



UNDERCOVER SISsy!



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The Undercover Sissy!

By Max Swan

Concept by Devin Dickie

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

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The Undercover Sissy!

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Chapter 1

“This place looks promising,” Jenna said as they stand outside a large two-story home in the burbs.

Cody Simmons stands beside his busty blonde-haired girlfriend staring at the white weatherboard home with a large front porch with narrow eyes. He’s been searching for a new place to live for a month now. This one is just a little too far from his work. But he’s getting desperate. The house already has two occupants, so Cody will only be renting a room, plus the facilities. The skinny ninety-pound weakling is nervous because he’s always been a bully magnet. Therefore, he left his last place and moved back home. But living with his overbearing mother is getting too much.

Jenna is also finding it tedious dealing with Cody’s mother, so she’s keen to get him out of there too. The young woman is beautiful with long blonde hair, D-cup breasts, and a curvy figure to die for. Many often say she’s too good to be with a short skinny wimp like Cody. Poor Cody is barely five foot four, and even though he’s finished college, he appears more like a

fourteen-year-old boy than a man. But they've known each other since elementary school, so despite what some may think is an incompatibility in hotness, they have a strong relationship through mutual love and respect. That's what Cody believes, anyway.

"Come on," she said, taking his hand. "Let's get this over with."

Cody shrugs, and they go up the stairs and knock on the door. When the door opens, a black man stands there staring at them with narrow eyes. The man is large—*fat*—some might say. He's also very tall with bright brown eyes and a chubby, warm face. He looks like he'd make a good bouncer at a trendy club. He's wearing grease-stained coveralls with an embodied patch that reads '*Prestige Cars*' on it.

"Can I help you?" he asks, eyes flitting back and forth between the two.

Cody clears his throat. "Um, I'm Cody Simmons. I called yesterday about the room to rent?"

The fat man's dark eyes settle on Cody for a moment as if measuring the scrawny thing before him. He appears he could eat something like Cody for lunch.

Finally, he said, “No, shit. You’re Cody?” The white man nods. “Come in, my name’s Andre, but people call me Dre. Come in and meet Mo.”

Cody and Jenna follow Andre into the house and the living room. Standing there is another black guy. He’s tall too, but unlike his fat friend, this man is muscular and slim.

“Hey, Mo, this is Cody, who called about the room,” Andre said.

“Hi, Cody. I’m Maurice, but they call me Mo,” Mo said with a smile, then openly ogles Jenna’s breasts. “Do you both plan to live here?”

“Oh, no,” Jenna said, shaking her head. “This is just for Cody, but I plan to visit, no doubt.”

“Shame, we could use a pretty lady around here brightening this place up.”

Andre said, “How about I show you around before we get to the nitty-gritty.”

“That would be good,” Cody said nervously.

Andre first shows Cody the bedroom upstairs. It has an ensuite bathroom and walk-in robes which is appealing. The bed seems comfortable too. Downstairs, the kitchen is old but clean, and the appliances work. There's a laundry, a downstairs toilet, and a dining room with a big round table, a tablecloth touching the floor.

"This is pretty much it," Andre said at last with a flourish of his hand. "The rent is \$500 a month plus expenses. Have you ever lived with guys like us before?"

Cody grimaces. "What do you mean guys like you?" he asks. Mo laughs. "He means black guys, dawg," he said.

"Um, no, but why should that matter?" Cody asks, blushing brightly. "You seem like two cool guys."

"Do you have any references?" Andre asks.

Cody hands him a sheet of paper with three names and their cell phone numbers. "Here. You'll find I've been a good, reliable tenant and roommate."

"What do you do?" Mo asks.

“I’m an IT Engineer at the Basko building in the city. It’s my job to keep everything working smoothly.”

“Cool, I’m a gym instructor,” Mo said, “and Dre’s a motor mechanic.”

“What about you, Jenna?” Andre asks.

“I’m studying a business degree at the local college,” she said sweetly. “I’m still living on campus. That’s why I won’t be living here.”

“But you will be staying here from time to time if Cody gets the room,” Mo said with a leer.

Before Jenna can say anything, Cody asks, “Is there anything else you’d like to know or tell me about the place?”

“I don’t think so,” Andre said. “We have your details, so we’ll be in touch.”



“Thanks.”

Cody shakes both Andre’s and Mo’s hands and leaves.

Outside, Jenna said, “They seem like nice guys. I’ll keep my fingers crossed for you.”

“Yeah, and that room was amazing,” Cody said, nodding. “Let’s go check out the nearest shopping precinct to see what that’s like.”

“OK, and I think there’s a train station too. You could commute.”

A few days later, Cody gets a call.

“Good news, Cody,” Andre said on the phone. “The room is yours if you still want it?”

“That’s great,” Cody said, smiling. “Can I move tomorrow?” “Yeah, just drop by my work—*Prestige Cars*—it’s on Jackson Street, you can’t miss it, and I’ll give you the key.”

“Cool, I will do that,” Cody gushes. “You’ve made my day.” “I’ve already cleared a shelf for you in the fridge and pantry for your food. I do suggest you keep any food you don’t wanna lose in your

room, though. Mo likes to smoke weed, and he'll eat everything he can find when he's high."

Cody chuckles. "I'll keep that in mind," he said. "Alright, I'll see you tomorrow then."

"Yeah, cya, Cody."

Cody moves in without a hitch and settles into his new home quickly. Andre and Mo seem very respectful of his space. Mo always has a new woman over several times a week. He's a handsome man. In comparison, Andre likes to spend his free time watching TV or playing video games in the living room. If Mo's watching TV or has a friend with him, Andre sits at the dining room table messing around on his laptop. The sight becomes all too familiar to Cody quickly. The fat man was sitting with his feet on the coffee table, and a big blanket draped over him. Andre would have his snacks like chips and dips set up, and off he'd go.

There were a few strange incidents for Cory while he was getting to know the two men. The first one happened while he was stacking the dishwasher. Andre came in and got a glass of juice when the big man suddenly grabbed Cody's wrist and pulled his hand close to stare.

“Andre, what are you doing,” Cody whined as he uselessly pulled to free himself.

The big black man is powerful. “Dawg, your hands are so feminine, did you know that?” Andre said with a thick voice.

“Dude, you’re hurting me,” Cody squeals like a girl.

Andre lets go of the white man’s wrist and goes back to pouring his juice. “Sorry, little buddy. But your hand is like a girl’s hand. They seem perfect for...” he said and trails off.

Cody raises an eyebrow. “Perfect for what?”

The big man shrugs. “Stacking the dishwasher,” he said and chuckled.

Cody watches him leave feeling very uneasy.

The second weird incident happened when Cody was doing his allotted housework chores. He was dusting when he knocked over a small statue of a dolphin off a side table near the stairs.

When he bent to pick it up, he felt a hand on his ass, squeezing. It made poor Corey jump with a severe fright as it was so unexpected. He turns abruptly, clutching the blue statue to his chest to see Andre smiling at him.

“Dude, what the fuck was that?” Cody yells at the big man. “Sorry, dawg,” Andre said. “It was just a joke.”

Cody shakes his head. “Are you gay, Andre?” he asks. “Nah, but you’re the closest thing we have to a girl around here,” he said, laughing and walking off toward the kitchen. ‘*What the fuck is that supposed to mean?*’ Cody wonders. *****

The third incident rocked him. Cody has a TV in his room, so he didn’t need to use the one in the living room much, and a good thing too. Cody soon noticed Andre sitting on the couch with a blanket over his lap. The blanket is tenting at his loins. Judging by the size of the tent, Cody quickly surmised the tent pole beneath the blanket is massive. To make it worse, Andre would catch Cody staring at it and just wink or sometimes blow him a kiss and laugh, making him run up the stairs as fast as his little legs could take him.

One day he passes, and Mo and asks him about it. Mo laughs and winks.

“Oh, I’d take it as a compliment,” Mo said with a grin. “It means he’s grown comfortable with you around.”

Cody grimaces. “But can’t he do that in his room? I saw him jerking off under the blanket just yesterday, and when Dre saw me, he smiled and winked at me. But he kept on jerking off as if it were nothing. That’s a bit weird, isn’t it?”

Mo chuckles. “Don’t pay him no mind, dawg,” he said. “You got that sweet thing, Jenna, and I got all my ladies. Poor old Dre ain’t got no one but his hand. Let him have his fun. He ain’t hurting anyone. Jerking off is natural.”

‘Yeah, but not in front of everyone,’ Cody thought. ‘That’s generally illegal.’

Mo, feeling awkward at the sudden silence, said, “Hey, why don’t you go sit with him one night. If you’re there, then he won’t do it. A good Christian boy like you might be able to help him.”

“I don’t know....”

“Go on, as a favor to me,” Mo said, slapping Cody’s back. “I got ladies coming over, and they don’t need to see that shit. I’m OK with it, sure, but they do complain like whiny little bitches sometimes. All that *#MeToo* crap, I suppose.”

“OK, I’ll see what I can do,” Cody decides. “Maybe I can be a good influence on him.”

Mo nods, his smile never wavering. “I think you can. God knows I’ve never been able to get him to stop.”

The next night Cody knows Jenna isn’t coming over, so when he sees Andre park himself on the couch, he goes in, saying, “Hey, Andre. Can I watch TV with you tonight?”

“Sure, little buddy, hop aboard,” the fat man said, slapping the seat beside him. Andre puts the blanket over the white man’s lap when he sits. “To keep us warm, it keeps the electricity costs down.”

Cody grimaces. Knowing what Andre does under the blanket makes him feel icky.

“Hope you don’t mind,” Andre said with a smile. “I’ve been watching ‘Girls5Eva’, and it starts now. Can we watch it?”

“Yeah, I’ve heard it’s pretty good,” Cody said.

Andre turns on the TV, opens the streaming app, and starts the show. A blonde woman is on the screen, an actress called Busy Phillips playing a character called Summer. The fat man moans when he sees the pretty blonde.

“Oh, Summer, she’s so fucking hot,” he mumbles. “I’d love to fuck her.”

“Yeah, she’s pretty,” Cody said, nodding.

“God, seeing these hot white bitches makes me horny.”

Cody feels Andre move and then hears a zipper coming down.

To his utter surprise, Andre pulls his cock out under the blanket and starts to slowly stroke it.

“Please don’t do that,” Cody said, staring at Andre with narrowed eyes.

Andre frowns. “Do what?”

Cody sighs. "You know what I'm talking about," he said coldly.

"Ain't nothin' wrong with it," Andre said with a shrug. "I bet you do it all the time too."

"I do it," Cody said, rolling his eyes. "Just not in front of everyone like a weirdo."

"Not even in front of that hot woman you've got?" the black man asks wide-eyed.

"Jenna is a good girl. She doesn't do stuff like that."

Andre chuckles. "You know, Mo reckons the reason she must be with you is that you're packing some serious heat in your pants."

"Really?" Cody said, smiling and puffing his chest out some.

"But I don't see it," Andre said coldly, instantly deflating Cody's ego. "I've been watching you for a while now, and I just don't see it. I'd say you have one of those white boy baby dicks, not a big cock."

“What I’m packing is none of your business,” Cody said and pouts.

“Ha! I knew it. So, how do you keep a sexy woman like Jenna?”

Cody blushes. “There’s more to life than sex, Andre. Jenna and I love each other.”

Andre guffaws. “Still, must be unsatisfying, though.

