

Interracial/Cuckold/ Gender Bender Erotica

Hubby
Becomes
a
Queen
of **Spades**

Bobbi Love

Interracial/Cuckold/ Gender Bender Erotica

Hubby
Becomes
a
Queen
of Spades

Bobbi Love

Hubby Becomes a Queen of Spades

Interracial, Cuckold, Gender Bender Erotica

Copyright 2019 Bobbi Love

Published by Bobbi Love at Smashwords

Smashwords Edition License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your enjoyment only, then please return to Smashwords.com or your favorite retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Table of Contents

[Part One](#)

[Part Two](#)

[Part Three](#)

[Part Four](#)

[Part Five](#)

[Part Six](#)

[Part Seven](#)

[Part Eight](#)

[Other books by this author](#)

Part One

After nearly a year of unemployment, my wife seemed to finally accept that she was married to a real wimp.

It was so humiliating.

Nobody else would hire me after I was fired for my drinking. I was too old to start over and too young to retire. Both my self-confidence and my libido suffered. Soon I began seeing a psychiatrist who prescribed pills which helped my depression, but not my sex drive.

My psychiatrist, Dr. Amy Lee, was a buxom Asian woman in her mid to late 30's.

The no-nonsense shrink wore her long black hair up high on her head, and designer power suits which hugged the contours of her fertile hourglass figure. She told me not to worry since lots of guys "like me" were having similar problems in the bedroom these days. She called it White Male Impotence Syndrome. She said she was considering writing a book on the topic of the impotent white males. Impotence —I hated that fucking word. And every time the word "impotence" was mentioned in her office, a small cruel smirk would tug on the ends of her full oriental lips like a triumphant pussy cat.

Meanwhile, my wife's career couldn't have been going better.

She was the breadwinner now.

Despite Tiffany's lack of a college degree, my wife had managed to secure a job in a pharmaceutical company located in a big downtown building. In just a few short years she'd gone from answering telephones to being a sales rep, which meant having her own office to see clients in. She was even making more money than I ever had!

One night, I overheard Tiffany talking on the phone with one of her sisters, a lawyer in California, referring to me as her "pretty house husband." And then she referred to herself as a "boss bitch." From then on the terms were used frequently in our household, thus beating down some of my last claims to manhood.

This, obviously, did not help my impotence.

With our shifting of roles, I suppose it was only natural that my lovely wife would become more aggressive with me at home. She lost her patience with me so easily. She expected me to take on all the domestic duties including shopping and laundry.

"By the way," I said one night after I'd cooked dinner and already started cleaning up the kitchen. "Tiffany, dear, I was wondering if I could take out a little extra money from the ATM. I need to buy some stuff at the mall."

"Fine, whatever," Tiffany said sharply. "Sometimes I feel like I married a teenage girl!"

She started laughing a shallow, bitter laugh.

Folding my arms across my chest, I said, "What does that mean?"

"It means you spend more time at that goddamn mall spending my goddamn money than any trophy wife I've ever heard of."

"I'm not a trophy wife," I said.

"No shit."

"Excuse me?"

"Good thing you got yourself a boss bitch out there running shit in the world."

Hurt, and confused, I replied back to my wife, "Why are you being so mean to me?"

Behind a sly smirk now, my wife replied, "You should listen to how you talk. Reminds me of how the secretaries at work talk. Jesus Christ, all day I'm surrounded by chicks! It cracks me up. Probably because your estrogen levels are getting so high lately."

"Estrogen?"

"Don't worry, girl, lots of guys have higher estrogen levels now. It's very common. The future is women!"

"Well my hormones are just fine," I said, trying to ignore her condescending look now. "Wait, did you just call me girl?"

"Don't get your panties in a bunch," said my wife, using that expression which always left me feeling a bit uncomfortable. Then she reached into her Gucci handbag, snagged two pink pills, and slid them across the table. "You've been taking the pills I've been giving you right?"

"Every single day," I said, washing the pink pills down with a glass of water. "The ones that are supposed to help me keep my hair?"

"Sure, sure, sure, that too," my wife giggled, shaking her head and laughing more as her phone rang with an overseas business call from China.

Part Two

Later that night, all ready for sleep, I was thinking of a new recipe I wanted to try when Tiffany jumped on the bed.

I never saw it coming. "What the fuck Tiffany!"

"Nothing makes me hornier than closing a business deal!" she yelled.

Lately her physical strength had noticeably increased so that now we were almost equally matched. She'd been working out with a black personal trainer, who had her doing lots of weights and cross-fit at the gym.

Now I struggled to get her off me. But instead I found myself pinned down to the bed, with Tiffany straddling me with her toned thighs; suffocating me with her huge cleavage which was barely covered up by a pink tee-shirt cut halfway down the middle. She'd already removed all her jewelry, showered, shampooed, and covered her nether regions with a purple thong fringed with lace.

She started bouncing up and down on me, using me like a trampoline. "Oh baby, oh baby, oh baby!"

"Wait, ouch, I can't breathe!"

"Stop shrieking like a girl!" she laughed.

"Get off, Tiff, you're too heavy!"

"I need you tonight, Michael. I'm so horny! I need it tonight! Baby, we haven't had sex in a few weeks! And I need your big, fat, hard caaww—" her voice faltered as her manicured fingernails found my manhood which was the opposite of what she was describing.

"Fuck," she said. "Goddamnit you never get hard anymore. Always soft. Why are you always so soft? What's wrong with you?"

Blushing, ashamed, and genuinely sleepy, I looked up at my wife and said, "I must have drunk too many beers."

"Bullshit." Tiffany kept at it though. She wouldn't give up. Frowning, she kept trying to massage my lifeless manhood into an erection, as if her special

womanly powers could turn even the shrimpiest member into the throbbing monster she obviously craved now between those glorious tan thighs.

"I'm sorry," I said meekly, staring up at her, hoping that she wouldn't get too upset with my inability to fulfill my husbandly duties.

"Fuck! Stop apologizing all the damn time!" she disdainfully sneered down, her beautiful face framed by the golden blonde hair which hung down the front of her slender shoulders. "I hate it when you act like a wimp. Makes me so unbelievably dry. It's bad enough when you do that crap in front of our friends. But it's worse in the bed. I thought I married a man, not a bitchy woman with a three-inch clit!"

"Hey, you can't speak to me like that. I'm still your husband!"

"You think so?" she said with a challenging glare.

"Can you get off me now?" I whined. "Jesus those tits, you're going to smother me to death."

"You love it! You love my tits and big bouncy ass!" she laughed, using me as her own personal trampoline some more.

"I just want to sleep now. I'm tired."

"Long day at the office, sweetie?" she teased.

"Bitch," I said.

"You mean: Boss bitch!" she laughed.

She kept laughing. At the moment I thought of trying to buck her off, but the last time I tried such a maneuver I succeeded in tossing Tiffany onto the other side of the bed, while simultaneously throwing my back out. "Who's the Boss Bitch around here?" she said, fixing me now with a challenging stare, while gently padding my soft little bulge.

With real urgency now, almost to the point of tears, I asked my wife once more, "Will you please get off me? Please?"

"Aww, poor baby, is the Boss Bitch too much woman for you?" she teased. "I need a real man! A man who goes out into the world and makes money, takes what he wants, and fucks me with his big hard cock!"

"Fuck you," I told her.

She laughed, mocking me some more, tossing her silky hair over one shoulder, arching the small of her back so that her ample breasts powerfully jutted forward like guns on a warship. Even then I realized how insane our situation was, since any reasonable and regular man on the planet would have given up a small fortune to be in my position. And not that long ago, I would have done the same thing. In fact, the only one, the only single one, who didn't seem to realize how lucky I was to have curvy Tiffany riding me was my own manhood, which continued to snugly and safely curl up in its defensive pink shell.

"You're too heavy, Tiffany. I think it's your ass. Your big butt is hurting my legs and —" I stopped myself, however, thus saving myself from the full wrath of my wife's annoyance.

A second later her expression changed.

First Tiffany let go of my softness. But she was still straddling me, pinning me to the bed, when one of her eyebrows rose into a quizzical slant. And even before the words came out of her mouth, I knew that I was in trouble. I'd succeeded in pissing off my wife. Which meant that she was about to take it to a whole new level. "That's okay, sweetie pie. I completely understand. If you're not feeling up to being a man tonight, I completely understand. However..."

I tried to prepare myself for whatever she was about to say.

"However," she continued, "I have one small favor to ask. Since I'm a little hot and bothered already... Do you think that Michelle can come out and play tonight?"

Fuck...

My heart sank.

Michelle?

I hated the name Michelle. The very sound of those syllables was like a baseball bat to my stomach...

Pleading now, I said, "Tiffany, I'm tired though. I'm really tired," I added, already knowing how hopeless my situation was.

The features of her face, although still beautiful, still ideal in their shapes and proportions, seemed to harden as her adamantine will (a great asset in the business world) was now focusing all of its power on poor little me.

"I just want to play with Michelle for a while," she said in a voice that was as synthetic as it was sweet. "I miss her!"

"No dear," I said, shaking my head sadly. "I don't want to do that again. It's not good for me, mentally."

"But I want Michelle!" Tiffany said. Then she began to mercilessly grind the silk fabric between her legs against the little bulge of soft flesh which continued to remain limp and without blood. "I want to play with Michelle tonight. So don't even try. I'm not in the mood. Michelle is coming out to play whether or not you want her to."

