The Baited Bachelor

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Story by Devin Dickie

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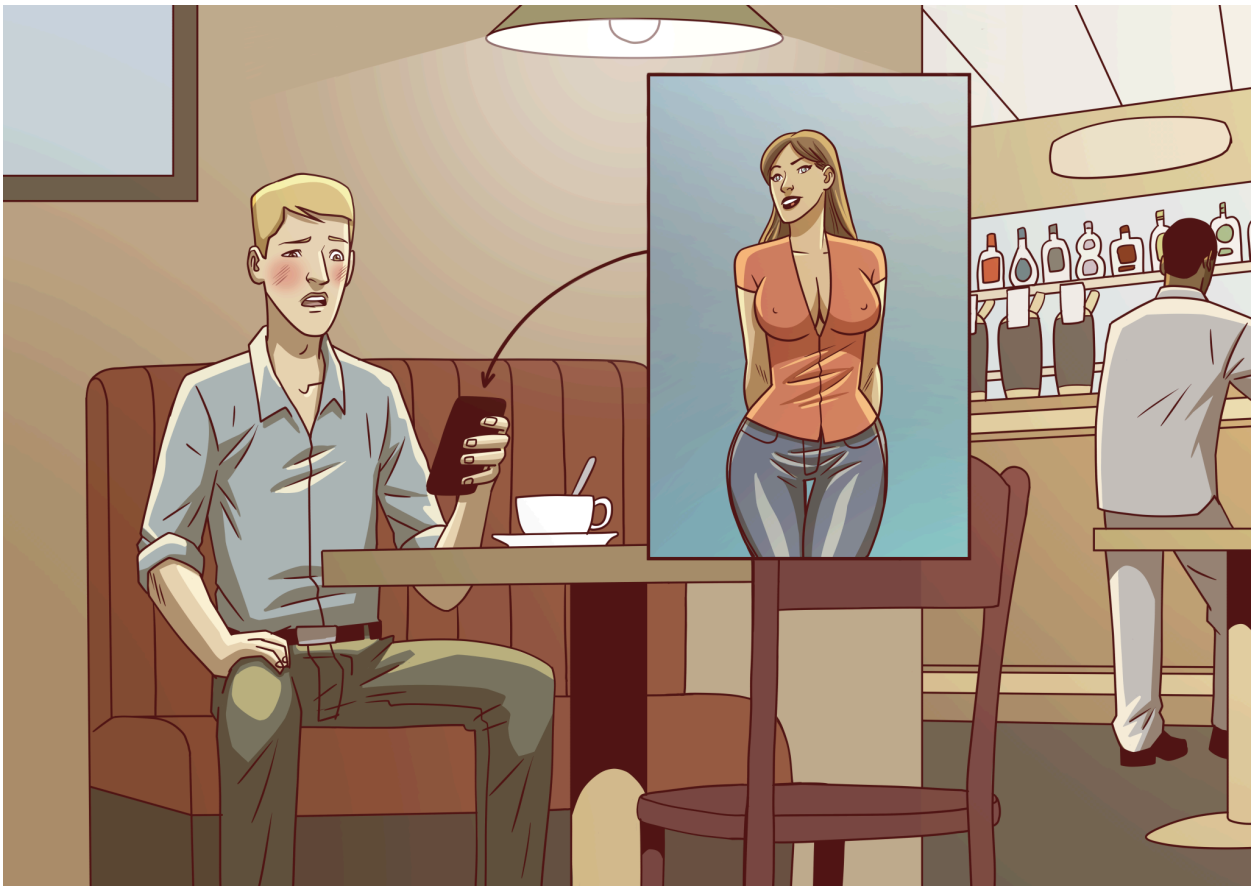
*****DEVIN DICKIE NOTE*****

All characters are OVER 18 years of AGE! This is a bullying fantasy and not real. The acts in the following written work are only consensual sexual choices and fantasy humiliation scenarios.

Bullying is NOT OKAY and If you or someone you know is being bullied, please alert the authorities.

Part One

Niles sat at his favorite coffee shop dreamily scrolling through the photos on his phone. He considered himself the luckiest man alive as he was engaged to the most beautiful woman, he ever dreamed would be interested in him. Taylor was the complete package, sporting brains, a sense of humor, and a smoke show of a body that attracted all sorts of attention. Just looking at her pictures, Niles felt his tiny boner start to press against the inside of his tightie whities.



Taylor stood five feet nine inches tall, nearly towering over Niles' slight five-foot three frame. She wore her soft, brown hair at shoulder length and was blessed with natural waves that took little care to stay shockingly beautiful even first thing in the morning. Her ass was a thing of beauty, the kind of ass rappers go

on and on about in their songs. Shaped like a heart and thrust out behind her in a gorgeous sloping bubble, her ass made many a married man, and a few women, do a double take as she walked by. But it was her magnificent tits that drew all the attention, both wanted and unwanted for Taylor. They were natural 36GGs that still showed no signs of sagging under their own weight. Her perfectly pert nipples sat atop the luscious mounds like cherries on a double scoop of vanilla ice cream.

Taylor had a pretty face with a pert, upturned nose and shocking ice blue eyes behind long, fluttering lashes. Her smile was wide and glowing with perfectly straight, shiny, white teeth. Taylor was every man's wet dream, and she was all his, Niles thought as he sipped his coffee.

Niles himself was slight of frame for a man, and quite often was mistaken for a woman from behind. He always thought of himself as an alpha male, and his engagement to Taylor only solidified this idea in his mind. How else could he have snared such a beauty?

The young man looked rather typical of the white boy stereo type. His slight build, feminine mannerisms, and higher than normal voice made him seem like the typical joke he saw daily in the interracial porn he found himself drawn toward. If anyone else knew of his proclivities in the arena of online porn they would certainly see Niles as the weak, subservient, inferior white boy in all the stories and videos. But Niles never saw himself that way. No, he looked at his beautiful fiancé and thought of himself as a player. Despite his addiction to cuckold and sissy porn, Niles never saw the obvious connection that anyone in the know would draw.

Niles had light colored hair that bordered on being a stunning blonde. Most women would kill for his hair color. His face was smooth, as he was never able to grow any facial hair. A problem that followed down his entire body, leaving him dolphin

smooth. His body hair was so slight, silky, and sparce that when the young man was naked, it looked as if he had none. A fact that depressed him on some level, but never really bothered him outwardly. The small, silky patch of pubic hair nestled above his miniscule penis was, in a word, cute. There was nothing masculine about Niles' appearance in any way.

The naive white boy never thought much about his appearance as all his attention was wrapped up in his love and lust for Taylor. So much so, that he even thought his penis was at the very least, average, and never thought twice about its shortcomings. His penis was a mere four and a half inches in length when hard and was quite thin in diameter. Its appearance was made all the stranger by its slightly oversized head. Not that the head of his penis was large in any sense. No, it was still very small by comparison to other men, but the size of the mushroom shaped head was too much for the thin stalk it attached to. The resulting hilarity of his situation meant that any time Niles' penis got hard, the weight of the head pulled it down into a droop that looked comical and sad at the same time.

For her part, Taylor never really thought Niles was anything other than a perfect gentleman and a wonderful boyfriend. She was thrilled when he finally popped the question and was extremely excited to be planning her wedding. The wedding was truly the reason Taylor was meeting her fiancé today. She had a delicate subject to bring up and was worried about Niles' reaction.

Niles looked up excitedly as Taylor approached his table. He greeted his stunning bride to be with a kiss as she took her seat. The loving couple chatted for a few minutes about how their days were going, then they ordered muffins and coffee and began to talk about more serious things.

"So, sweetie, I need to ask you a question. What are you doing about a bachelor party? I mean you haven't even picked a best man yet, let alone your groomsmen. I have four friends

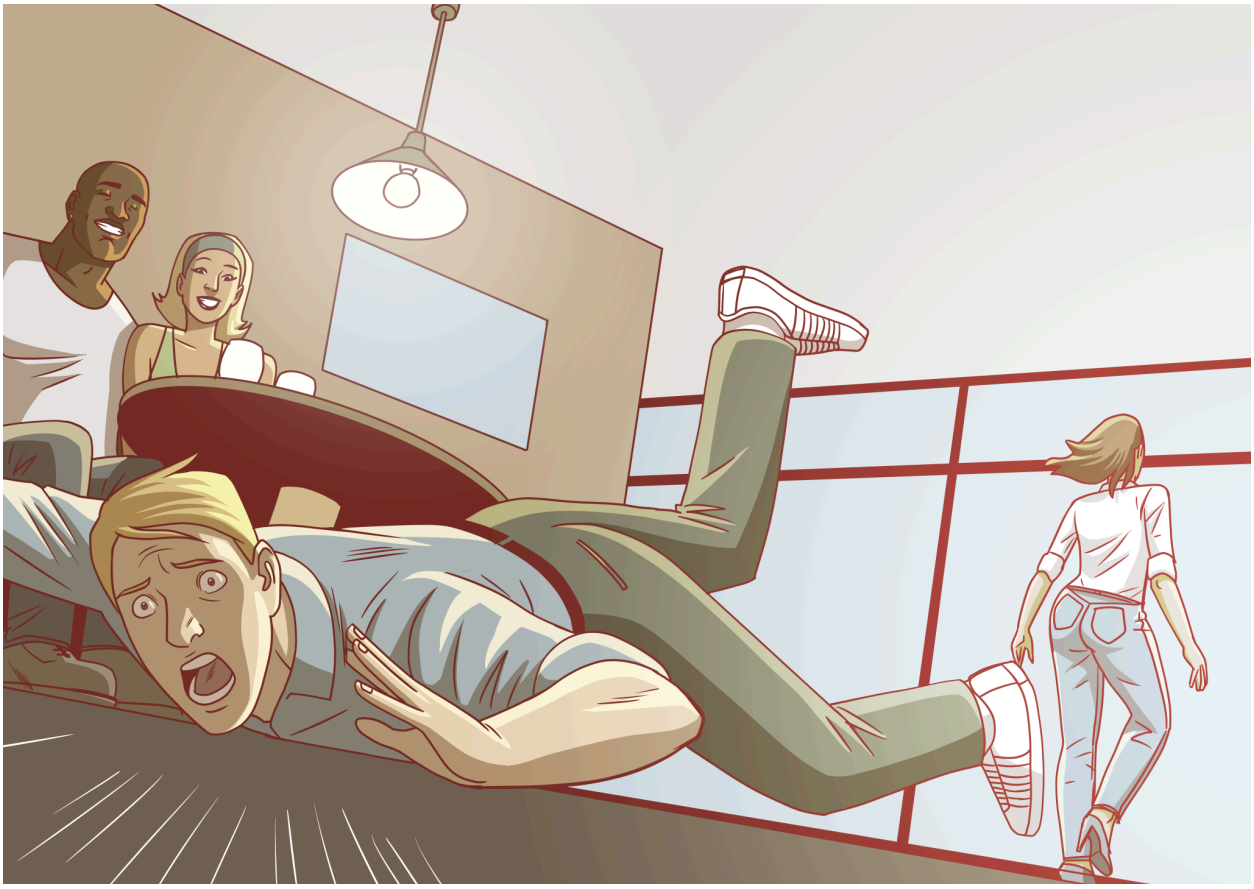
already picked out as maid of honor and bridesmaids so you need to hurry up and figure out who will be standing up for you." Taylor said with a nervous lilt to her voice.