“Jenna doesn’t complain. We have a good time together,” Cody insists.

“I didn’t mean for Jenna, dipshit,” Andre said, rolling his eyes. “I meant it must be unsatisfying for you. Messing around in her big smelly cunt with your itty-bitty baby dick. It’d be like waving a hotdog in a hallway, amirite?”

“Andre,” Cody shouts, his face turning red. The fat man is laughing. “I don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about. I’m incredibly happy with Jenna.”

“So, what’s your sex life like with her? You fuck and then cuddle up and spoon? Or do you spend most of it eating her pussy, and

she then lets you jerk off? Maybe give you a handjob for being a good boy occasionally.”

Cody’s face turns bright red. “*Andre, what the fuck, man,*” Cody shouts.

The big black man laughs so hard his head falls back. “I knew it...” he said between gasps. “Eating pussy...” The man bends, clutching his stomach as he laughs. “Oh, God... She really ... Has you ... Under her control ... Pussy boy....”

Cody sits with a deep frown, and his arms crossed firmly over his chest. He goes to get up, having had enough of Andre’s bullshit for one night, when the big man suddenly grabs him by the wrist and prevents him from leaving.

“Where you going, pussy boy?” he asks darkly, his mirth ending as if someone flicked a switch.

“Please, Andre, let me go. I ain’t done nothing to you,” Cody said, suddenly trembling.

“Not yet,” he said and leers, then he stares at the small feminine hand he’s clutching. “Such a shame this hand has never held a real cock before.”

“Cody gasps. “Hold on a minute....”

“Oh, I don’t mean your clitty dick. That’s not a man’s cock. It’s a joke.”

“How would you even know?” Cody asks wide-eyed. “You’ve never even seen my cock.”

“I don’t need to,” Andre said with smugness. “I can smell a baby dick sissy a mile away. The faggots have their gaydar, but black men have ‘sissydar.’ You get me, dawg. My sissydar tells me you’re a dissatisfied sissy boy pretending to be a man. Hoping that people don’t spot it because you have a hot girlfriend.”

“You’re fucking crazy,” Cody shouts wide-eyed.

“I think it’s about time this hand felt a real man’s cock,” Andre said. Then with strength, he forces Cody’s hand under the blanket and onto his black cock. The bigger manly hand wraps around the cock with the smaller white feminine hand inside. So, Cody feels the heat and thickness of the black cock. “Good... Good... See, it ain’t so bad,” Andre moans. “Now, let’s stroke. I want you to feel it get hard.”

Cody’s mortified as Andre starts stroking with his hand. Up and down the long shaft they go, the cock starting to swell and thicken.

The white man can feel the throbbing increase, the veins engorged with blood, and skin sliding over the hardness beneath. It's nothing like he has ever felt before. Not like the two-finger jerking he does with his dick. This thing is like a living being. The growing stiffness makes the blanket tent. Andre rubs his hand over the bulbous head, coating it in sticky slime, then back down the shaft. It seems as if time has stood still. The black man's head drops back, and he moans softly.

"Oh, yeah, just like that, sissy," he said hotly. *"A little faster now."*

'Faster,' a horrified Cody thought. *'He's the one doing this.'* His hand does start stroking faster, only confirming Cody's suspicions. The cock seems impossibly big now, the tent pole Cody's seen before. *'It must be at least twelve inches,'* Cody thought. Andre is bucking his hips to the stroking, fucking Cody's delicate hand with aggression. Suddenly, the big man pulls the blanket away, making Cody's eyes bulge and mouth hang agape.

There before him is the massive instrument, a club or cudgel more than a cock. The light shines off the dark skin, the veins sticking out as if this is some sickly beast. The size is overwhelming and soul-crushing. However, the thing that drives Cody to the brink of insanity is Andre's hand no longer wraps around his own. The sissy is stroking the cock all by himself, and for some reason, he can't stop.

‘No...No...What am I doing?’ Cody’s mind screams.

As if to make matters worse, they hear Mo’s car pull up outside. The sound of the vehicle jolts Andre out his pleasure, and he turns to Cody with a frown.

“I don’t want Mo to see us doing this,” he said as Cody still strokes the massive black cock. The sissy goes to let go, but Andre snaps, “I don’t want you to stop, idiot.”

“What do you want me to do?” Cody asks.

Andre thinks for a moment. He puts his feet on the coffee table and positions the blanket to drape to the floor.

“Hide under the blanket. You’re small enough,” Andre said. “Once you’re under there, keep stroking my cock.”

“But...”

“Do it, now.”

Cody doesn’t know what he’s thinking. He gets on the floor and crawls under the blanket, making sure it stays draped right, so Mo won’t see him. Andre spreads his legs some, and there it is, the towering hard cock like a monolith of pure obsidian, only this one

moved and throbbed visibly. Cody reaches up and grabs it and starts to stroke the meaty cock. He hears the soft moan of Andre as he does. The front door opens, and in walks Mo, thankfully alone tonight.

“Hey, dawg,” Mo said as he entered the living room.

Cody knows Andre never stops jerking off once he’s started, even if someone comes in. So, the sissy keeps stroking, just as Andre would.

“Hey, Mo, wassup?” Andre said with a smile.

“I could say the same to you, but we both know what’s up,” Mo said and laughs. “I had that wimp Cody whining to me the other day about your filthy habits.”

“Yeah? He’s probably jealous he ain’t packing like me.”

The men laugh. Cody blushes under the blanket but keeps stroking the massive black cock.

“God knows what the hot bitch he dates sees in him,” Mo said coldly. “I’d love to turn her into another big cock slut. Once those

white bitches go black, no small white dick is ever gonna be good enough again. You know what I'm saying?"

Andre chuckles. "Oh, you know I do."

Cody reaches his second hand up and strokes the cock with two hands. With his hands around it, there's still four or five inches of naked cock above that. The white man has never felt so emasculated in his life. His face burns red, and his body sweats from the exertion of making this mammoth slab of meat orgasm. The heat under the blanket is stifling now, and it makes Cody feel dizzy and faint.

"Maybe you should work on her while the wimp isn't looking," Andre said with a smirk. "That guy is so naïve he wouldn't even know what you're doing."

"Yeah, it'd be fun to plunder her pussy out from under him," Mo said with a nod. "The stupid sap." Andre grunts. This handjob is absolute heaven for him. "Hey, let me know if you're gonna cum," Mo said with a sneer. "I don't wanna see that."

"It's cool," Andre said. "I got a while to go for that."

‘A while to go,’ Cody thought, horrified. ‘I’m gonna die under here if he doesn’t finish it soon.’

“Oh shit.... I forgot my bag in the car,” Mo said, moving back toward the door.

“OK,” Andre said. When Mo has left the room, he lifts the blanket to peer beneath and sees the red-faced, sweaty white male stroking his cock. The fat man smiles. “You’re doin’ terrific down there,” he said.

“I’m gonna faint,” Cody whispers. “It’s too hot under here.” “Then take your clothes off.”

Cody gasps. “What the fuck?”

“You heard me. Take your clothes off, so you’re cooler,” Andre said firmly.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake....” Cody whispers harshly and lets go of the giant cock, the monument to authentic manhood.

He quickly pulls his t-shirt off and dumps it on the floor. But Andre said, “Give your clothes to me,” so the skinny sissy hands it to him through the gap in the blanket. “Now the rest. Whenever

you're doing this from now on, I want you to be either naked or wearing the clothes I give you."

"But..."

"Come on. The faster you do this, the sooner it'll be over," Andre snaps.

Cody strips down to his boxers, but Andre demands he hands those over too. The big man stuffs the clothes in between cushions on the couch. Now naked from head to toe, Cody grabs the cock again. It's still as hard as ever.

"Wait," Andre whispers. Then before his very eyes, the bog man manages to pull his jeans down over his butt. "Pull them down to my ankles," he orders Cody, and the sissy complies.

Now Cody sees the colossal hairy balls that go with this giant cock. Their easily mandarin-sized, bloated with jizz, ready to fire. The smell under the blanket is now intense. It's musky, sweaty, and pissy, and Cody gasps, trying to breathe.

"Play with my balls, too," Andre said softly and lowered the blanket.

Cody starts stroking the huge cock in one hand in the sudden darkness while the other fondles and massages Andre's hairy black balls. He has never felt so humiliated in his life. Naked and afraid, he keeps working the mammoth slab of cock meat.

"That's it... Now you're getting it," Andre moans.

Mo enters the room again, his eyes bulge at the sight of his friend.

He can tell the pants are down, and Andre's going for it yet has no idea of Cody's involvement. Both Andre's hands are under the blanket, so it appears the fat man is stroking off.

"Damn, dawg," Mo said, shaking his head. "You got no shame."



Mo laughs as Andre turns his head to gaze at him. The faraway look in the fat man's eyes tells the story alright. Mo decides it'd be better for him to be up in his room when that cock goes off and quickly leaves, almost running up the stairs. Meanwhile, Andre thrusts his hips, and Cody lets go of his balls and strokes the cock with both hands again. The sissy watches as those balls tighten. He knows Andre is close, so he strokes faster and firmer.

"I'm gonna cum... I'm gonna cum," Andre groans, his head twisting from side to side.

Suddenly, the fat man whips the blanket off, slaps Cody's hands away and grabs his cock, and then points it down as it shoots. Wad after wad of thick semen shoots into Cody's surprised face, some landing in his mouth. Without conscious thought, the sissy swallows it and opens his mouth again, accepting more jizz. These gigantic balls have so much sperm to shoot, and it goes all over the sissy. It's in his hair, it shoots over his head onto his back, so it dribbles into his ass crack.

The sissy sits on his knees, sweat covering his pale, thin body. The last bursts of jizz land on his chest and runs down to cover his small white dick and balls. *'How is it possible for one man to have so much cum,'* Cory wonders, amazed.

Chapter 2

“I can’t believe you just did that to me,” Cody said, staring at the man who just shot a humongous load of jizz all over him.

The big black cock is starting to soften now, and Andre lies back on the couch breathing heavily with his eyes closed. Cody is still between his legs staring at these insanely large genitalia. He glances down at his own small white dick and sighs, feeling humiliation and shame burn deep. Andre finally opens his eyes and stares at Cody with a smirk.

“Lean back and let me see it,” he barks. Cody just does, and the black man smiles at the shriveled nub of a dick with triumph. “I knew it, sissy boy. I’m never wrong in sniffing out man-boys like you.” He laughs. “Now, be a good little sissy and lick my cock and balls clean, then you can go.”

‘Lick it?’ Cody said wide-eyed.

The sissy leans forward and Andre suddenly closes his legs firmly, and it chokes Cody. The sissy grabs at the legs trying to pull them apart so he can breathe, but they’re like two tree stumps.

“OK, OK...” Cody eventually shouts in harsh whispers.

The legs loosen and widen again. Cory can't help staring at his crotch. The almost grotesque manliness of this gigantic cock supported by those massive balls is overwhelming.

"Look at you," Andre declares with a sneer, registering the sissy's stare. "You can't get enough, now. You're addicted to my cock already."

An intense wave of odor rolls out of his crotch, thick and musky and superheated with manly pheromones. Cory swallows a mouthful of spit before it leaks from the corners of his mouth, then plunges his face into that hairy, meaty, smelly man crotch. Andre's cock is sticky with both sweat and semen. Cory rubs it against his face as his tongue laps at his equally sticky balls, running over the pubes that sprout from the scrotum. Andre's flesh tends to glue itself to his face, the man's that sticky.

