodies made the shape of a T. "Sort of as the outcasts. Me because, well, I guess because I'm smart and a little nerdy.

Them because, well, there aren't too many black kids at Wilmington and we had similar interests."

Kelly smiled. "So you started playing games down in the basement?"

“Dickson’s basement, yes.”
“Just DnD or anything a little…crazier.”
“Crazy how?”
“I don’t know. In some of the books I read, boys are always getting up to no good. Showing each other their pee-pees and what not.”

“What? Gross!”
“You guys never did anything like that?”
“We’re not gay, Kelly!”
Kelly sighed and rolled her eyes. “I’m not talking about being

gay, Simon! Don’t be so dense. Curiosity doesn’t make you anything but curious. It’s the doing that makes you.”

“Whatever that means.”

“What I mean is, have you guys ever…you know…showed each other your thingies?”

There had been a glint in Kelly’s round eyes that made Simon feel simultaneously nervous and turned on. He knew that his buxom goth girlfriend was sexually exploratory – they had not had sex yet but had fooled around with pretty much everything else.

Especially with her breasts, which seemed to be like an instant-cum button for Simon.

"Gross – no," Simon assured her. "We play games. We don't sit around showing each other our dicks."

"But you've seen them before? Like in gym class."
"Um, yeah. I guess. What's your point?"
She rolled over onto her back, taking her huge swinging breasts with her. "Just wondering which of you guys is the biggest."

"Biggest?"
"Biggest cock, Simon."
"That's a weird thing to wonder…"

"Is it? Why?"

"I don't know, Kel. Do you sit around all day thinking about me, or my friends' cocks?"

"I'm just *curious*, Simon…I bet Boz is the biggest. He's so tall, yah know? You can see it swinging around in his pants when he walks."

Boz was definitely the biggest, but what Simon had learned from experience was that the other guys were no slouches either. Simon

was without a doubt the smallest in the lot, but he wasn't going to tell Kelly that.

"Can we talk about something else?" Simon said.

"Sure," she sighed, a note of disappointment in it. "What do you want to talk about?"

Now, some eight months later, Kelly had seen Boz's dick in a picture and had even traded herself to get it. Now, Simon was crouched atop of the game table in Dickson's basement, straddling a tall lamp that the guys had decided to use as a makeshift stripper pole. Now, he could see Boz's giant dick as the boy stroked it openly (along with his hung buddies who sat in a circle around the table), and he thought of that day with Kelly. What did it mean? Had he allowed her curiosity to fester and grow, and is that ultimately what set all of this into action? It was impossible to know for sure if any of it could have been avoided, or if, like a pre-determined fate laid out by a Dungeon Master, it was always going to end like this.

They stuffed a curly Blonde wig on his head

"Dance bitch!"

"Shake that ass!"

“Can’t get into no strip joint till we 21 – so you gonna have to do for now!”

“You got lipstick on your teeth, girl!”

Trap music blared from a speaker.

The base of the long lamp pole was secured to the center of the table with a hybrid glue concoction. Simon was squatting down, leaning back against the pole, one arm raised sensually overhead.

The rule was simple – he’d better make it look real or Kelly and the rest of the school was going to get the photos the boys had taken of him. While he had resisted at first, it didn’t take long for him to get into character when Dickson showed Simon the text message with the pictures attached, ready to be sent at the push of a button.

While Simon’s body may have performed the maneuvers in earnest effort, his fallen red expression gave away his true feelings.

As he got more into it, the boys drank their moonshine and smoked their weed. They applied fresh makeup and hid Simon’s natural features under a load of blush, eye shadow, and garish

lipstick. Between all that, the Cosby Falsies, and his naturally inflated ass, it had not taken long for the boys to whip it out.

“No talking,” Dickson said. “Just dance.”

“It ain’t gay if you can’t tell the difference,” Jamal said. “That’s what Curly always says.”

And so the boys watched him dance. Watched Simon as he slithered down the pole, the pole clenched between his cheek, and then back up again. Following orders when he had depleted his limited repertoire of moves early on.

“Uncle Curly fitted them cheeks,” Dickson laughed, stroking his one-eyed monster, the thing fat like a can of Mountain Dew and long like a lute found in some fantasy tavern. “Look at her fat ass swallowing the pole up!”


Boccaccio
QOS BOOKCLUB
Patreon.com/QoSBookclub

Everywhere Simon looked, he saw them for what they were. Dickson and his swollen mean meat stick. Cosby and his long crooked wand. Jamal's uncut, unwashed floppy freak cock. And Boz's big black cock, the instrument of Simon's despair.

All of them stroking and jeering.

"Turn around and shake it!"

"Drop it like it's hot!"

"Somebody give this hoe plus 8 in twerking cus she aint' got no rhythm!"

"Hey yo Cosby," Dickson said, licking his lips. "What can we do about that pixie haircut? I like my tavern maids with that Rapunzel look."

"I got something," Cosby said, standing with his hooked cock jutting from his lap, and retreating to his treasure trove of inventions. He returned a moment later with a wig, so gold-colored it looked like wheat in the sunshine, curly and layered and about half the length of his body. "Crawl over here, Simone."

Simon got on all fours, whimpering, and came to the edge of the table. As Cosby leaned forward to apply the wig, the boys rigid

rocking ramrod danced dangerously close to his mouth. He sucked his lips in but he could not look away – down the curved crooked shaft, to the hefty swinging balls that half-rested on the table between Simon's hands. As Cosby fixed the wig to his head, his cock seemed to flex and tense, bobbing this way and that. One nut tumbled off the table, then the other. Simon marveled at the deep creases of Cosby's leathery sack and tried to will away the erection forming in his blue panties.

"There we go," Cosby said with a grin. "Now get back on the pole, bitch."

There was a different hunger in their eyes when he resumed. Simon knew it was because almost all semblance of his old self was now hidden away under the *game*. This thing in his place was Simone, not Simon. They were looking at him like he was not a friend or former friend at all, but a piece of meat.

And something strange had begun to happen with his breasts. The longer they stayed attached, the more they seemed to suction to two points directly around his nipples. The gel, or silicone, or whatever it was – it was drawing his nipples further into the substance. When the falsies' nipples got hard, so did Simon's. As if some air stream were tugging them right along with it. And when Simon's nipples got hard, other things got hard.

They were stroking furiously all around him now. Below, eyes fastened high.

"His little clitty is showing again," Boz grunted. "Gotta do something about that."

"I got something," Cosby said. "But let's pop one off first. I'm pent up."

"Me too," said Jamal. "Been saving it up just like we agreed."