Niles looked very uncomfortable as he sipped his coffee as a stalling tactic to collect his thoughts. Eventually he could stall no longer and had to admit a painful truth.

"Well, I meant to speak with you about that very thing," the nervous white boy said. "You see, I don't really have anyone to ask. I don't have any siblings and you know I've never been good at connecting with other people. The only friends I really have are the girls from work. So, I don't know what to do about the groomsmen situation."

Taylor looked slightly cross as she said, "That won't do at all Niles. Not at all. Look, I'm late for my training session at the gym and don't want to keep my trainer waiting. We'll speak about this later. I'm kind of disappointed in you Niles."

The blonde smoke show got up from the table and left in a huff. Niles tried to follow her but tripped over the table leg and fell flat on his face. Taylor gave no indication of seeing his clumsiness but the other patrons in the café certainly got a kick out of it. One particularly large black man laughed down at Niles from the next table and said to his hot, white, date, "See baby, I keep telling you white boys are as useless as a pecker on a pope. Good thing you went black."



The white girl snorted down at Niles and said, “And I ain’t never going back baby.”

Niles was blushing furiously as he darted from the café and made his way home. He was angry with himself and worried about upsetting Taylor. He knew how lucky he was and wanted nothing more than to please his fiancé no matter what he had to do.

Part Two

When Taylor got to the gym her mood hadn’t improved much at all. She was distracted and her personal trainer noticed it right away.

“Hey girl, what’s up with you?” Asked the tall black man. Jerome was perfect in every way. He stood six foot five and

weighed in at an impressive two hundred sixty pounds of pure muscle. His skin was the color of dark chocolate. Jerome kept a well-trimmed beard and a shaved head. Taylor loved the way he smelled, a mixture of natural musk with a hint of coconut from the body wash he used. Not that she would ever admit to looking herself, but all the women at the gym talked about the bulge in Jerome's pants. "It must be at least ten inches long and as thick as a soda can", was the usual comment.

Taylor looked up at Jerome and said, "I'm sorry. It's just this wedding. I'm all twisted up about making it perfect and Niles just can't do even the most basic thing to help me."

"That's too bad", the black man said in return. "What's the little guy doing to upset you?"

Taylor giggled and said, "You're so bad. Don't call him that." She sighed deeply and said, "He has no male friends. No one to be his best man and no groomsmen. I have four very close friends who I hate to see walk down the aisle alone."

Jerome had a faraway look in his eyes for a moment, then said, "Let's get through your session then we can have a smoothie and talk about it. I may have an idea or two."

Taylor smiled and said, "Thanks J, you always know the right thing to say."

As usual, Taylor's workout was observed by the gym regulars. These guys were always buzzing around the stacked white girl trying desperately to get her to notice them. But Taylor only had eyes for her fiancé. She would never dream of cheating. Still, it was fun to have all the attention of the buff gym boys. Jerome was friends with everyone in the gym, so he and the guys were always joking around and acting like typical jocks with each other.

After her workout, Taylor showered then met Jerome in the café across the street for a smoothie and a chat about her wedding blues.

"Oh Jerome, it's so frustrating" said the bride to be. "Niles is such a nice guy; I just don't understand why he doesn't have any male friends. I really need him to step up and handle his part of the wedding duties. He needs to choose a best man and groomsmen. What should I do?"

Jerome smiled warmly at her and said, "Well Tay, I've been thinking about your problem, and I may have a suggestion. Me and the guys from the gym would be happy to step in and fill out your bridal party. It's the least we can do for one of our favorite gym bunnies, I mean buddies."

"Wait really?" Taylor said. "You guys would do that for me? I know Niles wouldn't mind, he's all about making me happy. Oh, this is wonderful news. Thank you so much!"

"No worries, Tay, we'd be happy to help you out. Why don't you talk to the little man and then get back to me. If he's cool with it, I'll ask the other guys."

Taylor didn't even finish her drink, instead she thanked Jerome and hurried home to talk to Niles. The young couple lived together in a small apartment and Taylor found Niles playing video games on the couch.

"Oh Niles, I have the most wonderful news!" The excited girl said. "I found you a best man and groomsmen for the wedding, isn't that fantastic?"

Niles set down the controller and said, "What? What do you mean? Who?"

Taylor said, "The guys from the gym! They're a great bunch of guys who are always so friendly and helpful to me. I just know

you'll love them. In fact, you've met your best man before, it's Jerome, my personal trainer."

Niles gulped audibly and said, "You mean that very tall and muscular black man?"

"Niles Smallwood! What does his being African American have to do with anything? You're better than that." Taylor exclaimed.

"No, no, don't get me wrong. There's nothing wrong with him being black. I misspoke. I'm sorry. It's just that I hardly know the guy and you know how uncomfortable I get around other guys."

Taylor said, "Don't be silly. You'll be fine. The guys are all friendly and very outgoing. You'll be fine. I'll tell you what, I'll have Jerome organize a bachelor party for you so you can get to know the guys before the wedding."

What Niles didn't know was that Taylor had every intention of partying hard with her girls on her bachelorette night and wanted to make sure Niles had a party as well so she wouldn't feel guilty.

Niles looked very nervous and uptight when he said, "Are you sure Taylor? Is that really the best course of action?"

"Of course it is Niles" she said. "Every man deserves one last party before the big day, and I want you to have as much fun as possible. I'll talk to Jerome tomorrow and get it all set up for you."

Niles smiled a tight-lipped smile and said, "Yes dear, I trust you." But the look on his face, the one he hid from Taylor, said he was anything but comfortable with the situation.

Part Three

Jerome was very eager to plan a party for Niles after talking to Taylor. He wanted very much to get on the hot girl's good side and stay there forever. He talked to the guys from the gym and the four of them were eager to help. They too wanted to impress the big breasted, smoke show from their wet dreams.

The four men Jerome chose were all body builders with perfectly cut bodies, deep tans, and manly good looks. The men were all white boys who Jerome didn't respect, but he wanted to balance things out in his favor. He knew deep down that all white boys feared and respected alpha, black men like himself, and wanted to ensure his place as the leader of the pack.

The domineering black man planned a very special night out for Niles, knowing the white boy would have the time of his life.

When the big night finally arrived, Taylor was giddy with excitement as she and her girls were more than ready to party their asses off. She had no idea what Jerome had planned for Niles and truly didn't care at all, so long as her fiancé had fun.

Niles found himself in a limo with 5 guys he didn't know at all, on his way to a racy nightclub. Jerome had introduced the small framed white boy to the other, more buff, white boys and laughed along when they made fun of Niles' last name.

Niles blushed furiously but still grinned in shame as the bigger men made comments like, "Smallwood? Is that a description or your real name?" or "Damn dude, us white guys have a tough enough time measuring up to black men without you advertising your tiny dick." And "Whip it out! Whip it out! We gotta see if the tool lives up to the name. Or should I say, down to the name?"

The bachelor tried to be a good sport and smiled at all the insults, but Jerome could see how upset Niles really was. The

huge black man grinned as he watched the puny white boy's humiliation. This was all working out too perfectly.

When they got to the club, Jerome waived at the muscular, black, bouncer and the big man let the bachelor group in thru the velvet rope. Niles blushed from head to toe when he noticed the strippers on stages throughout the main floor. He felt his tiny penis begin to stiffen as he stared hungrily at the plethora of bare breasts.

Jerome led the group to a VIP table near the main stage and the drinks began to flow immediately. Niles had never been much of a drinker, a fact that became obvious to the rest of the guys from the start, making them more than happy to keep pumping shots into the frail white boy.

After his fourth shot, Niles began to loosen up and act the fool. He was hooting and hollering at the girls like a typical idiot, the kind of guy who usually visits strip clubs every weekend. The girls on stage took an instant interest in Niles because they knew from experience that drunken morons usually tip the most. Jerome knew the look in the ladies' eyes and could tell this would be quite an experience for young Niles. He could see the cash hungry wolf gazes focusing on the weakest member of the bachelor group from the stage and smiled as an idea crossed his mind.

Jerome spoke to the latest dancer to leave the stage, asking if there was something special that could be done for Niles, the bachelor. The dancer smiled and said, "Oh sure, we take them onstage for a lap dance from three or four of the girls all at once. We mess with them a little, you know like take off his shirt, eat whipped cream from his nipples, that kind of stuff. Kind of expensive though."

The muscular black man laughed and said, “Ok beautiful, you do your thing and I’ll take care of the cost. Just make it memorable for the little guy.”

Niles was surprised, thrilled, and more than a little embarrassed when a tall, sexy, blonde dancer pulled him up onto the stage during the next song. The men at his table laughed and shouted encouragement to the thin white boy as four dancers pushed him onto a straight-backed chair in the middle of the stage. As the music blared, the women began dancing seductively around Niles’ chair.

Each girl had her own way of teasing the poor boy and despite the policy of men not touching the women, the dancers had no such rule and laid hands on Niles’ body in ways that made the young man crazy with desire. They ran their hands all over his chest and thighs. They massaged his scalp with sharp, pointed fingernails. They pushed their bare breasts against his face, head, and chest as they danced around him like Terpsichore, the Muse of Dance.

Niles was so drunk at this point that he failed to notice or to hide his obvious arousal. The white boy kept pulling at the crotch of his pants as his tiny erection was becoming uncomfortable for him. The dancers all noticed and became more seductive in their movements to illicit more money from the obviously over excited white boy. Jerome, for his part, smiled at the embarrassing sight Niles made as he squirmed in the chair, quickly becoming overwhelmed by all the erotic attention.

