



Interracial, Sissy Erotica

hubby
gets **TRACKED**
down

BOBBI LOVE



Interracial, Sissy Erotica

hubby
gets **TRACKED**
down

BOBBI LOVE

Hubby Gets Tracked Down

Interracial, Sissy 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](#)

[Other books by this author](#)

Part One

It was a normal Saturday afternoon when the doorbell rang and I nearly had a heart attack a moment later.

Standing on my front porch was a large black man, well over six feet tall, somewhere in his late 40's. He was about a hundred pounds heavier than me, with extremely dark skin, wide shoulders, tattooed arms, and a head that was as shiny as an eight ball. Everything about him was big, especially his head which was decorated with a gray goatee and one silver earring.

"Hey, I'm a friend of Kristy's," he said in a deep voice that demanded respect. Then he pushed his sunglasses up to reveal a pair of menacing dark eyes bulging from his head. "Do you know her?"

My heart was pounding against my ribs. My knees had turned to jelly, my pulse throbbed behind my eyes, and I knew my face was red. Forcibly calming myself, I said stiffly, "...She's my wife."

"Yeah, she mentioned she was married to a white boy," he said with an unkind smirk.

"How —how —how do you know Kristy?" I blubbered.

He studied me for several tense moments. It was a hot, bright day and the top of his massive ebony dome was dotted with little beads of sweat. He was also sweating through the top of his taut T-shirt which did little to conceal the bulky muscles in his upper body which looked more natural than something made in a gym. He had a slight gut which hung over his belt buckle shaped liked the Texas Star. "We talk a lot on the internet. Do you ever talk on the internet?"

"Me?" My palms were already sweating and my heart was still racing in my chest like I was about to go into cardiac arrest. By sheer luck, Kristy was 400 miles away, visiting her sister. She wouldn't be back until the beginning of next week. "Nope, not really. Sorry, I'm very sorry. Kristy isn't here. Actually she's out of town for the next several days. I will let her know you stopped by though. Thanks. Have a good day, sir!"

"I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying right here with you."

Pure panic.

And before I could shut the door, the man stuck one of his size fourteen boots into my house. He frowned at me, decisively pushing the door wider, and then waltzed out of the syrupy heat and into our foyer like he owned the damn place. "Well that's no way to treat a guest. So rude, white boy. Someone should teach you some manners."

"Hey! You can't just barge in like that!" I said, my voice cracking with emotion.

"Mind if I wait a few minutes to see if Kristy shows up?" He went into our living room and sat down on our couch, carelessly staining the cushions with his sweaty clothes, propping his feet on the corner of our coffee table. Seeing the confusion on my face caused him to chuckle. "Wow, you really do seem familiar, white boy. Are you sure we haven't met yet?"

Yes I was sure.

We'd met many times.

The man's name was Barry Johnson and I'd been sex chatting with him for months online.

Originally we'd met on an interracial dating website which catered to black men and white women. The logo of the website showed a white cow being mounted by a much larger black bull. In retrospect, it was a stupid thing to do, but after a long and confusing addiction to online interracial pornography, one day I couldn't help signing up. In a supreme act of betrayal, I created a profile with pictures of my own wife!

In her 30's now, she still looked ten years younger and still had her college athlete's body from volleyball. She was tall, 5'9" and slim with large breasts and full hips. Her auburn hair and green eyes never failed to draw attention to her face as well as her body.

I was a lucky guy. She had always been attentive to my needs, sexually adventurous, and rarely refused my advances. She assured me that my penis was quite satisfactory: about five solid inches of manhood. The first time we'd made love (after several months of costly dates) I lasted less than a couple of minutes. Maybe less. I started apologizing right away —and to this day I still couldn't believe that such an attractive woman had agreed to marry me.

Kristy's photos were a hit with the black guys online too.

The response was instantaneous. I knew it would be. Most of the profiles on the dating website were either obvious fakes, with pictures of celebrities, or the white women were all extremely overweight and unattractive. My wife's profile, however, was a different story. I included lots of her regular Facebook photos and only a few vacation bikini shots which she'd made me promise to never show another soul.

After a few days, "Kristy's" inbox was crammed with hundreds of messages from black men across the country who wanted to chat with her and get to know her. A few even offered flight tickets right away. I still don't know why this role-play aroused me so much, but it did, and in a big way.

Funnily enough, Barry, I felt, was a relatively safe option.

Unlike many of the black men, he didn't send any sexual pictures at first. Instead he sent "Kristy" a few casual pictures: him standing next to a brand-new pickup truck, him drinking a beer at a baseball game, him at a crowded family reunion, him dressed up at his all-black church. He was actually quite polite and funny. And it was only after several weeks of chatting that Barry sent "Kristy" a picture of him, shirtless, wearing only a Speedo. My jaw dropped when I saw the bulge he was packing too.

At first I thought there was no way he hadn't stuffed his Speedo with a washcloth or rag. But the next picture he sent proved me wrong. Under a patch of gray hair, hung one of the largest and blackest members I'd ever seen in my life. The fact that Barry actually thought a woman like Kristy would go anywhere near that enormously scary thing surprised and aroused me. But I kept reminding myself that after all this was only a fantasy, it was only some frivolous online role-playing, and it would never affect my real life. Right?

Wrong.

"Nice place, white boy," he said, obviously preferring the air-conditioned room to the blistering heat outside. He removed his sunglasses and slid them along with the roll of candy into the pocket of his uniform shirt, on which his name was embroidered in red. A cell phone slid from his pocket and fell into the couch cushions. As he turned to pick it up, he looked at me, still standing in shock from across the room. "You know, a funny thing just occurred to me. I would have

expected most husbands to be a little more upset when they hear their sexy wives have been spending a lot of time talking with black guys online. But you don't seem upset at all. It's almost like you —"

Barry paused, got off the couch, walked over to the TV set, where he picked up a framed picture of Kristy. In the photo she wore short denim shorts, a halter top, tennis shoes, with her brown ponytail sticking out the back of her baseball cap.

A grin twisted Barry's mouth and he licked his lips. He turned to me. Then he started shaking Kristy's photo at me, saying, "It's almost like you don't believe that I've been talking to your wife. But if that is true, who have I been talking to? All this time? For so long? Who have I been exchanging pictures with? And who has been watching my webcam while I jerk off? Do you have any clue, white boy?"

"No, of course not," I whimpered.

"Sure about that?" he hissed.

There was a long pause.

"Hey," I said, "by the way, so Kristy just gave you her address? That seems weird. Especially since she's gone for the whole weekend."

"Something like that," he said.

It suddenly occurred to me that Barry might not be exactly certain about who the real chatter was. Problem was, I couldn't be certain about how much he actually knew for certain. But for the first time since he'd shown up, I felt a ray of hope energizing me. "Well, if you guys really are friends, I'm sure she will contact you soon. Then you two can meet on your own terms. In the meantime, I wish I could let you stay longer, but unfortunately I have other things I need to do today."

Seeing that I was becoming impatient and hearing the desperation in my voice, Barry shrugged with nonchalance. "Weird thing about computers, they aren't so hard to track, especially if you have the right friends who can do the tracking."

"What? What does that mean?" I said, wishing I could wind the clock back so that this man would have never entered my life in the first place.

"It means, you can cut the bullshit, white boy," Barry said, setting Kristy's photo down and turning towards me. "I know exactly who the fuck I've been talking to. I was pissed at first. But lucky for you, I'm a very forgiving man. Maybe it's because of all that time I spend in church."

I was too stunned to respond.

Barry's eyes connected with mine. He smiled and said, "Are you listening, white boy?"

Silence.

Barry's smile slipped.

"I know it's been you," he said while I continued staring off at an empty space across the room. "This whole time. Pretending to be your wife. Wow, talk about embarrassing. Does she have any clue what sort of 'man' she is married to?"

For several long seconds I listened to a neighbor's distant lawnmower, feeling weary and fatigued, my spirit whipped by this sudden revelation that I'd been caught for my perverse desires.

My silence, however, only solidified Barry's assessment of the situation. He smiled a wide smile. "Ah, thought so. Don't look so glum, white boy, it's not the end of the world."

It felt like it though. Nodding my head mechanically, I found myself hoping that he'd show me some compassion. "I —I —I was only pretending."

"Pretending?"

"Yes, I'm sorry."

There was another long pause.

Then Barry walked over to me and said in a voice that was almost soothing, "Well, since you like to pretend online so much, maybe it's time you tried pretending in real life."

"What does that mean?" I asked, puffing my skinny chest out, and putting my

hands on my hips.

He sighed. "Don't play games. Baby. You know what it means."

Baby?

Did this man just really call me baby? I couldn't believe this was happening. Nor did it escape my attention that 'baby' was the same pet name he used for "Kristy" during their late night sex chats.

"So what do you say, baby? Ready to pretend in real life too?"