My heart really sank at these words.

The real Michelle, the original Michelle, lived 3,000 miles away on the other side of the country. Because the real Michelle was one of Tiffany's first college roommates. I'd heard all of the Sapphic tales, pleasuring myself to them more than once. Both Michelle and Tiffany had openly dated boys, but this didn't stop them from experimenting on each other's bodies after a busy day of college exams. The first time I heard that my wife had some college lesbian experiences I was shocked. Especially since Tiffany had never showed any interest at all in having a sexual relationship with another woman. But there must have been something very special about Michelle, because my wife, to this day, still thinks of her frequently, both in romantic and erotic terms.

"Stop pouting!" demanded Tiffany now, literally pinning my arms against the bed. She leaned forward so that our noses were almost touching. I could feel her warm breath against my cheeks. I could smell her mouthwash and the fruity scent of her hair care products. Now her cerulean blue eyes were focused on mine. Locked. Unyielding. Her anger was rising. "I'm not asking for much,

Michael. I work hard to provide us a life together. Do you think what I do is easy? Do you think I like only getting 5 hours of sleep a night? The least you could do is show some goddamn support!"

Wincing from the strength in her grip, I said, "I do try to support you, dear. But no husband wants to be forced to dress up as a woman! It's humiliating and degrading!"

"Stop whining," my wife said. "First of all, it's not that big of a deal, nobody else knows. Do you really think I want other people to know I'm married to the sort of man who looks as pretty as me with a little makeup and silk? It's our little secret, sweetie."

"Well..."

Tiffany got off me, stood up, and then jerked me off the bed too. We were almost the same height. She looked at me and said, "If the tables were turned, and you were working 60 hours a week while I stayed at home, watching TV all day, I'm sure you'd expect me to take care of you too! Right?"

I hated to admit that her logic was quite sound. But I also hated the fact that I'd ever agreed to becoming "Michelle" in the first place.

Besides showing up to work drunk, cross-dressing for my wife was one of the biggest mistakes I'd ever made. I would have done anything to go back and change that night.

Obviously we both were a little tipsy that first time. Especially me. But Tiffany loved the fact that there was something about the similarity of our names: Michael and Michelle. She also loved how similar our chestnut brown hair was; and how similar our body types seemed to be —confessing that part of the reason she was attracted to me in the first place was because I reminded her of Michelle.

That first time, standing there in our bedroom, I wasn't sure what to say to that. I only knew that I'd never seen my wife aroused so strongly, not even on our honeymoon. She pulled a pair of pink lacey panties out of her drawer, found a matching lacey Teddy, and told me to strip down naked. When I hesitated further, Tiffany tried to appeal to my sense of reason. Helping me out of my jeans, she craftily suggested that this was the healthiest way of her dealing with

her "lesbian tendencies" without actually cheating on me. Then she grabbed a brunette wig she'd used last Halloween.

Caught up in the moment, and plied with alcohol, indeed quite drunk, I had agreed.

I wore the panties, the teddy, and the wig for my wife because I wanted to make her happy. I was just trying to be a good husband. And only later did I realize what a tremendous mistake that had been. Pandora's Box had been opened and it was clear that my wife preferred the feminized version of me over the masculine version.

"Come on, Michelle," said Tiffany now, taking me by my shaking hand, leading me to the bathroom, "let's get you ready for tonight. Us girls are going to have so much fun!"

From there I was led into our bathroom and told to strip off all my clothes. Tiffany turned on the shower. The water was soothing as my wife grabbed a blue bottle, squeezed out some of the pink foam, and began to spread the foam all over my legs first. Once they were covered she grabbed a purple razor on the shelf and began to shave the thin hair on my face, crotch, legs, armpits, and my butt for good measure.

"Looks like I won't be wearing shorts anytime soon," I sulked.

Tiffany laughed, and then creamed my entire body with one of her moisturizers. I smelled just like her and felt silky smooth.

"Isn't that better? No more icky hair? Isn't being soft and smooth so much better, Michelle?"

I slumped my shoulders, not wanting to give her the faintest sign that I was enjoying this process of feminization. My head was still bowed when Tiffany returned with a cardboard box in her hand. I'd never seen the box before and there was a glint in her eye which told me I wasn't going to like what was inside. A moment later she pulled out a large pair of fake breasts.

"Look what I got you, Michelle! Now you can have some boobies as big as mine!"

"No! I'm not wearing those fucking things," I yelled. "That's too much!"

Tiffany laughed and dried my torso with a fluffy pink towel. Once my chest was dry she applied the double-sided adhesive pads on the large D-size silicone breast forms and then applied them to my chest, holding and pressing them in place for a considerable amount of time to create the firm seal. Finally she let them go and they bounced slightly, pulling at my upper pectoral skin, first with a gentle tug, then with a persistent pull which I knew would start to be unpleasant after a time. I didn't want that unpleasantness to continue, so I knew that I would need, actually need, a bra for support.

"Stop pouting, we still gotta get your war paint on, girl," said my wife, leading me to her endless supplies of cosmetics.

For the next half hour, I sat there, a towel tied under my armpits, as Tiffany happily applied all the base makeup, shading, lip-liner, and lipstick. She was very pleased. She stared at me in wonderment, telling me to bat my eyelashes which were now heavy with mascara.

"Oh, you look so lovely now," she said. "I almost don't recognize you. You look so much better like this. You actually have some very pretty features."

"Let's just get this over with," I muttered.

Next came the wig. Besides that first night, I'd never worn a wig before, but Tiffany had already purchased a cute, pixie-cut one, with real brown hair and cute sweeping bangs. And when she placed it on my head, it accentuated my delicate androgynous features perfectly. Usually when I thought of men in drag, I thought of these really extreme looks which no real woman ever attained. But staring back at me in the mirror, after less than an hour's work, was not a man, not a man in drag, but a rather pretty woman with a pink towel wrapped around her large breasts. I gasped with shock.

"Better than last time, huh?" Tiffany said. "Look how pretty you can look with just a bit of effort?"

I was still gawking at my own image when Tiffany returned with one of her nighties. "Arms up," she commanded, and draped the diaphanous, Victoria's Secret, shortie Chantilly Lace Babydoll over my pale shoulders. But when she went to pull a matching pair of lace panties up my legs there was a slight

problem. My penis inexplicably had become erect. Tiffany saw my little stiffy and laughed. "Sweetie, how am I supposed to tuck that little thing when she is so happy now? And why is she happy now? She must really like the way you look too huh?"

Before I had a chance to respond, Tiffany had already placed her mouth on my member and started to suck, needing only a minute or two before a couple of small jets of milky fluid leaked out the end of my penis. Satisfied with this result, my wife tucked my shriveled member between my legs, then pulled up the panties which now fit snugly against my body, and showed no signs of manly bulge.

"Now it's my turn," she said, leading her new feminized creation back to the bed. "Oh Michelle, you look so sexy. You're much sexier than my husband. I can't wait to feel that wonderful tongue between my legs again. Time to show me how much you appreciate the comfortable life I give us, Michelle."

Then she crawled onto the bed and spread her legs wide, inviting me to assume the position. My sexual interest was completely gone now that I'd already orgasmed. So there wasn't the sign of a bulge in my panties as I hiked my ass up in the air and got into pussy-licking position.

Then I felt her grab the back of my head, holding me in place, while her powerful thighs shuddered and then clamped over the sides of my head. I was going nowhere. Literally trapped. Her slit was already moist and fragrant with her juices. She always got far more wet for Michelle than for her husband. I stuck out my tongue and began trying to give her as much pleasure as I could offer.

Then I heard her bark out another order: "That's it, baby. Lick my pussy like a good little bitch. Good, girl. Us girls know how to take care of each other, don't we? Take your time, sexy girl. Go slow. Show your respect for your Boss Bitch!"

After I brought her to orgasm, we fell asleep in our lingerie, cuddled up with Tiffany being the big spoon.

Part Three

About a year later there was talk of my wife moving into management.

I had to admit that Tiffany was showing much more business acumen than I would have ever guessed. Suddenly we were able to afford a lifestyle which I had never dreamed possible. We moved into a bigger house, purchased new cars, wore better clothes, dined at the best restaurants, and even had enough money to go on exotic vacations whenever the mood hit us. And from the outside it probably looked like I had hit the lottery.

But there were other changes, physical changes, which I wasn't so comfortable with.

Even though Tiffany kept telling me that I'd never looked better, I couldn't help feeling that something was really wrong.

For one those hair loss pills my wife kept feeding me were actually working. Tiffany made sure that I took my pink pills every day. But I never felt like myself anymore. Suddenly I became much more emotional and prone to fits of crying for no real reason.

Physically, I'd lost almost all the muscle in my upper body now so that when I flexed my arm all you could see was this vague horizontal line where my bicep muscle used to be. Another side effect of those pink pills was a loss in appetite so that even my stomach had noticeably shrunk, and now my waistline was nearly as tiny as Tiffany's!

But it was also a real struggle to wear some of my old jeans since my thighs were thicker and softer; and my backside had enigmatically expanded, plumped up quite a bit —probably because of all the hours I spent on the sofa watching some of my favorite reality TV shows like Keeping up with the Kardashians and Desperate Housewives, etc.

Perhaps most troubling were the two buds of flesh which had sprouted where my pec muscles used to be. Now my nipples were so sensitive that even a cotton tee-shirt was too abrasive. My wife's solution was to bring home a white silky training bra intended for young adolescent girls. The training bra looked ridiculous on me, but I had to admit that it did alleviate some of the nipple sensitivity issues.