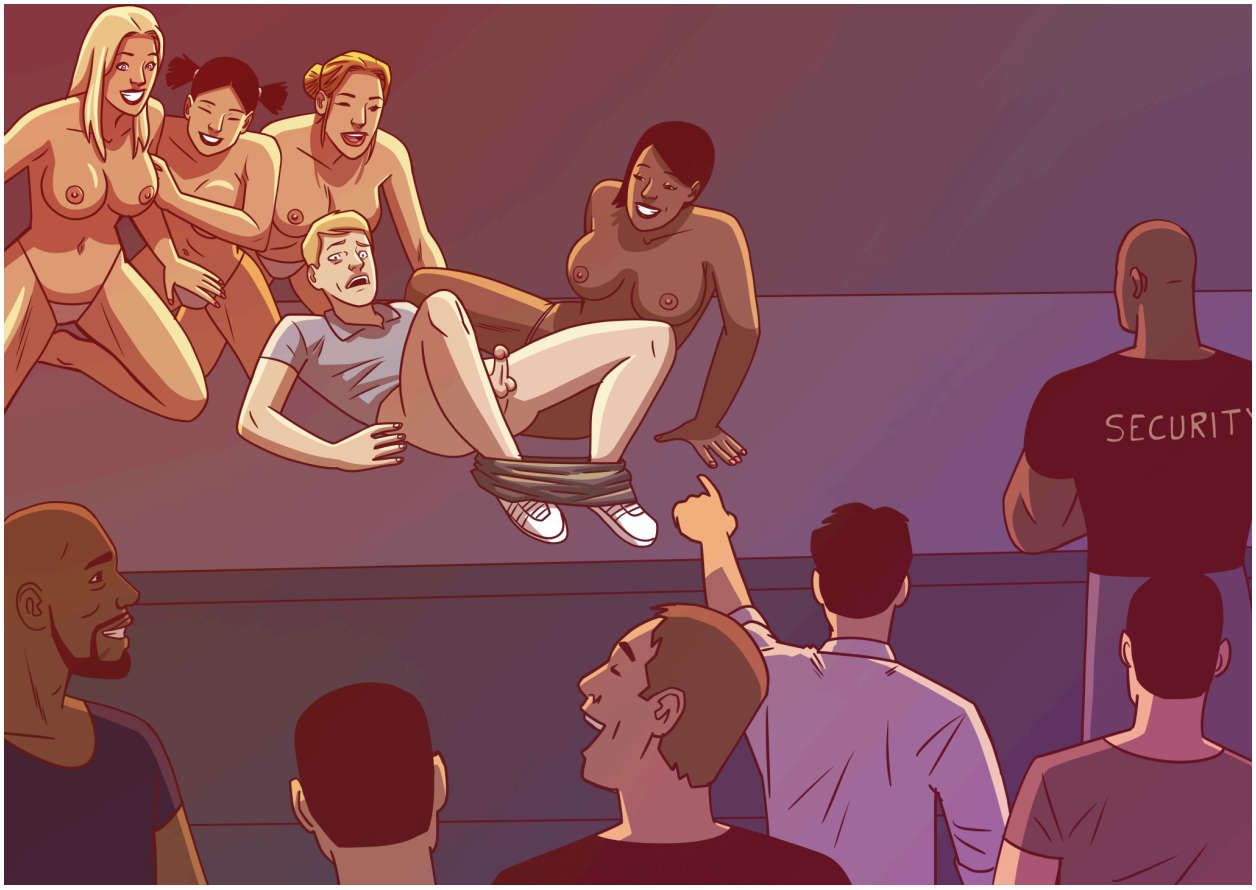
One of the dancers, a black woman with enormous tits and a plump, round ass, began grinding her booty against Niles’ crotch, twerking and rubbing all over the poor boy’s twitching penis. Niles was so underdeveloped in that area that the dancer didn’t even feel his tiny dick, so she redoubled her efforts thinking erroneously that Niles had not become erect.

Niles' eyes flew open wide, and he pushed the woman from his lap as his tiny pecker erupted, squirting a minimal amount of white boy jizz into his khaki pants. Several things happened at once.



A bouncer suddenly appeared in response to Niles laying hands on the dancer and lifted the white boy from the chair. The dancers all began pointing and laughing at Niles' crotch and the widening stain from his accidental discharge. And Jerome and the other guys at the table all began laughing and commenting on how weak and lame poor Niles was acting.

Jerome had to step in as the bouncer began to roughly man handle Niles. The black man honestly couldn't care less if Niles got hurt, but he felt he owed it to Taylor to keep the boy safe.



"Hold up there brother." Jerome said as he approached. "The little man didn't mean anything. It's all good." The bouncer deferred to Jerome and said, "Just keep the white boy in line. Ain't no touching the girls. Ever."

Jerome laughed and said, "Just look at little man's crotch, he's finished anyway. Typical white boy, am I right?"

The bouncer looked at the wet mess on the front of Niles' crotch and laughed heartily, which made the dancers and spectators laugh along. Niles was mortified and tried to shrink away but Jerome held him in place on the stage as everyone in the

club laughed and made rude comments about the white boy's lack of control.

Before anyone could react, the dancer who had been grinding on Niles' groin bent down and pantsed the humiliated white boy. She pulled down his trousers which were tight enough to pull his tightie whities down with them. A stunned Niles made a high pitched, chirping sound as his pants and underwear fell to his ankles and quickly scrambled to pull them back up.

As Niles tried to cover his exposed genitals, he tripped and fell, which caused his legs to spread wide open. Now everyone could see his round, pale, hairless ass as well as his underdeveloped penis and balls. Niles was mortified as he heard comments coming from the audience as well as the dancers on stage.

"Oh look, it's a miniature version of a real cock" shouted one. "What the hell is that? Is it an inverted clit?" yelled another. "Holy shit! That thing can't possibly be real. Does it even work?" Said one of the dancers. "My nephew is a toddler and he's hung better than that pathetic sissy." The bouncer said, laughing.

Jerome fought hard to keep his own laughter in check as he helped Niles to his feet. The white boy struggled with his shaking hands to pull up his pants, and his efforts caused more laughter from the crowd as he caught his tiny package in his zipper and shrieked like a teen girl who'd seen a spider. This caused more laughter from the assembled patrons and dancers, which only made Niles blush a deeper red.

The poor white boy ran from the stage and tried to leave the club but in his mad dash for the door he accidentally went into the janitor's supply room instead. Realizing his mistake, Niles quickly reentered the main room only to hear more laughter as a gorgeous blonde dancer yelled out, "Oh look, shrimp dick finally came out of the closet!"

Jerome thought to himself, “This is better entertainment than I ever expected. How did this worthless little bitch ever get himself a woman like Taylor?”

The muscular black man had been holding onto a strange idea that he could someday get into Taylor’s pants, but being a gentleman, he never made a move on her because of her engagement to Niles. But now that he could see how inferior the white boy was, and how undeserving of such a fine woman, Jerome began to wonder if he could somehow make it happen. Being a very intelligent and patient man, Jerome began to think about the long term and a sly smile crept across his face as he moved to Niles’ rescue.

“All right, all right, we’ve all had our fun. Let’s leave the poor guy alone. This is his bachelor party, and he deserves to have a good night. C’mon Niles ole buddy, come back to the table and let’s do some shots.”

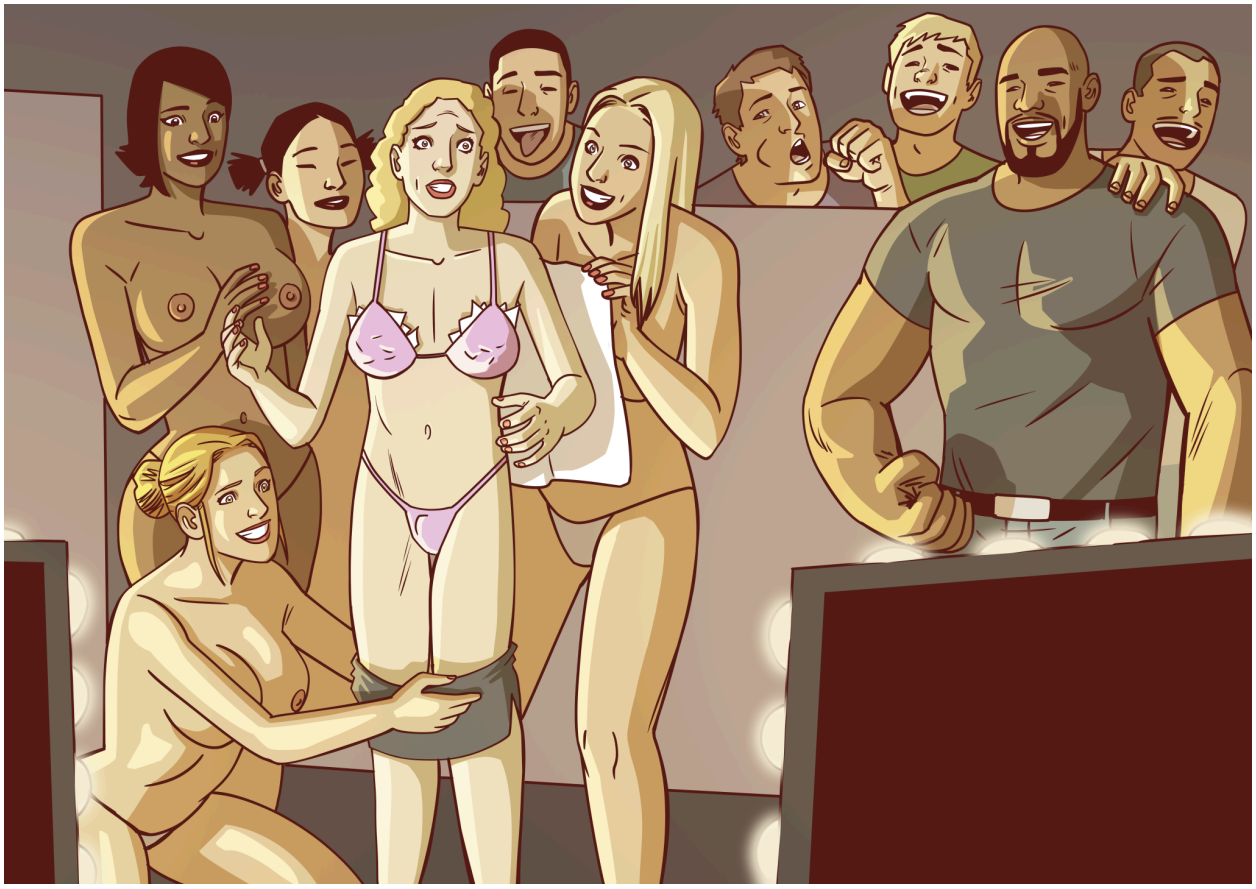
It took some convincing from Jerome and the other guys at the table, but Niles finally sat down and with shaking hands, lifted a drink to toast with the black man who’d saved him from more embarrassment. Niles was a good sport for the remainder of the evening despite the cold, wet, feeling of his meager spend drying in his pants. He wiggled around like a schoolboy with ADHD, a fact that didn’t escape Jerome’s notice.

