

SOLD! TO THE SHEMALES

Backdoor Bids
for the
Virgin Whiteboi

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&
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HARDCORE Shemale EROTICA

Sold! to the Shemales: Backdoor Bids for the Virgin Whiteboi

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Part 1 – The Auction

“Going once.” The tuxedo-clad gentleman leaned further into the camera, his jacket looking slick and shiny in the lights. He was dressed like a contemporary British spy, but he grinned like a James Bond villain.

“Going twice.” His faux-British accent kept slipping as he smiled for a global audience of nearly half a million. As the old saying went, sex sells, and selling sex even more so.

“Gone!” Some digital trickery made his gold tooth flash for the camera. “And for the fairy tale sum of one-hundred-and-seventy-thousand dollars!”

Hidden away in the back corner of the university library, leeching off the open Wi-Fi of the cafeteria below – the library connection was locked down and filtered – Bradley cringed. None of this was going according to plan. These guys were supposed to be the premium brand in adult entertainment. They were famous for their quarter-million-dollar sale of that cute blonde Russian girl a few years back, but none of the three girls auctioned so far had even come close to their ‘dream’ price.

That meant Kimberly, Alicia, and Chantal would all have the opportunity to meet with their winning bidders and decide whether they’d let their virginity go at a discount. It was a good problem to have, should any of them be having second thoughts, but bad news if any of them were counting on that money.

Like he was.

He didn’t just want it, he needed it.

Desperation, thy name was Bradley.

He watched the camera shift to the right, bringing a raven-haired beauty queen into focus. She was stunning. Watching her on his phone, he couldn’t see the level of detail he’d have liked, but she had a classic hourglass figure, and her sequined white gown clung to it in all the right places. He could tell she’d had work done, but it didn’t matter. Bradley adjusted himself through his pants,

imagining those tits, fake or not, wrapped around his cock as those ruby red lips waited to be painted white.

Bradley did a lot of imagining.

“Up next,” she announced to the world, “we have a very unique auction. A first for us.” She paused, letting the anticipation build. “And a first for him as well, of course.” Her face disappeared, replaced by the figure of a nervous young man, naked from the waist up, shuffling back and forth with an awkward smile on his face.

It was like looking in a mirror, except he’d recorded that footage nearly twelve hours ago, right after being examined by a doctor with the coldest hands in the world, and just before signing a stack of legal paperwork that he barely understood, aside from the fact that it was binding.

He was committed.

There’d be no backing out.

He just hoped they stopped the footage there, because those cold hands hadn’t done him any favors, and shrinkage was not going to help his bidding.

“Bradley Chalmers is a nineteen-year-old university student from Toronto who grew up in a small cottage town on the shores of Lake Huron. He’s adorably shy, and a little self-conscious, but he’s smart as a whip and twice as polite.”

Huh? What kind of stupid sales pitch was that? He was looking for a sugar momma to pay him for sex, not a date for junior prom!

“His is a tragic story,” the beauty queen continued, “orphaned on the eve of his high school graduation by a plane crash over the Prairies, leaving him penniless and alone.” A series of images zoomed in and out of the screen, a mix of sad family photos, newspaper clippings from the crash, and lonely looking yearbook pictures.

He was not sold on the whole pity-sale approach – he liked to think he was attractive enough to be auctioned for more than just some bad luck – but they were supposed to be the experts.

“He persevered, working day and night to put himself through school, and sadly sacrificed the wild social life of a sophomore for the chaste loneliness of a young man with a mission.”

Okay, that sounded better, and he liked the photos they showed of him shirtless and sweaty after a long night at the industrial laundry. He hated that job – the hotel bedsheets were the worst – but lifting all those baskets of wet laundry had put him in pretty good shape.

“While it’s a bit more of a challenge to prove male virginity, we have done our homework, and we are confident that the prize that you are bidding on today is indeed genuine.” She pointed left and a copy of his paperwork appeared on the screen. “For openers, we have signed legal documentation from Bradley, attesting to his virginity.”

He wasn’t thrilled about having his personal details published like that, even if the most sensitive details were blurred, but he got it. Virginity without the evidence of an intact hymen was tough to prove, and there would be questions that would drive down his auction price, no matter how much proof was presented.

“We also have the case notes from a detailed psychological profile, with two different doctors attesting to their belief that his virginity is genuine.”

Bradley jumped to his feet as two doctors appeared in a split-screen view.

What the fuck was this?

Those sessions were supposed to be confidential, only for insurance purposes.

The auction company was supposed to keep them on file in case the winning bidder filed a complaint.

The videos were never supposed to be made public!

“Young Mr. Chalmers is a classic case of anticipated sexual inadequacy.” The old man with the widow’s peak pushed his glasses back up his nose. “He’s built up such anxiety around the very idea of having sex, fear of the real thing has become almost crippling. At this point, his first time is unlikely to progress naturally from normal human intimacy. A virginity auction may just be his best

bet to overcome the hurdles his immature libido has placed in his way.”

Fuck. Why were they doing this? Why put this out there for everyone to hear? Who the fuck was going to want to bid on him after that? He had to stop this! There had to be some way to put an end to it! Not only were they tanking his auction, but they were also just about guaranteeing he’d remain a virgin until he died!

It was the other doctor’s turn, and he already knew this was going to be even worse.

“Bradley is the quintessential momma’s boy, a virgin by circumstance who has deeply buried sexual inadequacies.” Fuck. He’d hated that rail-thin broad during their session, and hated her even more now, seeing her on the screen. “He worships women in an extreme manner. It is unhealthy, to say the least. Furthermore, his obsession with his penis may be suggestive of latent homosexual desires. There is no doubt in my mind that he is a physical and emotional virgin.”

No! This was so, so, so wrong!

He began pacing the stacks, muttering under his breath. They talked about the risk of having a man buy his virginity, and he’d made it clear he was not interested. He wanted it a condition of the auction, but they refused, claiming he’d draw a higher price with more bidders involved. But now, after this, even if a guy didn’t win his virginity, the whole world would walk away from this thinking he had one foot in the closet.

“Finally,” the beauty queen reappeared on screen, a finger pressed to her ruby-red lips, as if she was about to reveal a secret, “we have signed affidavits from a half-dozen girls in his graduating class, four women who know him well from university, and his very own roommate, all of them promising that Bradley Chalmers is, in fact, a nineteen-year-old virgin boy.”

“No, no, no, no, no!” He didn’t care about the heads that popped up around the library to stare at him. He screamed his frustration and then screamed again when the uptight bitch in the next stack with the stupid ponytail sticking out one side of her head told him to shut up because it was a fucking library.

This was too much, too far. Nothing was worth this. No amount of money could

ever make this right. There was no way he'd ever live this down, and nowhere he could move to escape it.

He turned beet red as the prettiest girl back home, a girl he'd once dreamed of taking to the prom, appeared on the screen. "Bradley?" she giggled. "Oh, he's a total virgin. We're a small town. People talk. First kisses feed enough gossip to get us through the winter. There's no way he even got to first base, not unless it was with his left hand."

No, Jenny. Why?

"Bradley? Tired looking guy that always smells like too much laundry soap?" Oh fuck, it was Angela, the teacher's assistant he'd been crushing on for two semesters. "I wouldn't be surprised if he was handing out handjob in the bathroom to relieve his sexual frustrations, but I know for a fact no girl has laid hands on whatever he's packing."