Simon could see how hard they were; mushroom tips like swollen firehoses. Suddenly, his feet were pulled out from underneath him – it was Boz. Simon's hefty bottom hit the table hard enough to send any remaining game pieces flying. Boz yanked him forward and Simon slid onto his back, just a game piece himself now – laid out and staring at the ceiling, tits jiggling.

The four of them stood up.

Simon closed his eyes and thought of Kelly, on that day not so long ago, lying in his bed on *her* back, staring at the ceiling. He thought of all the things he'd wanted to do with her. To her.


QOS BOOKCLUB
Patreon.com/QoSBookclub
Boccaccio

“Ugh.”

“Fuck.”

“UUUGGHHH!”

“HAHA YEEEAAHH!”

It came from every side. Hot spraying ropes of intense trajectory. Arching in the air and splattering across his body. Boz got him along the face and neck. Dickson doused his tits. Jamal caught him along the thighs and over the panties holding his erection. Cosby’s load splattered the corset and beyond. Groaning and laughing, they hosed him down until his eyelids were glued shut and his mouth puckered tightly closed to avoid any entry. It didn’t matter however, because both nostrils were plugged with it.

“Got-damn!” Jamal groaned. “It just keeps coming, don’t it, Simone?”

Simon had to agree that it did.

Chapter 5

The strangeness of the day bled into the late afternoon. The four were satiated for the moment, but there appetite for entertainment was bottomless. On the flatscreen they turned on a movie, a hit from the 80s about an inventor much like Cosby, who mistakenly shrinks his family down to the size of insects. Cosby loved the movie, and in fact, it had helped to inspire his next instrument of humiliation for poor Simon.

Boz and Jamal stayed on the couch, watching the movie and smoking pot, flicking through Simon's pictures of Kelly and sending themselves their favorites. Meanwhile, Dickson and Cosby marched Simon over to the lab, where he was made to lay down in a gurney-like chair which Cosby had fashioned out of an old Barber's chair. He had not been allowed to change out of his entire, though he had been permitted to clean up the best he could. Stains from earlier clung to the corset and the blue panties, it stuck in his illustrious blonde wig as well.

"When are we done?" Simon asked, looking around this corner of the basement used for Cosby's lab. There was a large L- shaped desk, with beakers and lab equipment, a 3d printer, and the area was flanked by other various forms of equipment. "When is this over and I have your word that nobody is ever going to find out about this?"

“Quit your yapping,” Dickson spat. “That nerdy ass voice is getting on my nerves.”

“I’m serious, Dickson! I know I fucked you guys over and I’m sorry – but I have to be able to go back to my life after this!”

“It’s over when I say it’s over,” he said. “Now, Cos – what you got for this sissy bitch?”

Cosby turned to them with his newest invention. He held it in the palm of his hand for it was small and pink and shaped like a flower petal.

“Prototype,” Cosby said with pride. “But don’t let its looks fool you – it does more than you think.”

“Wha-wha-wha it is?” Simon stammered.

“Drop the panties,” Cosby replied. “Time to show you.”

Simon’s resistance was almost edict and it was useless all the same. Trying to stop Dickson from yanking his panties down only

served to make it all the more humiliating when his thin erection was exposed seconds later.

“Damn this bitch really is a fagget, huh?” Dickson said. “Not supposed to be enjoying this shit, dickhead.”

“I’m not!” Simon screeched, cracking on the second word. “I don’t know what’s happening to me! I-I-I’m confused!”

The evil scientist’s eyes were like fireworks behind his glasses. “It’s about to get a whole more confusing.”

Cosby removed a back piece from the pink flower petal – the thing looked like it was made of a similar fiber as the breasts on Simon’s chest. Within the interior of the device, he pushed a button and it beeped a quiet tone. He turned it around and brought it over to Simon’s exposed bits. Simon’s three inch hard- on was pink and the small mushroom tip was red. He was hairless because that’s what Kelly liked and he knew he needed all the help

he could get. Simon’s tiny balls were taut in a smooth white ballsack, and the entire apparatus resembled something a few

marbles all stacked neatly in place, with the exception of his thin shaft which was quite like a pen cap.

"So fucking small," Cosby whispered in concentration, peering over the top of his glasses has he covered Simon's package with the pink petal. "I hope I estimated correctly."

"What the fuck is that thing?" Simon said, whispering as well, but his voice full of fear.

"You'll see…"
"Ooohhh fuck! IT'S FREEZING!"
As the malleable petal-like device swallowed his penis and

peanuts, Simon's erection retracted with remarkable speed. The unexplainable need of sex was still there, the lust in his lower belly and in his frozen balls, but the equipment was not. As Boz pressed the petals outer lips into the soft pale flesh of Simon's crotch, Simon's entire manhood shrank down remarkable daintiness.

"Honey I Shrunk the Prick," Cosby smiled.

“Dickless Moranis over here,” Dickson laughed.

“It’s coooold!” Simon whined. He could feel his balls shrinking painfully, feel his nub of a penis retracting down to nothing more than the sprout of a mushroom.

Cosby picked up a controller from the desk.
“Wait!” Simon cried.
Cosby pushed a button. Immediately the cold increased on

the cock cover – and the outer lips of it began to pull inward, dragging smoothly and without resistance across Simon’s skin.

The petal was shrinking, and it was taking Simon’s bits with it.

“What the FUCK!” Simon cried – his voice was higher now, at least an octave so. Something in the process was exacting this on him!

“Don’t worry, Simone, it’s totally safe.” Cosby set the controller down and began to explain the invention, more to Dickson, who was enthralled with the contraption. “I’m running liquid nitrogen through the shell, getting those extreme colds

without the danger. I've also coated the inside of the cage with a special gel of my own doing. It gives us just that extra bit of shrinkage and helps line everything up."

Simon gasped, staring down as the petal became smaller, and slightly higher along his crotch, bundling what was left of him and placing itself higher. The crotch was smooth and flawless now, only the pink petal as a landmark, like some oversized clitoris.

"And now," Cosby said, pushing another button, "we go for the gold."

Along the tip of the petal a small slit opened.

"For making lemonade," Cosby said. "Oh and I almost forgot – let's fix that voice of yours, shall we?"

With a final push of the button, something extraordinary happened inside Simon. His new clitoris, having replaced his man parts completely, began to send out small, freezing electrical currents. The next time Simon spoke, his voice was three octaves higher.

“What’s happening to me!” he cried, wispy and high and feminine. “What is this!”

“Look on the bright side,” Cosby said. Your voice probably won’t crack anymore. Now that we’ve got it into it’s natural range.”

“Amazing!” Dickson cried. “Unbelievable! Guys get over here! You gotta see what Cosby did!”