Our sex life also changed too.

These days I barely got hard, and when I did, it was a small semi-erection that was a fraction of my previous size. It seemed impossible that my penis and balls could have shrunk so much in such a small amount of time. But Tiffany was as loving and supportive as any wife could be. Not only did she not complain about my lack of size, she openly complimented me on how much cleaner and sexier I looked with all my body hair removed.

Her only request was that I stop wearing those "itchy boxers" to bed, complaining that the material was too coarse for her soft skin. From then on, I was allowed to either sleep in the nude, or I could choose some of her nighties. It was humiliating, but by then I'd already been beaten down so often I knew that arguing was pointless. Still, I hated how smug and happy she was when I agreed to her terms. Immediately she cleared out my underwear drawer and filled it with silky bras and panties and nighties, deviously calling it "our drawer."

The first week I wore Tiffany's lingerie to bed, I was paranoid of intruders breaking into our house and catching us asleep, cuddled up, our soft delicate limbs entwined, and wearing matching pink teddies. But like anything in the world: what starts off as unfamiliar and bizarre soon becomes very, very, very common.

"What's so interesting?" I said one day, walking into our large living room where my wife was bunched over the screen of her laptop.

Tiffany straightened so that I could see the image. It was something she'd posted to one of her online accounts. I nearly fainted when I saw the picture.

"What the fuck, Tiffany?!?"

She smiled, pushed a strand of platinum blonde hair behind her earlobe, and removed her sexy reading glasses. "Almost 100K likes and I just posted this a few hours ago. Not bad, huh?"

I wanted to die on the spot. Never in a million years would I have expected Tiffany to post such a private moment.

The picture was taken about a week ago.

My wife and I were wearing matching outfits. Her caption read, "Enjoying the views, guys?"

Holding hands, in our matching pink booty shorts, which were riding high up on our soft white derrieres, we were bent over at the waist, playfully pushing our round asses back out at the camera which had been sitting on a tripod. I had to admit that from certain angles I certainly didn't look like a man anymore. Especially since my legs were shaved, pale, thin, and my ass cheeks had sort of "plumped up" recently.

Still, it was horrifying to be so exposed in front of the entire world. I wanted my wife to remove the picture as soon as possible. But I also knew that it was already too late. People were reposting the image all over the Internet by now. And there were hundreds of comments, mostly from men, who complimented us on our female curves, while also suggesting how badly they wanted us in the bedroom.

"Eww, these comments are disgusting," I said, shaking my head in dismay. "Is everyone on the Internet a total pervert these days?"

"Please," my wife said coolly. "I remember all that filth you used to have on your computer. Sex sells, baby."

"Yeah, but they do realize that one of us isn't a woman, correct?"

Adamantly, Tiffany shook her head. "Not from these comments, they don't. A bunch of the guys even prefer your badonkadonk to mine. Look, they posted their emails and phone numbers for you to call them. Looks like they want to ride your caboose all night, ha-ha-ha-ha."

Not amused, at all, I stood there, trying to make sense of how fucked up my life had become. But the more Tiffany laughed, and the more I studied the popular image, the more I was faced with a startling revelation: my body really was becoming indistinguishable from a natural woman.

My entire shape had morphed so that from the neck down I looked like a small-breasted teenage girl with a healthy backside. Even my hair, which was now shoulder-length, had never looked fuller and shinier than ever. These days it took just a minimal amount of makeup (applied by my amused wife) to make my eyes seem so big and round, my cheekbones wide, and my lips nice and big and soft

and red and inviting.

Suddenly it hit me like a ton of bricks.

Holy fuck!

That fucking cunt!

"Tiffany! You bitch! You fucking little cunt!"

"Calm down, girl, what's wrong now?" said my annoyingly imperturbable wife.

"Those fucking hair loss pills! The ones you've been forcing down my throat for the past year!"

"Yeah? So what?"

"You said they were experimental, stuff from your company, right?"

"That is correct," she said, watching me closely now.

I was almost too afraid to ask the question. But there was no going back now.

"Tiffany, those pills aren't just hair loss pills are they?"

Tiffany yawned. She leaned back in the couch cushions, threading her long fingers behind her head while she contemplated her response.

With her voluminous blonde hair pulled up high on her head, she was still wearing her office clothes —a grey pinstriped suit with a white shirt that was unbuttoned at her throat. It was, perhaps, one of her most manly business suits. But her reasoning had always been that in order to be taken seriously by the boys, she had to dress like one of the boys. "First of all, you've never looked better in your life. So just calm down, calm the fuck down, bitch. No need to get your little panties in a bunch, missy."

Again, I've always hated that expression. But now, Christ, it was actually true!

Yes. For comfort reasons, I wore only a blue tee-shirt which hung low on my shoulders and stopped just below my ass-cheeks which were now covered by a pair of black silk panties. These days it was just natural to open "our drawer" and

find something comfy to wear. It was what my wife actually expected of me. The hardest part was keeping my skin nice and smooth the way Tiffany liked it. The fact that my wife and I could easily wear the same size underwear amused her. And since my little nub was so inconsequential that you could barely see the outline even when I failed to tuck it between my legs I almost preferred Tiffany's delicates to my old boxers.

I caught a quick glimpse of myself in the mirror on the other side of the room. Half my face was obscured by my long brunette bangs, but the other half was clearly red with shame. "What's in those pills?"

Bored now, she said, "Yes, those pink pills, I admit, might have some other side effects. But your hair has never looked better, by the way, so I'm not sure what you're complaining about. Didn't I mention that earlier?"

She started laughing, not looking at me, but just at her fucking laptop again.

I was stunned.

Betrayed in the worst way.

On the verge of tears, I said, "Is that why I can't get an erection? Because you've been giving me hormone replacement therapy without my consent? Is that why I have small breasts and a female-shaped ass? All because I married a fucking psycho bitch closet-lesbian?"

I was really getting worked up now.

"Calm down, sweetie pie. You need to calm down," my wife said. "You're acting hysterical. So silly."

"I'm not silly!" I shrieked, clutching the lifeless little nub between my legs.

"You know what I mean, girl."

"Girl?" I paused, trying to come to terms with my new reality. A thousand thoughts and feelings swirled in my brain. I both loved and adored my wife still. Even then, at my lowest moment, I couldn't possibly imagine being with another person. And yet, that triumphant smirk on her face now sent me into a murderous rage. "Stop smiling. I'm fucking serious. This isn't fucking funny,

Tiffany."

"You're so cute when you're mad," she said, exacerbating the situation.

"I can't believe you would do this to me! Look at what you've turned me into? I'm practically a woman!"

She breathed through her flared little nostrils and announced, "Trust me, you're a much better woman than a man."

"Bitch!"

Then she fixed me with a glare before saying, "Looks like we both are."

Tiffany's smile actually turned into cruel, merciless, mocking laughter as I turned and started to run out of the room, the tails of my flimsy tee-shirt riding up to expose the black lacey panties covering the jiggly flesh of my chemically-enhanced derriere.

"Hey bitch! Don't forget about tomorrow night!" she yelled in a festive mood now. "You already promised me you'd do it! It's your big night! So if you back out now, I swear to God, I'll get a big black strap-on and pound those white cheeks of yours until you can't walk for days!"

Part Four

The next day, while I was getting out of the shower, Tiffany strutted into the bathroom and sat down on the toilet.

"Hey girl," she said to me, "you nervous about your big night?"

"I guess so. A little."

"You're going to do great. You've come so far already. Michelle."

When we first got married we had promised each other to never be one of those couples who leave the bathroom door open. Boundaries were important. But now those kinds of boundaries were long, long, long gone. Instead of man-and-wife, our relationship was starting to resemble two siblings, sisters, sharing food, makeup, and clothes.

"I already picked out your outfit for tonight, girl," said Tiffany. "Everything is on the bed. Are you excited?"

I tried to smile a brave smile, but to be honest, the thought of leaving the house as a woman filled me with absolute dread. "But what if someone we know sees us? What if we run into a neighbor?"

Tiffany reached for the toilet paper, wiped herself, and said, "Well it's a good thing that it's going to be dark by the time we leave. Also, you are what they call "passable." Do you know what that means?"

I shook my head dumbly.

"It means you look like a woman. Not like a guy in drag. I'm not surprised. Even before you started your, um, "treatment," you already had some pretty androgynous features. The pills only enhanced your femininity, dear, so don't worry."

Then, feeling that I still needed more coaxing, she added, "No way someone is going to think that you're anything other than a hot piece of ass tonight."

"Okay," I mumbled.

Then Tiffany wiped herself again, and flushed. "Our very first Girl's Night Out

together!"

Back in the bedroom, my entire body already smooth and moisturized and smelling as sweet as Tiffany's, I pulled out a matching pink bra and panty set from our shared top drawer. Tiffany said pink looked really good on my creamy white skin. The bra padding took me from B-cups to nearly D-cups. Then I saw the dress Tiffany had chosen for me.

The dress was sort of perfect. It was a classic little black dress with a hem at mid-thigh, but with a shape that made it flare outward starting just below the waist so that it draped beautifully over my new budding hips and already quite round ass.