Son of a bitch. Just kill me now.

"Dude's a nice guy, but he's a loner." Oh fuck, it was Steve. He and his roommate weren't exactly close, but they got along okay. At least he thought they did. "He's never brought anybody home. Never talked about a date, never even talked to a girl on the phone, not that I ever heard. No smell of perfume, no lipstick on his collar, no hickeys, and no panties in his pocket."

The would-have-been-jock, sidelined by a broken ankle over the summer, at least had the decency to look embarrassed, but that just catapulted Bradley's racing heart into his throat. Whatever he planned to say next wasn't going to be good.

"I've spotted him hurrying from bathroom to bedroom, and it's not like he's deformed or anything, but nature wasn't exactly generous in the junk department. I mean, I've seen guys in the locker room who were smaller – steroids can be a bitch – but I gotta imagine being that small fucks with a guy's mind. Insecurity and all that shit."

"You son of a bitch!" Bradley threw a punch at the nearest stack, knocking a shelf full of books though to crash to the floor on the other side. "I hate you all!"

"There you have it, folks." The faux-British accent spoke over a scrolling feed of

bids, questions, and comments. “I see bids already rolling in, so –”

The video froze.

He must have wandered too far from the Wi-Fi signal.

Even if campus security weren't already heading his way – and he could see to overzealous wannabe cops coming at him from either side of the stacks – he was done. He couldn't watch anymore. He didn't want to see his dreams being picked apart by strangers.

Goddamn it!

He had needed that eight-thousand-dollars to get him through his final year of school. This was not a vanity project. This was not a game of greed. This was about his future, and his fucking roommate had just killed any chance he had of meeting his auction reserve.

Not even the dirtiest old gay daddy with a disgusting rape fetish was going to bid on his sorry ass.

What a fucking waste.

Part 2 – The Winning Bid

His phone rang as he reached the main floor, of course. Not like it could have waited two minutes for him to get outside the library. He ignored the disgusted looks from the other students and let it ring as he kicked his way through the front doors.

“Yeah, that’s right,” he snarled at the two Asian guys glaring at him from the back of a couch, “I’ve got a fucking phone in the fucking library and its fucking ringing like a fucking siren!” Once outside, he stabbed at the green button and dragged it across the screen. He answered it with a terse, “Yeah?”

“Bradley. You need to get online. There are questions you need to address.”

It was the bitch from the auction, the one who’d made all the empty promises, and then ambushed him with all that dirty laundry. He tried laughing at that thought, but there was no humor to it.

“No thanks,” he snarled back. “I’m done watching you people ruin my life.”

Her exaggerated sigh was audible over the phone. “You signed a contract, Mr. Chalmers, and there are bids on the table.” She paused. “Significant bids, Bradley. We need you to bring them home.”

He stopped dead in the flow of student traffic, forcing others to jostle their way around him. Significant bids? As in significant and plural? They had to be over the reserve if the bitch bothered to call him, didn’t they? “How much?” he asked.

“It doesn’t matter. You need to get logged in. You have ninety seconds and then we’ll be serving you for breach of contract.”

She hung up before he could say another word. He considered ignoring her, chucking his phone into the bushes and walking away from it all, but his curiosity got the best of him.

The moment he logged in, he saw a flashing question from a bidder identified as

the Abigail Sisters.

>>Are you a total virgin? Remember, you're under oath. :)

He typed a quick YES. A follow-up question appeared.

>> No petting, licking, sucking, fondling, or penetration?

He typed a quick NO. Another follow-up appeared.

>> No dildos, vibrators, butt plugs, Sybians, or pocket pussies?

He didn't even know what half that shit was, but if he could afford high-end sex toys he'd hardly be auctioning off his virginity.

He typed back. NO. On further thought, he added, NO SEX DOLLS EITHER.

>>Cheeky. I like it.

There was a long pause before her next question.

>>So, virgin top and virgin bottom?

What the hell did that mean? He went with another YES.

>>No sexual contact whatsoever? At any time? With anyone?

Another NO.

>>Just to confirm, a total virgin, all genders?

Another YES.

>>Thank you.

Thirty seconds later, the screen went green and the messages disappeared. In their place was a single message, in bold white letters, filling the center of his phone screen.

Auction Closed.

Winning Bid Confirmed.

Abigail Sisters.

\$18,500

Holy fuck. He did it. He'd really done it. He had no idea how, or why, but whoever the Abigail Sisters were, they had more than doubled his reserve price. He was saved!

“Abigail Sisters! I fucking love you!” He threw his hands up in the air and cheered. This had just gone from the worst day of his life to the best day ever!

“Isn't that the loser from the sex auction?”

He spun around to find a trio of girls giggling beneath a tree. At any other time he would have turned and run, his cheeks flushed with shame, but he was running high on adrenaline. He marched right over and waved the phone in their faces. “Loser?” he asked. “Ha! More like a winner!”

Before they could respond, he strutted across the campus lawn, already wondering what he would wear to his big date.

Part 3 – The Meeting

It ended up being three weeks before all the paperwork was completed and the auction funds cleared. Even then, the passing of contact information was a one-way street, leaving him at the mercy of the mysterious Abigail Sisters.

They didn't call him, email him, or message him through the app, as he would have expected. Instead, they sent a limousine to his door one Saturday afternoon, with a plane ticket on the back seat, a pair of black roses, and instructions from the driver to get in.

A whirlwind of airports and executive class seating later, he stepped out of the airport into the wall of heat, noise, and light that was Las Vegas and felt simultaneous overdressed and underdressed.

He looked around for another chauffeur at this end of the trip, but he couldn't find his name on any of the signs. There was a Brandon, and somebody named Chambers, but nobody putting those two together. He was almost starting to wonder if he'd been scammed, lured halfway across the country and left to fend for himself when he saw it.

A tall, black man holding a 'VIRGIN SOLD' sign.

Cute. It appeared they had a sense of humor as well as class.

"Hi." He walked over and stuck out his hand. "Bradley Chalmers. I assume you're here for me?"

"Don't know." The driver rolled a half-chewed toothpick around in his mouth but made no attempt to take the hand. "I was just told to pick up a virgin."

"By the Abigail Sisters?"

"Don't know." Nearly seven feet of tailored black tuxedo shrugged.

"Okay." This wasn't going well. "Um, well, there can't be that many of us bought and sold, right?"

The toothpick disappeared, only to pop back out even more chewed than before. “Guess that depends in what circles you hang.” A second toothpick – or maybe the other half of the same one? – poked out before being spit on the ground. “Look, you the virgin or not?”

“Not for long.” He smiled, but the driver didn’t return it. Damn, this guy was cold.

The surly chauffeur opened the door with a shrug . . . and then just walked away. “Um, okay. I’ll just get in then. Help myself with the door.”

The driver took the scenic route, past the most notable sights on the Strip, but all of it – Eiffel Tower, Great Pyramid, Statue of Liberty, and more – passed in a blur. Instead of taking it all in, instead of gawking like a tourist, he was worried about what awaited him at the hotel.

Assuming they were even headed for a hotel.

He shook off that thought and focused. Who were the Abigail Sisters? Were they hot young coeds looking for a laugh? Trashy cougars in the mood to ruin a young man? Old women with sagging breasts, no teeth, and pussies that smelled like cedar and mothballs?