Simon stared in shock at his new lady bit. Somehow he knew that if he needed to go to the bathroom, it would find its way out of there. So would something else, he supposed – but how would cumming even be possible with a dick and balls the size of a three-leaf clover?

Boz and Jamal were shocked and then amused. All four boys laughing at him and looking down at his body on the gurney like some failed – or very successful – science experiment.

“This can’t be happening!” Simon squeaked. “Please tell me it isn’t permanent!”

“Only if we do daily application,” Cosby said. “And we might. Depends how you behave the rest of the day, right, Dickson?”

“That’s right.” Dickson said. Then he cocked his middle finger into his thumb, reached forward, and flicked Simon’s petal- clit.

“Oohh-ahh!” Simon uttered a cry, but it was more like a moan. Had that flick…felt good?

“You didn’t,” Dickson said in disbelief.

“I did,” Cosby assured him. “That gel doesn’t just shrink – it turns on every receptor he’s got. He doesn’t just look like a bitch – he cums like one too.”

“No fucking way,” Jamal said, reaching forward and delivering a high-velocity flick to the Cosby-Clit.

“Ooohh,” Simon whimpered, thighs coming together. He moves his hands to stop the next one but Boz was there to restrain him.

Cosby flicked it and Simon moaned again. He wasn't getting hard, not quite, but every time they touched him there he felt himself getting a little closer. "Ooohhh!"

"I got an idea," Dickson grinned.

They brought him back to the gaming table, where the light pole was still in place. Simon's head was light from the intense arousal happening in the device, and he could hardly fight them when they sat him down with his back against the light pole, sitting on the table with his legs open. Handcuffs were brought out and with his arms behind his back he was cuffed to the pole.

Now the four boys walked several feet from where Simon the Sissy sat whimpering and trembling.

Dickson brought out a bag of ping pong balls.

"Alright," he said. "The direct hit that makes the little bitch cum, wins. Any questions?"

The other boys smiled.

"Game on," Dickson said.
Boz went first, raising his arm up like a professional NBA

player and flicking his wrist. The white ball sailed through the air in a perfect arch – and bounced off the center of Simon's clit.

"Oohh!"

"Direct hit!" Boz raised his arms in the air.

Jamal went next, then Cosby, then Dickson. Each boy was skilled with the pong ball as a basketball and there were more hits than misses. The balls would bop off the front of the clit, sometimes the side, and each time there was impact, Simon would breathe faster.

"Please," he breathed. "Take it oooffff!"
But was that true? Did he really want them to stop?
Bop! Bop! Bop! More direct hits from the gang. And Simone squirming on the tabletop, legs open, hands cuffed behind him, head lolling.

"Oh my God…Oh my God…"
Boz reared back like a pitcher and sent it flying. *POP!*
"Ooohhhh fuuuck!"
"She's gonna cum! She's gonna cum!" "Waaaiiittt!"
POP! POP! POP!

“Oh my god oh my god oh my – POP!
“OOOOOHHHH!” “HAHAHAHAHA!”


QOS BOOKCLUB
Patreon.com/QoSBookclub

Simon's entire body clenched. He looked down through slitted eyes. The little slit in the petal-clit was leaking white cum. A slow, steady flow. He could feel his emaciated penis spasming, pumping, his little frozen balls aching.

"OoohhhH!"

"Look at the slut! She's cumming!"

"She's CREAMING!"

"HAHAHAHA!"

"Oh – oh – oh!" Simon panted in time with his tremors, sounding *just* like a woman, oozing his stuff out of his new accessory. The thing was so tight and so gripped to him, it felt like a part of him, and in that intense wave of pleasure it was like the last remaining vestiges of masculinity were being leaked out of him.

The orgasm was so intense his eyelids fluttered and his body twitched. The other boys crowded around, laughing, throwing more ping balls at his cum-streaked petal and bringing on a bout of convulsions because he was so hyper-sensitive now and so overstimulated.

“Ooohhhstopstopstopooohhhfuuuuck!”

Simon was reduced to a babbling, incoherent mess of a woman.

And they were not done with him yet.

Chapter 6

When he could speak again, it was time for a game of cards. A nice old fashioned game of War – something even a confused and broken boy of a man like Simon could wrap his torched psyche around.

Simon was uncuffed and helped down. His head was spinning from the orgasm – he could feel the mess on him somehow. He knew that he had no bottoms on but that somewhere nearby, Jamal was waiting with them. But they wouldn't cover him, not yet, not until Cosby was finished with him.

Finished with what?

Simon couldn't say exactly. He only knew that as the lamp pole was removed and the table was set for War, that somewhere along the way, Boz bent him over – right at the hips. Simon stared in a daze at the top of the table before him and from behind he felt his cheeks open and then something almost imperceptible and *cool* inserted into his ass. It was thin, almost too thin to notice. The sensation was not unpleasant. The whole thing happened so fast in fact that by the time his bottoms were back on and he was seated at the card table, he wondered if he hadn't just hallucinated the whole thing.

But he was not hallucinating Cosby's smile. Or the remote in Cosby's hand.

"Nothing like it on the market," Cosby told the others. "You just wait and see. It's going to blow your mind."

"It'll blow something," Dickson snickered.

Then the cards were dealt. It was Boz vs Simon. Each with a stack of twenty five cards in front of them, face down, ready to play the game of War.

Each player draws, high card wins. Loser gets penalized.

"What's the penalty?" Simon asked quite quietly, ashamed of his new girlish voice.

"You'll see," Cosby said. "Now draw."

Boz grinned and turned over a card. A two of hearts. "It's yo' card, white boy," he said.

Simon turned a card over and put it beside Boz's. Simon won – he drew a nine of clubs.

“All’s fair in love and war,” Boz said. Then he got up and went to the nearest poster of Kelly on the wall and took it down. Somehow, Simon had forgotten all about them, but now in his humiliation he was vividly aware of the posters again. “You win, I’ll take down a poster.”

“But what about when you win?” Simon asked.
The boys laughed.
Boz drew an Ace. Simon, a Jack.
All eyes fell on Cosby and his new remote control. His thumb hovered over a red button, beneath the button it said: *EXPAND*.
Cosby pushed it.

Simon made a whooshing sound as all the air in his lungs went out through his mouth. A rising uncomfortable moan rose in him after that, his eyebrows raised in time with it, himself rising out of his chair slightly.

“Whhhooaaa-myasssssss!”

The other boys looked at each other for a moment in disbelief, before erupting into laughter. Only Cosby stayed silent, grinning, proud of his invention.

“What the fuuuuuck!” Simon whined, hunched over the table, reaching fruitlessly back at his own cheeks. “What is that!”

“Inflatable Fleshlight,” Simon said. “There’s nothing like it on the market.”