"What? No way!"

Barry sighed again, pulling out his phone. He showed me a video that showed a skinny and pale white guy sitting naked at his computer desk. The white guy was completely naked, alternating between typing on the keyboard and jerking his dick off. I watched only a few seconds of it, before acknowledging the damaging evidence with an absent nod. "I wonder what Kristy would say if she saw this? Especially once she finds out who you were chatting with. Especially once she finds out that you were using her photos the entire time. Good luck in divorce court, man."

Fuck!

Barry just then looked at me, giving me an opportunity to explain. But unfortunately, thinking on the spot like that has never been my forte. Nearly on the verge of tears, my eyes already shimmering, the only thing I could think to say was, "I promise to delete my account. This was a huge mistake."

Barry became agitated. "Fuck your account. Fake pretending is over. You know what's next, right?"

Knowing that I'd really painted myself into a corner, I said, "No. No way. I'm sorry that you think I wasted your time, I'm really very sorry..."

"I don't want you to be sorry. Fuck your sorrys! I want you to give me what I came here for, one way or the other!"

"Wait, wait, wait," I pleaded.

"Waiting time is over. I've waited long enough, baby," he said with another flash of anger in his huge, unattractive face. No wonder he was so hard up for female attention. He might have been well built and sporting an enormous rod, but the man was an absolute ogre to look at in real life. The anger went away and he said calmly, "You know what I'm asking you to do for me, right?"

I froze.

"I, I, I can't though."

"Why not?"

"It's not who I am."

"I disagree 100%."

"Well then, you have no idea what you're talking about," I said.

Unperturbed, Barry went on anyway, taking a step closer to me and placing his big meaty paw on my shoulder where he decided to leave it. "Just me and you. Having some little fun. Nobody else will have to know. Especially not your wife."

The way he said it was both soft and threatening at the same time. He still had his hand on my shoulder, squeezing just enough to let me feel how much strength he had. My stomach turned over several times as I tried to figure a way out of this terrible situation. But the man's intimidating presence caused even more panic which clouded my ability to think clearly. I muttered something vaguely incoherent as he continued to stare at me, sizing me up in his head.

"Look this is what's going to happen," he said, finally removing his grip from my shoulder. "I booked a hotel just down the street. Just another expense I've incurred because of you. Anyway, baby, I will be back here at precisely 8 P.M. And I expect to see some type of compensation for my time and troubles. Do you follow? Do you understand what I'm telling you to do?"

"But Kristy isn't even in the state..." I tried.

He held his hand up to silence me. It worked. Then he said, "Time to learn a difficult lesson. There are consequences for your actions. Time to pretend in real

life."

With a loud roaring sound in my ears, I felt the world start to recede from me as I stared vacantly at the floor, unable to move a muscle.

"Nod your head if you understand," he told me.

Although weakly, I managed to nod my head several times, just enough to appease the larger man. My mind raced for available solutions. Could I possibly go through with it? Or would it be better to tell my wife and beg for forgiveness? And yet, it seemed doubtful that even if Kristy did find some way to forgive her errant and perverted husband, that she would ever be able to look at me the same way, knowing what a weak pathetic mate I'd proven myself to be. She didn't deserve that. She was too good of a woman. She didn't deserve any of this.

"Ok," I muttered under my breath.

"Good, glad that we've got that part out of the way." His anger evaporated by my submission, Barry smiled another big bright smile, showing off his one good feature which was his straight white teeth. "You got a wig, white boy?"

I had to think about it. "A wig? Oh, right, yeah Kristy has one from two Halloweens ago. I'm pretty sure it's still in the closet somewhere since she refuses to ever throw out a single thing."

"That's my girl," he said with a creepy wink. "Now I can't wait to see how sexy my date looks tonight. And when I say sexy, I do mean sexy."

He waited a few seconds before continuing.

His brows drew together. "I want to see the hair, the makeup, the body, the clothes. I want to see a physical version of that naughty little girl whose been chatting with me for the past several months. Got it? Don't let me down, baby!"

Silently, I watched him turn and go out the door, leaving me alone to struggle with the real-life mess I'd gotten into myself. The panic feeling spread as I felt the walls close around me. It was hopeless. So hopeless. My situation was no different from the person who already realizes that he is about to be checkmated. Black king takes white queen.

Part Two

With only several hours before my tormentor's return, I didn't have that much time to prepare. And having no experience in this sort of thing, my head was full of question marks.

I walked back to the bedroom, telling myself that at least after tonight all of this would be over. I wasn't sure if the logic on this was sound, but I clung to the notion. And after deleting "my" account on the interracial dating website, I started to feel better even though I was sure that Barry had saved all of the pictures and chat logs we'd exchanged late at night. Still, a fool's paradise was better than no paradise at all.

Then I logged back onto the internet, hoping that there would be some obscure websites with practical information about transforming the male appearance into a female one. My fingers were crossed.

It turned out that a lack of helpful and technical advice was the last thing I needed to worry about. I was a little shocked to see how large of a community there was of "men" who willingly adopted feminine appearances—including cross dressers, femboys, T-girls, shemales, transsexuals, pre-op and post-op, and even men who were forced to transform to survive in prison.

Some of the transformation photos I saw were just plain scary; with some hulk in a dress and bright red wig. Others, however, were far more convincing. Looking for patterns, I noticed that the less muscle and fat the "man" had in the beginning, and the more androgynous the face was, the more likely "his" female persona would actually look like a real female. These findings, however, only produced a sense of ambivalence in me since I didn't have to look in the mirror to know that I checked off all the right boxes.

I am short for a male, just under 5'7", and have never been much of an athlete. My body is trim, nearly fat free. And while I was in high school I was given several offers to do some catalogue modeling, mostly because of my translucent white skin and big shiny green eyes with their naturally long black lashes. Kristy had always jokingly referred to me as her "pretty boy." But now, in order to save our marriage, I was to become someone else's "pretty girl."

Time was running out though.

And according to the more useful websites, the best way to start was to remove

all my body hair. Already I could envision a difficult conversation with my wife as I tried to explain to her how I'd recently gotten into competitive swimming. That was going to be interesting...

Luckily, I suppose, there were no shortage of tutorials online. And within an hour I was completely shaved and smooth from the face down. I used a razor for some parts, and Kristy's hot wax for the trickier areas. Dear God, I thought, is this the sort of pain women put themselves through to appeal to the male gaze? Already I was forming a new respect for my wife.

Still, I wasn't sure about my skin. So I threw in a butter bath bomb for good measure, dipped my hand in to check the temperature and stepped into the water. I sat down then laid back gently until my body was completely immersed. The warmth caressed me. I opened my legs, making me wonder what it would be like to be lovingly fucked like a woman — the warmth of a man so close to me — his weight upon me — my hands on his back — his cock inside me as I gave him pleasure.

Wait, what the hell was wrong with me? Why was my dick starting to get hard? And how could I even be entertaining such thoughts?

After luxuriating a bit longer, playing with the bubbles everywhere until I was beautifully clean and silky smooth all over, I stood and stepped out of the bath. I still had a few more hours, but I wasn't sure how much time it would take before I was ready. Then I wrapped a towel around my narrow waist, I began another set of tutorials that showed me how to apply the makeup. As it turned out, my wife kept enough surplus stored in our bathroom to last a full decade.

I tried following the tutorials exactly, but the first few times weren't exactly successes. Part of me wished that Kristy was there to help me through this ordeal since I obviously had no clue what I was doing. I just followed the videos.

After plucking my eyebrows a good amount, I added these false eyelashes, making sure to blend them in perfectly with my real ones —then I put on my foundation, before adding powder, also making sure to blend the foundation and powder so that my face looked flawless and glowing.

Now it was time to work on my eyes. Eye liner was followed by a surgical-like brow pencil, which was followed by lots of eye shadow. (Jesus, the things women did to look good! It was like a full-time job!) Finally, I was ready for the

mascara which I'd never shown any interest in during the thousands of times I'd previously seen Kristy and old girlfriends using the mascara to paint their faces. And yet, I still wasn't done yet. Blush was the last item since the videos told me to hold off on the lipstick until I got dressed.

"Not bad, not bad at all," I said, taking a moment to appreciate my new look. "For someone who'd never touched an eyebrow curler before, I have to admit that I am looking pretty damn good."

Fully nude, standing in front of the full-length mirror on the wardrobe door, I sprayed a mist of heady perfume under my arms, on the tops of my thighs and under my hair on the back of my neck. "Damn, I literally smell just like her now," I said, thinking of my wife again.

Now I just needed to figure out what I was going to wear.

Thank God, I could actually fit into my wife's clothes, I thought, before realizing how stupid I sounded.