Maybe they weren’t women at all. Maybe Abigail Sisters was a feint, a non-de-plume for some hairy bear of a gay man looking to break in a cute little twink.

“You getting out?” Startled out of his worries, Bradley realized they’d stopped. He waited for the other man to come around and open the door, but apparently that wasn’t in his job description.

“Um, yeah. Thanks for the ride.” He stepped out of the limousine, barely remembering to grab his gym bag before the driver began driving away.

Well, at least that saved him from the awkward exchange of a tip he couldn’t afford.

This was it. This was what he’d been bought and sold for. Not that there had ever been any turning back, not once he’d accepted the money, but this . . . this was the true point of no return. Once he stepped through those doors, he was fully committed. It’s like there was a big, bold, digital clock hanging over his head,

counting down the final hours of his virginity.

With a deep breath, he tossed the bag over his shoulder and took that step.

Twenty minutes later, after finding the wrong room on the wrong floor, and then the wrong room in the wrong tower, he finally stood before the door to his deflowering. The hotel staff had been gracious and polite, helpful to the extreme, but he'd been too anxious to pay attention and too shy to go back and ask for clarification.

Before he could knock, he looked down at himself. He was dressed like a student on holiday. Blue jeans, sneakers, polo shirt, and a gaudy old watch he'd found in his dad's things after . . . well, just after. He'd been given a professional haircut for the auction, so at least he wasn't scraggly, but he'd barely done more than shave that morning. He was sweating. Profusely. He was worried that if he didn't get inside, and naked, soon, he'd never get the chance, no matter how much they paid.

He knocked. His hand hadn't even left the door when it opened.

"Bradley!" A pleasantly plump black woman filled the doorway before him. She was tall and thick, with curves in all the right places. He had never seen breasts that big before, at least not in real life. He was starting to think this might all be okay, and then she yanked him forward and held him against those deliriously soft, oh-so-ample breasts. It was like being smothered by two pillows of the softest, most buttery leather.

Fuck, this might be even better than okay.

"Oh my, you're just as cute as advertised!" She squeezed him tight, drawing him into the animal print spandex of her dress and caressing his face as she wiggled him deep between her ebony globes.

It was hot. It was moist. He could barely breathe.

And he liked it.

“At least get the boy inside before you molest him,” came an amused voice from inside the suite.

Somehow, the first Abigail Sister managed to pull him inside, turn them around, and close the door, all without freeing him from her bosom. He was entirely fine with that. He liked it there. When a fresh pair of hands took hold of his arms, sharp nails digging into his flesh, he audibly sighed at being removed.

“Welcome.” The second Abigail Sister was just as black as the first, but otherwise a total opposite. As tall and thin as a supermodel, with respectable little breasts, she had a cold, severe sort of look to her. Where her plump and pretty partner had a fan of wild, kinky black curls bouncing off her shoulders, with big shiny hoops dangling from her ears, she had a metallic blue bob with straight cut bangs and no jewelry.

As for her dress, it was black and shiny and hugged her like a second skin. She looked as if she’d been poured into it. “I’m Ingrid,” she said. “You’ve already met Vivian.”

“Um, hi.” Bradley smiled. He knew he must look the fool with such a ridiculous grin spread across his face, but he’d just gotten to Vegas and he’d already hit the jackpot. “I just want to say thank you for everything. You saved me.” He choked up, surprised at how emotional he was suddenly feeling. “I thought it was all over, but you saved me.”

Ingrid twirled her fingers. “Yes, yes.” She snapped and pointed to him. “Strip.”

“Um, what?”

“Strip,” she repeated, “and stop with the ‘um’ crap. I thought you were better educated than that.”

“Yes, ma’am.” He was starting to get a feel for how this would go. A good cop, bad cop kind of thing. He pulled off his shirt first, and then looked around for somewhere to put it.

“Just go ahead and drop it, sweet thing,” Vivian said, coming around to stand beside her sister. “You won’t be needing it.”

He pulled off his shoes and socks next but hesitated with the button of his pants

between his fingers. Both women were watching him, waiting, so he took a deep breath and continued. With the pants off, all that was left were his boxers, but he wasn't sure he could do it. He wasn't sure he could just strip naked in front of these two strange women.

Ingrid tilted her head. "Does naked mean something different up there in Canada? Let's get on with it."

"Yes, ma'am." With a deep breath, Bradley closed his eyes and dropped the boxers to his ankles. He was already hard. His cock bobbed embarrassingly before him. He'd never given any thought to domination or anything like that, but the slender woman's whole vibe was turning him on in very different ways from the plump body he'd met at the door.

"Look at his little penis!" Vivian bounced on her toes, her breasts jiggling beneath her dress. "It's so cute! I wanna play with it!"

Being called 'cute' made him start to shrink, but the feel of her hand on his shaft reversed that trend in a heartbeat. He moaned at her touch. He shuddered as she closed her soft hand around his shaft. When she began to stroke, he gasped aloud. "Oh god, that feels so good."

"Hmph. You really are a virgin little bitch, aren't you?" Ingrid stepped close and lowered her hand to his balls. Now that he could see them, he marveled at the long, cobalt blue pointed nails that shone from the tips of her slender fingers. They were as erotic as they were terrifying. She squeezed, those nails, closing them about his sac. "Are you going to cum for us, boy? Are you going to blow your load so soon?"

"I . . . I don't want to . . ." He tensed, trying to hold himself back, but it all felt too good. Here he stood, in a hotel room he could never afford, with two exquisitely beautiful black women standing before him, one with her hand stroking his shaft, and the other fondling his balls. "Oh, please, you need to stop."

"I don't think so, my pretty." Vivian's soft, fleshy hand began twisting and squeezing as she stroked. He didn't think he was that small, but he completely disappeared inside her grip. He tried to tell himself her hand was just that big, but he knew better. "Give it to me," she whispered. "Cum for me. Let me see what that cute little cock of yours can do."

“Argggh!” His back snapped straight as he came into her hand. It was the first real orgasm of his life, a thing of power and pleasure, an explosion of cum that took his breath away. That was normally where he let go of his cock and turned his mind to wiping himself, but she kept stroking. She kept squeezing. Her hand was slipping and sliding around his cum-slick shaft. It felt like he came forever. “Oh, stop,” he begged. “Too much, too sensitive,” he whimpered. “Oh, please.”

Finally, she released him.

“That’s it?” the other woman said. “That’s what he was so excited about?” She made a show of taking his limp shaft between her index finger and thumb, before slowly dragging her nails down its length. “That would be embarrassing as a precum discharge.”

“Don’t let her get to you sweetie.” Vivian showed him the mess of her hand – it wasn’t nearly as much as it had felt like – and then wiped it down his chest. “It’s not quite what we’re used to, but I’m sure it’s perfectly fine for a puny little white boy virgin.”

“I’m sorry,” he gasped, still catching his breath. “I didn’t mean to, I mean, not so fast, at least.” Ingrid was still holding his shaft between her talons. He was starting to get worried. “I’ll be okay again in a bit, I promise. No worries. I’ll fulfill my end of the deal.”

“Oh, you’re a funny one.” Ingrid released him, only to lower her hand and slap his balls. Hard.

“Ow!” He doubled over in pain. “What was that for?”