"God. You really are a good sissy," Andre moans. "You'll sacrifice your self-respect and dignity just to lick my hairy balls. This is what you were born for, sissy. Not licking pussy like a stupid cuck."

Cory sucks Andre's testicles into his mouth and washes each one with his tongue. Then licks the backside of the ball sack before moving up the valley between those fat thighs and scrotum to take the black cock into his mouth and started bobbing. The cockhead

flares, and the pee-hole dilated. As the sissy sucks and licks and bobs, he tastes a steady flow of pre-cum. The inside of the sissy's mouth is gooey with the stuff.

Andre's hands find the back of Cory's head, and he plunges his cock down the white man's throat. Cory gags but takes all he can. The mammoth cock starts pulsating, and Cory can feel shot after shot of jizz injecting directly into his stomach. Andre moans and holds the sissy's head in place as he empties his balls again.

Then he slowly deflated with a satisfying hiss and sinks into the couch, letting Cory suck the dregs of his orgasm from his softening cock. The sissy cleans him up nicely and then drops to his balls, licking the fresh layer of sweat that just gathered there, like morning dew. After he's done, Cory sits up, staring at the fat man before him. Andre stares at Cory, taking in everything about the skinny white male.

"You don't have much body hair," the big man said. "But what you do have, I want you to remove. From your neck down, I want you to be smooth."

Cory grimaces. "How do I do that?"

"You can buy hair removal cream, dipshit," the fat man said, rolling his eyes.

“Oh, OK.”

“It really didn’t take much to turn you. White boy sissy’s like you are so easy. You’re naturally submissive, a true beta. I’m gonna have some fun with you.”

“Are you finished with me for now?” Cory asks, a little petulant.

“Don’t talk to me like that,” Andre yells and leans forward and grabs Cory by the arm.

“No. Please don’t hurt me.” Cody whines like a girl causing Andre to snicker.

Of course, his pitiful begging is useless as the big man sat back and pulls Cody’s naked body over his lap. Because the sissy is so ungainly, he puts a leg over Cody’s and keeps a tight grip on a wrist, pushing it up to Cody’s neck. Andre presses down while holding the wrist, forcing the sissy down onto the sofa seat. It’s only then he starts the spanking. It’s a hard spanking, and Cody sobs as his bottom turned bright red as Andre slaps his ass cheeks repeatedly. After a few minutes of spanking, Andre pushes the naked sissy off his lap and onto the floor.

“Let that be a lesson to you,” Andre said.

Cody rubs his red ass cheeks. “Sorry,” the sissy said with a pout.

“From now on, you’ll call me *Big Daddy*, got it.”

“Yes ... *Big Daddy*,” Cody said, blushing.

“Good, now get your clothes and go to your room,” Andre growls.

Cody gingerly gets to his feet and pulls his discarded clothes out from the cushions.

As he leaves, Andre said, “And next time, I wanna see you wearing girl’s panties. Baby dick sissy boys don’t get to wear men’s underpants. Understand? And make sure those panties are as girlie as they come.”

“Yes, Big Daddy,” Cody said and ran up the stairs to his room.

In the shower, Cody’s head is spinning. He cannot believe what has happened and how easily he gave into Big Daddy’s demands. *‘I sucked a cock... I sucked a cock... Oh my god,’* his mind keeps repeating. *‘What will Jenna say if she finds out. Oh, God, she’ll probably leave me for being such a pervert. Now I gotta wear panties too? What the fuck?’* Cody is obsessing so much about what happened with Andre that he doesn’t notice he has a boner.

A stiff, achy boner stretching its full three and a half inches. He puts on pajamas, ignoring the raging hard-on, afraid that if he jerks off, he's somehow giving consent to Big Daddy. He falls into a fitful sleep full of nightmares of big black cocks chasing him.

The following day, he wakes, and the first thing he thinks is, '*Oh God, I sucked off Andre.*' He brushes his teeth, shaves, and dresses before heading down for some breakfast. Andre is sitting on the couch, the scene of last night's debauchery, eating a bowl of Fruit Loops. He smiles when he sees Cody.

"Morning, Cody," he said.

"Ah, morning..." the skinny white man said, shaking and feeling nervous.

Andre frowns. "Morning what?"

Cody swallows hard. "Morning, *Big Daddy.*"

"Better, now come here for your morning inspection."

The sissy's eyes bulge. "My what?"

"Get over here now," Andre growls, intimidating Cody. When

Cody is standing in front of him, Andre said, “Pull your pants down.”

“Please, Big Daddy...”

“Do you want me to spank you again, sissy?” Andre said coldly, his eyes narrow slits.

Cody sighs. He drops his pants standing only in his boxers. “I told you to wear panties,” Andre said.

“I don’t have any except some of Jenna’s,” Cody said, blushing.

“Then go put them on and come back...” the fat man said.

Then as Cody hesitates, he adds, “Go on, I haven’t got all fucking day.”

Cody runs upstairs, thankful Mo isn’t around to see his utter humiliation and shame. He opens the drawer to the panties Jenna left in his room and stares at them. *‘They have to be really girly ones,’* Cody thought, remembering Big Daddy’s orders from last night. There’s a bright pink pair with some frilly lace on it, so he quickly puts them on. Gazing into the full-length mirror, he’s amazed at just how nicely the panties fit. There’s hardly any bulge at all where you’d expect to see a cock. The panties also feel nice on his cock, and as that sensation wells in his loins, Cody giggles,

not unlike a little girl too. Once dressed again, he goes downstairs and shows Andre the panties.

The fat man nods his approval. "They suit you," he said. Then Andre pulls the elastic waistband out and gazes inside at Cody's inch-long soft dick and tiny balls nestled in the panty material. "I want this hair removed tonight. You can buy the cream in the supermarket."

"Yes, Big Daddy," Cody said softly.

"I gotta go to work." Andre stands. "Gimme a kiss goodbye before I go." Cody leans forward to kiss him on the cheek, but the fat man pushes him back. "Not there," he barks.

The sissy grimaces and drops to his knees. He unzips Andre's pants and reaches inside to pull out the giant black cock inside. Once he's fished it out, which takes some doing with meat this large, the sissy kisses the head of the cock and gives it a few licks for good measure. It tastes soapy from the big man's morning shower. Andre pushes Cody away after a minute and puts his cock back in his pants.

"You learn fast, sissy," he said and smiles.

"Thank you, Big Daddy."

Andre pats his head and leaves. The front door closes with a bang startling Cody out of his almost trance-like state. The sissy sighs and gets to his feet. Then he does up his pants again, refusing to mentally acknowledge his raging boner. *'What the fuck has come over me,'* he wonders as he pours himself a cup of coffee. *'God, Jenna is coming over tonight. I'm so screwed.'*

All day at work, Cody can only think about how his life has changed so quickly. Yesterday, he was an easy-going man without a care in the world. While today he's a panty-wearing sissy who worships alpha cock on his knees. This shift in his reality is leaving the sissy jittery and nervous. Every time someone looks at him strangely at work, Cody wonders if they know his new secret life. When work is finally over, he stops at a supermarket and buys some hair removal cream. Cody also sees they sell panties, but the girliest ones he can find are for little girls. He buys a pack of panties just in case.

Cody gets home about five-thirty and finds the house empty, so he quickly runs upstairs to his room. He's only had a few texts from Jenna today, but they all say the same thing that she misses him and is looking forward to some special snuggle time. Andre's words ring in his head: *'It must be unsatisfying for you messing around in her cunt with your itty-bitty baby dick.'* He trembles with shame, just remembering how Big Daddy spoke to him last night. He strips and goes into the bathroom.

“I’m plenty satisfied with Jenna,” he whispers to himself. “I like eating her pussy.”

The sissy starts in the bathroom vanity mirror for a moment and sighs. *‘If I’m so satisfied, then why am I doing this,’* he wonders? Then he takes the large tube of hair removal cream and spreads it thoroughly over the areas on his body that has hair. Cody doesn’t have too much, mostly under his arms and his pubes. The rest of his skinny body only has a light spattering. The sissy still only had to shave his face once a week, and he’s twenty-four. After waiting about twenty minutes, he jumps in the shower and washes it all off. Then, he truly is hairless like a little boy.

After rubbing some moisturizing skin cream over his body, he opens the pack of panties to see if they’re any good. They are so girly they make his eyes water. Pinks and light blues, flowers, rainbows, and one even has ‘Princess’ written across the front. He puts that one on. It’s tight but given Cody is short and skinny for a man, they fit. The tightness of the panties squashes his genitals, so it appears as if he has none. *‘Big Daddy will like that,’* he thought. Then he dresses again just in time to hear the front door close. Someone is home. Soon there’s a knock on his door, and in came Big Daddy smelling of grease and gasoline from his day in the garage.

“Hi, Big Daddy,” Cody said with a sweet smile.

“Where’s my kiss, baby girl,” Andre said, smiling back.

Cody goes and kneels in front of the big black man, fishes out his sweaty and pissy cock and kisses the pee hole then licks it for a while. As he did this morning, Andre pushes Cody away when he’s had enough.

“I ain’t got time for a blowjob right now,” the black man said. “I promised Mo I’d cook him some of my famous homemade pizza tonight.”

“Yes, Big Daddy,” Cody said, getting to his feet.

“Have you got rid of all that nasty hair yet?” Cody nods, so Andre said, “Show me. Take off all your clothes.” When the sissy is just in those pink panties, they say Princess across the front Andre laughs, making the sissy blush and tremble. “When I said girlie, I meant sexy, not little girl,” he said coldly. “But whatever floats your boat, sissy. Take them off. Let me see your bald clit.”

Cody pulls them down, and he’s shaking all over. Andre stands with his arms across his chest, staring at the naked white sissy with a deep frown. The sissy blushes. It’s so embarrassing to have his body scrutinized like this by a superior man.

Finally, Andre said, “I like it. Now I gotta go cook that dinner. I want you to sneak down to the dining room table and get underneath it.”

“What? Naked? I’ll get caught,” Cody whines and flushes.

“Not if you're careful, girl. When I sit to eat, I expect you to pull my pants down and start playing with my cock and balls. I don’t want you to make me cum, so if I’m getting close, I’ll kick you. You then back off for a few minutes and go back to work. Got it?”

Cody grimaces. “But Big Daddy, Jenna is coming over....” “Do you want me to spank you again?”

With a clear coldness in Andre’s tone and eyes, the words make Cody shiver, and his baby dick shrivels even more. The sissy is crestfallen. “*No, Big Daddy...*”

“Then get down there now and wait for me,” Andre said. “I’ll be wearing my black Nike sweatpants. Don’t go grabbing at Mo. He’ll probably kick your ass if you do. I’m not sure if he’s into this kind of thing.”

“Yes, Big Daddy,” Cody said and kicked his discarded clothes under the bed, so Jenna won’t find the panties.

The sissy then runs down the stairs and is soon sitting under the big round oak table in the dining room. A white tablecloth covers it, the sides about an inch off the floor. It's boring to wait, and he hears Mo come home and the two alpha men chatting in the kitchen. As time passes, there's a knock on the door, and Mo lets in Jenna.

"Hey, Mo. Is Cody home?" Jenna asks sweetly. "I've been trying to reach him on his phone, but it goes straight through to voicemail."