I decided to keep it as simple as possible. Still wishing like hell I could go back in time to change all this, I pulled on a pair of my wife's panties, garter belt, and a bra, all matching black lace. The smooth material against my junk once again gave me a disconcerting erection, but the thought of jacking off while dressed this way seemed a bit depressing, so I just tried to keep it as concealed as possible with the panties. It wasn't difficult. Even fully hard, there was just a slight bulge in the front.

Then I stuffed my bra with some socks, giving me a good 'C' cup rack. The "breasts" looked realistic, of course, only if I wore something else over the bra, but that was not my paramount concern.

I went to my wife's closet and selected a short hem black dress with a pleated hem lime, silver front buttons and translucent fiery sleeves. I pulled up the black stockings and fastened them to the garter straps. I selected some matching silver bangle bracelets, impressed with my intuition. Then I found the long blonde wig Kristy used for her slutty nurse costume a few years ago. I shook the wig out before pulling it on, recalling how excited I'd been the first time I saw her wearing it, particularly because she was usually so conservative.

After finding a pair of flat black shoes (no way I was going to try and teeter

around on pumps!) I went back to the mirror for inspection.

"Holy crap!" I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I looked into the mirror and instead of seeing me, I saw only the face of a determined young woman ready for some playful fun. "I'm kind of fucking hot as a woman!"

There was still a little time left before Barry was supposed to arrive. My stomach had never been filled with so many butterflies.

In the kitchen I sat for twenty minutes, checking and rechecking my makeup while I counted down the time. At 7:58 I felt my heartbeat getting louder. At 7:59 it felt like a bass drum was beating in my chest. At 8:00 my mouth was dry and I was having trouble breathing. I stood up, walked to the door, and peered through the peephole.

Ding-dong!

"Wow! You look really great as a girl," he said, sliding past me, already in the hallway. "I never would have guessed. I'm hungry can you cook?"

Quickly I shut the door before some nosey neighbor could see me dressed in this fashion. Barry was by the stove. He'd brought a grocery bag with some stuff in it. He couldn't wipe the grin off his face when he saw me hanging back, nervous to walk into my own kitchen now. He had me do a pirouette for him several times before laughing and clapping his big hands. "Not bad, baby. You're looking sexy as hell now. But you never answered my cooking question. I brought some steaks."

"Sure, I can put them on the stove, is that okay?" I said nervously.

"Great, you got something to make a salad too?"

"I think so."

"Well done, okay?"

"What?"

"The steaks. That's how I like mine cooked."

"Got it," I said.

"Sexy and useful," he said, popping open a beer and already heading for the living room. "Baby, why don't you get started on that. I'll leave the cooking to your capable hands. Now, if you need me, there's a big game on, so I'll be over there on the couch."

Upon concluding his remarks, Barry left me alone in the kitchen, feeling a mixture of surprise, annoyance, and slight relief by this turn of events. As I fired up the stove and chopped tomatoes, I began to even feel a brief bit of hope. Maybe, after all, the man's only intent was to humiliate me a little and teach me a lesson for wasting his time online.

About ten minutes later, over the roar of a stadium crowd, I heard him yell out, "Hey baby, grab daddy another beer!"

The steaks still needed a few more minutes and I rolled my eyes as I fetched him another beer and carried it out of the kitchen. Barry's eyes lit up when he saw me approach. I smiled back, and began to roll my hips a bit more than normal, not wanting to give him any reason to welch on our deal.

"Smells good. How much longer, baby?"

"Just a few minutes."

With his eyes still glued to the TV screen, Barry reached up and his huge arm gradually came to rest around my waist. Closing my eyes, I felt his fingers move to my hip, then he grabbed one of my ass cheeks through the dress, squeezing the light material and my ass cheek at the same time. I remained frozen, like a deer in headlights.

"Hm... you smell good too. You feel good. But I really like your new perfume."

"I should probably check on the food. Don't want anything to get burned."

Barry laughed. He swatted my ass a bit roughly, laughed some more, and said, "Alright woman, get back in your damn kitchen and do your thing. But I'm hungry and if I don't have some hot food in front of me in the next few minutes I might have to go in there and bend you over the table!"

My butt was still stinging a little as I hustled back towards the stove. The food was ready. I put the steaks on a couple of different plates and then filled a couple of bowls with fresh salad. But when I started bringing everything back into the living room, Barry looked at me scornfully, saying, "What the hell do you think you are doing, woman? Have you lost your damn mind?"

I was thinking he meant condiments, or a lack of. But a quick second later he put both steaks on the same plate, informing me that I should work on the salad alone since I didn't want to ruin my "girlish figure." I protested, claiming that I wasn't that hungry anyway. But Barry was adamant that I eat at least one bowl of salad while watching him munch down at least one pound of ribeye steak. This guy was too much!

After we'd eaten, Barry had me sit by him on the couch for the rest of the stupid game. Hopefully the worst was already over. At least that's what I kept telling myself, my arms wrapped around my stomach, while I continued to pretend to enjoy watching a bunch of clunkheads run into each other on a large green field.

It was during a commercial break that the black man turned his attention back onto me. "Are you sure you've never done this before? I would have never guessed. Hell, you didn't even have to use your wife's photos. You could have used your own!"

While he laughed at his own dumb joke, I averted my head and squeezed my eyes shut. "Yes, I'm sure."

Taking my chin in his hand, Barry turned my face back toward him. I opened my eyes which had never looked as big and bright as they did now, but only gave him a cold, remote stare.

"You remember all those naughty things you said on the computer? About how black men and white women look so good together? About how much you liked my cock? My BBC? My big black cock?"

At first I wanted to dispute the man, claiming that I'd only said such things in jest, or something. But then I felt the tension ebb out of me. My shoulders slumped. The muscles of my face relaxed, and my haughty expression became one of profound sadness. I lowered my eyes.

For a while nobody said a word, there was only the TV playing as background

noise. But I could tell that Barry was still staring at me intently. Sitting so close, I could sense the gentle rise and fall of his big chest and broad shoulders with each breath. If I had been in his position, I knew that this was the time to make a move. And just like that, it all started.

His warm hand came gently up under my dress, caressing my smooth skin until he reached the hem of my silk panties. An electric shock went through my body and my thing became stiff in its lacey prison. Honestly, with my eyes closed, it felt so good that I started trembling!

Suddenly our mouths were touching. And Barry pulled me onto his lap, bringing one of my legs over so that I was sitting sideways on his lap, facing him, arranging my skirt so that it reasonably draped outside.

"Put your arms around my neck, baby," he told me, then started kissing me, kissing me like I'd never been kissed before. I could feel his erection through his pants now. I know Barry was packing a monster, or a big "Alabama black snake" as he liked to call it. But literally sitting on top of it was another thing. Even more troubling was the fact that my own much smaller member was stiff too as Barry passionately explored my mouth with his tongue. I squealed a little bit because he started tickling me until his hand went back under my dress, undoing one of my stocking tops and then smoothing it down my thigh. I hated how much my own body betrayed me. He was stroking me up and down under my short dress — tickling me at the side of my crotch and slipping a fingertip inside my panties, while looking questioningly into my eyes.

"Wow," he said, cupping my entire genitals with only part of his hand. "Not much down there, huh? Poor Kristy. She's probably craving BBC as much as you are, huh, baby?"

"I don't know," I said, looking away while Barry rubbed my panties and kissed me on the neck.

"Yes you do. Don't play dumb, girl. I know what you need. You've been fantasizing about this for a long time, huh?"

I didn't respond right away so Barry bluntly said, "It's time. I want to see you try to fit it in that sexy little mouth of yours."

The man laughed, stood up, and dropped his pants revealing a bouncing, hard,

dripping cock. His cockhead was purplish-red and his thick veiny shaft was midnight hued as it came into view and bounced before my eyes. His heavy ball sac sagged behind and rose and fell with each bounce. His balls were the size of tangerines and swelled with built up cum.

He said, "I see you down there, licking your lips."

I was dumbfounded when I realized that he was right, that I'd been unconsciously licking my lips at the sight of his enormous black weapon. It was strange to think that what had started off as pure fantasy had ended up at this moment. Unbeknownst to me, all that time role-playing online had brainwashed me into accepting the role of a submissive female.

Barry sank down, his huge naked black buttocks going into the couch cushions again, and said, "Alright, time for some dessert! Hope you like chocolate!"

The fear and excitement drove me down to Barry's lap where I licked the head several times, gently, before sucking on his right ball sac. When I thought he couldn't stand my teasing any longer I wrapped my full lips around the bulbous head of his cock and with one quick stroke it brushed past my tonsils, gagging me slightly. Undeterred, I began bobbing my head, doing exactly like a dozen or so females had done for me in the past.

At one point, Barry tousled my long blonde wig and said, quietly, "How you doing down there, baby? How does that cock taste? Not so bad, huh?"

I gritted my teeth. "How do you think?"

The large man stroked my cheek with his hand tenderly. "Naw, you're doing a great job. Are you sure this is your first time sucking a cock? Because you really seem to know what you're doing down there!"