“I wouldn’t worry.” She leaned in and placed her lips against his ear. “You won’t be needing them.”

Before he could ask what that was supposed to mean, she shoved him back towards the bed. He stumbled on the thick carpeting, but Vivian caught him, once again cradling his head between her breasts. She hooked her arms under his shoulders and dragged him with her as if he were no more than a child. When he felt her body jolt against the bed, she then turned and tossed him onto it like a ragdoll.

It was the biggest, softest, cleanest bed he had ever seen.

“We are gonna have soooooo much fun with you,” she giggled. “I’ve fantasized about breaking a cute little white twink, but this is already so much better than I could have imagined.”

Ingrid came to stand beside her. Side by side, they were an impressive sight. He felt himself twitch, a promise that he’d be hard again soon. “I wasn’t expecting much,” she snarled, “but you could have some limited potential.”

With that, the two women turned to one another and began kissing.

Holy fuck, that was hot! Bradley immediately felt himself getting hard. This was way better than he could have expected. Not only were the women who bought him real – and beautiful – but they were making out right before his eyes! He watched as their lips brushed one another, a glimpse of tongue peeking out here and there. He saw those long blue talons press into the ample flesh of Vivian’s bosom and gasped aloud when they ripped the dress down, revealing a pair of chocolate nipples the size of teacups.

“What are you waiting for,” Ingrid asked between kisses. “An engraved invitation? We bought you for a reason. Get your white ass over here and worship your mistress’ tits.”

He didn’t have to be told twice. Bradley slid across the bed and poked his head between the two women. Vivian’s breasts smelled clean, like vanilla and baby powder. He licked his way across the globe on the right, tasting her sweat. It was everything he had ever imagined. His tongue made a tentative stab at her areola, and he marveled at the difference in taste and texture. Before anybody could reconsider and stop him, he wrapped his lips around her nipple and began sucking like a starving babe.

Almost immediately he felt a second nipple poke against his cheek. He turned and grabbed Ingrid’s black PVC with his teeth, fighting to tug it down, but it was a challenge. The material was slick, and kept slipping from his mouth.

“Oh, you are so adorably useless.” Vivian’s hand flashed across his vision. She grabbed the top of the dress and yanked it down with an elastic snap.

He marveled at the nipple she revealed. It had to be a half-inch long, and it was standing fully erect. He sucked it into his mouth and bathed it with his tongue, thrilling to the feel of the breasts of two different women smothering him.

Breasts.

Real breasts.

Four of them.

Two different women!

Back and forth he went, from one breast to another, lost in a sea of feminine flesh. This was paradise. His cheeks sank deep into Vivian's cleavage, while his nose pressed hard against Ingrid's smaller, more muscled breasts. From areola the size of a saucer on one side to that of a silver dollar on the other, he dragged his tongue around them both.

He felt like the luckiest boy in the world.

The two women maneuvered him back to the bed, where Ingrid shoved him down on the mattress. "Lie down," she snapped. "On your back. In the center of the bed." While he watched, she rolled the black material the rest of the way down her body, stopping at the waist. Her stomach was taut and toned. Seen naked – or, at least, half-naked – he began wondering if she was just a supermodel or an athlete as well.

'Just' a supermodel. He giggled at that.

Vivian looked like she could pin him to the bed.

Ingrid looked like she could manhandle him while he lay captive.

He loved and feared them both.

This was so bizarre.

"Arms and legs spread," Ingrid snapped. "Even a useless little white boy should be able to follow directions."

"Yes, ma'am."

"This is going to be so much fun!" His gaze snapped to the left. He watched Vivian pull the form-fitting animal print dress over her head, leaving her in

nothing but a pair of tight zebra-striped satin panties. The mattress sank somewhat alarmingly when she climbed onto it, but he hardly noticed. His eyes were fixated on the two black thighs spreading to straddle his head. He tried to raise his head to lick at her panties, to taste her sex, but Ingrid quickly shoved him back down onto the bed.

“You promised us your virginity,” she reminded him. There was a smile on her lips, but it didn’t extend to her eyes. It was a cold grin, almost cruel. “You promised us licking. You’ve had that.” She climbed onto the bed as well, stabbing him with her knee as she straddled his chest. “You promised us fondling. You’ve had that as well.” She snapped her thighs tight against his ribs. It hurt. “You promised us sucking. That’s to come next.”

He was about to tell her she was facing the wrong way, that his cock was behind her when she began rolling the hem of her dress up.

Bradley blanched.

It couldn’t be.

His eyes widened at what he thought he was seeing.

It wasn’t possible.

He tried to pull back, to roll away, but the Abigail Sisters had him right where they wanted him.

Trapped.

Confined.

Completely at their mercy.

Part 4 – The Surprise

“Do you like what you see?” As the dress continued to roll, oh so slowly, the shadow of balls that he thought he’d seen gave way to the head of a cock. A cock! It pressed forward, fighting against the black PVC, rising higher and higher with the retreating material. Bradley’s eyes bulged out, finding nearly nine inches of hard, black cock staring back at him. She wasn’t thick, but she was long, longer than any cock he’d ever seen.

“I want to hear it,” she snapped. “Tell me how much you love my cock.” She waved it before his face. “Ask for permission to suck it.” She slapped it against his chin. “Beg for my cock, white boy. I want to fucking hear you beg.”

He was at a loss for words. He didn’t know what to say. There was a cock just inches from his mouth, the biggest black cock he’d ever seen, and yet it didn’t horrify him as it should have. He looked up from it to the slender curves of her waist, to the perfect handfuls that were her breasts, and to the severe but beautiful angles of her face.

The whole picture struck him as . . . well, beautiful.

This wasn’t some guy in drag.

There was nothing of the masculine about her.

She was a beautiful woman who happened to have a dick between her legs.

Bradley’s mind raced, trying to come to grips with the situation.

Being forced to service some guy’s cock had been his biggest fear about this whole virgin auction thing, but a woman’s cock?

That was somehow different.

“It’s beautiful,” he told her, surprised at his own words. “Your cock is beautiful.” He took a good look at it, admiring the shape of her cockhead, with the bead of precum welling at the slit. “I . . . I think I might love your cock.” He looked back

to her face and smiled when he saw an upturned twitch of her lips. “I think I might like to suck your cock.” The genuine smile that slipped across her face, its warmth reflected in her eyes, made him bold. “Please, ma’am . . . might this tiny white boy suck your big, beautiful, black cock?”

“Do you really want it?”

“Yes, ma’am.” He was surprised to find he meant it. This was a woman’s cock, and it belonged to a woman who had already put him in his place. “Please, may I suck your cock?”

“Lick it,” she told him. “Taste my precum.”

He did just that. His tongue darted out, finding the bead to be warm, wet, slick, and tangy. It was nothing like he expected. He liked it.

“That’s it, boy. Now kiss the head.”

He opened his lips and slipped them around the tip of her cock. He marveled at the feel of it. Her cockhead was soft, spongy almost, but hot to the touch. He kissed it, caressed it with his lips. Without being asked, he made an ‘O’ of his lips and took the first inch of her shaft inside him. That was much firmer than the head, the skin pulled taut around it, with a trio of big, throbbing veins snaking about beneath his tongue.

“Oooh, look how hungry he is!”

He’d almost forgotten Vivian was there. His eyes rolled back at the sound, finding her plump thighs, round belly, dynamite breasts, and smiling face above him. He nodded, smiling around his mouthful of cock.