Cody had turned his phone off.

"Dunno, sweet cheeks," Mo said cheerily. "I only just got home myself. He might be in his room."

"I'll go check...."

Suddenly, Andre's booming deep masculine voice yells, "Hey, Jenna. Your boy is out. Saw him leave about six."

Jenna frowns. "Did he say where he was going?"

“Nah, sorry,” Andre said. “You’re welcome to wait for him in his room.”

“OK, I’ll do that,” Jenna said, going upstairs.

Cody is shaking violently now. Jenna is in his room while he’s naked under the dining room table. It means even if he could escape this nightmare and make it back to his room without Mo seeing him, Jenna is there to catch him too. ‘*Fuck you, Big Daddy,*’ he thought bitterly. ‘*You’ve set me up.*’ He peeks out from under the table to see Mo sitting on the couch drinking a beer as he stares into his phone.

The smells coming from the kitchen make Cody’s stomach rumble, and Mo glances toward the table for a moment as he hears it. With a shrug, Mo returns to texting on his phone. After what seems like an age, Cody hears Andre shout dinner is ready, and Mo gets up and takes a seat. The naked sissy shuffles away from Mo’s leg’s so the athletic black man doesn’t catch him. He hears dishes plopped onto the table, and the chair creak as Big Daddy sits. Soon his legs are under the tablecloth.

Cody quickly gets to work, grabbing Andre’s fly as the fat man moves side to side in his chair to aid the sissy and cover the sound of the zipper going down with the creaking noises of the chair.

“What’s wrong, dawg,” Mo said, watching the fat man amused.
“Got ants in your pants?”

“Itchy crotch,” Andre said with a shrug as Cody unzipped and released the large testosterone-scented, ever hardening member.

After hearing the sound, Cody was so afraid that the entire party above had heard the noise. He pulled away and covered up for his inevitable shame.



However, that moment never came. Instead Andre's foot came forward—TAP TAP TAP. Understanding his predicament he resumed his dick-handling duties.

Then Cody takes hold of Andre's cock in hand. The naked sissy starts to stroke the mammoth cock, bringing it closer to his face with each stroke.

“Damn, Andre. No one makes pizza better than, except maybe your mom,” Mo gushes after tasting his first mouthful.

“It's her recipe,” Andre said, enjoying the feeling of Cody's hand on his cock stroking. “But this shit is good.”

The naked sissy places his warm lips eagerly around his cock, drawing it slowly, teasingly into his mouth. Slowly his mouth inches its way down the stiffening black cock, until Cody has six inches swallowed, then sucks on it, tasting sweat and pee and even jizz. Andre's trying hard not to give in to the waves of pleasure coursing through him. He eats to stifle his moans.

“Where did that limp dick white boy go, anyway?” Mo asks.

“Fucked if I know,” Andre said with a shrug. “I guess something important came up.”

Cody laps at the big black cock, suckles it, keeping only the head in his mouth, teasing it. Andre's cock is standing hard and erect now, a cudgel of veins supporting a glorious helmet-shaped head. Pre-cum is now leaking from the pee-hole, and the sissy eagerly licks it away.

“He doesn't wanna leave that sexy girlfriend of his alone too long,” Mo said. “I might hit on her.”

“Why don't you? I'd love to see if you can make her cheat on the wimp.”

Mo chuckles. “She seems a bit too religious or something. Cody is a good roomie despite his flaws. I don't wanna spoil that.”

Cody licks up one side of the giant cock with his tongue and down the other until he reaches those massive balls. The naked sissy licks around Andre's balls, gently drawing one into his mouth and sucking it lightly. This makes the fat man's cock get even harder. The taste is sweaty and pissy from a day's hard work repairing cars. While his hands gently stroke the mammoth slab of black meat, he continues licking and sucking on those balls. A grunt Andre reassures Cody he's doing it right. Then his worst nightmare begins.

“Have you guys heard from Cody yet?” the voice of Jenna sounds from nearby.

“Nah, sorry,” Mo said. “He’s a little shit, eh?”

“I don’t know whether to go or stay,” Jenna’s voice sounds angry.

Then, to Cody’s horror, Andre said, “Why don’t you have some dinner with us. There’s plenty.”

“Yeah,” Mo said, smiling at the beautiful blonde. “Take a seat and eat.”

“I am hungry, and that does smell delicious,” Jenna said sweetly. “Maybe just a small serve. I’m watching my weight.” Cody hears her shout, “Whoa there,” as Andre stacks too much on her plate.

Trying to forget Jenna is now sitting at the table, the naked sissy eagerly devours Andre’s cock again. He takes it until he feels it hit the back of his throat, his lips caressing it as he sucks. His mouth makes love to gigantic cock, Andre is erect, and the sissy needs to be careful his head doesn’t hit the table.

After a few minutes of silence up top, Mo clears his throat. “Jenna,” he said in a friendly tone. “We’ve known each other for a while now, right?”

“Yeah,” Jenna said with uncertainty.

“Can I ask you something personal about Cody?”

The blonde beauty shrugs. “OK.”

Cody strains to listen as a spurt of salty, slimy pre-cum nearly fills his mouth. He does everything he can to stop coughing. This cock is so large that even the pre-cum it leaks is abnormally copious.

“Why are you with him?” Mo asks Jenna. “He’s hardly the poster child for manliness.”

Andre laughs, knowing the very same Cody currently has a mouthful of cock and both hands full of balls under the table.

“You’re such a beautiful woman,” Mo goes on. “You could have any man you want. Damn, I’d give everything to be with a babe like you.”

Jenna opens her legs, and Cody can see a spot of wetness on her tight jeans’ crotch. ‘*That bitch,*’ he thought.

“Oh, stop,” Jenna said, flicking her blonde hair back then lightly punching Mo’s arm. “Cody is all I need.”

‘Take that,’ the sissy thought, swallowing another burst of pre-cum from Andre’s cock.

“I guess,” Mo said with doubt.

“Maybe she likes wimpy, small dick white boys who are good at using their mouths,” Andre said, making Mo laugh in an *‘Oh, no, you didn’t’* way.

Cody is still eagerly sucking on his magnificent cock, feeling it swell and throb inside his warm mouth. His tongue teases the cock inside his mouth, rubbing it over the head to lick away any pre-cum. Cody tries to ignore the smack the guys are talking about him, but his eyes bulge when he sees Mo’s big black hand on Jenna’s thigh.

‘What the fuck,’ Cody thought, watching that hand move closer to her loins. Jenna spreads her legs some to allow the hand to go over her damp denim crotch. *‘Jenna, how could you,’* Cody wonders as he licks Andre’s balls.

Mo takes his sweet time, dragging his fingertips lightly over Jenna’s zipper before he sees and hears the familiar sound of yet another zipper going down under the table. The smell of her

excitement blooms under the table. Then he slips his finger into Jenna's wet slit and gently fingers her. He's so gentle with his hands he really doesn't finger-fuck her. To Jenna, it feels like he's making love to her with that finger. Cody can't believe how wet she is as he watches Mo's extended middle finger slide deep inside his girlfriend's cunt. The tangy smell of pussy can actually be tasted in the air.

'What the fuck is she doing,' Cody wonders. So enraptured at the sight of his girlfriend letting Mo finger her pussy that he forgets to service the cock before him. Andre suddenly kicks him, shocking the sissy out of his surprise at Jenna's behavior. Cody turns and takes the colossal slab of cock in his hand and pulls it down to suck it again. For his trouble and disobedience, Andre lets loose with a short spurt of piss. Cody tastes the bitter cock nectar and stifles the urge to cough and gag, but he dutifully swallows his punishment.

Mo pulls his finger out of Jenna's wet pussy and puts it in his mouth to suckle her juices. *"Mmmm,"* he said, smiling. "This pizza is finger-licking good."

"It's very filling," Jenna adds with a smirk. "I don't think I've had this much inside me before."

"There's more where that comes from," Mo said.

"I bet."

Andre grunts. “Do you two need to get a room?” he asks and smirks.

Jenna blushes, and Mo glances away, but soon he has two fingers sliding inside her cunt under the table.

‘When will this nightmare end,’ Cody wonders, feeling his little thin boner aches with need.

Chapter 3

While watching Mo finger Jenna’s wet slit and rubbing her clit, Cody plunges his mouth down on Andre’s cock and sucks it harder, pumping his head up and down faster and faster. The Colossus’ cock is throbbing so hard it feels like a heartbeat in his mouth, pulsating, eager for release.

He hears Jenna say, “Can I tell you something?”

Andre grunts. His orgasm is building. “Sure,” he said.

“I found a pair of my panties in Cody’s room. I think he wore them today.”

Mo bursts out laughing. Andre just wants to push his cock further down the sissy’s throat but can’t give in to the urge in fear of Mo and Jenna discovering what’s happening under the table. He thought of how wonderful it would be to eat every meal this way, a secret blowjob given as he eats. The thought of exposure is a little bit exciting, as well as the sissy’s lips wrap around his cock.

“Damn, I never thought he had it in him,” Mo said, still laughing.
“He’s so straight.”

“Isn’t it a bit creepy?” Jenna asks, then grunts as Mo rubs her clit under the table.

“It’s just a bit of fun,” Andre said, really struggling to hold back his orgasm now.

Mo stares at his friend with a raised eyebrow. “Are you OK, Big Dawg?” he asks.

“*Y-yes...yes,*” Andre moans. “*I-I’m great.*”

The naked sissy withdraws his lips again to lick Andre’s balls once more. He flicks his tongue over the tip of the cockhead then licks down to those wonderful balls, taking one in his mouth again, sucking gently. The fat man’s body is trembling as passion and desire rush through him, making him wish he could climb under the desk and fuck the sissy’s brains out. He fights to keep his moans silent, finding it harder to do the more Cody sucks.

Andre’s hips start to rock back and forth in his seat, trying to urge the sissy to suck his cock again. Instead, Cody continues to suck

on the fat man's balls, going from one to the other, teasing them, feeling them tighten inside his mouth. The sissy starts to lick up the side of Andre's cock again to the head and then eagerly sucks it into his mouth, feeling its urgent desire for release. The sissy sucks harder, hoping to urge on Andre's orgasm, his mouth to fill with jizz to drink up. The naked sissy feels his pre-cum seeping out of his cock, lapping it up eagerly like Cody is dying of thirst.

Suddenly, Jenna pushes Mo's hand out of her loins and pushes the chair back. "I think I've had enough," she said apologetically. "I'm going up to Cody's room to wait for him there."

"No problems, Jenna. I'm full too. I'll walk you up," Mo said with a smile. Then glancing at Andre's sweating face, he said, "Thanks, Big Dawg. That pasta was fucking delicious. I'll eat the leftovers later."

Andre just nods, and soon Mo and Jenna are going up the stairs, the fat man smiling at his friend's hand on her ass. The fat man feels his cock twitch, the jizz rising to his cockhead for release. He reaches his hand under the desk and grabs the back of Cody's head, pushing his cock further down the sissy's throat. Cody knows he's about to climax. He suckles the giant cock once more. The sissy feels the semen flood his mouth, running down his throat, and he swallows as quickly as his mouth fills, sucking until Andre's balls are empty.

“God, yeah...” Andre moans. *“That’s your dinner, sissy.”*

Cody stays where he is, licking Andre’s softening cock and balls.

“Did you get a good show down there?” Andre asks with a smirk.