The men continued to pour drinks into the bedraggled white boy until finally he’d had his fill and simply passed out in the booth. Jerome thought it would be a great time to have a bit of fun with his rival and asked one of the dancers to have a seat for a quick conversation.

As Jerome laid out his plan the other guys at the table all began to laugh and play along. The dancer agreed to Jerome’s idea and she and her friends carried the white boy back to their dressing room to the laughter and cheers of all present.

Niles was only semi-conscious as the girls began to disrobe him. He would have been mortified had he known how they laughed at the size of his tiny penis and made crude jokes over the dampness of his pants. They quickly stripped Niles naked and the four dancers not on stage giggled in evil delight as they began to dress the white boy in the sluttiest lingerie they could find in the dressing room. They slipped a pair of pink satin panties onto the boy, along with matching pink, thigh high, stockings with ruffles around the tops. They stuffed a pink bra with tissues and strapped it around Niles' chest.

With his undergarments in place, the girls began to dress Niles like a street walker. A far too short miniskirt made of black leather was pulled into place and paired with a low-cut white top with no sleeves and a schoolgirl collar. They fastened four-inch spiked black heels onto his feet and topped him off with a curly blond wig that came down past his shoulders.



For makeup they used black eyeliner to give the white boy a smoldering, smokey look that was a counterbalance to the bright red, hooker, lipstick they painted his lips with being careful to stop from shaking with laughter so as not to mess up their artwork.

When they finished with their creation, the girls called the guys from the bachelor party backstage for a look. Jerome and the guys laughed uncontrollably at the sight of the drunk white boy. Jerome remarked, “Damn ladies, you sure this is our boy? It looks like she could be dancing onstage right now.” At this the girls all laughed and thanked him for his compliment as the guys were taking turns getting their pics taken with Niles.

At first, they all wanted pics of Niles simply hanging onto them like he was their girlfriend, but things soon got out of hand. At Jerome’s suggestion the guys began to make the pics lewder.

They slapped Niles' face till his eyes fluttered open just long enough to take pictures with their dicks on his face or touching his lips. It all looked legit to anyone glimpsing the pictures without the whole story, so Jerome was thrilled to use his phone for all the pics and video. They all had a wonderful time humiliating the unconscious white boy, teabagging him, rubbing their dicks across his lips, simulating fellatio and anal sex with him, all the while laughing at the wild time they were having.

The girls would laugh and tease Niles each time it looked like he was able to focus, calling him limp dick, quick shot, and sissy. The had a wonderful time picking on the poor loser since they were always the ones on display at the club.

When everyone grew bored of the game, Jerome had the ladies clean up the white boy and bring him back to the table. He then woke Niles completely and started to pump coffee into him. After an hour or so, Niles was looking much better but was bewildered by the constant laughter from the other guys as if they knew an inside joke he was not part of from the start.

Back in the limo the guys were all tired and hunched over in various states of drunkenness. Jerome sat next to Niles and talked about his upcoming nuptials with a sly grin on his face. "Boy you are one lucky little man Miles." The black man said cruelly, getting the bachelor's name wrong on purpose to show his natural disdain for the white boy.

Niles was too intimidated by the muscular ebony hulk to correct him, so he sat quietly and nodded at the man's words. The bigger man continued, "I mean that Taylor has got it all. She's smart, funny, friendly, and fucking gorgeous. I don't know how a little man like you doesn't get lost between those big titties. And that ass? God damn, that ass belongs in a 90s rap video. How the fuck did you ever land someone like her? She is way outta your league little man."

Niles felt quite angry at this but kept his cool out of sheer fright. He was terrified the black man would hurt him in some way if he mouthed off. So, the white boy quietly said, “We just connected. It happens like that sometimes. True love doesn’t have an explanation.”

Jerome snorted and mumbled, “True love my ass” before closing his eyes and ending the conversation. Niles simply stared out the window relieved to be finished with this awfully uncomfortable night. Soon it would all be perfect. He and Taylor would be married, and all his worries would be over.

Part Four

The wedding day was sheer bliss for Taylor, if not so much for Niles. Taylor was resplendent in her expensive, white gown. Her supple curves showed off in the sexiest of possible ways. Every man, and quite a few women, found themselves staring at the bride hungrily throughout the day and into the night.

As the happy couple danced together more than a few people wondered just how a wimpy guy like Niles could possibly wind up with a stunner like Taylor. Not that Niles was effeminate, or over the top sissy like, it was just his general demeanor that made people think he wasn’t the confident, alpha male he pretended to be in public.

It didn’t help that all his groomsmen, each hand picked by Taylor, had seen his underdeveloped equipment at the bachelor party, and now looked at him with scorn and muted disrespect as they lusted after his new bride.

The groomsmen all snickered as they whispered their secrets to Taylor’s best friends who were all acting as her bridesmaids today. The girls laughed along with the muscular men as they all tried to catch a glimpse of the lack of a bulge in Niles tight fitting suit pants.

Poor Niles knew something was off as he scanned the crowd for friendly faces. He just knew his groomsmen were spilling the beans about his embarrassing time at the strip club. The white boy knew he'd have to come clean to Taylor about that night just to ensure a happy wife and happy life.

As the alcohol poured and the dancing became more energetic and yes slightly erotic, Niles was soon forgotten by not only the guests, but his bride as well, as the poor white boy had no natural rhythm and stayed away from the dancefloor. That suited Jerome just fine. He was enjoying dancing with Taylor even though they were surrounded by the rest of the wedding party. Taylor's friends had all paired off with the groomsmen and Jerome found himself the sole focus of the bride's attention. They danced with a fervor usually reserved for mating couples and more than one of Niles' relatives was shocked and embarrassed for the young man.

But Niles didn't even notice. His eyes were for Taylor alone and the fact she was dancing with his best man made no difference at all to the overconfident white boy. He knew where she would be spending the night after all.

Toward the end of the night, Niles heard a soft chant starting on the dance floor and soon realized the wedding party was staring and laughing in his direction. They were motioning him to join them and laughing at their boisterous bellowing. It was time for Niles to take his bride to the honeymoon suite and her friends were all calling to him to come and claim her. As Niles got closer, he realized that the chant coming from the group was not his name at all. They were calling out, "Peewee".

Even Taylor was laughing as the muscular men and gorgeous women called out the degrading name to her new husband. To Taylor, it was all fun and games, but to Niles it was a devastating humiliation. He focused on Jerome's face as the ringleader of his torment and angrily gripped his wife's wrist to drag her out of the

venue. Taylor laughed and said, “Oh, My hero!” to the jocularity of those in attendance.

Niles led his bride out of the hall and toward the elevators. He wanted nothing more than to get her upstairs to their suite and begin his wedding night. As they opened the door to the room, Niles tried to pick up Taylor to carry her across the threshold, but to his great humiliation, he was unable to lift her even an inch from the floor. Taylor stared at him with a look of raw pity in her eyes that slowly turned to disgust. It was a fleeting glance, but Niles noticed it. Taylor walked into the room and went straight to the bathroom as Niles sat on the bed nervously picking at his tie.

The timid white boy quickly began to disrobe, stripping off his suit in a hurry. He was soon down to his tight, white, undies when the door to the bathroom opened and Taylor emerged in resplendent glory.

She wore white lingerie that gleamed like diamonds in the soft hotel lights. The lacy bra she wore barely contained her huge breasts and Niles could see the tops of her areolas peeking out of the silky material. She wore a small thong panty that barely covered her shaved pussy, a garter belt attached to soft, white, stockings that shaped her legs magically. She looked like a model from a lingerie magazine and Niles felt his tiny penis strain against the cotton of his underwear.

Taylor smiled and took her husband’s hand as she led him to the bed. She was so excited to finally consummate her marriage that she pulled her new hubby down on top of her and kissed him enthusiastically. Niles felt her breasts press against his chest, felt her nipples poking him, felt the warmth between her legs rubbing against his penis, and cried out in horror as he ejaculated in his underpants.



Niles was shaking as tears filled his eyes. His bride looked up at him with unbridled disgust as she felt the sticky dampness wet her panties. “Oh my god Niles! You couldn’t have just cum, could you?”

“I’m so…I’m so sorry. Oh my god, I’m so sorry. I can’t believe that happened. Oh god, please forgive me, you’re just so beautiful, I couldn’t help it.”

“Just get off me. Fuck, I can’t believe this. Oh, it’s so gross, it’s all over my new panties. How could you Niles?” Taylor cried as she ran back into the bathroom.

Niles tried to follow but the door slammed in his face, leaving him standing alone in the bridal suite trying not to cry. He heard the shower begin to run and turned back toward the bed to pick

up his pants. He covered his shame in his suite pants and sat glumly on the bed with his head down.

After a long wait, Taylor finally returned to the bedroom and Niles tried to speak with her saying, “Tay, can we please talk about this? I mean…”

“No Niles, I don’t want to talk. Will you be able to get hard again any time soon?”

Niles stammered out, “Well, no, probably not. It usually takes me a long time after I um, you know, after I”

“Jerk off? After you jerk off? Unbelievable! You’re pathetic Niles, goodnight.”