“Give him more,” she giggled. “I want to see the white boy choke! I want to see the virgin give up his throat!”

Bradley gagged as three more inches of cock were thrust into his mouth. Well, less thrust and more forced. It was a tight fit. Her swollen head pressed against the back of his throat. He felt full, violated, used, and abused. And yet, ridiculously, he found that he wanted more. Acting on instinct, he tilted his head back, inviting in nearly another inch before his gag reflex took over and tears began pouring down his cheeks.

“You are just full of surprises, white boy.” Ingrid no longer sounded so cold. Instead, she sounded amused. He dared to think he might even hear a hint of approval on her voice.

Why did that suddenly matter so much to him?

“Fortunately,” she told him, “we have surprises to spare.”

“My turn, my turn!” God, he loved the sound of Vivian’s voice!

Ingrid’s long, slender cock withdrew from the sheath of his mouth, leaving a delicious trail of precum along his tongue. He looked up to find Vivian stroking the front of her panties, revealing a bulge that was already impressive and quickly growing to frightening.

“Holy fuck.” He was in awe of what she was hiding. He saw the stain of precum spreading across the zebra stripes and licked his lips in anticipation. What was happening to him? Why was he so attracted to these women? What was it about their cocks that had him so hungry, so horny, so eager to accommodate them.

“Please,” he begged. “I need to see it.”

She didn’t roll the panties down. There was no anticipatory tease. She just yanked the material aside, allowing her cock to spring forth in all its glory. Check that, it wasn’t a cock - it was a goddamned elephant’s trunk! It appeared Vivian was plump, well-rounded, and ample everywhere, including in her cock. It didn’t look to be as long as Ingrid’s, six inches instead of nine, but where the other woman’s cock was maybe an inch-and-a-half in diameter, he’d guess this to be three, maybe three-and-a-half.

“Oh, mother of cock, that’s big.” He swallowed loudly. “Too big. I’ll never –”

“Don’t worry, sweetie, I’m real good at making it fit.”

His mouth was instantly full of cock. His lips were stretched to the limit, and she’d only pressed the head inside. He had to wiggle his tongue free of it, but there was very little room to maneuver. The one awkward lick of her slit that he was able to manage left him with a surprising amount of precum pooled in his mouth.

Precum that he was desperate to taste, hungry to swallow.

He already couldn't breathe around her, so he focused on breathing through his nose and tried coaxing her deeper by swallowing around her.

"Would you look at that?" Ingrid sounded impressed. "Little white bitch Bradley is already starving for shecock."

"Never mind Bradley," Vivian gasped. "We're calling this boy Hoover from now on." She used her position to force more cock inside his mouth. His jaws were aching, threatening to become unhinged. He had never felt so full. It was arousing.

So impossibly, obscenely, inappropriately arousing.

The bigger Abigail Sister let more of her weight come down on his face. That move crammed two more inches of cock into his throat until he was so plugged, so gagged, he couldn't even breathe through his nose. His hands grasped desperately at the sheets. He drummed his feet against the bed. His chest rose and fell at an alarming rate.

And yet, had either woman looked down into his eyes, they would have seen not panic, but pure, unadulterated bliss.

"Look at him," Vivian whispered.

"I know," Ingrid whispered back. "He's just about perfect."

Bradley began clawing at the bedsheets now, desperate for breath, but still reluctant to give up his prize. He wanted more, not less. He wanted to feel her cock push all the way down his throat. He wanted her to fuck his face, to leave him raw and sore and full of cum. The intensity of that alien desire was frightening, terrifying really, but he felt alive for the first time in years. He felt happy, truly happy, in a way he may have never felt before.

But he still needed to breathe.

Vivian pulled out slowly. He felt every inch of cock drag across his tongue and past his lips. The sound of it popping free was shockingly loud. The moment he caught his breath, he begged, "Put it back. Put it back in. I need it. I'm already empty without it."

“All in due time,” Ingrid cooed from the other end of the bed. He looked down to find her kneeling between his legs.

“You promised us all of your virginity,” she smiled. “You promised us licking. Here it comes.”

He thought she was leaning forward to suck his cock, and he thrilled at the idea, but she went lower, deeper. She pushed his legs up and out. Before he knew what was happening, she pressed her face between his ass cheeks. The feel of her tongue scraping across his puckered asshole was indescribable, like nothing he had ever imagined. Now this . . . this was wrong, so wrong. You didn’t just lick someone’s ass! That was dirty, that was wrong, that . . . that felt so good!

“Oh, no. Please. Not that!” His entire body spasmed as her tongue poked inside him. That wasn’t right. Things came out of an ass, they didn’t go in! Why was she doing that . . . and why did it feel so good?

“Feel that tongue in there, sweetie?” Vivian was still kneeling above his head, alternately tapping one cheek, then the other with her cock. “That’s nothing compared to what’s coming next, but a little lube . . . a little stretching . . . it’ll go a long way.”

Ingrid pulled her face away from his ass. “You promised us fondling.” She leaned over and grabbed a tube of something from the edge of the bed. “It’s your turn.”

Bradley let her fill his hand with a slippery gel. When she placed her cock against his palm, he immediately closed his fist around it and began stroking. She felt hot to the touch, and harder, more rigid than when she’d been in his mouth. As his hand stroked up and down, he could feel the texture of her cock, the shape of those veins, and the ridge of her head.

“You promised us penetration.” She began thrusting into his hand, fucking the slick tunnel he’d created. “That’s my favorite part.”

Meanwhile, Vivian was painting his cheeks with precum, drawing wet shapes on them with her cock. “We need you to be brave, sweetie. Even with all Ingrid has done for you, it’s going to hurt.” She began tapping his lips with her cockhead. He sucked and licked at the slick, tender flesh, pulling at it with his lips. “Once it’s done hurting,” she promised, “it’s going to feel so very good.”

Ingrid pulled out of his hand. She didn't ask if he was ready. She didn't say anything to warn him, to give him time to tense up and protect his hole. Instead, she took advantage of his oral distraction and shoved the head of her cock inside.

"Ow!" His eyes nearly popped out of his head. "Oh, fuck, it hurts! It burns! It's too much!" He was near sobbing. "I can't do this, I can't! I can't!"

"Relax." Ingrid began dragging her nails down the inside of his thighs, just hard enough to leave a mark. "Deep breaths," she coached. "Push out, bear down, force yourself against me."

He did, and she immediately slipped another inch inside.

"Oh, fucking goddamn son of a bitch!" He pounded his fists against the bed. He curled his toes. He tried to bang his head, but there was a cock in the way.

"Breathe, sweetie." Vivian began feeding him her cock again. "Breathe and push. Focus on my cock, and just let your body adjust."

Bradley was desperate for anything to distract him from the pain. He threw himself into sucking her cock. He celebrated every inch she crammed past his lips and swallowed down the never-ending stream of precum. He welcomed the ache of his jaws and the soreness of his lips, focusing on that pain to distract himself from the pain down below.

Which, he realized, was slowly fading.

"That's right. Such a good little white boy." He felt Ingrid pressing more cock inside him, and while it felt weird, a little uncomfortable perhaps, the pain was gone. Instead, he was left with a burning sort of numbness, and that was already starting to fade as well.