"I'm sure."

"I guess you must be a natural."

"I doubt that," I said, listlessly sliding one hand up and down the ebony shaft that was glistening with my own saliva now.

"Wish you could give lessons to my 3rd wife. But between me and you, you're a

lot prettier than her!" he said, placing his hand on the back of my head and applying rough pressure before I could get out a response.

Vaguely happy with his compliment, I opened my mouth wide and swallowed as much of his cock as I could take into my mouth. I felt the head pressing against the back of my throat and realized that more than half of the shaft still remained. I bobbed my head up and down several times while trying to take more cock into my mouth, but I was nowhere close to getting the whole thing down at once thanks to a sensitive gag reflex.

"Ah... hell yeah, there you go baby... get that cock... I like how you're attacking that cock with your mouth. Show me what a good little cocksucker you can be."

For just a second I lifted my mouth as streams of saliva ran down Barry's cock and balls. His body twitched and his cock throbbed in the air. "You like that?"

"Don't ask stupid fucking questions," he said pushing me back down until my cheeks were hallowed out and my lips formed a tight seal around his fat ebony rod.

"Oh yeah, this is perfect," Barry said a few minutes later.

I looked up long enough to see him staring at the TV again. But he was no longer watching any sports game. Instead he'd used the remote control to access one of the porn channels!

It was interracial porn too. One blonde girl with tattoos covering both arms and most of her back was on her knees while a large, muscular black man with a huge cock was holding her head in his hands and forcing his shaft into her throat. What a pig. Streams of drool were running out of her mouth and down her chest, while mascara-stained tears were streaking her cheeks.

Thankfully, Barry allowed me to free up one of my hands so that I could jerk off my own little guy while I continued sucking on his BBC and jacking the shaft with my other hand. I came almost right away, my eyes half shut, shivering and breathing hard, soiling the front of Kristy's black silky panties with my little wad of seed.

"Get it, get it girl! Chase that black seed like you were made to!" he said, though I was uncertain whether he was talking to me, the porn actress, or both of us.

Worse, as soon as I came, I started to feel bad about what was going on. Really bad. I wanted to stop. What for a moment had been erotic, suddenly became humiliating. I would have given all the money in the world not to have to keep sucking this big black cock. But I knew there was no way that was going to happen. So I kept at it, using both hands to massage his balls and shaft while my mouth worked on the purple crown, with little moans of lust escaping my lips, hoping to turn him on so that this would end as soon as possible.

It worked too.

"Oh yeah, suck it, suck it, you ready for your prize!" the big ogre said.

I could tell he was almost there. Barry suddenly stood up, grabbing a fistful of my hair and pulled hard in a way that told me he didn't care about my wellbeing. I felt his wet cock slip out of my mouth for just a second before he slammed it back to the hilt, causing me to gag so hard that my eyes were watering badly. I looked up at him, pleading with my eyes to be more gentle, but he only looked down and began to grunt like the brute that he was.

"Ugggghhhh..... Here yo' go white girl..."

"Grrmmpph, grmmmp, grrmmmmmmph," was all I could say besides the slurping and sucking and snorting sounds I made while on my knees.

"I know you want this," he said, his eyes closed for a second. "All sluts love having their faces cum on!"

Then I felt his body start to stiffen as he held my head tightly with both hands now. Barry roared like a madman. Gouts of thick semen gushed from his cock, spurting inside of my mouth as I squeezed my lips tightly around his ebony pole. Trying to swallow hard, I was terrified as I felt the first few shots hit the back of my throat, then filling my entire mouth so that I was coughing and gagging while several more shots hit my face and hair.

Barry sank back into the couch, beckoning me to follow.

Immediately I knelt before him and licked his cock clean. I used long strokes of my tongue that began at the base and ended at the tip of his foreskin. After this I suckled both of his testicles. One at a time I mouthed each. When I was finished I noticed that Barry was staring down at me, unable to wipe the shit-eating grin

off his face now.

"What?" I said, still feeling a little weird about what just happened.

His eyes lazily traveled up and down my body, my face. I probably looked like I'd been in a war. There was no hiding that. My mascara was everywhere, my lipstick was smeared badly, my skin was flush, and I had cum on my face and hair. "Good girl, that's my pretty girl. So obedient and slutty, the way I like them. Did you like sucking your first cock, baby?"

I shrugged my shoulders indeterminately. "Whatever."

He laughed and patted me on the head. "Yeah, right, I bet. That mouth of yours is pure gold. Plus I can tell that being a cocksucker turns you on. Did you cum? Rubbing your lil' clitty?"

"No," I lied.

"Show me your panties girl."

My hesitation was lethal because right away Barry's booming laughter seemed to fill every inch of our house. "Yeah, you don't have to lie to me, baby. We're all friends. Especially now."

After that, Barry seemed pretty eager to get out of there. I timidly stood by, trying not to give him any reason to change his mind about our deal. How much psychological damage had been done tonight, I wasn't too sure. Finally, Barry had me walk him to the door, where he turned his face and pointed to his cheek.

"Right there, baby!"

Unbelievably, I leaned forward and gave a quick peck on the cheek, as if it had been my honor to dress up for him, cook him dinner, and suck his cock while he watched porno.

"Well, tonight has been a blast. You're a good cook. But a better cocksucker," he said, reaching and smacking me on the behind. "Thanks for being my slut tonight, baby!"

After he was gone, I walked back into the living room, a little shell-shocked,

knowing that I would need a long time to process what had just happened today. On the TV the porn was still playing and I turned it off, wondering how I was going to explain an interracial porno since Kristy always took care of the cable bill.

As soon as I put the remote down, there was a knock on the door.

Ding-dong!

Jesus, I thought. This can't be good.

I looked out the peephole again, but Barry was nowhere to be seen. Nor was there a neighbor, thank God. Instead there was only a large white box with a big red bow on it. I grabbed the box and scurried back inside.

In the bedroom, I glanced in a daze at the large mirror by the closet. I still couldn't get over what I'd transformed into, the woman I'd become. I admired her blonde hair, her tight figure, her tight sides and trim waist, and of course her pretty face which was now covered in mascara and Barry's dry cum. It was almost mesmerizing watching me slowly stick my tongue out, my lipstick smeared mouth turning itself into a pussy.

Then I opened the box. It contained a corset, a new wig, and a pair of silicone breasts. There was a note too.

"Since I booked the hotel for the weekend," the note read, "I figured we could have one more night of fun. Then you will never hear from me again. (Unless you want to.) 8 P.M. tomorrow then. I will pick you up. Be ready. It'll be fun. I'm sure you don't want to let me down, baby."

Fuck!

Part Three

The next morning Kristy called to ask me how my weekend was going. It was good to hear her voice and for a second I'd almost forgotten about how terrible and confusing things had recently become in my life. That said, I've never enjoyed lying to my wife and it was difficult to keep pretending that I was doing fine and dandy.

"You're not out there chasing women are you?" she said at one point.

"No, of course not," I said, wincing as I looked at the floor where there was still a pile of her clothes I'd worn last night, including bra and panties.

"Good," she laughed. "Because if I come home to find a strange woman in my bed, I'm going to kick your ass!"

The afternoon seemed to go by in a blur as I mainly sat around, trying to not think about Barry's designs for me later. The fact that he'd already purchased those items for me suggested a level of cunning and premeditation that I found unnerving, to say the least. But blocking those matters out was difficult; and mostly I just watched reality TV and kept glancing at the clock every five or ten minutes.

When it was time to begin my "preparations" I started to feel like a damn fool. But I had to admit that not only was it easier to get my body and face ready, but it took substantially less time since I didn't have to stop and watch a video screen every five seconds. So after 24 hours, there wasn't much to shave and wax, but I wanted to make sure that I was as smooth as possible. Then I made sure that my makeup was flawless, working every detail and contour so that the image of femininity was complete. Damn, I was pretty good at this.

It was time for Barry's box and I started with the brunette wig.

I took the wig over to the mirror, put the wig on my head, and started turning my face from side to side. A straight shiny bob curled around my cheeky smile and although I wasn't as glamorous-looking as yesterday with the blonde wig, I had to admit that this looked far more natural.

Back to the box.

After putting on the corset, silky panties, and fake silicon breasts, the structural

elements were now complete and I admired my figure in the mirror.

"Not bad... girl," I actually said aloud.

It was extraordinary how the corset took care of my male figure, squishing and manipulating, changing it by the brute force of it. My stomach felt hard as I patted my stomach, then the small triangle of lace and silk between my legs. It was amazing how easily Kristy's panties fit me; how all her clothes fit me as if we were sisters. According to the websites, there were ways of hiding the slight bulge in my panties, but at the time it didn't seem worth the effort.

"Not too bad at all, girl."