Simon looked at Cosby as if he were speaking another language. “What?”

“Draw,” Boz demanded. “Let’s keep playing.” “But…but…”
“Draw!”
“Okay!”

Simon lowered himself back down into his seat. He had defiantly expanded a little down there – he could feel it spreading him. He could also fell the exterior grip of two flesh-like lips clinging to his asscheeks, attached to whatever new hole Cosby had made for him down there.

Simon and Boz drew cards – Simon somewhat nervously. He was in luck this time, and Boz stood and went to the wall and removed a poster of Kelly. It seemed small consolation to Simon, who felt that his end of the deal was much harsher.

They drew again and Simon lost. All eyes went to the remote.
"Wait!"
Cosby pushed the button. "Whhhhooooaaaaa!"

The boys stood, more in fascination now than humor. Simon, looking as he did by then, appeared like some deranged, horny prostitute, half out of her mind with pleasure. Simon slapped his hands on the table, bending over it, eyes bulging.

"Ooohhh," Simon moaned quietly.

"I gotta see this!" Boz said, racing around the table suddenly, along with Jamal and Dickson.

Simon wanted to fend them off but the sudden expansion of his anus had him feeling some kind of way. It was easy for them to move the panties to the side and gaze at what Cosby had created.

"Simone's got a pussy," Jamal giggled.
"Looks just like the real thing," Dickson admired.
Boz looked from Simon's ass, to Simon's upper body bent over the table, hands gripping. From that angle, with his long golden hair falling past him, his body curvy and subservient, it didn't really seem to matter anymore who it actually was.

"Let's keep playing," Boz said, voice heavy.

They all sat back down again, including Simon who took his time doing so. He noticed right away that his “friends” were looking at him differently. He couldn’t put his finger on it exactly, only that they were looking at him like they were just meeting him for the first time. Simon liked this look least of all.

“Draw.”

Simon let out a sigh of relief this time, as his card came up high over Boz. Boz quickly removed another poster from the wall, letting it flap noisily to the floor. On the next hand, Simon knew he had lost before he even laid it on the table. He saw that it was the two of hearts.

“Just wait a second,” he said quickly. Then, slower and sweating: “It’s quite enough already, don’t you think?”

Cosby just looked at him.
It was Boz who spoke: “You think it’s big enough, Simon?” “Yes,” Simon said without thinking. He realized right after

answering that the proper response to Boz was *big enough for what?*

“Your call,” Boz replied. He stood up and so did all the other boys. “If you think it’s big enough, then what we standin’ around for?”

They came at from both sides of the table. Simon’s resistance was performative and short-lived, and soon enough he was bent over the game table with his panties pulled to the side. He heard the rustle of clothing as basketball shorts shuffled down long legs and he felt the thud of something weighted and pulsing.

“Gimme the lube!” Boz’s voce from behind.

“But the game,” Simon protested meekly. “The game isn’t over!”

Jamal swiped his arm over the table top and everything on it went flying off – cards, chips, game pieces, everything. He climbed up onto the table without his shorts on and his huge sweating cock flopping this way and that. As he sat down on the tabletop just in front of Simon’s face, his huge hairy sack pooled into a leather sculpture and his fat dong slapped off the wood.

As Boz leaned into him from behind, Simon’s new clit pulsed against the edge of the table. It seemed that any sort of contact now was accompanied by an intense, radiating buzz. Whatever was left of his penis was highly sensitive and the pleasure was like being stroked off by some invisible hand that had no corporeality.

“Open up, Simone,” Jamal said, whacking his musky member off Simon’s lips. “Stick that tongue out and taste it, pretty girl.”

Simon grimaced from the sudden intrusion in his ass-pussy. “Open up!”

Whack!
Simon stuck his tongue out. Jamal rubbed his leaking tip and

Simon tasted man cum. “More lube.”

“Lick it like a lollipop!”
“Fuck – shit is tight and realistic!”
Simon sucked his tongue back into his mouth and cried out.

Jamal slapped him with his hard dick and buried Simone’s face in his ripe sack.

Simon howled into those pungent pubes as Boz slipped inside him from behind. The clit vibrated intensely and all that was wrapped up inside of it seemed to fill with pleasure. The single hole dripped a long clear strand of pre-cum.


QOS BOOKCLUB
Patreon.com/QoSBookclub

“Lick them nuts clean!”

Boz spread him and the feeling for Simon was uncomfortable yet natural. Whatever Cosby’s invention had done, it made the swell of Boz’s dick inside of it comfortable but not loose. It gripped Boz – and so Simon gripped Boz too. Boz fucked Simon and when the bully found that spot inside of him an orgasm ripped through Simon the likes of which he’d never known before. Flaccid and caged, squirting cum like cream out of the hole and the entire casing vibrating the whole time.

“This hoe’s eyes is rolling back!”

Simon could only give in to the physical pleasure now – it was so great it had blotted out all facts of his situation. It didn’t matter these were his ex-friends, his now-bullies. What they’d done with Kelly’s photo. None of it mattered. Only the exhilarating now.

When he came down from it, all in a daze, Jamal finally pushed into his mouth with his strong stinky stick. Simon gagged as he sucked. As Dom took him from behind.

He didn’t feel like Simon anymore.
Maybe with their permission he could pretend to be Simone.
They certainly didn’t see him as Simon anymore.
“You know what, Cosby?” Boz grunted, gripping both hips

now and diving deeper inside. “What’s that Boz?”

“I think this might just be your masterpiece.”

Chapter 7

She was on the edge of her bed, taking a picture for Boz.

It was no big deal – she did that sometimes. Took some naughty (but tasteful) pics for him. Simon didn't have to know about it. She liked doing it and since there was no touching it wasn't really cheating, was it? It was harmless. Just as long as Simon never found it.

And he wouldn't. Kelly was very careful about being careful. She knew how obsessed Simon was with her.
The camera was on a timer and it was nearly down to zero

when Kelly adjusted her intended pose. She wasn't wearing a top, but her pale thighs squeezed together in a pair of fishnets, enough of a squeeze to hide her pussy from view. But she wanted to tease Boz a little more than that so she crossed her thin pale arm over her huge pale breasts at the last moment, and the picture took, and only the very tops of her light pink areolas could be seen.

Her lips were a blackish purple shade. Her eye makeup extra dark. She always took special care for these photos. The ones she got in return weren't nearly as well-prepared, but that was alright. She liked its rugged look. And besides, Kelly was photogenetic. Her pale, blue-veined skin had a way with the camera. Had a way of drawing men in.

The picture snapped. She hoped that Boz would like it.

As she readied the camera for another photo, she thought back on the last few months. All that poor Boz had been through, what with getting expelled and all. It was only right that he should have a little treat. And if Kelly could be that treat, why not?