When Vivian pulled her cock from his mouth again, he cried out, chasing it with his mouth. "No, no, no, sweetie." She sat back on her haunches, letting her cock rest on his forehead. "This is your first time. This is your virgin white boy cherry. You really should watch it being popped."

Bradley looked down. What he saw was a stunningly beautiful black woman kneeling between his legs. She looked like a queen. She was so regal, so powerful, so in command. It was as if she owned whatever lay between his legs.

There was no uncertainty or caution in her body language. She was claiming his ass as her domain and wouldn't take 'no' for an answer.

Not that the word 'no' was currently in his vocabulary.

"See this?" Ingrid withdrew her cock, leaving him feeling empty and hollow. She tapped the flesh beneath his balls with the head of her cock. "That's a white boy penis. We have no use for that. You might as well forget you have it." Her cock slid up to cover his, completely eclipsing it with her own. "This, right here, is a cock. A real cock." She pulled her shaft back until only her head pressed against him. Without losing contact, she began rubbing her head across his sac, coming ever closer to his hole.

"You've given up your virginity to shecock, and now I am going to fuck you hard." She slid back and forth, teasing him. "I am going to fuck you deep. I am going to breed your little white ass." Her cock began pressing against his hole again. "Show me you want it, bitch. Take it in."

Fuck, the power she had over him was indescribable. He felt compelled to obey. "Fuck me. Please." He forced himself to bear down and pushed his ass out. It swallowed the head of her cock without her moving an inch. "Argggh, yes! I need you inside me!"

"Watch my cock." She slid into him, slowly, an inch at a time. "Watch it is as it fucks any lingering shred of heterosexuality out of your worthless white ass."

The image of her cock disappearing inside him was hypnotic. He tried to raise himself up and Vivian helped. She shifted on the bed and propped him up with her thighs. He watched that dark black cock slide into his pale white ass and found the contrast erotic. It started to hurt again as she got deeper, but he welcomed it, embraced it, took it for what it was – paying his virginal dues. When it disappeared entirely, and he felt her balls come to rest against the cheeks of his ass, he shuddered in ecstasy.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Ingrid asked him.

"Oh, so good," he answered, "so full. I never knew sex could be like this. This is incredible. You, both of you, are incredible."

"Oh, you ain't seen nothing yet." With that, she withdrew until just the head of

her cock was inside him, and then she slowly pushed her way back in again. “You’ve got such a tight little ass. You feel amazing around my cock.” She pulled out again. “It’ll almost be a shame to ruin you, but I’m kind of looking forward to plowing your gaped ass once Vivian has stretched you proper.”

Bradley had no idea what that meant, but he welcomed it. “Fuck me like the little white bitch I am,” he begged. “Fuck me hard. Plow my – oh god, yes, yes, yes!”

Ingrid started to ride him. No more slow, slender strokes, she was throwing herself into his ass, pulling back, and then pounding into him. She had her hands wrapped around his ankles, holding his legs high and wide. The bed squeaked and shuddered beneath the force of her thrusts. He felt his ass jiggling beneath her.

And then something changed.

“Whoa!” His eyes all but rolled back inside his head. “What’s happening? Why do I feel so strange?” There was a weird, alien sort of warmth building inside him. It felt like he had to pee, almost like he was going to cum, but it just kept building. He felt a tingling spread outwards from her cock, and it brought a flush to his entire body. “That feels amazing!”

“Just let it happen, sweetie.” Vivian’s ebony fingertips stroked his forehead. “Don’t fight it, don’t chase it. Don’t try too hard. Just let me come naturally.”

In contrast to that tender caress, Ingrid was holding on tight to his legs, no longer driving into him with long strokes, but jackhammering his ass with short, fast, brutal intensity. With sweat dripping from her face, she grinned at her prey. She pushed even harder on his legs, dropping all her weight into him as she ground herself against his ass.

“Oh fuck, I don’t know what this is, but I never want it to end!” Bradley’s eyes were wide. That pleasure just kept building, blossoming inside him, until he felt it quietly peak. He watched as his half-limp cock, which had been bouncing and swaying between his legs, began shooting out weak spurts of cum. “How the fuck are you doing that! I’m cumming from your cock! I’m cumming from my ass! Nobody has even touched me, and I’m cumming . . . and it feels so goddamned fucking holy shit good!”

“Oh, fuck, I can’t hold back any longer.” She began fucking him even harder, pushing him back into Vivian’s embrace. “I can’t believe the little bitch already had his first bottomgasm, but I am going to fucking own his ass!”

If the orgasm felt good – and he was still riding the high, he hadn’t crashed like after a normal orgasm – her cock swelling and exploding inside him felt like heaven itself. He felt the pressure, the warmth, the dampness of her seed filling his ass, and he loved it. This was so much better than jerking off, and he decided at that moment he’d rather be fucked than fuck.

Provided, of course, it was by beautiful black women like this.

He was a blacked bitch, a happy slave to shecock.

“I’m so proud of you,” Vivian cooed. She reached down and wrapped her hand about his limp cock. She gave it a quick, loose stroke or two, collecting his cum in her hand. The only person in the room yet to cum, she let his head fall to the bed as she stood up, turned around, and straddled him. “Back up, honey,” she told Ingrid. “This girl needs some space to work.”

Bradley gave a little cry as Ingrid’s cock slipped out of his ass, but his eyes were locked on Vivian’s. He watched it as she stood up and walked down the bed, sinking to either side with each step. When she turned and knelt between his legs, he was sure she was going to fuck him next, and the thought excited him as much as it terrified him.

She rubbed the head of her cock against his ass, but she didn’t press.

“Really?” she asked, turning to look at the other Abigail Sister. “You couldn’t leave me a little creampie to play with?” The big, beautiful black shemale walked back up the bed with a shuffling of her knees. Along the way, she dropped her cock down and rubbed it all over his cum-covered stomach. Once she was satisfied, she raised herself so he could see, and then wiped her cum-slick hand up and down her shaft.

“Oh, you’re a nasty bitch.” Vivian laid down on the bed beside them, her face right next to Bradley’s. She was panting a bit from their encounter and looking entirely pleased with it. “Look at that cock,” she whispered. “So hard, so thick, it’s almost too much to swallow. Fortunately, Viv got it nice and slippery with your cum, so you should open up and say thank you.”

Bradley stared at that beautiful black cock, slick with his juices, and it didn't disgust him. He usually hated the feel of his cum after masturbating. The smell of it made him turn up his nose. But now? Now it drew him in, made his mouth water, and left him desperate to clean her cock. When she held it to his lips, he kissed it, licked it, tasting his cum

It was okay.

"I'd love to give you a good, long fucking like Ingrid did down below, but the two of you have made me so horny, I just need to cum!" She shoved the head of her cock inside his mouth. "Suck it," she urged him. "Suck my big shemale cock."

Bradley stretched his lips around her head and sucked, hollowing his cheeks with the pressure. He watched as she wrapped both hands around her shaft, stroking herself. The image burned itself into his brain, with her grip making the cock look even bigger. Precum was drooling from her slit, and he lapped up every drop, tasting it along with the cum from his pathetic cock, desperate for the main event.

When she came, it was without warning. No words, no sudden intake of breath, no tensing of her body, no change in her strokes. The first explosion of cum inside his mouth came hard and hot. It shocked him with the volume as much as the temperature. He swallowed the first spurt without tasting it, too shocked for appreciation, but he didn't let the next pass unnoticed. He focused on it.