Next I attached the black nylon stockings to the garters. Looking over my shoulder, poking my rear out at the mirror, it was hard to believe I was looking at my own reflection. The corset and lingerie seemed to really make my ass look rounder and fuller than ever before. I gave it a few naughty shakes, then went back to trying on different outfits from Kristy's closet, unsure of what to wear for my second and final date with Barry.

Eventually I settled on a very short dress that buttoned down the front. I kept the top two buttons undone, showing what looked like a generous amount of cleavage. The dress stopped a good 12 inches above my knees, making lady-like entrances and exits almost impossible. Although wanting to wear flats again, very high heels made my already long legs look spectacular. Obviously the heels took some practice, but I'm a fast learner. I stood on tiptoes to see how heels would shape my calves and pert up my ass. I knew Barry would be pleased. Because it was fairly obvious my entire wardrobe selections were meant to attract attention. Male attention.

For jewelry I went with lots of bracelets again, this time adding a black choker, surprised and impressed with how well I pulled off the look.

Finally I glossed my lips to a plump, inviting red. Before applying a matching coat of red to my fingernails.

Ding-dong!

The doorbell roused me from my own private thoughts and forced me to deal with the realities of the world. At the door I made sure to look out the peephole

again, not needing any more surprises in my life. There was a large black man on my front porch. It looked like he'd spent some more time getting himself ready too. This time he wore slacks and a button-up shirt which remained untucked, hiding that slight gut of his. I rolled my painted eyes before opening the door.

"Now that's what I'm talking about, baby!" Barry said, rubbing his hands together when he saw me, looking even more feminine and natural than before. "Girl, have you already started taking your hormone shots yet? Or are you just naturally built for this role?"

"Ha-ha, very funny," I said.

"Hey baby, you did your fingernails too!" he said, noticing my effort. "Did you do that for me?"

"Whatever," I said.

"Well you ready? Come on, let's go!"

"Wait, wait, wait. You didn't say anything about going somewhere," I said. "I can't leave the house. Not like this. No way."

"Damn right you can, baby," he said, slipping a hand around my back and squeezing my ass.

A moment later my face was being crushed into the rock hard wall of his chest. I felt something in his pants stir too. I looked up at him.

Barry smiled down at me, hugging me tighter, saying, "Look, baby, I know you can't wait to get that thing back in your mouth, but we need to leave. Now. You got nothing to worry about. The place we're going is dark and on a part of town I'm sure you've never been to before. You don't have to worry about someone thinking you're a guy. Mostly you're just going to have to worry about getting hit on. Okay, baby?"

Taking my silence for capitulation, he said, "Just remember that you're my girl, okay? I better not see you sucking other guys off tonight, okay?"

A few minutes later I was sitting in a large Cadillac which looked like it was built in the 70's. Barry kept glancing over, complimenting me on how nice I

looked tonight. Sometimes he would grab my wrist and bring it over to his thigh, inviting me to cop a feel. Maybe it was the nervousness of being in public, but I wasn't feeling very frisky. Instead I kept tugging on the bottom of my dress, rubbing my palms together, and rolling my lips inward, embarrassed.

"You can play with it if you want to, baby," Barry said. "You can touch it again."

"That's okay," I told him.

"Playing hard to get, again, I see."

I shook my head and mouthed no.

He grinned. Soon we reached the highway and zoomed up the on-ramp. The cool air roared through my new bob, sending it flying around my pretty face. And the flimsy minidress left little to the imagination as we kept going to what was known as the "black section of town."

"Don't be nervous, baby."

"It's fine," I said, thinking that at least I didn't have to worry about running into someone I knew.

We ended up in the parking lot for what I imagined to be some type of bar or dance club. The butterflies were back, in full force, as Barry killed the ignition and removed the key. He cleared his throat and stretched one of his arms behind my headrest.

"What is this place?" I asked.

Instead of replying, he started to pull me closer to him in the dark front seat of the car.

"What do you want?" I asked, eyeing him suspiciously. My chin drew up and tightened, but my lower lip began to tremble. I knew exactly what he wanted. He grabbed my wrist again, making me rub his tool through his pants, feeling his huge member getting even bigger and bigger.

"You smell so good tonight. Just like apples," he told me. "Now get to work, girl."

Dejectedly I leaned down into his lap; and with a shallow laugh, I said, "Looks like someone took his Viagra today."

"Naw, you are the only Viagra I need," he said massaging my back through the dress now.

With a vexed sigh, I unzipped him and pulled his stiff cock out. It was warm in my hand.

"Oh yes!" he gasped. "It looks so big in your tiny hands."

I wrinkled my brow at him. "Thank you, I guess."

"It's a compliment. I love how small and delicate your hands are. Can't you tell how much I love it?" he said, as his hands went to my head and he held me, pushing his hips forward until the tip of his BBC brushed across my closed lips. "Open up girl. Don't be shy."

Not wanting to have my neck broken, I opened my mouth and swallowed his cock. Barry moaned and swore.

This inspired me to start sucking him more vigorously. I knew he wanted me to act like the perfect slut. After a while I spit his cock out of my mouth, kissed him wetly on the cheek, then looked as I lowered my head onto his lap again, almost enjoying the shiny blackness of his cock, and the purplish color of the swollen head. I even unbuttoned the rest of his pants and helped him shed them, then began to lick his balls, noticing the tight curly black hairs that covered them.

Barry had just finished climaxing in my mouth when there was a knock on the window. Scared shitless, I glanced up just quick enough to see a hazy figure in a security guard uniform. We were busted! My blood went cold right away. But not only did Barry play it smooth, he actually grabbed me by the back of the neck, forcing my cum-stained face back down into his crotch while he rolled down the window.

"What's the problem?" he said to the security guard.

"What's going on in here?" said the security guard.

"What's it look like?" Barry said, keeping so much pressure on the back of my

neck that I was afraid he was going to accidentally snap it. I couldn't budge.

But hearing the voice of the security guard I could tell two things. Firstly, he was African-American. Secondly, he was sort of a dorky black guy.

Barry said, "You know white girls, my brother, they aren't like the sisters, white girls love to suck some cock. It's not my fault. This one can't get enough of it."

"Hm, well, I'm afraid that such activity is illegal, sir. I'm going to have to call the cops."

"The cops? Why?"

"Yes, the cops. I've already written down your license plate number so don't try anything."

Barry just laughed at this, actually trying to get me to keep bobbing my head in his lap, which I did my best not to. "You sound a little stressed, my brother," Barry said to the security guard. "How about we make a deal. All you got to do is sit down in the backseat of mine, and I'll have this one take care of some of your stress for you? She loves taking care of her man."

"For real?" said the security guard, sounding more excited than nervous now. "Is this really happening? Are you being serious?"

"The only thing is you can't touch her hair. She's crazy about her hair because of all the time and money she spends. So no touching her hair, that's basically the only rule," said Barry, sounding like my pimp, which I guess he was now.

"No problem. She really gonna suck me off, man?"

"If there was a blowjob Olympics she'd be a gold medalist. Know what I'm saying?"

"Shit. Alright," said the security guard, putting away his flashlight and climbing into the dark backseat area of Barry's Cadillac.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Barry said to me as I glared at him with disbelieving eyes. "Go help the man! Show him your skills. Go on, girl!"

Flabbergasted, I crossed my arms over my chest.

"Bitch, get in the backseat like you are told," said Barry with a brutal glance in my direction.

"Asshole," I muttered as I opened the car door, which weighed about a thousand pounds.

The security guard watched me as I got in the backseat with him and closed the door. He was younger than me, probably mid-20's, if I had to guess. The car suddenly felt about twenty degrees hotter. It was intense. And I could smell his cologne as I moved closer, unsure of whether or not I could go through with this.

"Damn you're a pretty one," the guy said. "What's your name?"

"Oh, she don't talk too much," said Barry, chivalrously coming to my rescue. "She got one of those mouths that are good for only one thing. You'll see!"

"Can't wait," said the security guard, unzipping his pants so that he just had his boxers on. Then he looked at me and said, "He's all yours, work your magic."

There seemed nothing I could do about it, so I leaned down and reached my hand out for his boxers. His cock sprang into the open and it slapped me on the nose. The security guard chuckled as I shook my head.

"Dickslapped. Perfect!" he said, grinning even wider.

I held his dick. It was long and sleek; close to nine inches and already really hard. I could tell that the security guard was gazing at my body in obvious appreciation. There was a bead of semen forming on his cockhead. I leaned back down and flicked my tongue out and lapped it off. Then I filled my mouth with saliva and started sucking his cock, using lots of tongue and saliva. As I blew him I kept playing with his long, hairy legs. He had a strong pair of hairy legs. He reached his hand over me and began rubbing my leg, eventually reaching under my dress. I could tell that he was very excited and squirming in his seat, but his fingers were way to close too my own manhood.

So I stopped.

"What the fuck? That was feeling amazing. Why the hell did you stop!"