The sissy pushes his head into Andre’s lap so he can peer up at the man. “Mo was fingering Jenna’s pussy,” he said with a pout. “I saw it all.”

Andre chuckles. “He’s probably upstairs banging her right now.”

The big man stands and steps back, pushing his chair out. He pulls up his Nike sweat pants and starts scraping uneaten pasta back into the large bowl.

“What do I do now?” Cody asks from under the table.

“You could sneak upstairs,” Andre said with a smirk. “See if your girlfriend is getting railed by Mo. He uses the main bathroom, so if you sneak in there, you might be able to see into his room from the adjoining door.”

“What if Jenna’s not in there and in my room,” Cody asks, shivering with fear.

“Come back down, and you can hide under my rug like last night. I might like another blowjob before bed.”

Cody crawls out from under the table and creeps through the living room and up the stairs. His bedroom door is open, and he peers inside to see Jenna isn’t there. Going in deeper, Cody pokes his head into the ensuite bathroom to see she’s not there too. ‘*Damn, she is with Mo,*’ he thought bitterly. The sissy grabs his clothes from under the bed and quickly dresses and puts on his runners. Then he creeps to Mo’s bathroom and sidles up to the connecting door. He can hear soft moaning and the odd creaking of bedsprings. ‘*Jenna is cheating on me,*’ he thought and cries.

The increasing volume of Jenna’s moans and the sound of the rhythmic bedspring movements tell Cody they’re fucking. Against his will, the sissy gets an instant boner. Cody is desperate for relief after spending an hour worshiping Andre’s cock and balls, yet he can do nothing but listen. The sounds coming from Mo’s bedrooms are of creaking bed springs, and the headboard is softly hitting the wall. However, mostly, he hears the music of sex, of his girlfriend fucking another man. Cries and moans slowly build to screams making Cody wince and sag, yet his boner stays hard.

Julie's screaming obscenities and shouting her passion. He can hear her crying about Mo's big black cock, how good it is, and telling him, begging him even, to fill her. He can also hear Mo groaning and grunting as he's fucking.

"Oh, feel my big cock stretch your pussy, babe," Mo moans. *"I bet it's so much bigger than Cody's."*

"So much bigger ... So much bigger," Jenna moans.

"God, you're tight. I can tell you've probably never had a proper cock inside you...."

Jenna squeals, *"Never ... Never ... Make me cum on your cock...."*

The sound of fucking and bedsprings fills the bathroom as Cody trembles feeling such shame and humiliation by what's happening next door. Jenna's nasty sex talk makes Cody blush profusely.

"I'm gonna cum," Mo suddenly said.

"Do it ... Do it ... Fill me with your cum," Jenna squeals. *"Argh... Cumming..."*

The urgent fucking is reaching a crescendo in the room next door. Cody recognizes the unmissable moans Jenna makes when he

makes her orgasm with his mouth. As the two bodies orgasm next door, Cody's boner finally spurts in sympathy. The sissy ejaculates in his pants, a most unsatisfying climax that makes him jerk and twitch in utter shame. Cody falls to the floor, sobbing, feeling his little balls drain some pathetic cummies into his little girl panties.

The silence is almost as deafening as the moans of pleasure were and lasted an age. Then Cody hears Mo's voice. He can't make out what the black man is saying, yet he can picture him lying on top of Jenna, talking while still deep inside her cunt. He can also hear the rhythmic bedspring movements again— Mo is fucking her again. Cody curses beneath his breath. Mo is fucking his girlfriend again, showing off his prowess and his virility.

Cody can take no more and climbs to his feet and leaves. He heads straight out the front door and jogs up the street. A McDonald's restaurant is five blocks down the road, and Cody decides to get something to eat and chill. Besides, he must keep alive the deception he's been out.

'I've never fucked her so quickly in succession,' Cody thought, chewing his burger. He curses under his breath. Cody's never heard her so vocal during sex, either. He's never known her to enjoy sex that much. However, the sissy knows he doesn't have the huge, thick cock the black man has. *'I don't have a cock at all,'* he thought bitterly. *'I have a sissy clit.'* As he gazes out into the parking lot, all Cody can think of is Andre's salami slab of a cock.

He waits until after ten then goes home. The house is dark. It seems everyone has gone to bed. Cody creeps silently up the stairs and to his bedroom. Opening the door, he sees Jenna is sleeping in his bed. He stares at her shape in the blankets, listening to his long-time girlfriend breathing. Part of him wants to run to her and hit her for cheating on him. Another wants to just curl in a ball and cry. It's been the most bizarre night of his life. The most humiliating night he's ever known.

Cody goes to his bathroom, changes into his pajamas, and brushes his teeth. Then he climbs into bed alongside his beautiful girlfriend. He tries not to wake her, but Jenna's eyes open to see his shadowy form beside her as the bed moves.

"Cody? Cody? Is that you?" she whispers.

"Yeah, sorry about tonight," he said softly. "I got called into work, and I left my damn phone behind."

"I've been worried about you," Jenna said, sitting up and turning on a lamp beside her. "Worried sick."

'Not too worried when Mo was plowing you,' Cody thought bitterly. "Sorry, honey," he said, blushing. "Someone hacked the

building, and it took ages to find it,” he lied. “I had Homeland Security breathing down my throat all night.”

“Oh, poor baby, but they had phones there, right? You coulda called me?”

Her stare is cold and makes Cody feel squeamish. He hates lying to her, but he feels she’s doing the same after what happened tonight.

He shakes his head. “Homeland Security wouldn’t let anyone make any calls,” he said glumly. “I tried, but they were real assholes about it. Threatened me with prison if I did.”

“Shit, who hacked the building?” Jenna asks, finally believing his story.

“I can’t say anything more about it,” Cody said. “I’ll get in trouble. You gotta keep what I’ve just said to you secret too. They don’t want anyone knowing too much in case it gets out into the media.”

Jenna reaches out and pulls him into her arms. “Oh, poor baby,” she coos. “It sounds like you had a horrible night.”

He folds into her softness, feeling her breath on his hair. Her smell engulfs him. “I hope it wasn’t too bad hanging out here without me,” he said.

“Oh, it was OK. The guys gave me dinner, and we chatted for a while,” she said. “Andre cooked his famous spaghetti. It was delicious too.”

“I’m jealous,” Cody said with a pout. “All I thought about all evening was our special snuggle time. I guess I blew it.”

“I don’t think so, buster,” Jenna said with a leer.

She lifts his chin and kisses him softly on the lips. This kiss lingers until their tongues start exploring each other’s mouths. Their breathing gets heavier, and the couple sinks back into the blankets as they roll in each other’s arms, kissing. He feels her DD breasts pressing into him, so he works his way down and pulls up her t-shirt to expose them. He lovingly kisses her sexy breasts, sucking her nipples into his mouth, sucking and nibbling them until they’re erect.

“Eat my pussy, Cody,” Jenna moans. *“I’m so horny....”*

Cody’s eyes are wide and glazed with lust, and he squeezes and strokes his small dick slowly as it pokes out of his pajamas. His

nostrils flare, and he stares while his pretty girlfriend pushes her shorts down past her hips. The smell of sex wafts over him, and he inhales sharply, drawing it deep into his lungs. Jenna pulls her soiled panties away from her neatly trimmed pussy, and the thick, spicy aroma of semen mixed with her aromatic juices fills the air. She pushes her panties down to reveal a sticky mess between her legs.

‘Oh, god, she hasn’t even showered after being with Mo,’ he thought with a gasp.

“Get on your back,” Jenna orders. “I wanna ride your face while you eat me out.”

After they position themselves so, her body quivers as she kneels astride her boyfriend’s face and lowers her dripping pussy to his waiting mouth. Cody pushes his tongue deep inside his pretty girlfriend’s cunt and sucks a big glob of jizz into his mouth. He can’t believe what’s happening, and he can’t hold his excitement too. Jenna’s hips undulate slowly, grinding her sloppy jizz drenched pussy against her boyfriend’s eager mouth. She feels his tongue dig deep, searching for sperm, and her body shivers. Her eyes roll back, and she moans loudly and orgasms hard. Her juices soak him, and the blonde beauty rolls onto her back beside him, panting.

Cody knows the drill. So, he takes her dirty panties and jerks off into them, his jizz shoots into the air at first, yet he revels, feeling the nasty, sticky mess on her panties rubbing against his cock and balls. She watches him with a smirk.

“Your pussy tasted different tonight,” Cody said, trying to sound innocent.

“Oh? It must be cos I was so horny waiting for you—*it got extra juicy*,” she said, holding him close.

“Must be.”

“Did you like it?” she asks, stroking his cheek.

“I’d eat your pussy no matter how it tasted, babe,” Cody said, hugging her. “I live to eat your pussy. You know that.”

“I know you do,” Jenna said. “That’s why I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Finally, they fall asleep in each other’s arms. Just the way

Cody likes it. *****

A couple of days later, Cody gets home from work and finds a small box on his bed. On it is a note from Andre. It said: ‘*I bought*

you a present. Always have this inserted, but you can take it out to shit. I'll be expecting its insertion when I get home.'

Cody swallows hard. He already knows what this is—a butt plug. He opens the box, and sure enough, there it is. The silicone butt plug is not an egg-shaped ball as most of them are. No, this one is like a cock, with veins and a big helmet head. It's easily six inches long.

“How the fuck am I supposed to get that inside me?” Cody said softly, staring at the monstrosity. “He could've at least started me out with a small one.”

After a quick search online about the best way to insert a butt plug, he strips naked and lies a towel on his bed. After going to the bathroom and clearing his bowels, Cody lies on the towel on his left side. He rubs copious amounts of lube into his butt crack. He then does the same to the gigantic butt plug. He takes a deep breath and positions the head at the entrance to his asshole, and pushes. It's a struggle. The butt plug just doesn't seem to want to enter his virgin asshole. Cody closes his eyes and forces his anal muscles to relax, and bit by bit, the butt plug slides inside.

“Ahhhhhhhh ... God ... It's so fucking big,” he groans with his eyes clenched tightly.

Before he knows it, the butt plug is inside him, and his anal sphincter closes around the narrow part holding it there. The part of the butt plug that lives now in his butt cheeks has '*Property of Big Daddy*' written on it. Cody sits up gingerly, wondering if he can, and finds it isn't too bad. Amazingly, he cannot feel the silicone cock inside him, and the feeling of his anus squirming on the end is turning him on.

The sissy then quickly puts on something he brought today too.

It is a crotchless bodysuit with cupless cups that show his nipples nicely, the straps highlighted with some lace red and gold embroidery, and the crotchless V string allows his baby dick to be on display. He stares at himself in the mirror, feeling proud at just how sexy and feminine he looks and feels in this get-up.

The door suddenly swings open, and Cody turns, expecting Big Daddy to be there for his afternoon kiss. "*Hi, Big Daddy,*" he shouts as he wheels around, and then the sissy gasps.



Standing there staring at lingerie-dressed sissy is Mo. The athletic black man's eyes are wide as he takes in *every* detail of Cody's body. Those dark eyes settled on Cody's limp baby dick, and a smile formed from ear to ear. Some may have even called it a shit-eating grin.

"Damn, boy, what the fuck?" Mo said, shaking his head.

Cody blushes from head to toe, his hands quickly cover his penis, and he backs into the bed. The sissy has never felt so embarrassed in his life. Seeing the mocking glare in Mo's dark eyes makes the sissy tremble.