I also liked the long sleeves and the scoop neckline just above my breasts. Its elasticity hugged my new figure snugly, like being nude but with a new skin, so that I felt exposed and feminine. Everything was accentuated, my hips, my bust, my ass, and tucked secretly underneath the pink satin paunch of a thong was my penis, crushed to invisibility, a mystery never to be found by anyone, except Tiffany of course. Walking back and forth in front of the mirror, my hips swished from side to side as I'd been taught by my wife, and my growing breasts felt heavy, bouncing and jiggling, with the straps pulling on my shoulders as I walked. I stood facing the mirror and placed my hands on my new wide hips, excited and with butterflies in my flat tummy.

While I was still parading in front of the mirror, amazed by how sexy I looked and felt, I was summoned back into the bathroom by my wife.

When it came to getting ready to go out, my wife was fast, much more accustomed to this than I. Her choice of dress was similar to mine except that the color was red and it also had a plunging neckline, revealing just a hint of the red lacy bra underneath. For the piece de resistance, she pulled on her black stiletto knee-high boots and zipped them up. The last pieces of jewelry, necklace, bracelet and earrings, all accented the dress to create an elegance I had never before seen in her. A touch here, a brush there, and her night-time makeup was done to perfection. I watched her with a sort of "little sister wonderment."

"Now you," she said. "Hold still, girl, or I'll swat that little bubble butt of yours!"

I sat at the vanity while my wife showed me the intricacies of night-time makeup, the darker hues and bolder highlighting of the eyes, darker eyebrows

and accented cheek bones. The transformation was stark in the bathroom light, but Tiffany assured me that in nightclub or bar light it would be perfect. My eyelashes were so thick and long with mascara that they felt heavy, noticeable with every blink of my eyes. The bangles jingled on my wrist as I attached the long and heavy teardrop gold ear rings to my ear lobes. With every movement of my head I felt them swinging against that tender area below my ears.

"Oh my God, look how fucking cute we look together!" said my wife, turning me so that we were both looking into the large mirror above the sink. Staring back at us, I failed to see a husband and wife, or even a wife and husband in drag. Rather, by all accounts, it was just two sexy young ladies, one blonde, the other brunette, wearing similar style dresses that were meant to draw as much attention as possible.

"Wow, I can't believe it..."

"The boys are going to love you," Tiffany said with a long and meaningful look.

Before leaving for the club, we did a few shots for liquid courage. The butterflies were still fluttering in my stomach, but by the time we were outside, our high heels simultaneously clicking on the driveway pavement, I'd almost forgotten that I was Tiffany's husband.

Part Five

Tiffany drove. The club was downtown, quite far away, in an area I wasn't too familiar with. We got out, and walked together, with our arms locked at the elbow. It was a busy weekend night. At the front of the line, a black behemoth was holding the velvet rope. Surprisingly Tiffany said she never waited in such lines. A few steps from the entrance, someone whistled a loud wolf whistle at the two approaching girls, me and my wife. It made the burly doorman turn his head and raise his eyebrows. Instinctively, he opened the velvet rope not to the next in line, but to us. I almost died of shock. "Ladies," the large man said in a polite manner, "you can go in."

Tiffany made big eyes at me and we got drinks at the bar and sat down at one of the back tables.

"Now what?" I asked, watching a throng of people on the dance floor, their bodies writhing to the hypnotic music that filled every inch of the club.

"Now we just enjoy the evening and drink and talk I guess. Or we can dance if you think you're up to it."

"On these high heels?" I said, picturing me falling over on the middle of the dance floor.

Tiffany sipped her drink and glanced about the darkly pulsating club.

"Oh crap!" said Tiffany.

"What?"

"That guy, the one walking towards us, right now..."

"Yeah?"

"He's my boss! Jerome!"

He was hard not to miss. He stood over six and a half feet tall and he had shoulders to match. He was black, or African-American, with very dark skin.

Wanting to die on the spot, I watched as Tiffany gave her black boss a big hug, before introducing me as her "girlfriend." As soon as the man introduced himself

to me, then flashed me his bright smile, I realized that he had no idea who I was. Then he ordered us cocktails. And the three of us sat there, drinking and talking for almost an hour, before Tiffany got up and said she had to make an important phone call outside.

"Michelle is such a pretty name," he said, moving to a different seat so that we were sitting next to each other now.

It was hot in the club. Even so, I felt a shiver ripple down my spine when I turned and saw Jerome obviously checking me out. I'd never felt this way. Clearly the man liked what he saw too because he made no attempt to hide his interest. When I finally had the gumption to ask him what was so interesting, Jerome smiled, and said, "Do you like black guys?"

The question caused the pit of my stomach to clench. Startled, I turned my head away trying to hide my reaction, mumbling that I was already in a relationship. But several seconds later, when I turned again, I found Jerome still watching me as intently as ever.

"Hey sexy," he said in a deep voice, "do you want to dance?"

Pretending not to hear him, I smiled prettily and said, "Excuse me?"

He smiled back, not prettily, but more predatorily. "Do you want to dance?"

My eyes went back to the dance floor. Just then the song turned into a famous rap song whose chorus encouraged the women to bend over and "bounce that ass." In response, the dance floor was filled with couples now, the scantily clad women all bent over, the men all holding the women by the hips, dry-humping their buttocks in an orgy of hip-hop rhythm. I could see why Jerome suddenly wanted to dance so badly. But the thought of having another man behind me still repulsed me to the core, no matter how cute and sexy I was looking these days.

"Come on, let's go dance, I bet you got some great moves!" Jerome said urgently now.

"I'm sorry... but I can't."

"You don't want to bounce that ass for me?" he asked.

In response, I grabbed my cocktail and quickly finished the rest. Jerome, ever the gentleman, bought me another drink, which was at least double the size, so that by the time I was done with it, I was more than a little tipsy.

I got up, stumbling around, trying to find Tiffany, who was still nowhere to be seen. And before I knew what was happening, Jerome was leading me out of the club.

"Where's Tiffany?" I asked.

"Follow me, I want to show you something." He spread his fingers across my lower back, guiding me, as my cheeks burned and I started to wonder if I was about to end up in a very bad situation.

Outside, passing a group of guys smoking cigarettes, Jerome's hand dropped to one of my ass-cheeks, squeezed, causing the group of guys to gawk at the large black man and his little white slut.

"Where are we going now?" I asked softly. "Is Tiffany out here?"

He didn't respond, he didn't even bother to take his hand off my ass, so I repeated my question.

This time he said, "Don't worry baby, relax, I'll have you back in the club in just a few minutes. I just want to show you something. You're going to love it!"

In the drunken haze of the night, everything seemed like a good idea. And in a moment or two later we were both sitting in Jerome's brand-new Mercedes sports coupe.

He made a few dumb jokes. And I could tell that he was trying to impress me with his fancy new car. In fact, I'd once pulled off the same move, albeit with a vastly less expensive vehicle. I also knew that the longer I sat there, inches away from the black giant of a man, the more trouble I was putting myself in. If Jerome hadn't been my wife's boss—I kept telling myself—I would have already bailed.

"I really should get back, I don't want Tiffany to worry."

"You mean," said Jerome, reaching over and grabbing my hand, swallowing up

my hand with his much larger black hand, "you don't want your wife to worry?"

I nearly fainted from the shocking words.

"You know?"

He smiled at that. "Who do you think recommended to her that you start taking your pink pills?"

Without warning, Jerome reached over and stuck his massive hand between my legs. My legs clamped together, I implored him to stop, and I began to smooth down the folds of my little black dress. But the man had other plans. He deftly found the remnants of my manhood inside the pink satin pouch. With a big grin, he began to (not jack me off) but rather make circular motions through my panties, over and over again, as if I really was a woman, until my lifeless nub soon yielded to the presence of Jerome's hand, and began to grow its full 3 or 4 slim inches.

"Ah there she is," Jerome said, capturing the small appendage between his thumb and forefinger. By now I was squirming in the seat, but my protests had already lost most of their meaning. I just kept squirming as my wife's boss started to play with my little thing, which was now sticking proudly over the pink panties. Looking down, I saw that his fingers were so massive in width and girth that they made my "manhood" look even smaller —so that the whole motion resembled someone trying to quickly dry off a wet baby carrot.

"Ohhhh my gaaawwdddd, I'm cuuummm..."

Using his other hand, Jerome covered the top of my tiny pee slit with the front of my panties so that my nominal jets were captured by the pink satin, making it look like I had merely wet myself.

Watching me as I tried to arrange my outfit back, Jerome said, "Did you enjoy that?"

"Yes I did," I said, a little haughtily. "Did you enjoy that?"

"Traps aren't gay," he said with a smirk.

Knowing what this term meant, I went on adjusting myself and checking my

makeup in the mirror. But as soon as I reached for the door handle I heard a click that signaled all the doors were locked. Panicking slightly, I turned back to Jerome. "Hey? I need to go. My wife is waiting for me."

"Your wife is fine," the man said, grabbing my hand, and placing it in his lap so that I could feel the outline of the biggest erection I'd ever seen. The damn thing didn't even feel like a penis. It felt like Jerome had the handle of a baseball bat stuffed inside his designer pants. I tried to jerk my hand away, but Jerome's grip was way too strong. He increased the pressure on my wrist until I stopped struggling. Then he said, "Now that's not very ladylike. Whatever happened to quid pro quo?"

I felt his cock jerk in my hand, startling me. I looked back up at him, batted my mascara eyes, and said, "You can't be serious!"

"I'm a business man," Jerome said, forcing me to rub his cock through his pants. "I only ask for what's mine. And it looks like you owe me something now."