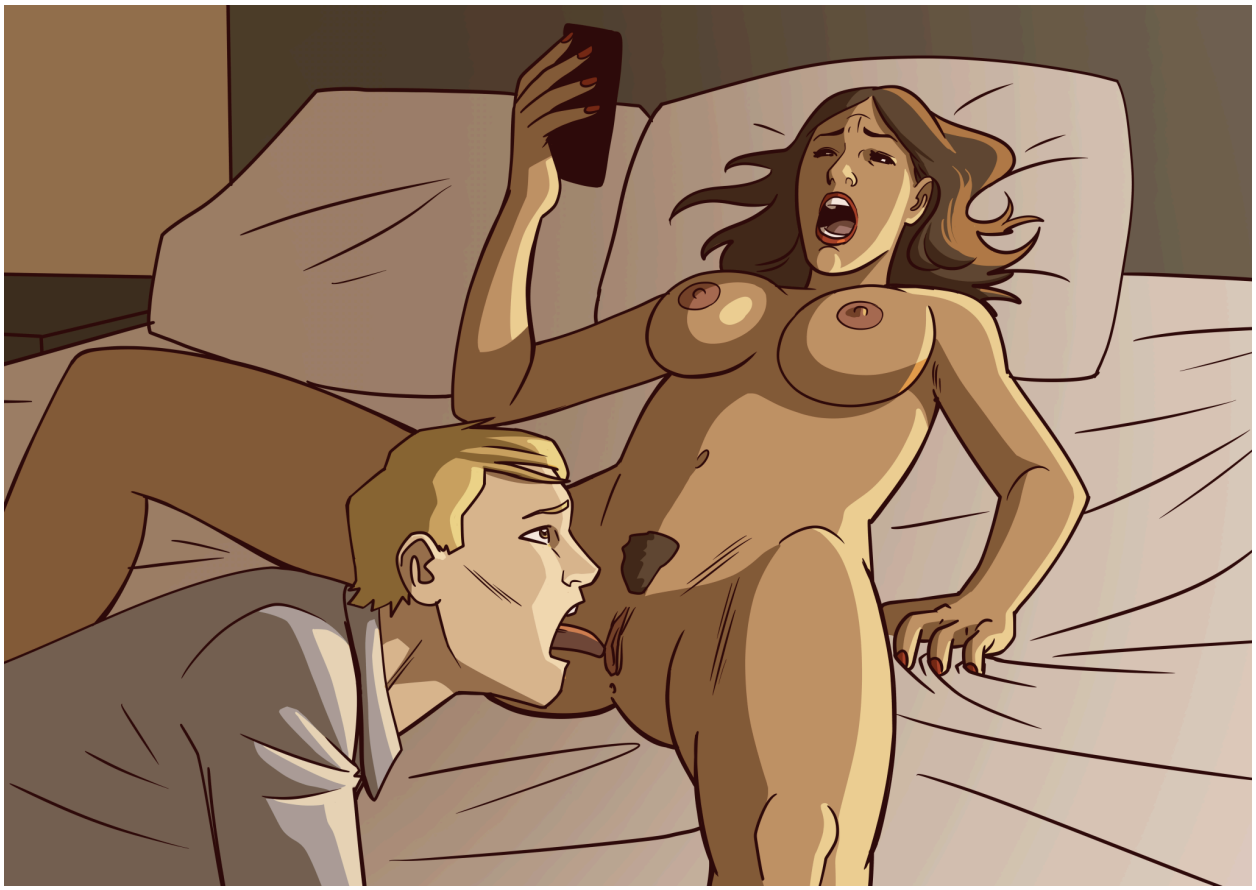
With that, Taylor rolled over leaving Niles to go clean himself in the shower. What a terrible start to a marriage.

Part Five

As time went by, Taylor and Niles settled into a routine. Taylor, never satisfied with Niles pitiful performance in bed took to having him go down on her whenever the mood for an orgasm struck her. As for Niles, he satisfied himself with masturbation most times since Taylor couldn’t be bothered with his useless penis. Oh, there was still sex occasionally, but only on Taylor’s terms and usually just to shut Niles up.

A year into their marriage Niles found himself frustrated beyond belief over his wife’s treatment of him sexually. The poor white boy tugged at his tiny pecker daily, like a thirteen-year-old boy who just discovered masturbation. He imagined he was fucking his wife each time and always came to the thought of her disdainful glare on their wedding night. A fact that both depressed and worried the young man. How could that awful memory always make him cum?

One night Niles was between his wife's legs licking away as she played on her phone. This was a normal occurrence for them as Taylor enjoyed long sessions on her husband's tongue, only letting him up after she'd cum several times.



Niles was growing tired, his jaw was sore, and his tongue was beginning to falter when he heard an excited squeal from above. Taylor exclaimed, "Jerome is finally back from Europe! Oh, I missed working out with him! I'm inviting him over for dinner."

Niles stopped for a second and looked up at his wife, "Jerome? Really? Is that a good idea? Remember I told you I thought he was kind of rude to me before and during the wedding?"

Taylor glared down at him and said, "Oh don't be such an ass Niles. Jerome is one of my dearest friends and he's been overseas

for nearly a year. I want to see him and catch up. Besides, he was gracious enough to be your best man when you had no friends of your own."

Niles started to object, "I have friends…"

But Taylor interrupted with, "The girls from work don't count. No stop bothering me and get back to it. I want to get off one more time before I go to sleep. Honestly if you were more of a man, I wouldn't need you down there for so long."

The poor husband reluctantly went back to the only sexual act he was competent at performing while his lovely wife messaged the large black man.

Part Six

Friday night came too quickly for poor Niles and before he could even think straight, there was a knock at the door.

Niles opened the door to find Jerome towering over him holding a bottle of wine and wearing a smarmy smile. "Hey there little man," the tall black man said. "How's it hanging? Or should I say, how's it squirting?"

The nervous white boy was about to object but Jerome walked right past him into the house. Taylor was waiting in the living room and rushed to the muscular trainer, jumping into his arms with a laugh.

"I missed you!" Taylor said as she hugged her friend. Jerome twirled her around and Niles could see a shark's grin on his face as the black man said, "Oh I missed you too sweetie, I've never trained anyone as flexible as you."

The last part he said while staring into Niles' eyes making the white boy glance away anxiously. The two old friends parted, and Taylor motioned for Jerome to have a seat on the couch. Before

Niles could even enter the room, Jerome had seated himself right next to Taylor who was positioned next to the arm of the couch. Niles had to sit in the recliner as the black man made himself at home next to his wife.

Taylor and Jerome chatted away about Jerome's trip to Europe where he'd been working on his medical degree in physical therapy, and of course about Taylor's marriage. It was as if Niles wasn't even in the room Until, that is, Jerome reached toward the white boy without even looking in his direction and said, "Make yourself useful little man and open this bottle. Don't forget to let it breathe. This is an expensive red that needs time to oxidize."

The white boy looked to his wife for help, but she was busy telling Jerome about her job. So, Niles took the bottle into the kitchen and fumbled to open it with the corkscrew. Hard as he tried though, he could not pull the cork from the bottle. The embarrassed husband slinked back into the living room and tried to make a joke out of it.

"Jeez, these European bottles must be extra narrow or something. The darn cork is really stuck in there."

Jerome looked amused as he got to his feet and took the bottle from Niles. With barely any effort at all, the black trainer swiftly pulled the cork free. Taylor shot a withering glare at Niles before smiling brightly at Jerome.

"Wow, you've still got that upper body strength Jerome. Maybe you need to start training my little hubby."

The laughter from Taylor and Jerome made Niles feel like crawling away. The two of them simply ignored him and fell right back into their conversation. Niles set the bottle on the counter and then checked on the roast in the oven. He'd prepared the entire meal as Taylor was never one to work in the kitchen.

Just as he was about to take the roast from the oven, Niles felt a presence behind him and turned quickly to find Jerome standing there grinning at him.

"Your lady had to use the restroom." He said by way of explanation. "So, I thought I'd come see how you were doing. How are you doing quick shot?"

Niles had a terrifying moment of clarity as that name sounded through his head. He instantly remembered the bachelor party and how he'd been treated. All this time Niles had convinced himself it had all been a fevered alcohol dream, but no, Jerome had confirmed it all with just one phrase.

The white boy tried to joke his way out of the conversation, "Haha, that was one heck of a night, wasn't it? Boy we sure were drunk."

"Nah, not me." Jerome said grinning. "I was sober as a judge. I mean someone had to man the camera all night."

Niles stuttered out, "Camera? What camera?"

But before Jerome could answer Taylor entered the room with, "Is dinner ready yet? I'm starved."

Niles fumbled around while Jerome led Taylor to the table and held out her chair for her. "Why thank you sir," she said. "I wish my hubby was as much of a gentleman."

Jerome said, "You mean the little man don't treat you like a queen? That's a damn shame."

Taylor giggled and said, "Oh stop it, he has his uses."

Niles entered just then carrying a serving platter and the two seated at the table took one look at him acting as a servant and began to laugh.

Jerome said, “Yeah, I can see that.”

Niles asked what was so funny but was told not to worry about it by his wife. The three of them settled in for a lovely dinner, each of them enjoying the wine supplied by Jerome. The conversation was dominated by Taylor and Jerome, leaving Niles to sweat out the black man’s teasing mention of his premature ejaculation over the stripper. Not only that, but his mind was also in a whirl remembering the awful events that took place after that incident.

The white boy was sweating over the thought that it hadn’t been a dream, those nasty women and dressed him up and the men had rubbed their, oh god they’d rubbed their penises all over his face and even his lips. It was real!

Niles was startled out of his reverie by Jerome’s voice. “Hey little man! Where’d you go? Your wife asked you a question.”

Niles sputtered and said, “Oh, I’m sorry. What is it dear?”

“I asked if you agreed with me that you needed to get into better shape. I mean you couldn’t even open a bottle of wine. And don’t get me started on your other issues.” Taylor said with a slightly tipsy hiccup.

Jerome magnanimously said, “I’ll be happy to train the little guy. I have free time every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. That is if our schedules mesh.”

Taylor laughed and said, “Schedule? Niles is home every day. He works from home editing funny books or something, so he’s always here.”

Jerome looked querulously at Niles who said, “I edit the dialog for graphic novels.”

“Comic books? Really?” Jerome laughed. “Ok, little man, we are working on your physique starting Monday. You might work as a geek, but you don’t need to look like one.”

Taylor laughed at this and after a long hug and a promise to meet up again soon, she parted ways with Jerome and went upstairs to bed. The wine being a bit too much for her.

Jerome smiled after her then turned toward Niles with a much darker look in his eyes. “Yeah, little man, we are going to work on you for sure. I got all kinds of ideas for you.”

Niles said, “Hey listen, Taylor was a little drunk and didn’t mean what she was saying. I’m fine. I don’t need to work out.”

Jerome leaned in close and said, “I’ll decide what you need. Or should we call your wife back down and show her this?” As he spoke, he brought up his phone and showed Niles a still shot from the fateful night of the bachelor party.

The white boy quivered in fear as he saw himself clearly in the photo. Only it wasn’t the way he normally looked. He looked like a whore, plain and simple. And worse, there was a large penis pressed against his lips and a faraway look in his eyes. Niles knew that look was because he was nearly unconscious, but to anyone else it was a look of pure bliss.

Before the white boy could speak, Jerome left the house, slamming the door behind him. Niles ran to the door and watched the black man jump into a brand-new Escalade, then drive off.