"I thought you and Andre were up to something," Mo said, entering the room. "Now I see what."

"Please, Mo... Please, don't hurt me," Cody begs, tears in his eyes.

Mo frowns. "Hurt you? Why would I hurt you?" he asks and grimaces.

"Aren't you going to kick my ass for being a fag?"

Mo turns and shuts the door. “Nah, bitch, I want in on the action,” he said. “Andre’s been the happiest I’ve ever seen him, so you must know how to give good head.”

“What are you saying?” Cody asks with a shiver.

“I won’t tell Jenna about this if you give me head too,” Mo said, slapping Cody’s hands away from his loins and staring at the tiny dick there. “Fuck, I just can’t get over how small that is. It’s a fucking clit, not a cock. No wonder Jenna was so tight. She’s never had a real cock in her before.”

“Stop it,” Cody shouts, his face going red again.

“She told me you ate my cum right out of her pussy,” Mo mocks the sissy. “So, it’s time you tried it straight from the source.”

Before Cody can compute what’s happening, Mo is lying on his bed with his cock and balls poking out from the leg of his shorts—*amazingly, it already hard*. The uncircumcised black cock is not as massive as Andre’s, but still, it’s enormous. The veins pop out from the thick shaft, and he seems to have shaved his pubic hair off.

“C’mon, just touch it. You’ll like it, honest.”

When Cody doesn't respond, Mo grabs his hand and wraps it around the stiff shaft. The sissy can feel how hard the cock is in his hand, like a hot, smooth thick stump. With Mo's hand over the top of Cody's, he begins to force the sissy to stroke his cock. He takes his hand off, and Cody continues to jerk him off. He doesn't know why. Cody could have pulled his hand away, but for some reason, he continues stroking the cock that a few days ago fucked his beloved Jenna.

"Most sissy bitch's love sucking cock. It's often better than any other kind of sex for them," Mo said with a smirk. "It feels so good for a sissy to have a hard cock in their mouth. To feel and taste a real man is their greatest thrill."

"I didn't think you'd be bisexual," Cody said, stroking away. "I'm not," Mo said sternly. "And neither is Andre."

Cody frowns. "But you both like me sucking and playing with your cocks?"

Mo laughs. "Being bisexual means you have sex with men too, right?"

"Yeah, that's my point," Cody said, rolling his eyes. "But, Cody, you're not a man," Mo said coldly. "You're a sissy. You're just a chick with balls. So, doing it with you isn't gay or bisexual. It's heterosexual."

Cody's nervous stops jacking the black cock and tries to pull his hand away, but Mo grabs it and squeezes his fingers around his slimy cock again.

"You need to embrace this sissy inside you," Mo continues. "Learn your place in the food chain."

"My place in the food chain?" Cody asks and grimaces.

"Yeah, your place is worshipping alpha men and women," Mos said casually. "Put your mouth on it, and let's see what you think, OK?"

When he said that, Cody pulls his hand out of the grip and moves back, blushing profusely. Mo's strength and manliness are making him feel so emasculated.

"Maybe I should force you to suck me, then you'll learn to your place," he said.

Then grabs Cody and throws him on the bed on his back. He gets on top of the sissy and forces his hands above his head. All the

while, the sissy is struggling, but Mo's so much bigger and stronger, there's nothing Cody can do. The black man holds his hands above his head with one hand, and with the other, he begins rubbing his cock across Cody's face. The sissy turns his head away to avoid it, but eventually, Mo holds his head in place and rubs the purple crown across his lips, leaving a trail of pre-cum on them.

"Please, Mo, don't do it. Andre will be angry if he finds out," Cody begs.

"Then don't tell him," Mo said darkly.

Cody gazes up at the powerful black man looking down with an evil grin. He knows Mo has him. Mo's dominating him and can make him do anything he wants, just like Andre (just like Jenna too). This sissy's wimpy cries are soon muffled as Mo forces the big cock past his lips, forcing them apart and into Cody's throat.

The stump-like cock is so thick it stretches the sissy's mouth wide as he slides in a few inches. He just keeps it like that for a minute, enjoying his power over the wimpy white male and the feeling of having his cock jammed in a hot mouth. Then Mo begins pumping it in and out, stopping, so the head is just at his lips before pushing it back down.

“Fuck. That feels so good, Cody,” the black man moans.

Each stroke seems to go deeper and deeper, and Cody gags, tears run down his face, and he can hardly breathe. But Mo just keeps pumping his cock in and out of the sissy’s mouth.

“Come on, Cody. I know you’re sucking Andre’s cock. Show me what you got.”

Cody gives in and starts sucking as the cock slides in and out of his mouth. Soon he’s taking over half of it down his throat. Mo’s cock tastes clean, with a hint of soap and powder. The smell in his loins is clean also. So different from Andre, whose attention to hygiene is less enthusiastic.

“Yeah, that’s it,” Mo moans, gushing some salty pre-cum into Cody’s mouth. *“You’re quite good at this. Suck it. Suck that cock that’s been inside your girlfriend’s cunt.”*

Cody groans and blushes when Mo brings up Jenna’s infidelity again; it’s so demeaning.

“Yeah, she came hard all over this cock many times that night,” Mo said, enjoying seeing Cody’s shame. *“Not that you’d know what that’s like, eh, baby dick. Suck it. Suck my cock, bitch...”* He speeds his pumping, and eventually, he moans, *“Oh fuck. I’m cumming. I’m gonna cum in your mouth.”*

The next thing Cody knows, Mo’s hot jizz is shooting down his throat. Blast after blast of salty semen keeps spurting, and Cody swallows the entire load. The sissy closes his eyes, feeling horrible and degraded. Finally, Mo pulls out, gets off Cody.

“You got your girlfriend beat in one area,” he said with a mocking grin. “You give better head.”

Cody groans.

The front door suddenly bangs. “Shit, that’s Andre,” Mo said, going to the bedroom door. “Don’t tell him about us, OK.”

Cody shakes his head, and Mo leaves. The sissy quickly gets to his feet and wipes his mouth with the towel. Not long after, Big Daddy enters his room and nods his approval at Cody’s lingerie, and the sissy dutifully goes to him, kneels, and fishes out the gigantic black cock from his pants.

“Hi, Big Daddy,” he said, staring up into Andre’s eyes. “Hi, baby girl,” Andre said.

With that, Cody starts to lick and kiss the big black cock before him.

Chapter 4

“I wanna show you something,” Andre said to Cody a few days later.

He takes the sissy into the loungeroom and points to a new coffee table. It’s no longer a table per se but more like a box or a chest. The weird part is in the middle of each side of the box is the front end of a fleshlight. The vaginal-shaped silicone pussy lips built-in.

“Open it,” Andre said, smiling like a cat who swallowed the cream.



Cody sighs and lifts the lid to reveal a padded inside with some ventilation holes. However, the flashlight's extend into the box by no more than a few inches. The sissy slides a finger through one of the flashlights and sees them on the other side. Then it dawns on Cody why the fat man has this new coffee table. He plans for the sissy to be inside it. The rest of the flashlight inside will be Cody.

"There's ventilation in there, so you won't get so hot and tired as you do under my blanket," Andre said with a smile. "I can slide my cock in that fake pussy, and no one will know what's going on in there."

Cody laughs. "Oh, I think they will," he said. "They'll think you've got a flashlight table, and you're fucking it." He laughs again at the absurd idea. "They'll think you're fucking the coffee table, Big Daddy."

Andre frowns his disapproval. "Maybe, but in reality, I'll be fucking you, won't I?"

Cody sighs. "Yes, Big Daddy," he said.

“People already know me as the guy who jerks off in front of everyone, so they won’t bat an eyelid at this contraption,” Andre boasts.

‘Not to your face, at least,’ Cody thought. “OK, so you want me in this tonight?” he asks.

“Yeah, you told Jenna you were working late?”

Cody nods. “Yes, she’s made other plans.”

“Good. Go upstairs and take all your clothes off, then come back down and get in,” Andre orders. “I’ll put some water in there for you. Oh, and take out the butt plug. You won’t need that tonight.”

Mo isn’t home yet, so Cody feels comfortable walking around the house naked. He does, as Andre said and soon finds himself locked inside the fleshlight coffee table. The doorbell rang, and Cody hears Andre talking to someone. Then he returns, and the smell of hot pizza fills the air in the box. It makes Cody’s stomach grumble. After a while, Mo comes home and enters the living room. Suddenly, He feels the chest moving. It makes him dizzy. Andre has just turned it around, so Cody’s butt faces where he sits, not the sissy’s mouth.

“Hey, Andre, how was your day,” Mo asks in a friendly greeting.

“Better now the work part is over,” Andre said gruffly. “How was yours?”

“Same day, different shit, you know how it is.”

Andre chuckles. “Yeah, you got that right, dawg.” Suddenly, Mo gasps. “Where the fuck is our coffee table?” “Oh, I gotta new one. Do you like it? It’s supposed to be artistic. It was called pussy trunk.”

Mo bursts out laughing. “You’re one sick motherfucker, but that’s why you’re my homie,” he said and high fives Andre. “Do those things work?”

“Nah, it’s just the front of them,” Andre said. “Don’t go shooting your jizz in my coffee table, you dirty dawg.”

“Don’t need to,” Mo said with pride. “I got that wimps girlfriend coming over tonight for another fucking session. He’s gotta work or some shit.”

Cody gasps. ‘*Not again,*’ he thought. Suddenly two fingers poke through the one near his right side. Cody moves away as best he can. He’s lucky he’s such a small male, as he’s just able to avoid them.

“You’re right,” Mo said with amusement. “Ain’t nothing in there but air. So, are you gonna fuck the table?”

Andre chuckles. “I might give it a try.”

“I knew it,” Mo said and laughed loudly. “I hope the inside is waterproof. You’re gonna fill this thing with your spunk.”

“Nah, it’ll stay clean, I promise.”

Mo slaps the top making Cody jump and bump his head on the top. He hopes like hell no one heard it outside. “You should really find yourself a woman, Dre,” Mo said.

“What do I need a woman for, dawg? All they do is bitch and moan about everything and then close their legs permanently once you put a ring on their finger. Fuck that...”

Mo leaves, saying, “Catch you later, dawg. I gotta get ready for my date.”

“Did you hear that baby girl,” Andre said softly, mockingly. “Looks like your pretty girlfriend is gonna get per cunt stretched again tonight. Why at this rate, she’ll no longer feel your baby dick.”

The fat man laughs while Cody shivers devastated about his entire predicament.

Nothing happens for a while. Andre just keeps Cody hanging, naked and alone, inside a dark box while he eats his pizza and watches some hip-hop music clips on YouTube streamed on the TV. The doorbell rings and Cody heard a familiar female voice. It’s Jenna. Mo brings her into the living room, where Andre is sitting, sipping a beer.

“Let me get you a drink, babe. Make yourself comfortable. I’ll be right back,” Mo said, laying on the charm.

“Hi, Andre,” Jenna said with an amused smile. “It’s weird not seeing you here with your blanket and your...”

“Oh, he’s got a new thing now,” Mo calls from the kitchen. “He’s got a pussy table.”

Andre nods and glances down at the new coffee table. Jenna does too and gasps when she sees the attached fleshlights.

“What the fuck,” she said and grimaces.

“Don’t knock it till you try it,” Andre said smugly.