Anticipated it.

Enjoyed it.

It was glorious, like nothing he had ever tasted. It landed thick and heavy on his tongue. The taste was pungent, almost nutty. The cum coated mouth. This time he refused to swallow, allowing spurt after spurt to fill his mouth, until it began to swell his cheeks. He looked up into Vivian's beautiful eyes and saw the pride there, the pleasure, and he nodded around her cock.

Her spurts slowed, and then finally stopped. She squeezed her cock hard, forcing out the final drops of cum. When she pulled it out, he held his mouth open, showing off his pearlescent treasure.

“Look at that little bitch,” Vivian grinned.

“Nicely done,” Ingrid added. “And not just for a white boy.”

They stared across him. Something silent was communicated because he saw them both nod before turning to look at him. “Play with it for us,” they said together.

Bradley swished the cum around in his mouth. He clenched his teeth but left his lips open and forced the cum to bubble up. Oh, fuck, he felt like such a slut and he loved it. He opened wide again and poked his tongue up from the cum, waving to his shemale goddesses, signaling the final submission of his virginity.

“Swallow it.” Ingrid squeezed his cheeks.

“Swallow all that cum.” Vivian ran a finger around his lips.

It was harder to swallow than he expected. It was thick and sticky. It clogged his throat, making it hard to swallow. He had to work at it, but it was worth it. When the last thin, watery semen residue slipped past his esophagus, he felt accomplished. He smiled, his lips sore, and luxuriated in their approval.

“Good boy.”

“Get some rest sweetie. We’re not done with you yet.”

Part 5 – The Decision

Bradley awoke sometime during the night, not sure at first where he was. The room was dark, and the bed was softer than anything he'd ever experienced. He felt sore and sticky, He smelled of sex. Rather than disgusting him and making him feel like he needed a shower, though, it aroused him.

There were strange figures to either side of him, two bodies that had him cocooned between them. There were warm, soft breasts pressed against his chest, and curls of black hair tickling his nose. He opened his eyes and found a sleeping face right before him, so close it took him a moment to focus. Even as he recognized Vivian, he felt something long and soft separating the cheeks of his ass, and he remembered Ingrid behind him.

The Abigail Sisters.

The beautiful black shemales who'd bought his virginity at the auction, flown him out to Las Vegas, and then proceeded to fuck him silly. Last evening he had tasted his first cock, taken his first cock up his ass, and swallowed his first load of shemale cum. It had been a wild, intense night of being commanded by these women, used for their pleasure, and he was surprised to find that he wasn't at all ready for it to end.

Careful not to wake his new owners, he rolled onto his back and quietly shuffled his way down the bed until there were two black cocks draped over his face. There he paused, enjoying the awareness that he was truly alone in his moment of appreciation. He was the only one in the room awake, the only one consciously aware of these two cocks.

That also meant he was the only one responsible for whatever happened next.

If he kept shuffling down and off the bed, then that was entirely on him.

If he grabbed his clothes and snuck out that door, there would be nobody to stop him. He'd given up his virginity. The deal was done. His debt was paid.

If he opened his mouth, however, and kissed those cocks, then that would be entirely on him as well.

No excuses. No element of surprise. No force. No coercion. It would be on him. All of it.

In truth, there was no choice to be made, no decision to take. He'd known what he was going to do the moment he began sliding down the bed.

Bradley opened sticky, gummy lips and kissed the thick snake to his left. It felt tender and textured to his tongue, completely different limp than it had been hard. He could feel little bumps all along it, his tongue navigating a path between them. She tasted of cum, sweat, and salt. When it twitched against his mouth, he turned to his right and wrapped his lips about the longer, slender shaft there. It tasted earthier, sour. He knew that was his ass, but didn't care.

He adjusted his mouth and let the head of that cock slip into his mouth, where he began sucking on it, teasing the head with his tongue. It began swelling immediately, growing across his tongue and towards the base of his throat. Still careful not to move too much, lest he awaken the ladies, he tilted his head even more. He began moving it up and down, using gentle suction to draw it deeper into his mouth, until he felt the urge to gag. Instead of letting up, he held Ingrid's cock there and forced himself to relax, hoping he'd become accustomed to it. Once the gag reflex began to subside, he welcomed a little more of it into his throat.

That prompted more of a choke than a gag, but he ignored the tears and focused on breathing through his nose. As that became easier, he swallowed more of the cock, until he was surprised by the feel of her smooth, hairless balls brushing against his chin.

He'd done it. He'd deep-throated his first shemale cock.

Not been throat fucked, not been forced to swallow it, but voluntarily pursued his first shemale cock all the way to the root.

And he knew damn well it wouldn't be his last.

"Well, would you look at what we have here." The bed creaked and sagged, just a bit, as Ingrid adjusted herself for a better look. "I do say, it appears our no-

more virgin has developed a taste for shecock.”

He pressed a finger to his lips, hoping she'd get the message. She tilted her head sideways and watched as he slowly pulled back. He felt every inch of her cock leave his mouth.

“I have to do something,” he whispered, one eye on the sleeping Vivian beside them. “I need to do it.” He swallowed at the thought of what he was about to attempt. “I want to do it, but I want to give it, not have it taken. It's important.”

She followed his gaze and nodded. “You're going to need this. Hold out your hands.”

He did as she instructed and she began stroking herself. It was truly magical the way her hands managed that dick. He tried to memorize her twits and tugs and turns, hoping he'd be able to replicate them for her later - and he loved that he expected there to be a later - but he kept being distracted by her flaring cockhead.

Ingrid was gritting her teeth. “Catch it,” she gasped. “Catch it all, white boy.”

Bradley held his cupped hand over her cock and felt hot cum begin splashing against his palms. There was so much of it, even this early in the morning, and it smelled as good as it felt. When she was done, he brought both hands up to his face and inhaled deeply. This was a smell he would never get over, a scent he would never get enough of. He wanted it so much that he stuck out his tongue to begin lapping at the glorious goo. A gentle cough brought him back to reality.

“Oh, right.” He blushed, but it was the good kind of embarrassment, not the humiliating kind. Carefully, trying not to spill any of her seed, he smeared cum all over his ass, forcing it inside himself with first one, then two, and then three fingers. It wasn't enough. It was still going to hurt. But he had to do this.

It only then occurred to him that while Vivian's cock was fully erect, she was still sleeping on her side. That was going to be an awkward position.

“Let me help,” Ingrid whispered. She tugged at the bedsheets and the other Abigail Sister immediately rolled.

He thought she was going to go all the way onto her other side, but she stopped

and settled on her back, those massive ebony globes jiggling so erotically upon her chest. She made a sexy sort of whistling noise with her mouth and smacked her lips, as if dreaming of something sweet.

He hoped he could be that sweet.

“You don’t have to do this,” Ingrid told him.

“But I do.” He climbed to his feet and placed one foot on either side of Vivian’s sleeping frame. “I love that you took me. I love how you took me. But I need to give you both my virginity.” He adjusted himself. He began lowering himself over that fat, hard, sleeping cock. “It’s important.”

The smile of approval on Ingrid’s face fueled his confidence. He could do this.