It was nearly forty minutes before Niles stopped shaking enough to begin cleaning up the dinner dishes. And a long sleepless night after that worrying about what horrors Monday would bring.

Part Seven

Jerome wasted no time at all, showing up bright and early Monday morning before Taylor had even gone off to work. Niles heard voices in the kitchen and wandered in to find his wife laughing over coffee with the intimidating black man.

Taylor said, “Morning sleepy head, Jerome is here and ready to whip you into shape. Isn’t that nice of him?”

Niles mumbled good morning and went to pour himself a cup of coffee, but Jerome stopped him saying, “No caffeine for you little dude. I have your breakfast right here.”

The black man handed Niles a large travel cup filled with a thick white liquid and said, “This protein mix is all you need to start the day out right. It’s perfect for petite white boys like you who want to make changes to their bodies.”

Taylor laughed at the description of her husband as petite, kissed Niles on the cheek, hugged Jerome goodbye, and headed out to work.

Niles said, “Listen Jerome, I really don’t want to do this. I hate exercising and working out, so let’s just call it a day. I have work to do anyway.”

Jerome snarled, “You don’t get it do you boy? I’m calling the shots here. No unless you want your pretty, little wife to see all the pics and vids I have from that night, you’ll do as I say.”

Niles tried to act tough saying, “Who do you think you are coming into my house and making demands like that? I want you to leave right now.”

Jerome leaned in close, so close in fact that Niles could smell his deodorant, and said, “Who I think I am, is the bigger, better man in this situation. And I have definite plans for you little boy. Now, you want to try and throw me out, or do you want to get to work?”

The white boy stared into the dark eyes of his nemesis and tried like hell to summon the courage to kick him out. But in the end, Niles was a scared white boy who had always been intimidated by black men. Jerome didn't need to threaten violence at all, Niles felt it was always implied when dealing with black thugs. His casual racism in this situation was to be his unwitting downfall in the end.

Niles tried to make the best of a bad thing and said, "Ok, let's calm down. We can go to the basement and work out if you want."

The bigger man simply laughed and said, "I think that's a great idea boy, lead the way."

The two men entered the spacious basement where Taylor had set up a stationary bike, a treadmill, and a rowing machine. There was also an area set aside for her yoga, with a padded floor and several mats laying nearby.

Niles said, "Ok where do we start?"

The black man handed him the travel cup and said, "You start by drinking your breakfast. Right now, all of it."

Niles tried to object, but one look from his tormentor and he caved in as usual. The white boy took a sip and discovered he enjoyed the flavor of the protein shake. "Is that banana? And a touch of coconut?" He asked Jerome. "It's oddly salty and sweet at the same time."

Jerome smiled and said, "It has everything necessary to help a little white boy change into the person he was always meant to be."

The white boy thought the wording of that description was odd but compliantly finished the thick, salty, sweet beverage under the scrutiny of his personal trainer.

Jerome had Niles start on simple calisthenics while he sat back and watched with a dark smile on his face. It wasn't long before the white boy was sweating and looking bedraggled. Just as Niles was about to beg for a break, the doorbell rang upstairs giving him an opportunity to put the workout on hold.

But Jerome was too quick saying, "No, you keep going, I'll go get it. It's for me anyway."

Before Niles could get an explanation though, Jerome was already bounding up the stairs. Niles was still doing jumping jacks when Jerome returned and came to a screeching halt upon seeing that the black man was not alone. There was an even bigger and more intimidating black man with Jerome and the newcomer had a wolf's smile as he eyed the sweating white boy.

Jerome said, "This is J'Quan and he's here to help me train you boy. Now you be nice to my friend, see he just got outta the joint and he's still a bit raw about it"

Niles was terrified of the bigger man and looking up at him fearfully, said, "Hello sir, pleased to meet you." Before turning his gaze to the floor. He was too afraid to keep looking at the man for fear of angering him. The man stood an easy six foot six and filled out his tshirt and sweats with two hundred forty pounds of pure muscle. He was shaved bald on his head but wore a neatly trimmed goatee and mustache. A small scar the shape of a crescent moon stood out on his forehead just above his right eye.

The even larger black man grinned down at Niles and said, "Oh yeah, you'll do nicely boy. I can't wait to get you properly trained."

Niles was trying to make sense of this new situation, but his head was spinning from all the exercise, and he felt the need to sit down for a bit. Instead, he was handed a small gym bag by J'Quan and told to go put on the outfit he'd find inside. Under normal

circumstances, Niles would never allow himself to be directed by a stranger in his own house, but at the moment his mind was lost in confusion making him wonder what was in that drink?

Niles quietly obeyed and went into the small half bath in the basement to change while Jerome and J'Quan had a quiet conversation.

"So that's the white boy you want to sissify? Brother, how'd you find such a wimp anyway? The little bitch is just doing what he's told, and he don't even know me. And what's this shit about me being in jail? Mother fucker, you crack me up."

Jerome laughed and said, "I always want this little bitch on edge. I want him scared, too scared to do anything other than what he's told."

"You must really hate this boy." J'Quan said. "I mean I can already tell by the look in his eyes that you got him on that special cocktail of yours."

"Oh, I don't necessarily hate him, I just want his wife. I spent a year thinking about that tiny dick loser getting to spend quality time with a smoke show like Taylor and it made me crazy. I need to fuck that gorgeous bitch, and I need you to help keep her wimp outta my way."

"No worries cuz, I got you covered. You still using those mushrooms in your "protein drink" or you got some new formula?" J'Quan asked with a smile.

"Yeah, still using the psilocybin, I mean you stick with what works right? Aside from that are some seriously powerful female hormones, and aphrodisiac, a boner formula to make Viagra look like candy, oh and a healthy dose of my own jizz that I stroked in myself. Nigga cum is good for white boys after all." Jerome said laughing.

The two men were laughing uproariously when Niles came back into the room. The white boy was quite the sight to behold. He wore yellow spandex, Lulu Lemon yoga pants with matching tank top, and a pair of pink ballet slippers. And nothing else. The black men could see by how tight the pants were that there was a tiny bulge between the white boy's legs which set them both off laughing harder.

Niles was confused and a bit spacy when he said, "Hey guys, c'mon it's not that funny. I like the way the fabric feels all over my body."

"Wait" J'Quan said, "You mean that thing is hard? That little bump is his hard dick?"

Jerome laughed and said, "Oh you won't believe that thing brother, it's so fucking tiny, it's like what a toddler's cock looks like. My sister's kid is bigger, and he's only four."

Niles was blushing from head to toe, a fact made more obvious by the light color of his outfit. The black men both sat down, and Niles began to feel very uncomfortable under their scrutiny.

Jerome pointed to a weight bench that had obviously never been used and told the white boy to lay down on his back. Niles complied, thinking he would be starting with some beginning weight training, but the towering black men had other ideas.

"We'll start with some stretching. Gotta get you limbered up boy, you need to be able to be placed into any position." Jerome said.

If Niles thought the phrasing Jerome used was odd, he quickly forgot it when the black men approached him. Jerome stood near the white boy's head while J'Quon positioned himself at the other end of the bench. Niles was feeling himself start to sweat and become slightly lightheaded before the exercising had

even begun. His body felt tingly all over, and his tiny penis began to twitch. “What’s wrong with me?” The unsuspecting little man thought to himself.

Jerome could see the cocktail of drugs was beginning to work and smiled to his partner in crime across the wimp’s body. Jerome signaled J’Quon to take hold of Niles’ legs and he himself moved closer almost straddling Niles’ head as he took hold of the supine boy’s arms.

Niles was somewhat shocked by the black men’s positioning and started to complain. “Hey, what are you doing?” He asked.

Jerome said, “Shut it boy, we need to work out some of your kinks, and your stringy muscles too.”

Both men laughed at the double entendre, as Jerome moved closer, nearly putting his balls on Niles’ forehead.

Niles could smell the musky heat from the black man’s crotch and felt his head swoon in unwanted lust. His tiny pecker strained against the material of his pants, and he became immediately concerned and ashamed with this odd reaction.

Jerome noticed right away and smiled in the knowledge that his protein drink was having the desired effect. He signaled to J’Quon who smiled back and lifted the white boys legs into a ninety degree angle to his torso. J’Quon then moved in close and pressed his massive dick into the cleft in the boy’s ass cheeks.

Niles immediately protested, “Hey, that’s a little close don’t you think?” But his words were cut short by Jerome stepping forward and pressing his sweaty balls down on his blushing face. Jerome was wearing tight shorts and no underwear so the smell of his big balls and cock.

The two black men began to move their hips in unison grinding their cocks into Niles’ ass and face. The white boy tried to

extricate himself from their grasp but was too weak to break their hold on him. J'Quon was pushing Niles' legs forward, almost folding the boy in half, while Jerome pulled his arms in a variety of directions, each one caused the small husband's face to press further into his sweaty crotch.

Niles was trembling and mumbling in distress as his body was used as a masturbatory tool by the much larger men. They ground harder and faster on the white boy, their huge cocks growing to their full and massive lengths and girths. Jerome's shorts were no match for the black snake hidden in their depths and it soon slid out of one leg opening to slide across the captive cracker's face.

Niles knew right away what was happening and struggled harder to move away. But Jerome clamped his thighs on either side of the boy's head trapping him in place. J'Quon moved his own cock out of his shorts in much the same way and was rubbing it along Niles' crotch and ass with each thrust and movement of the victim's body. The men worked up a furious pace and before long they were both panting with the effort of their mutual masturbation.

Jerome wasn't gay at all, and in fact had no interest in even a sissy like Niles. But J'Quon loved breaking sissy white boys and was thrilled to help his friend. Jerome wanted a crack at Taylor and was determined to crush Niles the sissy to get her. So, both men grinned at each other as they humiliated Niles and used him as nothing more than a cum sock.

Before long, both men grunted their closeness to finishing and timed their ejaculations perfectly. They both began to shoot long, thick, ropes of cum onto Niles' body. Jerome moved back a bit, so his load painted the boy's face while J'Quon's cum puddled on Niles's stomach.

When they finished disgracing Niles, they both moved back quickly and laughed at the site of him. Niles was blushing and crying, tears flowing down and cutting trails in the thick, white, cum that covered his face.

As he tried to rise Jerome pushed him back down and said, "Now you listen to me sissy, things are gonna change here right fucking now. I need your help with something. See J'Quon here is a real secret agent when it comes to filming things that people don't ever want to be brought out into the open. In the couple of minutes he was in your basement, he set up 4 or 5 button cameras, all pointed at this bench. We got every angle. Now let me explain what you're gonna do for me."