Mo enters carrying two bourbon’s and cokes and hands one to Jenna. “She ain’t got no dick, dawg. How’s she gonna try it?”

“Hey, just like Cody,” Andre snaps, and all three laughs loudly.

“I dunno,” Mo said with a smirk. “The two inches of fleshlight might be enough for him.”

They laugh again.

“Oh, stop it,” Jenna said, holding her sides. “I’ll spill my drink.”

“Why you still with him?” Andre asks, getting serious. “The guy has a toothpick for a cock.”

Jenna sighs. “Yeah, he is embarrassingly small down there,” she said, making Cody shiver and tremble in utter despair inside the

chest. “But he’s overall a good man, and he eats pussy better than anyone.”

“No, seriously?” Mo said wide-eyed.

“Yep, he’d beat seasoned lesbians in the pussy eating stakes, for sure. He just knows how to work it when he’s down there.”

“Well, don’t you two ruin a good thing here,” Andre said gruffly. “If Cody finds out you two are banging, he’ll probably move out. He’s too good a roomie to lose over a piece of poontang.”

“Unlike you, we’re discrete,” Jenna said.

Andre frowns. His scrunching big brows make his eye sockets dark. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“She means you were jerking your bacon out here for all to see?” Mo said, rolling his eyes.

“You mean this,” Andre said and suddenly stands and drops his sweatpants to reveal his massive slab of soft cock.

“Oh, dawg, put it away,” Mo said, looking away.

However, Jenna stares at the salami-like cock meat. “That has to be the biggest cock I’ve ever seen, even in porn.”

‘She watches porn, too,’ Cody whines in his head. *‘The bitch told me porn was disgusting, and if she ever caught me watching it, she’d leave me.’*

“I’m glad you like it,” Andre said with a big grin. “Do you wanna play with it?”

Jenna grimaces. “In all honesty, I think you’d be too big for me. I love fucking, not pain.”

Andre and Mo laugh. Cody cries softly as her words expose him to be the weak beta male he is. *‘She loves fucking, but she never fucks me,’* he thought. *‘So, who’s she been fucking all this time?’*

“Not with Cody, though?” Mo said.

“No, Cody is unfuckable,” she said. “Useless at sex.”
‘NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO,’ Cody screams in his mind. Suddenly, Mo’s smile grows mischievous. “I got an idea,” he said. “Why don’t you show Jenna that cock of yours in action, big dawg.”

“What do you mean?” Andre asks with a raised eyebrow.

“Break in your new coffee table for her. Let Jenna see what she’s missing.”

Jenna guffaws. “You don’t have to do that for me, seriously.”

“Nah, don’t listen to her,” Mo said softly, elbowing her in the side to make her play along. “She’d love to see your cock in action.”

Andre stares at Jenna, who said, “OK, why not. I’m game,” with a shrug.

Andre starts jerking off, and his massive cock grows even bigger before Jenna’s wide eyes. It really is a monstrous thing, a sight she’ll never forget.

“Put some lube on it,” Mo urges with a big grin. “You don’t want your new lady to get hurt.”

Andre has some lube with him, and he squirts a lot on his cock, especially the head. When it’s as hard as it’ll get, he gets on his knees and lines the massive head up with the pussy lips of the fleshlight. Very slowly, the fat black man pushes his cock inside the box. Cody is unreservedly perplexed. With his butt to Andre, the cockhead soon goes into his ass cheeks. The sissy tries to

scramble forward to avoid it, but the space inside the box isn't big enough.

"Talk dirty to your box," Mo shouts, laughing hysterically.

Jenna sits there stony-faced as she watches the huge cock push inside. Cody feels the colossal cockhead press his body in contact with him. Andre's hard-on pressed against his anus.

"Spread your legs... Get that cunt ready," Andre orders.

Andre braces the box hard with his hands. Cody's whimpering softly with anticipation and fear. He spreads, raising his butt for a better angle.

"Yeah," Andre growls.

Jenna glances at Mo, who's laughing his fool head off. She thinks this is simply weird, a man fucking a coffee table.

Andre slides his cock, slick with lube up and down Cody's crack. Then somehow, the man manages to push the head against his anus again.

“I’m sticking ten inches cock in your tight pussy tonight,” Andre moans. “While Jenna here watches me take your virginity.”

Jenna shakes her head because she can’t believe it. Cody is trembling inside the box. He knows he’ll have to keep quiet. Otherwise, Jenna will know he’s there. The sissy also knows that the coming anal sex will be the most painful thing he’s ever endured. *‘Thank god I’ve had that butt plug up me all week,’* he thought. *‘That’ll help a bit.’* The realization that the butt plug was all part of Andre’s plan to fuck him doesn’t even cross his sissy airhead mind. Cody can only think of two things right now. First, not giving away the fact he’s the pussy inside the box to Jenna. Second, making sure Big Daddy gets his rocks off.

The sissy feels him push it inside his anus slightly. The pain instantly hits as Andre forces it inside Cody’s asshole. *‘Wait, please, wait for a second, just let me relax,’* Cody thought. Andre is as hard as iron, slowly pushing his cock inside the sissy’s asshole. The sissy inhales sharply at the pain. *‘It hurts ... It hurts ... God, **IT HURTS...**’* Cody screams in his head.

Andre said as if reading the sissy’s mind, *“Yeah, take it. I’m pushing it in, bitch. Your pussy is mine, bitch.”*

The last line makes Jenna guffaw. It’s so cheesy. The enormous cock forces its way past the fleshlight, impaling Cody, ripping him open.

“Ooh, baby, it feels good in there.” Andre moans.

‘Wait... Please wait ... Just wait for a second,’ Cody mentally begs. *‘Give me a chance to get used to it.’* The poor sissy has his fist in his mouth to stop him from screaming. The box lining does offer some soundproofing, though, so Jenna or Mo is still unaware of his presence.

Andre pulls his cock out some, then shoves it back in hard. “*Ung. Ung,*” Cody moans softly as the cock slides in and out, burning his asshole from the sheer force of eight inches of Andre’s thick cock plundering his depths.

Suddenly, Mo shouts, “Can I get some too?”

Andre smiles and nods. Mo is soon kneeling at the other end and shoves his boner into the fleshlight there. Poor Cody is beside himself as that stump-like cock pokes into his face. The sissy has no choice but to open his mouth and take it inside. Jenna laughs loudly at the bizarre sight. To her, two hung black men are fucking a coffee table.

“Careful you don’t bump heads,” she said, giggling. “It might make you a fag.”

“No Chance,” Mo said with a grin. “But I want my homie to help me spitroast this new bitch box.”

“Yeah, we’re gonna take this bitch to pound town,” Andre said, making Jenna scream with laughter.

Andre pulls his cock out, so the tip is against the sissy’s asshole. Cody feels relief.

“Now gimme that hot pussy,” Andre orders.

Cody thinks this must be the most shameful thing ever done. Here he is, Andre’s oversized cock fucking as deep into his belly as it can go while Mo’s equally large black phallus thrusts down his throat. He can taste the salty pre-cum leaking from Mo and smell the acrid odor of a shit-covered cock in the rear. The box is moving as the two men fuck. As one slammed in, it pushes the sissy back onto the other cock.

To Cody’s surprise, several times already, his clit has dribbled some jizz. The smell of his sperm adding to the perfume inside the box. Ejaculation without any real orgasm that is. Mo’s cock pushes Cody toward Andre again, and he feels the fat man’s cock slid in. He tightens his stomach muscles and sphincter, feeling his shaft pull out.

“Faster bitch ... Fuck it good ... Make me cum,” Mo shouts.

Jenna is sitting there alternating from frowning to wide-eyed disbelief. The woman’s blinking rapidly, holding her hands tightly in her lap. She can see these two black guys fucking a box or a chest, and both are totally into it. The lewd spectacle doesn’t turn her on, but its humor is lessening the longer it goes on. Jenna’s feelings of weirdness start to make her wish she isn’t there.

“Um, I’m just gonna go to the bathroom,” she said, rising.

The two men don’t take any notice, and she left the room feeling relieved. They continue to fuck the fleshlights on each end of the new coffee table. Cody’s hammered at each end by these two extremely large black cocks.

“I’m gonna cum,” Mo said, closing his eyes tight.

Cody soon tastes semen in his mouth, and he eagerly swallows all Mo can give. Then it’s Andre’s turn.

“Shit, I’m cumming,” he moans and shoves his cock in hard against the box, so his balls are touching the fleshlight.

That means the maximum amount of Andre's massive cock is inside Cody's belly, shooting load after load of hot semen. The men are filling him from both ends, and just to add to it, Cody feels an orgasm rush over him and another dribble of jizz comes from his little boner. The men pull out. He hears Andre grunt getting to his feet and leaving for the stairs. He needs to wash his cock before Jenna sees the shit on it. The sissy collapses in the box, exhausted and satisfied. Jenna comes back into the room to find Mo alone, sitting on the sofa drinking his bourbon.

"Did I miss the end?" she asks with a smirk.

Mo smiles bashfully. "Sorry, babe. We both got carried away a little."

Jenna rolls her eyes. "As long as you saved some for me. I'd hate to think a coffee table is a better fuck than me. That would be soul-destroying."

Her sarcasm is apparent. Mo chuckles.

"Yeah, but as far as coffee tables go," he said with mischief. "You won't find a better fuck... For a coffee table, I mean."

"OK, let's go upstairs then," she said. "Cody will be home soon, and I need some big cock in me before he gets home."

Mo stands, and they leave the room hand in hand.

Andre comes back wiping his cock with paper towels and notices Mo and Jenna have gone. He knows where too. He opens the lid of the box to reveal a sweaty, red-skinned sissy lying inside. The big black man stares down at Cody with a frown.

“You didn’t tell me Mo knew about this?” he asks accusingly.

“He found out this week,” Cody said weakly. “He told me to keep it secret.”

Andre bursts out laughing. “That motherfucker,” he said, shaking his head. “Looks like you got two black dicks to service from now on, girl. Must make you happy to be so popular.”

“Can I get out now?” Cody whines. “I’m gonna start cramping soon.”

“Nah, ya better not. Not while your girlfriend is here fucking Mo. I don’t wanna ruin my homie’s chance to stretch that fine pussy.”

“So, what do I do, just hide in here until she leaves?”

Andre glances around. “Go under the dining room table,” he said. “You can play with my cock and balls while I surf the internet on my laptop. Do you have your butt plug?”

“No, it’s upstairs in my room,” Cody said and grimaces.

Andre shakes his head. “Well, you better go get it then and put it in,” he said. “Next time make sure you have it. I’d like you to suck on it while I’m fucking your sissy pussy.”

“But it’s upstairs,” Cody said wide-eyed and trembling.