"What do you want from me?" I asked, already knowing by now the answer to such a dumb question.

"Sexy girls like you need big toys to play with, don't you?"

As the fly was pulled open I literally let out an audible gasp. His penis was enormous. It wasn't completely hard yet but was easily ten inches long. His big purple balls were tight and just begging to be sucked.

Seeing that I was frozen by the prospect of sucking my first dick, Jerome gently stroked the back of my head, and in a very soothing voice, said, "It's okay baby. I know that's a lot for you. We'll start slow. Why don't you start by sucking my balls first."

For some reason this made it easier. I latched onto one of them. They were so large that I could barely get one into my gapping mouth. As I sucked hard on each one I could feel his bone getting harder against my cheek. Alternating to the other testicle, my hot breath from my nostrils tensed the underside of the big black prick. After a couple of minutes of this he said, "Alright bitch, start sucking my cock."

It was a daunting task. By now Jerome's black cock was thick and hard like

granite. I gave it a couple of slow licks on the underside which I know is super sensitive. I gave the entire knob a tongue bath, sloppily, wetting it with my saliva. Then I couldn't take anymore and tried stretching the corners of my mouth to accommodate it. My jaw was aching but I managed to get that cock past my tonsils. As I stroked his cock with my mouth ever so nicely the man responded by rocking his hips back and forth.

"You loving this sweet meat in your mouth, huh girl?" he said, smacking my hands away when I went to grab the shaft. "Mouth only. I only let important bitches use their hands. And right now, you're just my sexy little cocksucker."

Ignoring how quickly his tone had shifted from polite to rude and crass, I kept at it, feverishly working my lips up and down the man's rigid tool. Already I could feel a film of salty pre-cum slide down the back of my throat and I wondered how long it would take for him to blow. I wanted to get as far away from those enormous balls when they exploded as possible.

"Good girl, you traps are the best cocksuckers in the world. I bet you don't even feel good unless you got some big cock in your mouth."

With his cockhead pushing my cheek out, I rolled my eyes at him, causing the man to burst out laughing. "Keep sucking baby, show me what a good little cocksucker you can be. Show me you got them skills."

Being a tease I pulled my face away for a second only to clamp onto his balls. I sucked them one at a time and licked the whole, smooth bag. I could feel him getting frustrated. He grabbed my head, trying to shove that cock into my mouth. There was a pearl drop of cum right at the tip of the head. I flicked my tongue on it, pulling it up and away from him, making a long string. I smiled at seeing my lipstick around the shaft of his cock. Jerome soon became too strong for me and forced it all in past my teeth.

Then I managed to get free again, sit up, my shiny mouth covered in drool, pre-cum, and lipstick. "Hey not so hard! You're going to choke me!"

Jerome smiled a big smile. Then, catching me off guard, he forced his meat down my throat, choking me. As I gasped for air he didn't let up. I tried to calm down so that my throat muscles relaxed and I could breathe. My throat received him as my nose was touching his smooth black belly. He held my head there for a minute as he savored the victory. He then wanted more action and slid it all the

way out. As the end of his dick cleared my lips ,I couldn't believe that I had taken an entire foot of mahogany meat in me. He slid it back in. It was much easier this time as I deep throated him again. I sucked his cock like that for a while, long and slow. Each time my nose touched his belly and his balls slapped my chin he would pause and groan before stroking it again.

Suddenly he was driving me crazy and I was really getting into it. After spending so much quality time with Tiffany, and getting all those looks from guys in the club, I couldn't believe how turned on I was by sucking my first cock. And it was so big and so black.

Jerome soon turned feverish and began taking short, fast thrusts at my mouth. My one little hand took strokes on my own dick, which was now semi-erect, the other on Jerome's pants leg. In about two more minutes of hard cock sucking I could taste his hot semen on my tongue. He was about to blow.

"Here it is... here's what you've been waiting for... here's your treat, sexy girl..."

I knew what was coming. But there was nothing I could do.

Immediately I tried to pull away, but one of Jerome's massive hands clamped on the scruff of my neck, keeping me in position as he roared with pleasure. Then he put both hands on my head, letting go an enormous geyser of cum. It was everywhere. Cum was flying out which splattered onto my face. Some got in my eye, stinging me. I clenched my eyelids shut as I felt blob after blob spray my entire face. My makeup would be ruined. I kept my mouth open and my tongue out as drops shot inside. As he jerked it off he placed the tip of his dick back onto my tongue, holding the last shot which nailed the back of my throat. Then he jammed his receding member all the way in one more time right up to the balls.

Part Six

As the Mercedes headlights turned into our driveway, I clutched the door handle, ready to bolt as soon as we stopped.

The porch lights were still on and the garage door was shut, meaning I couldn't tell whether or not Tiffany had got home yet. She still hadn't returned any of my texts or phone calls. Obviously this wasn't a good sign. I was worried.

We stopped and I said automatically, "Okay, thanks for the ride!"

Jerome looked at me in the dark car and smiled sweetly. "No problem. Thanks for the amazing blowjob. I wasn't kidding when I said you traps are the best at sucking cock. I mean that as a compliment."

"Well, thanks, I guess."

He reached over and placed his hand on my bare leg, rubbing the inside of my thigh with his muscular hand. "You want me to walk you to the door?"

"I think, I can make it."

"One more thing, sexy."

"Yes?" I said.

He leveled his eyes at me. "Discretion is what I'm sort of known for. This stays between me and you."

"Oh, what a relief, I was really hoping you would say that. Okay, bye-bye!"

"Bye sexy, you got my number, hit me up when you need some more black meat in your mouth. Or anywhere else for that matter."

As Jerome sped away, I discovered first that the door was unlocked and secondly that there were already lights on inside, meaning that Tiffany had beaten me home.

My heart lurched, since I wasn't sure how to explain to her what had happened. I knew that it was one thing for me to adopt a more feminine appearance. But it was quite another for my wife to find out that I'd just taken another man, her

boss, in my mouth, and allowed him to shoot his load down my throat as if I was some common street hooker.

In our foyer there was a large mirror which I used to compose myself, straightening the hem of my little black dress, pulling my top back down into place, checking how ruined my makeup was, making sure my hair was straight, etc.

I was looking rough. Used. And it was then that I noticed the large trail of dried cum running down my forehead, nose, and cheek. Luckily I managed to wash the cum off of my face before going into the house to face my wife. But I still couldn't get that terrible guilty feeling I had out of my mind.

Tiffany was waiting for me in the kitchen.

Of course she was.

She'd already changed out of her clubbing outfit. I could see her nipples clearly pointing through the thin fabric of her tee-shirt which barely reached her navel. The only thing covering her bottom half was a pair of small, silk, purple panties that rode high on her hips. She was munching on some chocolate cookies and turned, her eyes widening, when she saw me.

"Well look what the cat dragged in," she said sardonically, reaching for one of her large wine glasses. "Girl, I hope you used protection."

The condescending tone of her voice turned my anxiety into annoyance that bordered on anger. "You fucking left me!"

"Calm the fuck down."

"I am calm!" I shouted like all of the annoying drunk bitches I'd ever met.

Tiffany wasn't moved by my display of histrionics. "Of course I left you there, silly girl. Can you really blame me, really? You and Jerome were looking at each other like you were long lost high school sweethearts. I know when I'm not needed. The only thing you two needed was a room!"

She started a laughter which lasted for several long merciless moments.

"I looked for you," I explained, stopping because a sudden spasm of emotion almost caused me to start tearing up. "I thought we were..."

"Stop pouting, I hate having to deal with drunk bitches."

"I thought we were having a girl's night out..." I muttered.

"Sorry about that, girlfriend. But I knew Jerome would take care of you —and it looks like I was right!"

I was starting to feel a little foolish as my wife wet a cloth under the sink, then came to me and started rubbing the bottom of my chin, then the top of my front. My eyes were watering by now. And I tried to wipe them dry while Tiffany worked on getting all of Jerome's cum off my face.

It was hard to fathom how drastically my life had changed in such a short amount of time.

"You're such a messy girl, aren't you?" she giggled. "You got to be extra careful with black guys, dear. It's different with black guys. When they got those big sacks, it means there's going to be a big mess unless you're careful. By the way, how did your first cock taste?"

I think Tiffany knew I was about to deny everything because she suddenly put a finger to my lips and shook her head. "I'm OK being married to a sexy cocksucker. Actually I think it's cute. But I will never put up with being married to a fucking liar, OK?"

Knowing that I had been defeated, I silently bowed my head in submission. "Yes dear."

"So how was it? Isn't TeamGirl so much more fun than TeamBoy?"

Automatically my shoulders gave a little shrug and I meekly replied, "I guess so, it was different."

"Explain."

"Well I've never been looked at like that, the way other men were looking at me, and especially the way Jerome looked at me. It excited a part of me that I didn't

know existed. I felt, well, special. And then when me and Jerome were in his car, I didn't really want to do it, but I felt bad for having led him on. So when he pushed my face into his lap, I just sort of let it happen."

Tiffany began clapping her hands and smiling. "Bingo! Of course there are many different aspects to being a woman, and not all of them have to do with sex, but that certainly is part of it. Oh baby, I'm so proud of you. I've never been prouder. I know it takes a strong person to do what you did..."

It takes a strong person to suck a cock?