Part Eight

Niles and Taylor were having dinner together that night and poor Niles looked like an absolute wreck. Taylor asked him repeatedly what was wrong with him, but he kept insisting he was alright.

In truth Niles was struggling with the pain and distress of his orders from Jerome. The black man had insisted Niles begin to push his wife into having an affair. He wanted Niles to constantly insert certain phrases and suggestions to make Taylor desire a real man in her bed.

Niles started by suggesting to Taylor that he worried about her not being satisfied by him sexually. Taylor of course told him it was all nonsense but the more he talked the more Niles began to make sense.

The white couple lay together in bed that night after yet another unsuccessful attempt at lovemaking. Niles was deflated in his lack of sexual prowess. He had only managed to stay hard for a full forty-five seconds this time and had shot his meager load

quickly. Taylor tried to make him feel better but the look on her face said more than her words ever could.

"Sweety, it's ok. You tried your best. Don't worry about it. Maybe you could make me feel better another way?"

Niles took the hint and slowly began to slide down his wife's body till his face was near her damp pussy. He was mortified by the thought of licking her while his own watery ejaculate was still glistening on her lips, but he thought back to Jerome's threatening words. "You will start to go down on her until eventually that's all you do in bed. You'll stop fucking her entirely and focus only on her pleasure."

And so, this became the new normal for the white couple. Night after night Niles went down on his wife for longer and longer sessions, making her cum over and over. His own tiny penis was neglected entirely, and most nights found him rubbing it against the bedsheets while he at Taylor's pussy. The young wife loved the new arrangement and began to expect it and even demand it.

Niles was working on Taylor's pussy one night a couple of weeks after the last disastrous attempt at sex, and noticed to his dismay that she hadn't even bothered to shower tonight. The scent and taste of Taylor's lovely pussy was thick and ripe. The tangy flavor and heady smell combined with the heat under the covers made Niles' head swoon. Taylor, for her part, could not care less about her husband's torment. She'd come to think of him as little more than a sex toy for her own entertainment. Especially since he told her repeatedly how sorry he was for being so useless to her as a man. He continually eschewed the strength, prowess, and vitality of Jerome at every chance. Telling Taylor, he wished he was as virile as the black man and could fuck her the way he knew Jerome could.

As Niles made his wife cum for the third time, she yelled out Jerome's name. Niles was crushed but knew it was for the best as it would keep the black man from outing him as a sissy who allowed himself to be used as a jerk off toy for two muscular men. He'd seen the footage from the cameras and knew it to have been edited to only show his face. Niles was screwed and knew his only option was to willingly give his wife over to the larger man.

Taylor was unapologetic after the incident and climbed from bed to take a shower. Niles again wished she'd done that before having him eat her out. Now that he knew she was thinking about Jerome in such a way, he was ready to step things up to another level.

After that night Niles introduced a new toy to the marriage bed. At Jerome's insistence, Niles purchased a long, thick, black dildo made of the softest, most lifelike silicone. The dildo looked lifelike as Niles knew from his embarrassing encounter with Jerome and J'Quon's massive cocks.

As he slipped into bed with his gorgeous wife, Niles spoke in a soft whisper, "Honey, I thought we could try something new tonight. I know my tiny penis can't possibly satisfy you in any way, so I got this for you in hopes of finally making you cum through penetration."

With those words, Niles pulled out the massive black cock he'd purchased and showed it to Taylor.

"O…M…G! Niles, puppy, You know exactly how to spoil me!" Taylor almost shrieked.

Niles said, "I just want you to see what a real man looks like. I'm sure someone like Jerome has a cock like this, and not a tiny worm like mine."

The poor white wimp was near tears as he said those words. It was as if he were reading from a script that Jerome had written

for him. This was awful. He felt like just telling Taylor everything and damn the consequences. But he simply couldn't. He was terrified of his beautiful wife seeing him used as a cumrag by those dominant black men. He could look like a beta in front of her, but he couldn't stand the thought of her seeing him as a sissy.

Niles gently licked his wife till her juices were flowing, then rubbed the head of the thick black phallus up and down her slit. Taylor's pussy cream quickly lubricated the dildo and before long, Niles was inserting the rubber cock into his wife's pussy.



Taylor moaned loudly and said, "Oh god, that's what a real cock feels like!" She didn't even have the courtesy to look apologetic for mocking her hubby's tiny penis.

Niles began fucking his wife with the fake dick, shoving it deeper and faster into her sopping wet pussy. Taylor was in heaven at the time. She was so turned on by the long, thick, black cock, that she had several shaking orgasms from the sensation of a finally full vagina.

Taylor eventually had to tell her husband to stop as she couldn't take any more cumming. She felt dehydrated, exhausted, and completely satisfied. "Oh Niles, that was amazing! Sorry for the nasty things I said while I was cumming."

Niles blushed and said, "That's alright darling, I'm simply happy to see you enjoying yourself so much." In truth he was almost in tears just thinking of the things his wife had said. At one point she'd screamed out, "Why can't you have a cock like this Niles? Your tiny pecker could never make me feel this amazing!" And at another point, "I've never cum so hard before. Niles, your limp noodle doesn't compare at all to this amazing cock." And even, "Yes! Fuck me harder with that black dick you little wimp!"

Taylor said in a quiet voice, "So, are you serious about what you said before Niles? About how I should have sex with a man like Jerome?"

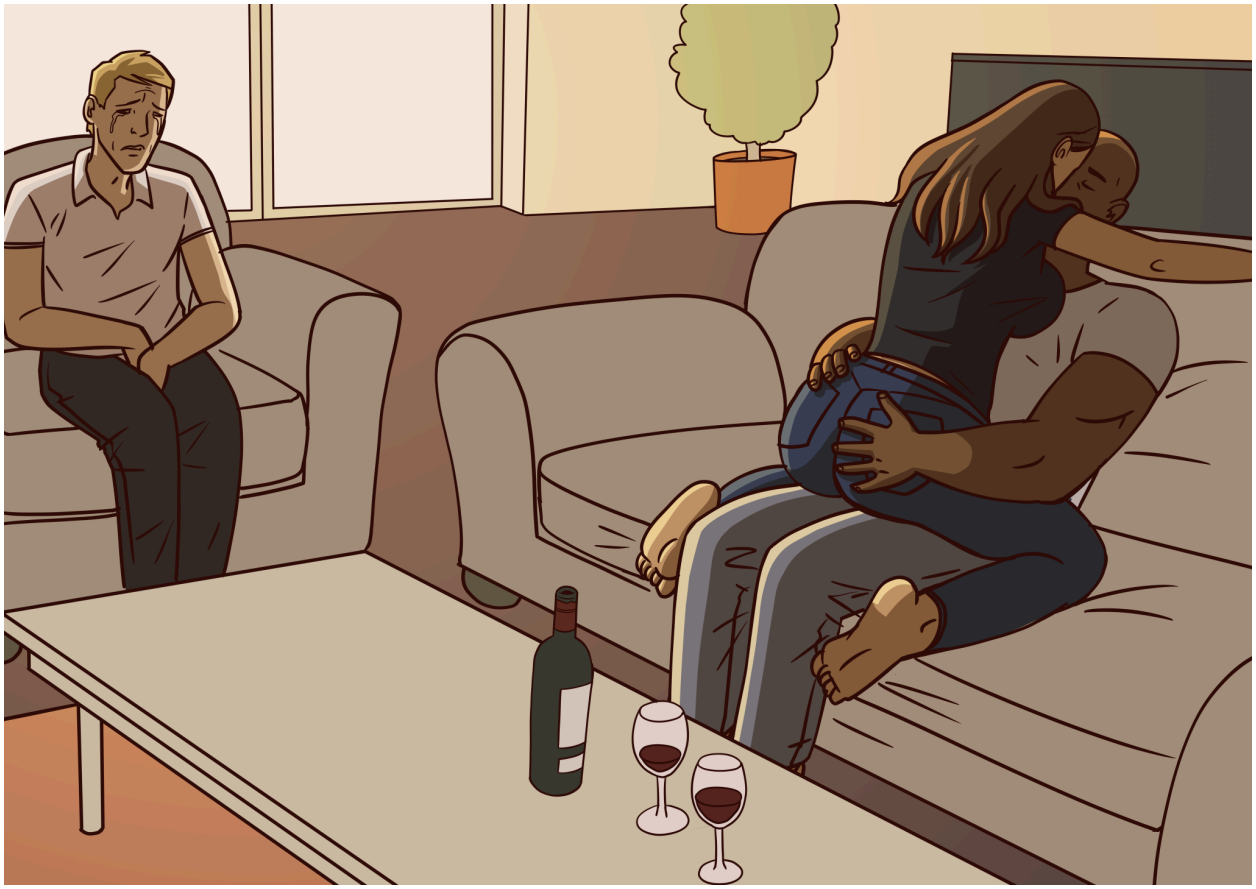
Niles gulped audibly and fearing the road he was now venturing down, said, "Oh yes dear. I think it would be good for you to experience a real man for a change."

No sooner were the words spoken than Taylor was on her phone texting. She looked at her husband and said, "I'm inviting Jerome over for dinner tomorrow. We can ask him together."

Before Niles could respond, Taylor was off to the shower. As the white boy rolled into the fetal position on his side of the bed, he felt a warm tear roll down his cheek.

Part Nine

Throughout dinner the following evening Jerome kept smirking at Niles as he flirted with the white boy's wife. Taylor was charmed by the tall, handsome, black man and smiled at his seductive words. The two old friends looked like a happily married couple enjoying a nice meal together while Niles felt like nothing more than a servant, as he was kept running back and forth to the kitchen at the command of his wife and his nemesis.



Taylor and Jerome moved to the living room with a bottle of wine and two glasses after Taylor had ordered her husband to clean up the mess.

Niles was infuriated by her treatment of him but knew he could do nothing about it. She was becoming far too comfortable with treating him like a beta male, a lesser man, a wimp.

When he finally finished all the dishes, Niles walked into the living room to find his wife and her 'old friend' making out on the couch. The neglected husband was shocked into silence by the sight before him. This was what Jerome had wanted all along and Niles felt the fool for helping him.

"Um, Taylor? What are you doing?" the white hubby asked in a shaky voice.

Taylor broke off the kissing she'd been enjoying so much by saying, "Niles, you know exactly what I'm doing. This was all your idea anyway, remember?"

Jerome said, "Yeah little man, Taylor told me all about how you've been saying she needs to have sex with a real man. Well, I'm happy to oblige your wonderful plan. It's heartwarming to see a husband show so much love to his wife."