Not saying anything, I pulled the rear passenger's safety belt forward and looped it once, twice, three times around his wrists, and eased it back as it retracted. The seatbelt wasn't taut enough to be truly binding, just more of a suggestion; and from the way the security guard shifted in his seat, it was a suggestion well received.

"Hope you're not planning on robbing me," he said, "because I got about 3 bucks in my wallet."

I shook my head.

Now, without hesitation, I wantonly wrapped my lips around his mammoth midnight-hued meat and lasciviously stroked the other half of the nine-inch black cock outside my mouth for several minutes, until my mouth overflowed with his luscious cum.

Part Four

I was still a little pissed as we entered the place —Barry guiding me past a couple of 300 lb. bouncers with his hand on the small of my back— but I made sure not to reveal my anger, especially since I didn't want to waste my energy on a situation which couldn't be reversed.

Once inside I saw that I was the only white person here, boy or girl. It wasn't too crowded. I also got the sense that Barry had been here before.

There was a bar and a dance floor with plenty of booths to hide in the shadows. The music was a mix of old school rap, modern rap, and even some R&B. The atmosphere had a certain secrecy to it, as if we were in some speakeasy where everyone was quietly breaking the law.

"Let's get a drink, baby," my date said. "You probably need something to wash your mouth out with anyway."

"You're so hilarious," I said, suppressing a murderous impulse while faking the required smile.

"Yeah but that's not why you love me," he said, winking as he brought my hand back to his groin so that I could cop another feel.

While I tried to squirm away, his other hand went to my backside, where he squeezed me through the dress as my high heels clicked on the hard surface of the floor. Even in an odd place like this, I can't imagine how bizarre we looked together with the stark contrast of our ages, races, colors, and body types. And suddenly I realized that Barry was getting a kick out of parading me up to the bar, his hand still on the top of my ass as if he owned it.

At the bar Barry ordered us a round, saying, "I don't mind telling you, you've gotten quite a few stares tonight, missy. How does that make you feel?"

I took a long, slow sip of my cocktail, which was much stronger than I had anticipated. I looked up at him for a second, unable to forget or forgive that he'd made me suck off some random stranger on a mere whim. I expected some type of explanation now. Maybe even a sorry. But there wasn't a glimmer of apology in his dark coffee-colored eyes. "They're only staring at me because they don't know what I really look like."

"Yeah, keep telling yourself that, baby."

"By the way," I said, pausing to down the rest of my drink at once so that Barry had to open his wallet again. "If you ever pull a stunt like that again, like the one in the parking lot..."

Barry's wide, dark face turned serious. "Then what, baby?"

"Then I'll make sure to... to..." Almost right away I felt a bit woozy, probably because I'd forgotten to eat all day. "... I'll make sure not to swallow it before I give you a big wet kiss!"

Barry had a good laugh and quickly ordered me another cocktail, which he nonchalantly said should help me loosen up a bit since I was proving to be a "little sparkplug."

I considered asking him to take me home. I was starting to get tired of playing the puppet to Barry's puppeteer. But the second drink had the desired effect of calming me down so that for the next 30 minutes I was content to merely stand there at the bar, listening to the music, watching the people on the dance floor, as Barry talked to the bartender, the whole time keeping his hand on my ass so that after a while I didn't even notice it.

"What's so funny?" I said after the bartender walked away laughing.

"Nothing," said Barry, grinning. "The bartender just said that they don't get many snow bunnies in here."

I glared at him for a few seconds. "Snow bunnies?"

He gave me a sly wink. "It's a compliment."

I was still trying to come up with a clever rejoinder when a couple of guys came over and started slapping hands with Barry. At first I thought it might be some black guy thing, but soon it became apparent that all three of them already knew each other.

Introductions were made. The tall, lean one was called Derrick. He had long dreadlocks, a few gold teeth, a big shiny gold chain draped around his long neck, and seemed to be the youngest of the three by at least a decade. Then there was

George who resembled a fire hydrant. He was short, had lighter skin than the other two, but had to be one of the most muscled people I'd ever seen before. His arms were enormous and he was missing a neck. I was also warned right away that George was a "major player." And as he looked at me I saw a muscle in his jaw twitch.

"And who is this beautiful young lady," said George now. "And how the hell did an ugly sonuvabitch like you get her?"

"Her name is Kristy," said Barry, wrapping his arm around my waist, and pulling me into him. "And we met on the internet."

With my cheeks turning scarlet, I could tell that Barry was watching me, trying to gauge my reaction to the situation. I didn't want to give him the satisfaction of knowing how humiliated I really felt. So I tried to play it off as George grabbed my hand and kissed it with his thick lips.

"You wanna dance?" George said, blatantly staring at my legs and chest.

I wasn't sure about using my voice yet, so I just stood there, smiling like a bimbo idiot until Barry, grinning smugly, said, "Actually, we were about to do that right now. See you soon, bruthas!"

He held my much smaller hand until we got to the dance floor where he turned me around and pressed his crotch against my ass and put his hands on my hips, just below my waist. I shot him a quick glance over my shoulder, but he was already bending me over at the waist. They were playing a rap song, something pretty new. I felt my stomach clench up as George started to grind into me from behind for the entire club to see now. But soon the hypnotic effect of the music, plus all the booze, almost made me forget what was happening. So by the third song, I started to actually wiggle my ass back and forth against him as he moved one hand to my back and pushed me even lower. Once I got to where my head was down near my feet I looked at him again and he smiled and winked.

"Damn girl, you got some moves! I wish I'd known that earlier."

"Oh yeah, why?"

"You don't want to know, Kristy."

"My name isn't..."

"Tonight it is."

We danced for almost a half hour straight, starting off with the rap and upbeat music. Then as time went on the music changed, got slower; and we got closer and closer, so that soon I was straddling his thigh as he pulled me into him by palming my ass. Then a really slow song came on, and I was too tipsy to really care that my dress had become bunched around my waist as Barry's big black hands cupped both of my ass cheeks, playing with them while he whispered and kissed my neck.

"Looks like we got an audience," said Barry, pointing to where Derrick and George were drinking beer as they carefully watched us. "I think my man has a crush on you!"

I didn't have to ask which one he meant since it was George who seemed like he was ready to pounce on me at any moment.

Then I felt Barry's hands on my waist, guiding my body, and I allowed him to turn me around again, so that I stuck my ass into his groin and began grinding into him. We danced like that forever, with his hands around me, pulling him into him, and he was so hard that I could feel him nestling between my ass cheeks which massaged his cock as we grinded to the beat.

As the evening wore on, I started to almost forget that I wasn't supposed to be here, dressed like this, doing these sort of things. Meanwhile Barry kept ordering me drinks, encouraging me to just relax and stop worrying so much. I wondered about him. Because as far as I could tell, Barry wasn't showing any signs of intoxication. Or maybe I was just a cheap date...

We were walking back towards the bar, when Barry moved his arms around my waist, whispering in my ear, "What's it like?"

"What's what like?" I said.

"Becoming a magnet for BBC. All these guys in here been watching you do your thing, white girl. Hell, I might have to fight my way out of here if you don't stop being so damn sexy," he said, bringing his hand under my dress and squeezing my bare booty.

When I didn't protest he started rubbing my left ass cheek under my dress, causing me to swing my hips in exaggeration, egging him on until we got to the bar. There he gave me a playful swat on the rear and positioned himself behind me as I bent over to order something from the bartender. Now Barry's hard cock was spreading my ass cheeks to the side. I could literally feel him pulse. And we stood like that, doing a couple of shots before walking over to the table where Derrick and George waited.

"What's up?" said Barry to his friends. "Y'all looking bored as hell. What's up? You wanna go to a different club? I think there's this new place that opened up across from the pawn shop on MLK. I think it's Ladies Night there too."

Barry looked over and swatted me on the booty again, grinning at me.

This time I actually smiled back, wondering what it would be like to walk into a bar and get free drinks just because of the way I was dressed.

"Naw," said George, scratching the inside of his thigh. "I got a better idea."

Part Five

We took two cars to the hotel where Barry was staying. Not even the alcohol could keep me feeling a little worried as the four of us climbed into an elevator and rode to the 5th floor. Barry kept a bottle of vodka in the freezer and got out glasses for everyone. Distinctive, husky voice, the three of them sounded as if they'd known each other forever as they sat around drinking; while I leaned against the headboard of the King-sized bed, with my hands demurely in my lap. So far I'd been able to stay quiet around George and Derrick —unsure of how much they knew about me.

"You okay, baby?" said Barry at one point. "Is my sexy girl having a good time?"

I nodded, but I also needed to use the bathroom, where I took a leak and touched up my makeup with a few things I'd brought in a small purse. It was getting late and I suddenly felt incredibly tired. I was going to ask Barry for a ride home, but when I returned I was stunned to see that only George and Derrick remained.