Besides, it was all Simon's fault anyway, wasn't it?
Wasn't that what *everyone* was saying?
And if that was true, if Simon had done a dirty rotten thing

like ratting on his own friends, well, it was almost her responsibility to try and make up for it. The pictures were a start. She always asked him not to share them with his friends, though she doubted he listened to her about that particular detail. That was okay. Dickson, Cosby, Jamal – they'd been expelled too. So maybe a naughty (but *tasteful*) picture would help brighten their days a bit.

Of course, Simon had caught her the first time. That was bad. Luckily it didn't take much to convince him to drop it – a quick handy and some suckles of her nipples. She'd suspected before then that Simon was terrified of losing her, but his willingness to forgive so easily had driven the point home. Consciously or unconsciously, she knew from that point on that he was in her pocket.

She wasn't too afraid if Simon caught her again. He could be appeased.

Kelly couldn't help it if she was fascinated by the size of Boz's cock. She was a blossoming young woman who was eager to explore. Simon was a nice boy, very cute and very easy to be around, and she cared about him more than she loved him. Somedays, they didn't fool around at all. Somedays, it was like having a gay best friend.

But Simon wasn't gay. He wanted her very badly and sometimes she gave him what he wanted. Still, she was curious. And Boz was nice, charming. He was an outcast at school but then again, so was she. He had a swagger about him. Something like *big dick energy*.

And boy did he have one. A big dick. A huge swinging cock that was probably five times the size of Simon's. She could never take one that big of course – not without some practice – but she imagined what it would be like nevertheless.

The first time she masturbated to the photo had been thrilling for several reasons.

Kelly had never done anything like that before, not to someone she knew, certainly not to their cock. Second, Simon didn't know. And that made it more thrilling by tenfold.

Since then, she and Boz had had many late night texting sessions. Sometimes even in the afternoon, lying beside Simon as he napped, she would sneak pictures to him, and he to her.

It was harmless fun.

Simon was still her boyfriend.

She finished with her pictures for Boz and sent them over. A few topless numbers to keep him happy. Kelly had requested a shower pic, his big shlong coated in bubbles – she didn't know why she wanted to see it that way – and she hoped that he would follow throughs soon enough.

No sooner had she sent the pictures than Simon texted her.

Simon: Hey babe! You won't believe where I am…Dickson's Uncle's basement! I'm hanging with the guys. We've really patched things up. We're friends again – can you believe it? Anyway, I miss you! You should come over. We're going to eat some pizzas and maybe drink some of Cosby's moonshine. It will be fun. The whole gang is here.

Kelly bit her bottom lip. Simon was with Boz. That made her a little nervous. What if her name popped up on Boz's phone?

Probably not if he's texting you to come hang out.

Kelly thought about it. It would be nice to go do something, instead of lazing around her room all day in her underwear. She could wear a new outfit, do her hair cute, and go socialize.

It was always nice to see Boz, too.

She would have to behave herself.

Easy thing to do if Simon is there.

She texted him back: That sounds fun! I'll get dressed and

head over!

Simon: Oh and I almost forgot. There's a new girl over here.

She's very nice. The guys seem to really like her. I think you will too. Maybe you'll make a new friend!

Kelly frowned. New girl, huh? Her catty instincts kicked in. *The guys really like her*.

Oh do they?

Kelly wondered what this new girl slut looked like if she was such a big hit with the guys. With Boz.

Kelly: New girl? What's her name?

Simon: Sadie. The guys keep calling her 'Sexy Sadie' lol.

Kelly threw her phone down on the bed and got ready.

She kept the fishnets and added a see-through black thong. Then a short black skirt. On top she stuffed her tits (braless) into a meshy shirt, dark black of course, but her pale luminescent skin

shown through the thin fabric. Her nipples, erect, were quite a sight as the battled the shirt for visibility. It was cut low and her breasts swaddled together. She touched up her eye makeup. She put her hair into a messy spinning black bun on top of her head. A little glitter for the cheeks and she was ready to go.

Kelly was eager to meet the new girl, and see what was so *great* about her. She didn't like the idea of Simon, her boyfriend, drooling over some other girl…but for other reasons she couldn't quite explain, she liked the idea of the girl drooling all over Boz even less. Not that she really cared, but Boz had always had a thing for Kelly. She didn't feel like sharing his affections with some *new girl*.

The jealousy inside her burned angry.

When Kelly arrived at Uncle Curly's house, Uncle Curly himself greeted her at the door. He stood there in the doorway, leering, practically drooling, staring at her lowcut top and the flashes of pale skin beneath it.

"I'm here to see Simon," she said. "Are they hanging out down in the basement?"

"Simon, huh?" Uncle Curly chuckled. "Haven't seen him in a minute."

Kelly thought that was strange, but then again, Uncle Curly was a known drunk.

"Do you mind if I go down to the basement and see?" "Don't mind at all, baby…right this way."
Curly stood aside and she brushed past him. She could feel

his eyes on her the whole way to the door that led down to the basement. As she walked, she noticed something on the floor…was that a dildo dart?

Kelly opened the door and called down the stairs. A raucous chorus of boys replied.

She went down to meet them.

Chapter 8

“Your girlfriend is on the way over,” Dickson said. “We should prolly’ get some things straightened out before she gets her.”

Suddenly, Simon was more afraid than he’d been at any point that day.

“Kelly?” he said. “Why did you invite her over here!”

“You invited her over here,” Dickson corrected. “And she’ll be here soon. So unless you want her to know about what a sissy you are, you better go ahead and listen up *right now*.”

Simon was exhausted. He sat on a couch now in a corner of the basement, and had sat there ever since they finished with him. He’d sat and watched them take the posters of Kelly down and now he knew why – and it wasn’t out of the kindness of their hearts.

Kelly was going to be here.
Simon couldn’t let her see him like this.

“I’ve gotta leave right now,” he said, starting to stand. Jamal shoved him back down on the couch.
“You ain’t goin’ nowhere,” Dickson said. “You leave, and we

show her everything.”
Simon gulped. This couldn’t be happening.
“But there is a way for yah pretty little girlfriend to never find out about what you’ve become.”
“You’re going to hide me?”
“That’s the opposite of what we’re going to do.”
Cosby added: “Sort of.”
“First things first,” Dickson went on. “It’s time to get you into some fresh clothes. Better hurry up though, cus she’s on her way over.”

Simon was balanced on a fine thread now, and any false move could make the disaster of the day multiply itself ten times over. He had to lock in. He didn’t know what their plan was for him yet, but as long as it involved Kelly never finding out about *any* of this…he was game.