The smirk on Jerome's face was almost more than Niles could take, but instead of stepping up and claiming his wife, the docile sissy simply nodded his head and sat in the recliner to silently watch his wife go back to kissing the muscular black man.

After nearly 30 minutes of kissing and groping each other, Taylor and Jerome stood up in unison and made their way toward the stairs. Niles got up to follow but his wife looked at him and said, "Oh…uh…no Niles. You stay here. In fact, you can sleep in the guest room tonight."

Niles sobbed in despair as his wife walked up the stairs with the alpha black man who turned his head and winked at the sissy hubby. Niles began to cry then.

Part Ten

After spending that first night listening to his wife and her new lover fuck like oversexed rabbits, Niles felt heartbroken but

also relieved that his Taylor would at least never know his secret shame.

Or so he thought. Part of Jerome's plan was of course to out the sissy to his wife. So, the black man showed Taylor all the videos. The crossdressing nightmare of the bachelor party and the workout video where two black cocks spurted cum all over the white boy.

Taylor's reaction was on point for Jerome, exactly how he knew the white wife would behave, but a complete surprise to Niles. The poor husband truly thought his wife would be angry with Jerome and see how her husband had been manipulated. But the videos had been edited in such a way that pitiful Niles was made to look like the aggressor.

Taylor was sympathetic to her husband and told him she was fine with his need to cross dress. She said she understood his love for black cock as well. In fact, she promised to help him to become the sissy he clearly wanted to become.

What Niles didn't know was that Jerome had been feeding ideas to Taylor in bed during and after their passionate fucking. He'd explained how he'd become aware of the kink called cuckolding while in Europe and had even helped another couple to discover their new lives. Jerome told Taylor he'd be happy to assist in her marriage as well. Thus, Taylor and her lover set about feminizing her weak-willed husband.

Over the course of several months Jerome continued feeding "protein shakes" to Niles under the pretense of helping shape his body. Taylor, for her part, picked out clothes and purchased makeup for her diminutive husband. Despite his protests, Taylor enjoyed dressing Niles up in slutty clothes and doing his makeup like a cheap street whore. She had no idea she had also been manipulated by Jerome and that her sissy hubby was in fact

miserable. But after constant threats from Jerome, Niles settled into his new role with minimal fuss.

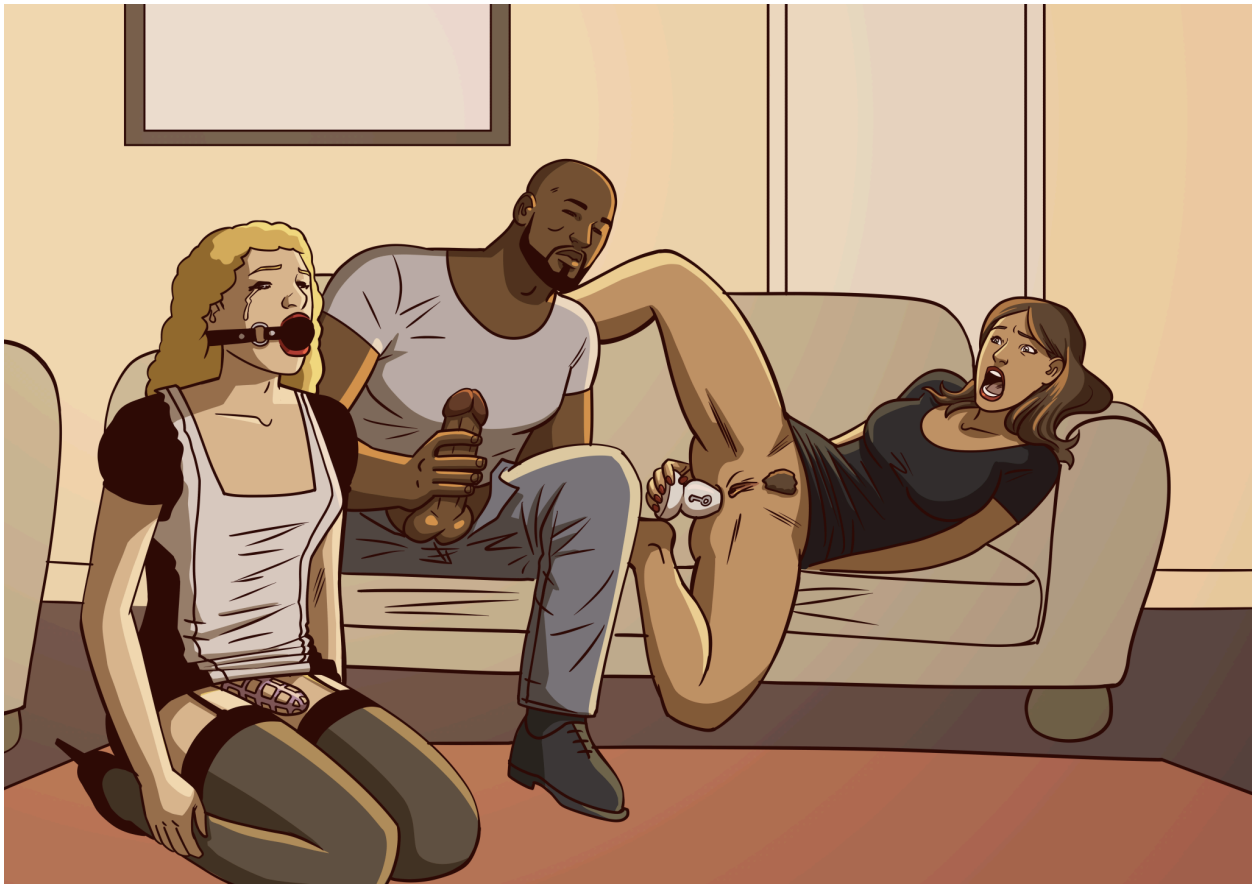
And that's how we found the trio now. Jerome sits like a king on his throne in the recliner which used to belong to Niles, while Taylor explains the next step to her husband.

"Oh Nelly, stop being such a squirmy little wormy. Stand still so I can show you your newest 'modification'."

Niles blushed at his bride while she fondled his caged penis. The white sissy was standing in the middle of the living room dressed in a French Maid costume right out of a feminization porn video. He looked the part of a sissified cuckold much to the delight of the large black man who was grinning at him.

The short skirt showed off Niles' shaved legs which were wrapped in silky black nylon stockings that reached the middle of his dainty thighs. A garter belt kept the stockings from sliding down and framed his panty clad derriere quite nicely. As Taylor played with her husband's caged penis, the seated black man showed Niles an amused grin. It had been Jerome who had suggested caging the sissy and this was the third chastity device the wimp had been locked into. It was significantly smaller than the first one and had in part been responsible for shrinking Niles' penis even more that it had been. If the white boy could get hard his tiny nubbin would only measure 3 and a half inches. But the cage prevented any erections.

It had been nearly a year since Niles had been locked up and tonight Taylor promised him something special. So that's what led him to be standing before his wife and his conqueror in such a shameful costume. The black and white dress had ruffles at the bottom, on the sleeves and around the neck making the sissy look quite frilly. A curly blonde wig sat on Niles' head and his face was made up like a cheap whore. There was a ball gag in his mouth as Jerome didn't like to hear the sissy complain.



Taylor was toying with her hubby with sadistic glee. She had no idea dominating another person could be so much fun. With Jerome egging her on, Taylor had become quite the dominant hot wife.

"So, we have a gift for you." the grinning wife said to her sissy husband. "Jerome had it made special so that you would never forget your place. I told him he was being silly, but you know how he can be right? He likes to see you humbled so he feels like the king in his castle."

Niles groaned in distress as he watched the black man hand a box to his wife. Taylor opened the box and looked inside with a smile on her face. "Oh, it's perfect baby!" She said to Jerome. "Sissy Nelly is going to love it!"

Niles blushed at the feminine name the interracial couple insisted on calling him and nervously began to fidget. His mind was screaming like Brad Pitt, “What’s in the box? What’s In The Box?”

When Taylor reached in and pulled out the box’s contents, both she and Jerome began laughing heartily. Niles was fixed on the object like a laser. His eyes never blinked, and his mouth went dry. He was looking at a large, crystal clear, glass buttplug. It was easily half again the size of the one currently living in his ass but that was not the most disturbing thing about it. No, what bothered Niles the most was the object seemingly floating inside the glass plug.

It was the key to his chastity cage!

Taylor said while still laughing, “Oh Nelly! You should see your face! I know it as mean of me to tell you we would unlock you tonight, but Jerome thought this would be much more amusing. And he was right!”

Jerome spoke up, saying, “That’s right sissy bitch, you are not gonna touch that tiny clitty ever again. It’s only sissygasms for you from now on. We told you the only sex organs on a sissy are her mouth and asshole. So, now you can focus more on pleasing us and less on your own needs.”

Niles had tears running down his face as Taylor ordered him to bend over. He obeyed instantly and soon felt his lovely wife pulling out the old butt plug. She took her time, letting the bulbous head stretch out his sore butt hole before yanking it out and watching his brown eye try to close again. Taylor laughed and said, “Hmmm, you’re losing some of that elasticity back here honey. Good thing we got you a bigger plug, so it’ll stay in better.”

With that, Taylor lubed up the new toy and began to press it into her husband’s pink pucker. Niles squealed in pain and

humiliation as Taylor forced the large plug up his ass. She grunted with effort before giving one final push. Taylor laughed at the site of Niles' butthole swallowing the crystal plug.

"Wow, greedy little hole isn't it, Nelly." She said in an amused tone.

Niles was groaning at the pressure from the new intrusion but at the same time his little nubbin was throbbing. The toy was pressing against his prostate, or sissy g-spot, and he felt it wouldn't take much to make his sissy squirts dribble out.

As if reading his mind, Jerome said, "Let's move up to the bedroom now. I want to make love to my lady while the sissy licks my ass crack. You know how that excites me."

Taylor said, "Mmm, yes daddy, let's go upstairs. I'm betting my hubby will have one of his famous sissygasms just from watching us. I doubt we'll have to do anything to him."

Jerome laughed and said, "Oh baby, that's a bet. I still think the little bitch will want daddy to spank his sissy ass. Isn't that right twinkle toes?"

Niles simply stared at his oppressor and shook with sissy shame. It was going to be another long night for the sissy. But Niles knew he had to be on his best behavior. After all, his 'daddy' had been talking about breast implants for both his bitches, and Niles wanted no part of that. No sir, none at all. Then why was his sissy clitty throbbing harder at the thought of it?

The End