Honestly, I couldn't tell whether or not she was just saying things to make me feel better, but the waterworks had already stopped, and the closeness of our bodies, her nipples, those cute little purple panties, was causing me to become aroused. A quick second later the front of my pink panties was filled by a hard little bulge, again, which was noticeably smaller from the hormone treatment. But still, that didn't matter, I was just quite hard and horny. And the thought of fucking Tiffany right now was such a turn on.

"Tiffany?"

"Yes dear?"

"You want to fool around?"

"You mean just us two girls?"

From the look in her eye I could tell that the question was more of a test than anything. So I just smiled back, lusciously licked my lips, rubbed my hands all over my budding adolescent breasts, flicked my hair back, and said, "Yes dear, just us two girls, the way it was made to be."

"It's official," she said, yanking my black dress off first, then her top, so that both of us stood there in the kitchen, eyes locked, nipples hard, wearing nothing but our panties and nervous grins. Then she hooked her thumbs under the elastic waistband of my panties, tugging them down, doing the same for herself, until we were both as nude as the day we'd entered the world. "You've become the perfect wife for me."

My eyes widened as I stared at her like she was the first naked woman I'd ever

seen. After all that had happened in the past months, especially tonight, I was surprised and encouraged by how strongly I wanted her, wanted her in only the way a man wants a woman. Her breasts were round and perky, her pink nipples hardened and her pink, shaved pussy was laid bare for me to gaze upon. I placed my hands on her soft hips and stroked them slowly.

"Oh yes, very soft skin," I told her. "Very good."

She began stroking my hips too and said, "Your skin is so soft and lovely now too. I've never loved sleeping next to you more. Almost soft as mine."

Not really hearing anything but the blood in my ears, my hands trailed up her stomach and under her breasts before I finally cupped them in my hands, firmly holding her tits, before I began to fondle them. "Damn your breasts are so perfect, so full of milk. I'm so jealous. I don't know whether to worship you or try and put a baby in you."

She put her hands on my swollen little buds which were getting bigger by the day. "No dear, that's my job, you're my responsibility now. I'm going to take such good care of you, wife. All you got to do is keep the house clean, keep the refrigerator stocked, and make sure you look sexy as hell seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day."

We were both getting so fucking hot it was almost too much. "I love you," I whispered in a hoarse voice, almost shaking with excitement. "Let's go to the bedroom now. Right now!"

But before Tiffany could respond, a deep, mocking voice in the room said, "Sounds like a fucking plan to me. Come on, white bitches!"

Breathless and beyond shocked, Tiffany and I both turned at the same time, our smooth sexy bodies still pressed together, still rubbing together, like Siamese twins, only to discover that a large black man was standing in our kitchen. Jerome was dangling the small purse I must have left in his car.

"Miss me?" he asked superciliously.

"You weren't supposed to come back here tonight!" Tiffany fired back right away, turning to confront the much larger man, which only served to give him a better view of her ample breasts with their swollen pink nipples. "I told you we

need to wait a little. He needs more time. I need to break him in a little more before he's ready."

Jerome made a gesture for her to stop talking, promptly. She shut up. Then he said, "Don't worry about that, baby. I already broke "him" in for you." Then he walked over to our sink and poured a big glass of water from the tap. He held the glass up to the light and said, "By the way, I don't know what they are putting in this water, but both of you are some of the best little cocksuckers I've ever had. It's like your mouths were made to suck on meat. My meat. Big black meat."

With my head still reeling from the shock of having a voyeur watching the most vulnerable and intimate moment ever shared between my wife and I, it took me longer than normal to come to terms with what was happening.

Seeing that Tiffany was pulling her panties back on, now that we had company, I did the same without thinking.

Then, of all the sudden, the truth hit me like a ton of bricks. I felt crushed. I looked at Tiffany, demanding an explanation. But all she managed to say is, "Well of course I've been sleeping with Jerome, silly girl. Can you blame me? First of all he's rich and hung like a horse. Secondly it's not like you've been very attentive to my feminine needs."

"I'd wager she's been more attentive to her own feminine needs," Jerome interrupted, setting the water glass down, and then coming over to me where he put his big arm around my waist, and pulled me into the dark gravity of his person. "Don't we make a cute couple?"

I tried to pull away, but he was way too strong for me. Even on my best day in the past he would have been a monster. Now there was no getting free of his grip unless he wanted it so.

Annoyed, Tiffany crossed her arms over her bare chest and whined, "You used to say that about us."

"Jealous fucking white pussy." Jerome let go of me and put his hands on Tiffany's waist, effortlessly placing her ass-cheeks on the kitchen island. With her bare legs wrapped around him, their mouths met and I could see their tongues slowly and passionately work back and forth in each other's mouths. It was so natural that it had to be the kiss of two people who have been on intimate

terms for a while. Even after everything that had happened so far, I still felt a surge of husbandly anger towards Jerome now. Part of me wanted to bash his fucking brains out for messing with my wife. But another part of me wanted to get on my knees and taste him again. Pleasure him. Make him happy, make him proud of me.

"Oh baby," Tiffany said to Jerome, tossing her arms around his neck, "What am I going to do to you? Do you have any idea how much I've missed having your black cock inside me."

"I love it when you say shit like that," he said.

"Am I still your favorite little snowbunny?" she actually asked, making her voice sound even cuter and sexier than normal.

"Keep talking that shit," he said, and you're going to find yourself creaming all over some genuine African snake tonight. Just glad we don't have to hide anymore. Now that everyone's on the same fucking page."

He gave me a friendly wink.

Tiffany glanced over one of Jerome's shoulders, saw the androgynous figure standing there, unable to hide his pitiful erection, not to mention both extraordinarily aroused and full of shame and self-loathing at the same time. And with a cruel female smirk, she said, "I don't think you have to worry about my husband anymore. My husband is gone. Good riddance. Now it's just you, me, and Michelle."

"Two white bitches just for me?" said happy Jerome, licking those sexy, thick African lips of his.

"That black monster needs at least two bitches!" said my once conservative wife.

After that Tiffany got off the counter, walked over towards me, and slapped my ass so hard it stung; and Jerome corrected her, "Two sexy white bitches!"

Part Seven

We were led into the bedroom.

Tiffany and I were holding hands and giggling like sisters. I was finding my new role much easier since all I had to do was look cute and sexy. For me, with all the pressures of being a breadwinner, with all the pressures of performing in bed, I finally felt much more comfortable now as Tiffany's sexual equal, rather than her husband.

Still, as we walked into the room, for some reason I recalled that first day, many years ago, of being led by an eager real estate agent who assured my wife and I, that this was the perfect house to start a family. We were so eager to start our new life together. I was so clean and fresh-faced back then. And better yet, my wife still respected me as a man. What had gone so wrong? What had caused our hopes and dreams to completely unravel? But before I could get too lost in my reverie, I heard the deep boom of Jerome's scary voice saying, "Strip! Both of you!"

Tiffany immediately started to tug her panties down her silky smooth legs, and when she saw my reluctance, she gave me a look with an unmistakable meaning.

It was strange. After all that had happened, I still felt a bit uncomfortable when it came to pulling down my panties too, since it revealed my small rubbery nub, no bigger than a baby's little finger now thanks to the hormone treatment. The smallness of my sexual organ embarrassed me and looking at Tiffany's smooth shaven snatch I couldn't help but to feel the sting of female envy.

"Aw, look at that, so cute, so pink!" she said, causing my mortal embarrassment to grow.

"Play with each other," Jerome said.

Then Tiffany wasted little time stroking me, and soon was licking my pathetic little cocklet, teasing me with her tongue. I began to massage her tits and then put one hand behind her head pulling her further into my crotch, loving the feeling of her wet lips on my dicklet no matter how tiny it was. Tiffany didn't have to work very hard to take me down her throat, but deep-throating me had never been a big struggle. Then she straightened her back, and pointed at my penis, which was now semi-hard and very wet. "She's so cute! How did your penis get so small? How did you get a baby penis, girl?"

"You know how," I gritted through my teeth.

Jerome had planted his massive frame in a chair next to the bed. "As far as I can tell, both you bitches got little clities," he said, slapping his knee as he laughed at his own dumb joke. "Now get on the bed and play with each other some more. Just pretend I'm not here. I've always been fascinated by lesbians."

Before Tiffany could react, I surprised her by forcefully pushing her down so that she was flat on her back. For a moment, the look in her eye said she was going to kill me, but then a second later she could tell that I only wanted to be the one to pleasure her.

"Spread your legs," I told her, "I want to taste you."

With my knees together, I bent over at the waist and gently ran my hands down her flawless body, the body I had never envied more than tonight.

"Hm..." She closed her eyes in pleasure as I touched her earlobes and fondled her breasts. They felt amazing. It was like touching the first pair of tits in my life. My hands moved her tits around in circles before squeezing them and massaging them in my grasp, aware of how much I was starting to arouse her even though the only real satisfaction she would get tonight was from someone other than me. Then I kissed her, and moved her tits in different directions before rolling my lacquered fingertips over her pink nipples. Tiffany was already squirming, loving how I was feeling up her big tits, and I felt their hard tips rub across my fingers as I glided my hands around on her chest.

"Oh baby, yes, you give the best massages," she encouraged me.

Smiling and proud, I pulled and pinched her nipples before pulling them upwards and letting gravity bring them back down with a bounce. Then she put her arms around my neck, pulled me into a long, slow kiss, and we automatically went into some dry-humping, with soft little moans escaping our lips ever so often.