"What's the matter, Kristy?" said George, raising his glass in my direction. "You should see your face. You look like a chicken who accidentally wandered into the wolf den."

My face must have looked even more stricken than I thought, because George then added, "Don't worry, Barry will be back soon. He just needed to make a beer run. He made us promise to be nice to you. Come, it's okay, we don't bite. Sit down here."

Instead of sitting down on the bed where George was patting his big-knuckled hand, I went to the other side of the bed, which also happened to be closer to the door. Then the guys asked me to have another drink with them, but I was too tired and just wanted to go home and crawl into bed. Looking around the hotel room which was littered with the debris of the evening, I suddenly started to sober up and realize how insane this situation really was. The TV was on. George and Derrick continued drinking and talking while I leaned against the headboard and began to doze off.

I awoke with someone's hand on my ankle. I sat up with an effort, a conscious command of my muscles rather than the automatic response it should have been. I was dizzy and sluggish, having no clue how long I'd been sleeping. I closed my eyes, struggling against the urge to go back to sleep. That's when I felt the hand go from my ankle to my calf which was still clad in black silk stockings. When

my eyes popped open in response, I discovered George standing over me, not smiling, just watching me closely, while completely nude.

"Hello Sleeping Beauty," the naked black man said.

My heart sped up, palpitating in a jerky way that further unnerved me as I found myself staring into his dark eyes. Although not very tall, his body looked like it had been carved out of marble. His height also made him look like he might be a little pudgy, but now I could clearly see that there wasn't an ounce of fat on his midsection, just layers of muscle on muscle. The hand gripping my calf now was large and powerful. And between his legs swung a sexual organ which was easily twice the size of mine, if not more. Unconsciously, I sucked in a deep breath, inhaling his scent.

"Hope you don't mind," he said, reluctant to release me. "But I'm always more comfortable out of clothes. Like what you see?"

"Where's Barry?" I said in a soft voice, trying to sound as feminine as possible.

"Looks like Barry won't be back for a little while," George said. "But he did say we should have some fun while he was gone. Would you like to have some fun, Kristy?"

I was speechless.

A second or two later George laughed and said, "Yeah, he also mentioned that you are a very special kind of girl... The sort of girl with a little something extra in her panties. Is that true?"

His dark brows rose questioningly and I found myself slowly nodding my head. It was oddly reassuring to let someone else know the truth; especially since I couldn't help being afraid of what would happen to me if a guy like George thought he had been duped, played for the fool. But judging from how his gaze began to travel up my legs, to the hem of my dress, to my chest, and then face, I could tell that he was anything but pissed off.

"You didn't answer my question," he said. "Would you like to have some fun, Kristy?"

My eyes wandered down to his crotch where I saw his foot long black cock hang

between his legs.

"What do you mean? What do you want from me? You want a blowjob?" I asked.

"Well that's not very romantic."

George leaned forward and put his arm around me, pulling my body against his naked torso. He bent down and touched his lips to mine. My dry mouth opened instinctively. I felt his tongue flicker against my lips. I opened my mouth wider and accepted the stranger's probing. My knees went weak for a second, my face flushed, and I felt my little dick twitch with perverse excitement. He slid his hand to my butt cheeks and squeezed them before breaking the kiss.

"Damn, you certainly kiss like a woman. Are you sure that there's something extra in your panties? Or was that a joke?"

"I'm sure," I said, noticing his huge cock twitch as he continued studying me.

"Shit, I want to play too," said another voice.

Stunned, I turned around and saw a very handsome man with ebony skin and shoulder length dreadlocks standing on the other side of the bed. He was wearing only a pair of gauzy white pants that were almost transparent. His body was lean but muscular. A sizeable cock and heavy balls formed a generous lump in his crotch. Looking at me, I felt my face flush even more as goose pimples erupted on my arms. I knew without looking that my much smaller dick was hard and pressing against the soft, silky fabric of my panties.

"You remind me of my ex-cell mate," said Derrick. "I mean, after a couple of years of taking hormones, and shit. Talk about being popular. You should try prison. Hell, looking as fine as you do, I couldn't imagine anyone being more popular than you. Brothas be fighting over you."

"Lucky for you," added George, "we like to share. No fights here."

With them flanking me, I wasn't sure what to do. I merely watched silently as Derrick climbed onto the bed and began kissing me.

I stiffened at the contact, but with my head and body pressed into the pillows,

there was nowhere for me to retreat. I closed my eyes and returned the kiss, parting my lips to receive his probing tongue. The kiss wasn't really that bad, I grudgingly admitted; in fact, it was better than Barry and George's kisses. I forced myself to extend my tongue, but pulled it back at the first contact with his teeth. He backed up and brushed my auburn hair from my forehead, kissed me on both cheeks, and then nuzzled my neck. The contact of his lips on my neck sent a spark to the pleasure centers in my brain. A small moan formed in the throat and escaped my open lips. He caressed my arms, and then the sides of my body. Between the alcohol and the manly advances, my mind was floating. Unsure of what to do or how to proceed, I wrapped my arms around the dark man's back and returned the caresses. Then my legs, still wrapped in silk stockings, wrapped around his torso. He continued to suck on my neck, closing his teeth to take another gentle bite of flesh until I elicited another moan. I gasped, but continued stroking his back.

When Derrick got off me, I glanced at both of them, relieved, but still dumbfounded. Derrick took off his clothes. Except for the hair on his scalp, he was completely shaven. His cock might have been the blackest thing I'd ever seen. There were no words to describe it. Both of the men were already hard and beginning to slowly grip their throbbing cocks in anticipation.

Then they told me to strip, so I took off all my clothes, down to just my bra, panties, stockings, and garter belt.

The way they stared at my body was strangely arousing and familiar. It was the way that I used to stare at nearly nude women.

"I think I see something there," said George pointing to the space between my legs. "But I'd hardly call that a cock."

"Naw, it's bigger than a clit though," said Derrick.

"Not much bigger," said George.

"Works for me," said Derrick.

"Me too," said George.

The men exchanged a look I found impossible to interpret. It occurred to me abruptly that it would be easier to give them blowjobs if I was on the ground.

After all that had happened, I wasn't looking forward to sucking on their cocks, but at the same time it didn't seem like such a big deal.

So I started to slide off the bed, accepting my fate, when George grabbed me. In a deft move, he rolled me over on the bed face down and recaptured my arms and placed them behind my back. Holding my wrists with one hand, he grabbed his belt and used it to tie my hands behind my back.

I was outraged. "What the hell do you think you are doing! Let me go! Get off of me! Get the fuck off of me!"

"Don't cry," George said, stroking my back soothingly. "The last thing I want is to make you cry, Kristy. But this is going to happen. You've been shaking that ass all night so it's time you see what happens. You might as well just relax and enjoy yourself."

"What the fuck does that mean?" I yelled back.

"This ass looks so deliciously inviting," he said, pulling my ass cheeks apart.

I was surprised to feel him pull my panties aside and bury his face between my ass cheeks. I let out a shocked moan as he teased my puckered hole. Swirling his tongue, my anal resistance weakened as he slid a finger back in my ass. I again whimpered, although it sounded more like a whimper of joy than of pain. He wiggled it around before sliding a second finger in.

Meanwhile Derrick came over and started pointing his phone down at me. The bastard was recording this!

"Please, don't record this," I pleaded.

"Don't worry, it's just for our private collection," Derrick said, stepping towards me, slapping his chocolate cock against my face. By now it seemed pointless to fight back. In a dumb, trancelike state, I kissed the tip softly, showing off for Derrick's camera. A single drop of pre-cum formed on the tip of the perfectly thick cock. I licked it up and began to suck. George was still eating my ass. I tried so hard but I was not able to take all of Derrick's cock in my mouth. Derrick helped me along by grabbing the back of my head and guiding me down his shaft.

Suddenly I felt something big and warm press against my ass, then rest on my ass cheeks again, before trying to slide inside my backdoor.

Instantly I spit out Derrick's cock and started to scramble free. I managed to free my wrists and hold my hands up in a pleading way. "No, no way you're sticking that thing in me! That's not part of the deal!"

"Calm down, Kristy. You're going to love it. Sluts love to get fucked in their little holes. Relax, sexy."

They started laughing.

"You motherfucker!" I said getting off the bed and searching for where my clothes had been flung. "Just go jack off you bastard! Go jack off in a towel and leave me alone!"

"Why would I jack off when I've got a good slut to fuck?" he said, effortlessly grabbing me and throwing me back on the bed. "You're nothing but a little bitch that's going to get fucked until I'm done fucking!"

I bounced a few times and then felt Derrick grab my shoulders, holding me still. This gave George time to pull down my panties until they were bunched around my ankles and then flipped me over onto my back.