Slowly, watching her face for any sign of coming awake, he squatted his ass closer to her monster cock. When he felt the warmth of that black cockhead slide through the cum on his cheeks, he knew it was time. He wanted to do this before she woke up, when it was still truly his choice.

Bradley took a deep breath. He counted to three and, on the count of three, let the air out, pushed out with his ass . . . but he couldn’t force his legs to relax. Dammit! He had to do this. He screwed up his courage and followed the same steps, determined to get it right this time.

One, two, three.

Breath, push, drop.

The pain of impaling himself on her cock was indescribable. He was sure he’d torn something, certain he’d see blood down there the next time he wiped, but he’d done it. He was sweating and trembling, his legs aching to hold him with just the head inside. Not wanting to know if she’d awakened, he closed his eyes.

Again.

One, two, three.

Breath, push, drop.

This time he didn't just drop down, he dropped down and bottomed out. He just let his legs go and trust gravity to take care of the rest. It was sheer agony, but no pain had ever felt so good.

"Oh, honey." He opened his eyes to see Vivian gazing up at him. "You're the best little white boy ever." She grimaced for him. "Does it hurt? Are you okay?"

There was still a lump in his throat, but the pain was fading. "I did it." He grinned like a Cheshire cat. "I did it. I took your cock. All by myself." He shifted his weight and the movement of her cock inside him sparked a flutter of pleasure in his stomach. "Holy fuck, I'm a black shecock slut."

Ingrid traced a line down his cock with one of her nails. "Prove it to us," she said softly. "Make yourself cum on her cock."

"Oh, yes!" Vivian's eyes were alight. "Make yourself cum on my cock."

The first move was the hardest. He had to trust his legs to work and his ass to hold together. Bradley raised himself three inches. It was glorious. With an even wider smile he dropped back down and felt Vivian's big black balls bounce against his ass.

This was incredible.

He quickly got into a rhythm, bouncing up and down with careful, measured strokes. Every once in a while he'd feel that tingle inside, that little twitch of forbidden pleasure, and he soon learned how to chase it. By leaning back, resting his hands on the bed, he was able to bounce with her cock stroking that magic spot. That already familiar gotta-pee-wanna-cum warmth began spreading through his body. He was gasping and moaning now, fully aware that he sounded like a little sissy bitch and embracing it.

"That's right, white boy. Ride her cock. Ride it. Make yourself cum."

"Cum for me, my pretty bitch. Momma needs to bust a nut, so you gotta cum now."

Bradley tried to cry out but words were beyond him. His eyes rolled back in his head and he saw stars as his cock began to spurt hot ropes of cum. They didn't come hard and fast like when he masturbated, it was softer, slower, almost a

leaking instead of a cumming but it felt spectacular. He kept riding her cock, kept rubbing his magic spot against her shaft, and kept cumming. It felt like it was never going to end, and just as the spurts began to slow, Vivian roared with pleasure and flooded his ass with cum, prompting the spurts to start anew.

By the time they were both done, he was woozy. He began swaying atop her like a sex-drunk white boy, but Ingrid was there to take him in her arms and lower him down to Vivian, who was waiting with her arms spread wide.

“Oh my good boy, my pretty boy, my sissy fuck boy, nobody has ever ridden me like that.” Vivian took his face in her hands and smothered him with kisses.

He tried kissing her back but was still woozy, unable to really control himself.

“You’ve proven to be a boy of remarkable talents.” Ingrid’s voice was a throaty purr of contentment. “I had my doubts about whether he’d actually go through with it, but the white boy ain’t afraid of no challenge.”

“Mmm.” Vivian was still kissing him. “Does that mean we can keep him?”

“What do you say, white boy?” Ingrid had slipped her hand between them. When she brought it back out, it was glistening with cum. She held a cummy finger out to him. “Was this just a one-time thing?”

“No!” He lunged to the side and took her finger in his mouth. He sucked the cum off of it and then began licking her hand for more. “Please, no. Don’t make me go. I didn’t know I could feel like this. I didn’t know there were women like you in the world. I didn’t know I could love anybody or anything this much.” He was surprised to find that he was crying. “You bought me,” he sniffed. “Please own me.”

“I think that can be arranged,” Vivian cooed, “but you need to understand one thing.”

“Anything,” he told her. “I swear it.”

She sat up in the bed and slipped her hands under his ass. With no more effort than it would take him to lift the toilet seat, she lifted him off her cock and placed him back on the bed between her legs. “White boys need to clean their messes.”

“Yes, ma’am!”

There was no hesitation. No fear. No second thoughts. It didn’t matter that her cock had just been inside his ass. He didn’t care that he could see evidence of blood along her shaft. He saw black cock and smelled black cum and that was all that mattered. He closed his mouth about her softening cock and sucked the cum from the shaft, knowing that he was tasting Ingrid’s lube as much as Vivian’s load. Holding all of it in his mouth, he sucked his way back up the shaft and then kissed his way towards the swell of her belly, where he sucked up the remnants of his orgasm. With three loads in his mouth, all mingling together and swishing around, he opened wide to show his new owners proof of his duties.

“You dirty fucking white slut. Kiss me.” Ingrid smashed her face to his and kissed him hard. Their tongues danced as Vivian’s lips joined them. They kissed back and forth, lips and loads mingling, until all three were happy, sated, and left with cum glistening on their lips.

“Let’s take this to the showers,” Ingrid sighed, “and then we can take our white boy for his first collar and cage.”

“Oh! Can we get him panties too?” Vivian was beaming. “I like a white bitch in pink panties.”

Ingrid nodded, “If we do panties, then we have to do a bra too.”

“And a pink lip gloss to match!”

Both women turned to look at him, as if he might have something to say.

“It all sounds so wonderful.” He couldn’t help but blush. “I’m sold!”

“Yes,” the Abigail Sister said in unison, “and we have the receipt!”

The End

About the Authors

Bobbi Mare is an author of nasty, naughty, trashy, taboo erotica . . . a mature sissy whose signature theme is submissive sissies in pretty outfits and erotic bondage, but who also loves to explore forced feminization, breast growth and breastfeeding, oral and anal penetration, chastity and castration, butt plugs and pegging, stunning shemales and fabulous futanari, big black stallions (both literally and figuratively), pony boys and pony girls, massive cocks with huge loads, and other deviant delights.

Bob Neils is a happy phallophile and horny semenophile . . . which means that in addition to being a breast man, a leg man, and an ass man, he is also a dick man. While he has no romantic attraction to men, he does have a fetish for penises and an addiction to semen, which he finds is best enjoyed through anonymous glory holes, cuckold creampie, shemale lovers, and fantasies of forced bisexuality and BBC worship. Fetish is what drives him, and he will never apologize for that.

Despite growing up 20 minutes away from one another and only being a few years apart in age, it was a gay bathhouse in Montreal, over 650 km away from home, where they first met and immediately bonded over being the only two cock-worshippers in chastity. They only met that once, but they kept in touch and ended up collaborating on some shared erotic fantasies. Sold! to the Shemales was their first, followed by Sissy Vacation Exposure (originally published as The Tool) and Sissy for the Black World Order (originally published as Beta Boy Cuckold Cleanup).

Bobbi is most at home at <http://bobbimare.com> but they can also be found on Goodreads at <https://www.goodreads.com/bobbimare> and Twitter at: <https://twitter.com/bobbimare>.

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