They presented him with a new set of clothes and he had to change quickly while Dickson spoke.

“You come a long way today, Simon. But before we let you off the hook for what you did, there’s still one more game to play. And if

you can play it well enough, nobody ever has to know about any of this. You can walk away and leave today in the past."

Simon was listening as he stripped naked in front of the four boys. His asshole was still stretched, his penis turned into a freak- clit, but now he moved with a purpose. He went to the pile of clothes. He started with a pair of purply silk panties. They made his clit-dick tingle with pleasure as they laid light as a breath against it.

"Basically," Dickson continued, "we want to see how much you've *changed*. We need to know that the *old* Simon, the rat, is gone for good. And the only way to know that for sure is to see if you can pull it off so well, not even your girlfriend notices. For the rest of the afternoon, you're not Simon or Simone, you're *Sadie*. And you better act it good or your girl is gonna know."

Simon's big fake breasts, which had become almost a part of him now, barely fit into the see-through purple bra. Next came a short tube top which barely covered the nipples and a few ribs, bedecked with jewels and hanging beads down its sides. Next came a long silky skirt, almost Arabian in look, flowing all about his waist and legs and fat butt.

"If you can fool her, then we'll know you've truly changed. And we'll forgive you, Simon. We'll leave you alone forever."

Cosby snatched the long flowing blonde wig from his head and replaced it with a black one, straight with bangs.

"But she's going to know it's me," Simon whimpered. "The makeup helps but she'll know."

"Not with this she won't."

Cosby held up a silk face shawl. It was sheer and see-through but when wrapped about Simon's head and face, it disguised his features just enough so as to look unrecognizable.

With a little help from the dimness of the room, it might just work.

The guys chuckled. What they had before them now was no longer a D&D milk maid but an exotic beauty from a far away land. Full of mystery and curves.

"You play the part. You talk very little. And most of all – you go along with whatever the fuck we say. If I have to call you out, well…I'd hate to make Cosby vibrate yah little clit until you have a sissy-gasm right in front of your girlfriend. Understand?"

Simon nodded. He felt a little more secure behind his sexy shawl. A little less like himself and more like *Sadie*.

Boz stepped up. “I hear yah girl has a jealous streak.”

“I guess so…”

“We gonna find out, ain’t we?”

Dickson grabbed Simon by the pussy and squeezed. Simon whimpered.

“You go along with *whatever* the fuck we say – don’t forget it.” Upstairs, there was a knock at the door. Simon’s breathing stopped. They all listened. Uncle Curly was talking to a girl with a light voice. Then came footsteps above them. The door at the top of the stairs opened.

“Hello? Guys? It’s Kelly.”

Simon broke out in a cold sweat as the four boys grinned at him.

They called her down to the basement in unison.

Chapter 9

Kelly arrived, tits bouncing with every step of the stairs.

The guys were sprawled out in the lounge area – a long couch and a lazy boy. Dickson, Cosby, and Jamal were on the couch. Boz was on the lazy-boy.

With the new girl in his lap.

Her stomach tightened with rage and for a moment she almost didn't realize that Simon was missing. She got to the bottom of the stairs, all eyes, all smiles on her – except for the new girl who wore some stupid face shawl and was looking down.

"Hey guys," she said, voice tinged with animosity. "What's up?"

"Hey girl!"

"Damn you lookin' nice, Kelly!"

"Been a minute!"

Kelly stepped further into the basement and frowned.

“Where’s Simon?”

“He went to go pick up the pizzas,” Boz said, his hand squeezing the new girl’s ass. “He be back in a bit.”

Kelly strutted into the lounge area, purposefully making her tits jiggle just a tad more than they normally would. She smiled at each of the boys, but that smile faded when she got to the new girl.

“Who’s this?”

“This is Sadie,” Jamal said. “Just moved here. She’s DTF as fuck.”

The guys giggled. Kelly rolled her eyes.

“Does she talk?” Kelly said.

“Go on girl,” Jamal said, nudging her out of his lap. “Don’t be shy! Introduce yahself!”

Sadie stumbled forward and Kelly knew she did not like the girl at all. Sadie was rude, too good to look Kelly in the eye, staring nonchalantly past her or at the floor. Sadie stuck her hand out and shook Kelly’s with a limp wristed effort.

“Nice face mask,” Kelly said with venom. “Thanks…” the girl squeaked.

Kelly sucked her teeth and shook her head. *This* was the new girl everyone loved? Other than having big bimbo tits and no personality, Kelly didn’t see what all the fuss was about.

She especially did not see why Boz was so into her.

“I gotta take a leak,” Jamal said, and got up and left.

Kelly looked around at the others, all but ignoring Sadie now.

“So,” she said, “what’s new, boys?”
“You lookin’ at it baby,” Dickson said, motioning to the empty seat beside him. “Come have a sit with yah old pal Dickson.”

Kelly’s eyes flashed to Boz. Sadie was on her way over there, returning to the boy’s lap, crawling up on top of that big beautiful bulge in his pants. Kelly rolled her eyes again and sat down beside Dickson on the couch.

Just then, her phone rang.

She checked a text from Simon that said:

Traffic is bad! Hang with the guys for a while. I'll be back soon!

Kelly felt a sort of relief at the news. She could be more herself without Simon around, and right now, she wanted to prove to Boz and the guys that this new girl wasn't all she was cracked up to me. She wanted to prove that *Kelly* was still the big-tit mommy of this little group.

She crossed her legs, crossed her arms, and set her eyes on Boz and Sadie so cozy a few feet away.

"Where you from Sadie?" she asked.
Sadie shrugged as Boz groped her ass. The guys laughed.
"Talkative," Kelly said. "So friendly."

Cosby stifled his guffaw. "Hey now, Kelly. Come on, *play nice*."
"I am nice," Kelly said. "Just wondering where you found this one. The Red Light district?"

The guys laughed again. Kelly laughed with them and she noticed the sound of her voice *with* the guys made Sadie *flinch*. Made Sadie almost sulk in defeat.

"Simon said we were drinking Moonshine," Kelly said. "Where's it at."

“I got it,” Cosby said, standing up. While he was gone, Jamal returned with a sly smile on his face and took Cosby’s seat. Kelly watched with vengeful eyes as Boz snuck a titty- squeeze on Sadie, right over her tiny jangly tube top. She wished she could see the girl’s face better – to know just how pretty she was. But the stupid shawl was in the way.

Cosby returned with glasses and a mason jar of moonshine. He poured a healthy dose for everyone, everyone including Sadie, and they all drank.

“I *love* your outfit, Sadie,” Kelly taunted. “Mind doing a little spin so I can see the whole thing?”