Then George grabbed me and pinned me down on my stomach, he grabbed my hips and lifted them, so my ass was now exposed. He gave me a hard slap and then another. Then he placed a sticky finger at my virgin puckered entrance and slowly pushed forward. I whimpered slightly as his finger broke through the tight resistance. "Fuck, you are so tight, Kristy. I think it's time you had that cherry popped!"

As his finger penetrated my anal passage again, I began to squirm on the bed, nearly in tears. At first it wasn't exactly painful, just a new sensation that I couldn't put a label on yet.

"Just relax and I think you will feel the shift from slight burn to sweet tingle," he explained.

He continued to use his finger, wiggling it inside my ass, slowly widening me, using me for his pleasure. My whimpers continued, yet my complaining had

ceased.

Finally, content he could fit in my virgin ass, he pulled his fingers out and looked at my open ass.

"It is still going to be a tight squeeze, but I think you are ready, Kristy."

"No, please don't do this," I whimpered back.

They decided that getting me face down on the bed would be a better approach. George got behind me, his thick cock hard and ready for action. I looked back scared, my puppy dog eyes desperately pleading him to reconsider, but he just stared back.

"Okay, but please go slow. Don't hurt me," I said, painfully remembering all those times that I'd tried to do the same thing to my own wife. Now her flat out refusal made sense. And it seemed odd that I was going to receive an ass fucking before her.

"It's okay, I'm just going to fuck you slow, you'll like it," he said.

Naively thrusting my white buttocks back at him, I was totally unprepared for the overwhelming and excruciating pain of being anally penetrated by a black cock. Fortunately, he had barely inserted the head of his huge black cock, when he began to simultaneously strum my engorged little member. My arousal helped block out some of the pain. When I felt one of his fingers begin to make circular motions over my swollen, raisin-sized balls, my anal walls responsively clutched his ebony erection; and he slowly inserted a little more until his entire black cock was lodged inside my booty. Even though the intense initial pain of satisfying my curiosity gradually became unbelievably exquisite pleasure, discomfort in sitting and painful evacuations for a couple of days afterwards convinced me to avoid anal sex in the future.

"Oh yeah, look at that white ass bouncing off that black cock, looks damn good to me!" George said happily.

It didn't take long before I felt him twitch and he came inside me. George released two huge loads of cum inside my ass, before pulling his cock out and forcing it back into my mouth and throat-fucking me until he released another huge load down my throat. Then he took out his cock, got up, and grabbed the

camera out of Derrick's hands.

"Your turn, homey," he said to his friend. "She's still a little tight, but that bitch can fuck."

Helplessly, I was turned around on my back, legs spread, which actually helped to stop the cum from dripping out of my ass, but it was too much and the warm cum came out slowly anyway.

"Don't move," said Derrick, grabbing my ankles. "Just lay back and enjoy this big cock, white girl."

My eyes were dazed with lust as he entered me from above. Then he slowly pulled his sex out of my anus, then put it back again. It was a biting pain at first, but the newly stretched mouth opened to take him in, and then I felt nothing but a pleasurable filling sensation. I let him take his strokes first, judging his width and my ability, letting him have control.

He increased my arousal tenfold by rubbing my hips and my thighs, finding tender spots I never knew I had; and by lightly stroking my swollen pink dick until I sobbed for more in my own voice. My thighs began to tremble and the ministrations he was doing to my body soon had my skin glowing with a layer of sweat. He played with my sex more, treating it more like a clit than a penis, pushing on it, petting it, making circles so that my little thumb-sized erection was ready to burst. It didn't take long before I began to rock with an orgasm, my entire body spasming as I came all over my stomach.

As if by magic Derrick started tensing at the same time. He hooked my feet over both of his broad shoulders, leaned down, clamped his mouth on mine, and began to shoot his load deep into my bowels. I couldn't help moaning as I felt him fill me up even more now with his hot semen. As he kept pumping me I looked down and saw my own little penis, no longer erect, just helplessly flopping between my legs with each of his powerful thrusts. Then I saw the white, slick cream up the sides of Derrick's cock as he pulled it out and pushed it back inside me.

Then it was over. We were spent. I watched Derrick's BBC withdraw from my wet, sticky hole; where semen was bubbling out the rim of my sphincter which had taken a beating as well as any pussy in the world. I could smell that funky smell as I looked up to see that George's cock was now lying limp against my

face. He wanted me to clean him off now. Obeying his command, I scooted to bent knees, kneeling as I licked him, swallowing a mixture of saliva and cum at the same time. What lessened the shame and annoyance for me was that both men seemed extremely grateful for what had just happened in the room.

An hour later, after Barry was still nowhere to be found, I declined an offer to have George and Derrick drive me home —mostly because I didn't want them to know where I lived. So I took a cab. It cost nearly \$40 to get back home. The cab driver kept asking me if I was having a good time tonight, but mostly I just stared out the window, full of shame and regret at how quickly things had gotten out of control.

When I saw Barry's Cadillac parked in my driveway I thought I must be imagining things. The house was dark and I used my keys to get in. Right away I could hear the sounds coming from the bedroom. The door was shut. I paused and put my ear to the door. Voices.

"You ready for your man again, girl?" Barry asked.

"Oh God yes, YES... YES..." Kristy replied without the slightest hesitation.

"Good thing I showed up on your doorstep a few weeks ago, huh? Aren't you glad I did? Tell the truth. Now look at you, no longer being ignored by that worthless little femboy, now you're just getting some real cock."

"Well... as long as everyone is happy. Are you sure he really likes being..."

"A woman? You mean your hubby? Damn, I told you he would go for it. He couldn't wait to dress up for me. You should have seen him prancing around with the hips and ass. And talk about knowing how to suck some cock... Hell, right now he's back at the hotel getting spit-roasted by some well-hung brothas. Leaving you all to myself!"

"I feel bad," said Kristy. "Well, a little bad."

"Don't. Next time don't marry a cocksucker."

Kristy said, "Ha-ha, you're so funny. And big. Very big."

For a minute there I thought I must be imagining the whole thing. Had they

spiked my drink with some hallucinogenics? Naturally I couldn't help opening the door. That's when I saw Kristy, fully nude standing next to our bed, while naked Barry looked up at her, his massive ebony rod sticking straight up. The moment she turned and looked at me, saw what I'd become, I realized exactly what had happened.

"Oh, it's you," she said. Her wide green eyes gleamed with excitement, teasing arousal, and a touch of dominance. "Hi, Kristy. I guess we should talk."

Part Six

For a while Barry started spending the weekends with us. It was a confusing, stressful, and exciting time.

During the week, I was still going to work and living my life as a man. But every Friday I'd treat myself to a long session in the bathroom, usually accompanied by my wife who was always good for some beauty tips. Then Barry would show up, walking into our house like he owned the place now. The bizarre nature of our trio sometimes kept me up at night. But Kristy seemed to be fine with everything. She kept saying that she didn't lose a husband, but she gained a girlfriend and a new black lover —the latter, she finally admitted, had always been one of her private fantasies...

And for a while things were okay in our household, usually with me content to give Barry blowjobs until he was ready to fuck Kristy...

But eventually he wanted more.

The greedy bastard started to fuck me and Kristy together, at the same time, sometimes while we were side by side, other times he literally stacked us on top of one another and alternated holes.

Kristy said she was fine with this too. That's what she said. But I'll never forget the way Kristy looked at me when she saw me accept such a submissive position to another man. It was one thing to see me dressed up in female clothes. It was one thing to hear that I'd already given a few blowjobs. But it was quite another to actually see me on all fours, dressed in her lingerie, whimpering with lust as Barry fucked me the way I'd once fucked my own wife. After that, there was no going back.

Six months later, I began my hormone treatment. This turned out to be too much for my wife, who soon filed divorce papers.

Neither one wanted to draw out the proceedings so everything was about as amicable as possible.

I moved out, got an apartment, and Barry got sick and stopped making his weekend visits. I never found out what happened to Barry, but to this day I often think of him with a strong set of conflicting emotions. Recently I found out that Kristy had remarried and was about to give birth to a set of twins. Considering

her conservative family, I was speechless when I discovered she'd married a black guy who worked at her company.

But at least these days I didn't need her pictures to get attention online. I don't have to lie or pretend or trick people. It's much better for everyone. Now I just use my own pictures, openly declaring myself as a T-girl. I've tried dating white guys, but I always seem to keep going back to black guys, who anyway are much more aggressive when it comes to hitting on me, telling me how pretty and beautiful I am to them.

Weirdly enough, my Mr. Right turned out to be an African-American guy who is the same age as my father, who I have never met before. But I guess it's true that girls who grow up without a dad always end up looking for a new father in their relationships.

THE END

Other books by this author

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

Interracial/Cuckold Erotica (Singles)

The Ice Queen Gets Blacked

The Southern Belle's Black Baby Bump

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)

Interracial Lovers: Volume 15 (Interracial Erotica Bundle)

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

Gender Swap Erotica

Hubby Becomes a Queen of Spades

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)