Jerome's eyes were wide and alive with lust. "You two are so sexy together. I can't believe you two used to be husband and wife. Boggles the mind. I'm a lucky man."

Over the pants, the black man rubbed himself as he watched me and Tiffany roll

around on the bed together, our hairless limbs entwined, our skin tones almost identically pale, as we shared kisses, swapped spit, and rubbed our genitals together like frustrated virgins.

This was exactly what Jerome wanted.

The enormous outline of his cock was clearly visible at this point with how much he had leaked already. His slacks clung to his massive cock as it pulsed up and down, eager to release itself. And the fact that he knew that he would be getting not one, but two sexy white women to service him tonight, drove him further into his lust.

Presently, wanting to put a good show on for the man, I put my face between Tiffany's breasts and rubbed them across my mouth before greedily licking her nipples and softly sucking on one while she squirmed around some more, telling me how much I meant to her, how happy I made her these days. I could tell she was being truthful too. Already her thighs were coated with pussy juice at this point and her cunt ached for a cock, any cock, to penetrate it.

It didn't take long for Jerome to lose his patience. He stood up and told my wife to come over. He told her to kneel down in front of him. Obediently, she got on her knees. A moment later and he pulled his zipper down, her beautiful face was just inches away. Tiffany reached in and pulled his hard cock out of his pants. The purple tip of his black cock was already wet as she rubbed the fat mushroom head across her lips. Curious about the taste, she stuck her tongue out and licked the juice. "Fuck yeah, you look so perfect right now, on your knees, with your lips wrapped around a black man's cock," he chuckled as he bucked his hips upwards, trying to bury his cock into her mouth.

I was still watching from the bed, rubbing myself, when Jerome motioned me to kneel down next to my wife. Tiffany had wrapped her hand around the base of his cock and began to bob her head up and down. When I got into position next to her she pushed the back of my head forward, gagging me. The saltiness of the man's pre-cum tasted almost pleasant to me. The musky smell was strangely erotic. We started to swap turns, with Jerome barking orders to suck his balls, and try to deep throat him, which was nearly impossible. After a few minutes where Jerome fucked both of our mouths at the same time, he slammed his meat back into Tiffany's mouth, wrapped his arm around her head, holding it still as he took over, fucking her face like he was fucking a pussy. He could hear my wife

gag when he went too deep but he didn't care.

"Alright, Michelle, it's your turn," he said, calling me by my female name now.

Then I fondled the man's fat, slippery tool, moving it around in different directions and watching as the veins pulsed. I couldn't help but to bring my face close to the man's large, pulsing member as I carefully examined every inch, poking and grabbing his penis, pretending I was a scientist and male genitalia was my specialty.

"Good girl, very sexy," said Jerome, complimenting me.

I beamed a smile up at him, proud of myself for being able to give such a dominant man real pleasure.

"Now you two white bitches get back on the bed where you belong. I want to see some more lesbian action."

Before I realized what was happening, Jerome had maneuvered everyone back onto the bed, and now I was in the 69 position, with me on top, and Tiffany's head almost hanging off the edge of the bed.

"Ohhhhh," I groaned as Tiffany took my tiny dicklet into her mouth, sucking on it. My eyes rolled back in my head, but when I felt a pair of large hands on my hips, I turned and looked over my shoulder.

Jerome was standing over me with his feet on either side of my hips. He bent at the knees, lowering his still-erect cock to my spread ass cheeks while Tiffany sucked my tiny nub below. Jerome slapped his cock against my pale, plump cheeks and slid it all along the crack of my ass. When his cock was as slick as my scrotum, he placed the tip against my asshole and pushed.

"Not there! That's the wrong hole!" I screamed like a banshee.

The man said nothing. Instead, he continued to burrow. If he thought he was going to try to fit that massive cock into my tight virgin asshole, then he had another thing coming. My hands reflexively shot back and pushed against the man's torso. But he just grabbed me by the wrists and pushed them up and into the center of my back. Pain shot through my shoulders. I considered kicking my legs, but realized that my arms would be dislocated or broken before my legs

found a target. I was immobilized.

"Please," I protested. "Not there. You'll rip me into two. You're too big."

I heard Tiffany giggle from below, but then Jerome said, "Fine, we got time for that later. Why don't you just sit there, look pretty, and play with yourself while I fuck your wife and make her my little slut."

"Yeah, sure, okay," I said dumbly.

I swung my leg around Tiffany's head and moved to the head of the bed which was covered in pillows.

With Jerome standing next to the bed, Tiffany positioned herself on all fours, offering her pale ass to him. The man's purple-headed monster bobbed in response of seeing Tiffany's secret hole. It was tight and shaved perfectly smooth, smooth as a baby's.

"Ready to see your wife get fucked by a real man?" he said, giving me a wink.

I was leaning against some pillows, against the headboard, in awe of how sexy they looked together, while I played with my cocklet.

About to be mounted by a real African warrior, Tiffany had never looked sexier in her life. Jerome's dark hands grabbed her pale Caucasian ass and caressed both cheeks before he noticed her soaked thighs. He then slid his hands across her juices and up her thighs until he reached her entrance. Tiffany let out a loud moan as the black man slid fingers across her soaked pussy, feeling her lady parts carefully before he spread her more open and slid a finger inside her hole. She was tight, extremely tight and very wet. This was his pussy. His white pussy. From now on, no other man would ever dare touch these pink lips but Jerome. He would breed her. He would stuff her cunt with his dominant African genes until she was the proud and protective parent of a curly-headed, dark-skinned brood. Wouldn't her white parents be proud? Wouldn't her European ancestors applaud the sight of their most prized possession with a bellyful of black seed?

Then he stopped and gave me a stern look. "Put me inside your wife."

I quickly scurried over to them.

With both their blessings, I grabbed Jerome's vibrating cock and pushed it up, then pulled it downwards letting it fling back upwards. I then moved it side to side. After this, Tiffany bent over even more, her face digging into the mattress as I guided Jerome's cock towards her pink hole. As soon as the tip slipped past her outer walls, Jerome's mouth dropped and a loud moan echoed from his mouth as he slowly pushed his unprotected cock, inch by fat inch, into her bare pussy. He felt her walls close in on his rod and squeeze him tight as his saggy balls rested against her thighs. I went under Tiffany and licked Jerome's balls for good luck before returning to my position on the other side of the bed. Jerome's hands gripped her hips as he slid his cock out of her hole and back in, slowly as to not explode right away.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, you're splitting me in two!" my wife screamed in a voice that was almost animalistic.

Jerome continued, focused. He buried his ebony cock even deeper into her cunt, his large thumb now pressing against her wonderful ass as he tried to push as much of his meat as he could into her tight, wet little hole. His hands trailed to her hanging, swinging breasts and he fondled her beautiful tits once again as he used her pussy to milk his cock.

I couldn't take it any longer and joined the two, now facing Tiffany as she was bent over on the bed. She was still squirming and screaming like someone about to give birth.

"Are you okay, dear?" I asked.

"I'm..."

"Is he hurting you?"

"Yes," she said, pausing to bite down on her lip, her eyes glazed with lust, but also on the verge of tears. "But no, no, it feels wonderful, his cock is so huge."

"You'll get used to it bitch," Jerome said. Then he added, enigmatically, "Both of you will."

"Oh wow, wow, fucking it feels sooooo good, Jerome, baby!" said my wife, starting to really get into their fucking now that she was more stretched out.

Then Jerome pulled himself out of her cunt, which was followed by a loud queef, and he sat down in the chair, beckoning Tiffany to join him. I began to masturbate faster.

Taking his pulsing cock which appeared several inches longer than before, Tiffany crawled up and straddled him. Holding onto the glossy black shaft she rose above him and then began to descend onto his stiff rod, guiding it into herself. When he tried to push up into her she held his cock back and shook her head. He stopped and let her take control. Tiffany's head rolled back as she slid onto him and began her grind. I could hear her deep rising groan as she took it in. I'm not sure I had any sense of reality at this moment. It was all dreamlike and surreal, but I knew it was happening.

My wife rode him, her dominant black lover, changing her pace as she wanted and leaning down to kiss him as she continued to ride. He alternated between grabbing her bouncy pale tits and pulling her hips down onto him. Tiffany sat up and increased the tempo as she does when she's getting close to an orgasm. The man was now bucking hard beneath her, pulling her hard against him. I watched Tiffany's eyes close and her head went back. I knew she would cum soon.

"Oh shit, oh fuck, Jerome, I'm going to cum!"

"Yes baby, cum, cum for me, cum all over my big black cock like you were made to!"

"Yes, you goddamn big dick motherfucker! Fuck this white pussy! Take this white pussy for yourself!"

"I own this white pussy!" he said.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, you do!" she screamed hysterically.

Then her dark lover groaned and came hard, deep inside my wife, who was also rocketing into one of the most intense orgasms of her life.

After that, Jerome pulled on a pair of boxers and all three of us were exhausted, and we crawled onto the bed, not caring about all the wet spots, and fell asleep in each other's arms, black-skinned Jerome flanked by his two white bitches.

Part Eight

A couple of hours before the sun rose, I got up to first use the bathroom, and then get a drink of water since I'd never been more parched in my life. Jerome and Tiffany were still sleeping, looking as content as a newlywed couple destined for success in life. I decided to get a fresh pair panties and then grabbed a silky teddy that was perfect for sleeping in. I wasn't even trying to look sexy, or girly, I just loved the way the material felt against my sensitive skin.