Boz grinned and shoved the girl rather roughly from his lap. “Go on, girl,” he said. “Show yah new friend Kelly yah outfit.”

The guys were chuckling hard now. It made Kelly feel like they were on her side. The moonshine was making her brave and mean. Making her jealousy flare. She didn’t want this *slut* in Boz’s lap anymore. Heck, if Simon wasn’t back soon, maybe *Kelly* would slide into that seat.

Simon will text on his way back. And then I’ll know how much time I have left to fool around. It’s not like the guys will tell him…

Sadie the new girl strutted with her face turned slightly away, shoulders hunch, fat ass out behind her and big tits practically throwing her off balance. Kelly had to laugh as Sadie spun around for her. The girl didn't seem aware of her own curves or how to strut them. She was awkward and clumsy.

While Sadie's back was turned, Kelly shot the guys an eye- rolling glance, and they all laughed.

They all laughed at Sadie.

"Simon thought she was real hot," Dickson said, his eyes roaming over Kelly's delicious body. "He said he thought she was hotter than his girlfriend."

"You're kidding me," Kelly said, serious as a heart attack.

"Nah," Boz said, smiling. "We all heard him say it. Didn't he say it, Sadie?"

Sadie was looking at the floor. She shook her head yes.

Kelly was disgusted. "Guess Simon's tastes have gone in the gutter," she said, suddenly seething. "Because I'm sorry Sadie but you look like a pretty average slut to me."

The guys erupted.

Riding the wave of her meanness, Kelly stood up and waltzed right over to Boz. She slinked into his lap, wrapping her arms around his neck, pushing her breasts up into his face. Kelly noticed she had Sadie's attention now.

"Aw what's the matter, Sadie? Did I take your seat?"

High on her own bullying now, feeding it from a place of jealousy and insecurity, Kelly reached down and began to stroke the monster in Boz's pants. The monster she had seen and wondered about but had never touched until now. Touching it as if to claim it. As if to say *I was here first*.

She felt Boz stiffen under her touch.

Sadie stood there staring from behind her mask like an idiot.

"Awww what's the matter, Sadie? Did I steal your man?" Kelly giggled. "That's okay. He likes me better – don't you, Boz?"

“Fuuuck girl,” Boz laughed. “You keep working it like that and I’m gonna fall in love!”

Kelly looked at Sadie and winked. The girl looked away. The other guys, Jamal and Cosby and Dickson, were all laughing at her now. Kelly had won so easily, but now she felt like rubbing the girl’s nose in it. Still no word from Simon so Kelly knew she had time.

“He’s getting really hard for me, Sadie,” she taunted. “Does he get hard like this for you? Or are you just a dumb whore who can’t even work a dick?”

Louder laughter. Sadie *staring* at Kelly’s hand as it rubbed the length of Boz’s shaft over his shorts. Her tits were practically falling out now too, and Boz was dragging his tongue over the cleft of her cleavage.

“Awww you gonna cry, Sadie? Don’t be a dumb bitch!” Kelly laughed heartlessly. “You barely know them!”

“Damn you bein’ kinda mean, girl,” Boz said. “I think maybe we should give Sadie here a chance to prove herself.”

“How about a game?” Dickson said gleefully.
“What kind of game?” Kelly wanted to know.
Dickson laced his fingers behind his head and leaned back.

He whistled. The whistle made Sadie flinch – but it only made Kelly more curious.

“How about a game to prove who can be the baddest bitch?” Dickson said.

Kelly felt excitement flare in her stomach as Boz gave a grunt of approval. She saw the fear on Sadie’s face (what little of it she could actually make out), and Kelly knew that this was the game for her.

Kelly sucked her teeth at Sadie and said: “You’re on!”

Chapter 10

Just when Simon thought he'd seen the worst of it, Kelly had grabbed Boz by the dick and started stroking him off. She let the man he hated lick her breasts and slobber on her.

All while she led the charge of bullying against Simon himself.

She doesn't know it's me, he told himself. *If she did she wouldn't be doing this!*

Then why is she throwing herself at Boz?
I don't know!
The confusion and questions were to colossal to contemplate

just then, so he had to pick up the pieces of his broken heart and play along. He had to do whatever they told him – or all this would be for nothing.

Kelly would find out what had happened, and she would probably never talk to him again.

Worse, she would probably start dating *Boz*.

He couldn't let that happen!
He had to play the game.

And apparently "baddest bitch" actually meant "biggest slut." The four boys were leaning forward, eyes on the two before them: Kelly and Sadie. Kelly and Simon.
Simon was shaking. She was so *close* to him now. One false move and it would all be over. Simon had to make sure the shawl stayed put…

"Let's see them titties jiggle," Boz said. "Put some trap music on and let's see who can make that shit jiggle the best!"

The music began to play, full of bass and very loud, very aggressive. To Simon's horror, Kelly began to dance – no – *jiggle*, beside him. She was doing a serious shaking dance that caused her tits to bound up and down! Not to mention her legs with a life he didn't know they had, moving to the music, swinging her sexy ass this way and that.

"She doin' the thug shake!" "Get it girl!"

"Bounce them titties right out!"

"Heeeyyyy!"

Simon didn't move. He stood in drag and shock as his girlfriend turned into someone else before his eyes. As if feeding on the catcalls of the four boys, she somehow transformed into some pale hood rat!

"Hey bitch!" Jamal pointed at Simon. "Shake it! NOW!"

Simon began to dance, and beside Kelly he looked like an idiot. His big fake tits jostled, his fat ass wobbled, but he was no match for Kelly's energy – for her desire.

Her tits bustled right out over the top of her shirt. The guys went nuts.

Simon's girlfriend's tits were bare and flopping all about, her pale pink nipples he had so long coveted now just there for the taking.

His knees felt weak. He nearly tripped in his silly dance moves.

"Wow you really are useless," Kelly whispered beside her, still dancing. "You should go home, skank."

But Simon couldn't leave. He knew the rules. So he whimpered meekly and continued to dance.

“Pull them titties out girl! Time to compare!”

When he hesitated, it was *Kelly herself* who reached over and tore the shirt down. Simon’s tits were so lifelike, so real, that Kelly didn’t bat an eyelash.

“Not bad,” Kelly said. “But can you do this?”


QOS BOOKCLUB
Patreon.com/QoSBookclub
Boccaccio

She grabbed her own nipples and slowed her dance down to something more seductive. She made her way over to the couch where the other three boys were and laid across their laps, tugging her own nipples upward, letting Cosby, Jamal, and Dickson get an eyeful. Kelly thrusted drunkenly upward.

"Go on boys," she breathed. "Give me a squeeze."

Simon stopped dancing. Stopped breathing. Stopped thinking.

The three black nerds were groping his girlfriend *all over her body*.

While he stood there like an idiot, made woman inside and out.

Worst of all, judging from the look on Kelly's face, Simon knew she was only doing it to make Boz jealous. Maybe by letting his friends grope her, he'd see what he was missing out on.

Simon wanted to disappear.

“Shiit girl!” Boz said, standing up. “Don’t go out without a fight. Kelly acting all little Ms. Slut up in here – show her what that mouth do!”

Simon couldn’t believe what he was hearing, couldn’t believe what he was *doing* as Boz shoved him to his knees. Boz whipped his long hard dick out and jabbed it up under the shawl, right into Simon’s mouth! Simon tasted black dick and precum and his eyes watered as he saw the others a few feet away, laughing at him.

Laughing and laughing.

But Kelly was looking more jealous as she slipped from their dirty paws and came down on her knees beside Simon.

“That’s not how you suck dick, stupid,” Kelly said, snatching Boz’s giant rod away from her. “Watch and learn.”

Simon, under the shawl and makeup, paled like a ghost.

Kelly was sucking Boz’s dick deep. Gagging it off the back of her throat.

And Boz was laughing – at Simon. They all were.

All while Kelly blew him with a sloppy fervor.
“Daaaamn!” Jamal cried with laughter. “Kelly on a mission today!

“What you got to say for yahself, Sadie?”
Kelly pulled Boz’s cock out of her mouth and smiled at Simon.

“See, stupid? *This is how you suck a cock!*”

Suddenly, the other boys were there too.
Crowding Simon and Kelly.

Whipping their dicks out and demanding service.
“Oh my gosh guys Simon cannot find out about this!” Kelly giggled drunkenly, stroking Boz’s wet dick as Jamal came in to slap her with his dirty one. Kelly turned to Simon with a wet chin and said: “you better not tell him either you bitch!”

And then Simon’s mouth was full of Cosby cock. Gagging and sucking beside his unknowing girlfriend. Trying to keep pace with her as the other boys fondled her tits or traded her mouth back and forth.

Simon’s clit vibrated. He didn’t want to like this.
But he did.

“Shiiiit this is a close call,” Boz said, now down Simon’s throat. “Only way we can know for sure which of these lil’ hood rats is the baddest bitch, is to see who got the nicer pussy. Hey now!”

Kelly came off Dickson's dick gasping, reaching for her phone, checking her messages.

"No word from Simon yet," she panted. "We might have time to finish the game."

"Oh we got time," Boz grinned. "We got all the time we need."

And so it came to be that all parties coalesced once more at the gaming table. All the pieces were cleared and only two pieces of the game remained – Simon and Kelly. Each bent over the edge of the table, the two of them facing each other eye to eye, separated by a mere foot of tabletop.

Simon could see that she didn't know. She *still* didn't know. If he could hold out a little longer….

But oh they're going to fuck her!
NOOOOO!
His thoughts were momentarily obliterated by the strong

length of Jamal as he entered Simon's man-pussy from behind. Simon groaned and Kelly laughed at him.

But Kelly's laugh turned to a whimper when Boz entered her from behind.

Simon broke character – a tear escaping his eye.
"Fuuuuck," Kelly breathed in his face. "Fuuuuck it's biiiiiiig."
Boz's hands clenched over Kelly's shoulders and Simon could see the white of the kuckles. "Bigger than Simon,huh?"

"Ooohhh yeeessss…"

"Say it then," Boz laughed, starting to fuck her. "Say it's bigger than Simon."

"Ooohhh it's so much bigger than Simon ooohhh fuuuuck!"

The guys were laughing now. Even Jamal, in Simon's ass, was laughing.

Simon could hear the wet stickiness of Boz fucking Kelly. Simon grimaced as Jamal fucked him deeper, as the clit-cock-cage vibrated and hummed and brought him nearer to orgasm.

"SO MUCH BIGGER THAN SIMON!" she screamed. "SO MUCH FUCKING BIGGER OOOHHH!"

Boz was railing her now, holding her under his spell, and everything he made her scream was clocked right at Simon's face.

"Simon's a bitch!" Boz grunted, slapping her ass. "SIMON'S A BITCH!" she screamed in Simon's face. "Simon got a tiny dick!"
"Simon's got a tiny diiiiiick!"

"Simon is a sissy!"

"Simon is a siiiiisssyyyy – oh I'm cumming fuuuck!"

Simon watched her face, watched her break apart into a million pieces as Boz pounded her into the next universe. She was cumming on his dick and there was nowhere else for Simon to look. The other boys were literally holding him down, making him watch his girlfriend break.

Jamal grunted and he began to fill Simon's ass.
On cue, Boz gave a grunt of his own.
"OOoohhhhh fuuuuck!" Kelly screamed. "I can feel it insiiide meeee!"


QOS BOOKCLUB
Patreon.com/QoSBookclub

“ME TOO!” Simon screamed, unable to help himself, voice

breaking. His eyes clenched shut, he moaned like a woman, so high and jittery, and he felt Jamal filling hm. He could hear the rabble around him but he was too disconnected from it to feel anything but *Jamal*.

And he did not even realize that Dickson had reached in and pulled the shawl off his face. Didn’t realize that he was now screaming with messy smeared makeup right in his girlfriend’s face. And Kelly, even as she took a load from Boz, was able to straighten out her eyesight enough to see that face in full focus.

And to recognize it.

“*Simon*?” she asked, the name barely registering over Boz’s overdramatic groans and grunts.

Simon heard his name and froze. He opened his eyes. And looked directly into Kelly’s.
“Simon!” Kelly went silent. Her emerald green eyes went

wide. She covered her mouth in a look of terror.
Boz gave one last grunt and pulled out of her creamy pussy.
“Kelly.” Simon uttered. “It’s not what you think.”
Her hand came away from her mouth and her face filled with

realization.
“Oh Simon…”

Dickson was the first to laugh, Cosby the first to join him – even as Cosby mounted up behind Kelly’s used pussy. Soon, Jamal was laughing, laughing as he pulled each inch out of Simon’s Fleshlight and laughing harder as Dickson took up behind Simon.

Kelly was the last to join in, but her laughter was the loudest, the most unhinged. Completely insane.

And in that moment Simon felt the last of himself exit through the tiny hole in his clit, as cum oozed warmly, as his ass was broken in anew.

Deafening laughter. From everyone. Kelly could not speak.

Simon howled as Dickson penetrated him. Kelly laughed giddily even as Cosby stuffed her raw.

And now the game was over, and there were no more secrets to be kept.

But as to who was the winner and who was the loser, it was hard to say.

For Simon-Simone-Sadie was orgasming harder than any of them.

THE END!