I was in the kitchen, mindlessly standing over the sink when I felt someone's hands grab my hips, then an evil voice whisper into my ear, "Time to make you a woman. Time for you to give up that good white pussy."

Then Jerome stepped out of the boxers that had fallen to his ankles. Holding my head in both hands, he bent over and pressed his lips against my mouth. This kiss was more urgent than any one I'd ever shared before. I felt my nipples stiffen as the man's tongue slithered over mine. I parted my lips to accept more of it as he explored the inside of my mouth. It was several seconds before I realized my tongue was fully extended into his, as well. A strong hand pinched my right nipple, sending a jolt of electricity to my swollen boy-clit. There was no question I was about to get fucked, and there was nothing I could do to stop it. A part of me felt guilty for not trying to get away, but another part was ready for it to happen.

Breaking the kiss, the man effortlessly lifted me into the air, then eased me down onto the gleaming surface of our kitchen table. Already I was at half-mast. Nearly two inches now. He spread my legs and pushed them backward. Two hands grasped my ankles and pulled them apart. Then he lowered his body over mine. His rigid African manhood dangled and waved over my virgin boy-pussy like an angry viper seeking prey.

"Please," I whimpered, "go slow. I'm not sure if I can take you."

"You can. You will," he said with a glare in his dark eyes. He spit in his hand and began rubbing the spit all over the tip of his cock. "Now put me inside you. I want to fill you with my cum, my potent seed, then you'll be my woman too, just like Tiffany."

With trembling hands, I reached for his cock and directed the head against my opening. Jerome pushed and it hurt like hell.

"Stop! I changed my mind!" I sobbed. "I don't like it in my ass!"

The black man continued pushing. Pain shot through my torso, starting in my rectum and ending in my stomach.

"Just relax, Michelle. This doesn't have to be painful."

I knew I was helpless. Resistance was only going to make it worse. One way or another, Jerome was going to fuck my ass. The only question was how much damage I would suffer before he was through. Fighting was pointless.

"OK. OK. Just give me a second."

The man relented. He didn't back up, but he stopped moving forward.

I took several deep breaths.

"It's okay, you can take it, and I promise that soon you're going to be begging me to fuck your sweet little white ass. That's a promise!"

His breath on my neck and his voice in my ear nudged me another notch toward our destination. By now I was oblivious to my surroundings. My fingernails were embedded in the man's broad muscular back a little more, then stopped. A burning pain tore through my guts as the man resumed pushing. Despite the pain, I resisted the urge to squeeze. I felt my sphincter yielding as the fat head pushed its way into my rectum.

"Unnnnnnnngh! Oh god, that hurts!" I cried, my eyes tearing up as Jerome pulsed in my bottom.

By now I felt as though I were being ripped in two. My ass was on fire while a stabbing, nauseating sensation was shredding my bowels. I tried to breathe, but the pain was shutting down my bodily functions. Just as I was about to pass out, I felt a spike in pain, followed by a sudden lessening. The man stopped pushing.

"The worst is over," he said. "The head is in."

I felt like I had been penetrated by a jagged metal crown encrusted with jewels. My pale white ass was still burning, but the searing pain in my gut was gone. My ability to breathe returned. I took several deep breaths and then braced for the

next wave.

My dark lover continued pushing. His cock penetrated my ass inch by inch. When it was halfway in, he pulled back and covered his shaft with more of his sticky saliva.

A fresh wave of hurt washed over me, but it was less intense. As inch after inch of thick cock filled my ass, I slowly became accustomed to the incredible girth and length of it. He finally turned me around and took me from behind, not unlike the many times I'd once taken Tiffany from behind. But now I was the one receiving the fucking and his cock was in my ass. After several minutes of slow penetration interrupted by brief withdrawals, I finally felt his heavy balls slapping against my pink, hairless scrotum.

Jerome paused. "Are you alright?"

"I'm ... coping," I answered.

The black man started pumping in and out of my tight little butthole. "I've wanted to do this, fuck you like this, ever since your wife posted that picture of you and her in matching pink panties!"

"Go slow," I pleaded.

The man grabbed my hips and pushed, slowly at first. He thrust his cock in and out, pumping faster as every minute elapsed.

"Gentle. This is my first time."

I reached between my legs and first massaged my tiny penis, then desperately masturbated with the rhythm of Jerome's thrusts. The fire in my ass never went away, but I thought if I could rub myself to an orgasm then that sensation might overwhelm the pain. In any event, the sooner Jerome unloaded inside me the sooner my ordeal would come to an end.

"Easy. Easy. Ahhh—not so hard."

"Damn this white pussy is some of the tightest I've ever had. I love breaking in a fresh new bitch. I love how you are milking my BBC."

Then he thrust into me at a steady pace, his fat black cock stretching my asshole over and over. Finally I reached a point where the nausea went away and the burning became manageable. "Oh, like that," I began to urge, the same way Tiffany used to urge me when she wanted me to cum. "Just like that."

"Yeah, yeah you like that now, huh bitch?"

"Oh yes, baby. It feels so good inside me. I can't wait to feel all your hot cum inside my body. Cum for me baby, I want your sticky load inside me where it belongs."

"See? I told you that you would be begging me for this cock!"

"Yes you did," I uttered. "Fuck my tight little pussy like that, just like that, Jerome."

He was slamming into my butt now with controlled but forceful thrusts. I felt like my entire bottom was shredded into confetti. Despite my best efforts, I was no closer to an orgasm than when I started. I doubted that I would ever be able to shit again. My fingers stopped flicking and masturbating my boy-clit as I contemplated the rest of my life with a colostomy bag.

"Mmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmm! Mmmmm! Ungh!" The man grunted. "Here ... it.....cums! Ungh!"

Suddenly I felt a different kind of warmth deep in my bowels. Jerome's pace slowed and his grip on my hips lessened. A second later his cock slid out of my ass, followed by a stream of hot, gooey semen.

I was still laying flat on the table, my legs dangling off the edge now. As Jerome wiped his sticky cock off with a paper towel, I gazed at the other side of the kitchen, unable to fully comprehend what had just occurred. Then it happened. For goodness sake! Tiffany was looking right at me! She was leaning in the doorway, wearing only her panties, her hair pulled up in a ponytail now, presumably having watched the whole scene without a word. Our eyes locked.

"Naughty, naughty, naughty," she mouthed at me before coming over, helping me off the dinner table, and then back to the bedroom where once again, we collapsed on the bed together.

THE END

Other books by this author

Please visit your favorite ebook retailer to discover other books by Bobbi Love.

Interracial/Cuckold Erotica (Singles)

Happy Birthday Cuckold

Saving Hubby's Job

Queen of Spades

Master's Plantation

Cuckold Nightmare

Office Cuckold

Cuckold Island

Blacked Out

The Black Billionaire's Baby Maker

The Cuckold Clinic

Divorcing Her Cuck

The Portrait of a Cuckold

Plantation Nights

The Cuckold Tapes

Some Bulls are Bigger

The Housewife and the Big Black Cop

Corporate Cuckold

Cuckold Monthly

Unlocking her Cuck

Undercover Cuckold

White Wife in Heat

My Wife's First Rap Video

Cuck Gym

Boxing for BBC

The Cage Fighter Takes a Wife

Cuck Army

Big Black Banker

Double Trouble

Southern Belle in Chains

Paying the Landlord

The Making of a Cuck Star

Always Bet on Black

Zebra Club

Black Bull Beach

The Plantation Owner's Daughter

The Billionaire's Cuck

The Witch Doctor's Cuckold

Black America: (Book One)

The Cuckold Games

All-American Cuck

MILFS Love Blacks

Black Meat Matters

Snow White and the Big Black Woodsman

The Cuck Downstairs

Teachers Heart Blacks

Ashley Goes Black

Big Black Master

Black Boss

Swinging in the Jungle

White Wife, Black Baby

Interracial/Cuckold Erotica Bundles

Interracial Lovers: Volume 1 (Interracial Erotica Bundle)

Interracial Lovers: Volume 2 (Interracial Erotica Bundle)

Interracial Lovers: Volume 3 (Interracial Erotica Bundle)

Interracial Lovers: Volume 4 (Interracial Erotica Bundle)

Interracial Lovers: Volume 5 (Interracial Erotica Bundle)

Interracial Lovers: Volume 6 (Interracial Erotica Bundle)

Interracial Lovers: Volume 7 (Interracial Erotica Bundle)

Interracial Lovers: Volume 8 (Interracial Erotica Bundle)

Interracial Lovers: Volume 9 (Interracial Erotica Bundle)

Interracial Lovers: Volume 10 (Interracial Erotica Bundle)

Interracial Lovers: Volume 11 (Interracial Erotica Bundle)

Interracial Lovers: Volume 12 (Interracial Erotica Bundle)

Interracial Lovers: Volume 13 (Interracial Erotica Bundle)

Interracial Lovers: Volume 14 (Interracial Erotica Bundle)

Cuckold Lovers: Volume 1 (Interracial/Cuckold Erotica Bundle)

Gender Swap Erotica

Hubby Gets Knocked Up

Tim Gets Girl Parts

Street Trap

Santa's Helper

Swapped and Blacked

Girl Power! (Gender Swap Bundle)

Other Erotica

Back in Diapers (Diaperplay Erotica)

Jenny's New Sugar Daddy (Older Man/Younger Woman Erotica)