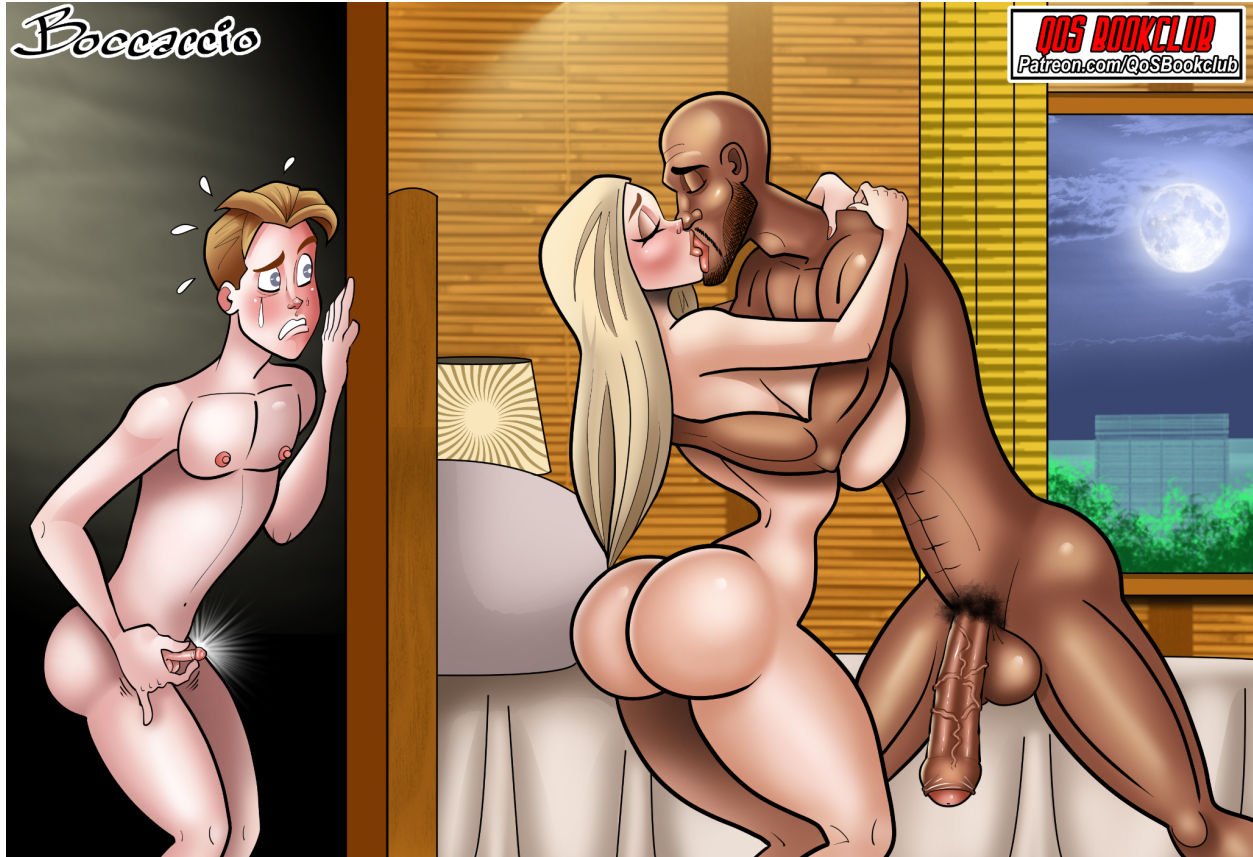
“I don’t give a fuck....” Then Andre laughs, remembering whose upstairs too. “Oh, don’t worry about her,” he said. “Her cunt will be so stuffed with cock by now that she won’t hear you creeping about.”

Cody climbs out of the box and quickly runs upstairs. He hears the moans and dirty talk coming from Mo’s bedroom and shivers. Once the sissy’s inside his room, he retrieves the cock- shaped

butt plug and slides it inside his asshole. It goes in easily after Andre's colossal cock has been there. Poking his head out the door seeing no one, her runs back downstairs naked and gets under the dining room table. Andre comes in and sets up his laptop then sits. Cody dutifully pulls down his sweatpants and starts licking the fat man's big hairy balls. It's sissy heaven.

Cody wakes in pure darkness, and he shudders, wondering where he is. The poor sissy fell asleep under the dining room table, and Andre left him there. He crawls out from underneath and gets to his feet. He smells like jizz. Andre came another two times while Cody dutifully sucked and licked all the fat man's genitalia for several hours. The sissy was impressed with the big man's stamina for sex. Pitiful Cody's done for the night after he orgasms with Jenna. Not Andre. He's like the energizer bunny. He keeps going.

He climbs the stairs and slips into his bedroom. After a quick shower, Cody puts on his pajamas and gets in bed. He's so used to the butt plug it barely registers. He hears some whispering in the hall outside his room and gets out and opens his door slightly to see Mo kissing a female form—*it's Jenna*.



The sissy closes the door and runs back to bed and gets in pretending to be asleep. He hears the door open and a female sigh, then the door closes again. Cody gets up and goes to his window, which faces the front street. A car pulls up, and Jenna runs to it and gets inside. Then she's gone.

"Goodbye, my love," he whispers.

Cody isn't mad at Jenna for having sex with Mo. He understands it. Also, Cody knows it'd be a tad hypocritical to be mad at her after what he's been doing recently. By comparison, Jenna's

cheating is mild compared to this new sissy life Cody's now living. *'I'm like an undercover sissy,'* he thought and smiles. *'By day a mild-mannered IT guy, and by night a black cock cumslut.'* The moment of lightness doesn't last long. He lies on the bed, wondering who'll catch who first—*it's inevitable.* *'Will I catch Jenna, or will she catch me,'* Cody wonders? He shivers because he knows, either way, it'll spell the end of their six-year relationship.

The following day, Cody's shaken awake by Andre, and when the sissy sees the man, he sits up at once. "Morning, Big Daddy," he said. "Is something up?"

"Not yet," Andre said with a cackle. "You're gonna have to call in sick today."

"Why?"

"There's a party for my boss today, and one of the waitresses just quit. You're gonna take her place."

"Cody frowns. "I've never waited on tables before, Big Daddy."

“You won’t be,” Andre said with a smile. “You’ll be just taking around the platters of food for guests to nibble on. I’ll need you there at about eleven to start.”

Cody worries about work for a moment then decides he’ll do it. His big cuddly black daddy has a way of making him want to drop everything.

“I left your uniform in your bathroom and some other stuff you’ll need,” Andre said, then turned and left.

The sissy climbs out of bed and gazes at the clock. It’s just past seven am, so he goes into his bathroom to see what Andre left him for the waiter job today. Hanging on a coat hanger is a frilly, maids costume. Cody gasps.

He also finds lacy crotchless panties, thigh-high black stockings, a bra with inserted fake silicone breasts, black stilettos, makeup, and a blonde wig.



Cody runs from his room to catch Andre about to leave downstairs.

“You expect me to wear that in public?” the sissy asks.

“Yeah, I do,” Andre said with a grin. “That’s what all the waitresses are wearing.”

“OK, the panties and lingerie were cool, but going out in public dressed like a woman is taking it too far.”

Andre puts his hand on the small males for reassurance. However, the sissy finds it more intimidating than reassuring.

“Look, girl, once you get it all on, I’m betting no one will recognize you. Think of it as cosplay.”

“But I don’t know how to put on makeup?” Cody whines.

“You got all morning to learn, right? Watch some YouTube videos. Be at the venue by eleven. I’ve already arranged for an Uber to pick you up. OK?”

“Can I wear a coat over it until I get there?”

Andre smiles. He loves how submissive Cody has become in such a brief time. “Yeah, that’s cool. Now, I gotta go, baby. I’ll see you at eleven.”

Cody nods and quickly gets on his knees, unzips Andre’s jeans, fishes out the mammoth cock, and kisses and licks it for a moment. “Goodbye, Big Daddy,” he said, rubbing the cock over his face.

When Cody puts the cock away, Andre leaves for work. The sissy climbs the stairs back to his room. He has a lot of work to do to get ready for the big event.

Chapter 5

‘I can’t believe I’m doing this,’ Cody thought as the Uber car takes him to the venue downtown. *‘I look ridiculous. They’ll see through me instantly. Then what? A bunch of mechanics beating the shit out of me.’* The face makeup was the worst part and it took him five attempts to get something that didn’t scream tranny whore. Eventually, he had to admit that with his small frame and high cheek bones he did pass as an attractive woman. Even if the pink

maids costume seemed a little ostentatious. *‘I guess these men are macho working class guys,’* he thought.

‘They’d like some nubile females serving them food and drinks. I hope they don’t figure out I’m neither nubile nor female.’ Still, he can’t help getting a boner as he thinks about it. The driver is staring at Cody’s legs through the rearview mirror, so the sissy pulls his coat over them so the man can concentrate on the road. *“Men,”* he thought dismissively. *‘Always thinking with their cocks.’* Eventually they pull up outside a restaurant that has a ‘private function’ sign on the door.

The door is open, so he enters to see some men still clearing most of the tables and chairs, setting the venue for the party. He ambles through trying to get anyone’s attention to let them know he’s there. A sleazy looking fiftyish black man with greasy balding hair, crass gold jewelry, and a dirty Hawaiian shirt half open to expose a hairy chest, and jeans comes ambling over with a permanent leer.

“Miss, miss, can I help you?” he asks Cody.

“Ah...” he said, then realized his voice sounded male so cleared his throat and spoke in a feminine higher-pitched tone. “Um, my friend Andre Brown asked if I’d help out cus you had someone drop out.”

“Oh, you’re the girl? He wouldn’t give me your name for some reason. I’m Merv Benson. You’ll be working for me today.”

“Hi, I’m...” Cody really must think on his feet here. “I’m Jodi Smith.”

“Nice to meet you Jodi, take the coat off so I can see how you look in the uniform.” After Cody does, Merv’s hand starts touching his lower back and soon slides down to cup his butt. “Yes, yes, nice. You’ll do, sweetheart. You’ll do. But I gotta tell ya something...”

The hand squeezes his butt. “Oh?” Cody asks blushing.

“I ain’t got no time to put you on the books proper like,” he said with a toothy grin. “So, today’s gig will be cash in hand plus tips. Got it, sweet cheeks?” Cody nods. “So, all I’m paying is a hundred bucks for a few hours work. The rest depends on what tips you can get. So be nice. Play nice. Is that OK, baby? You cool with that? Tell me. Tell Uncle Merv you’ll do it.”

The manic nature of the sweaty man makes Cody giggle. “That’s OK,” he said. “Merv are all the girls wearing this, err, uniform?”

“Sure thing, girl. We do gigs that are a bit sexier. The girls all dress nice to please. You’ll do fine though. You look great,” Merv said his free hand waving about excitedly. “I’ll take you through to

meet the other girls and your supervisor and she'll get you started."

Merv finally let's go of his butt and leads the sissy to the back of the restaurant. Sure enough, there are nine other women, all blonde and white, and all wearing the same maid's uniform. There's a fat woman with a clipboard dressed in black and Merv takes Cody to her.

"Gia, this is Jodi. She's replacing Kelly for the day. This is her first gig with us, so be nice. Don't scare her off." Merv laughs a fast chortle. "Be nice. Play nice..." he adds for good measure and walks away.

"Is he always like this?" Cody asks the stern looking fat woman.

"Only when he's doing coke," Gia said. "So, this is your first time?" Cody nods, so Gia said, "That's OK. I'll put you on food service as it's the easiest job. All you do is carry a tray around and offer the guests some food. You don't eat it, they do."

"OK."

"Once the tray is empty, or the food is cold, take it back to the kitchen and get another."

“Yeah, I got it,” Cody said resisting the urge to roll his eyes.

“You’ll also help clean up any spillages or messes too. One question. Who the hell put your makeup on? It’s terrible.”

“Um, sorry. I don’t wear makeup usually and I’m a bit shit at putting it on,” Cody said blushing.

“OK, follow me,” Gia said and takes Cody into the ladies bathroom.

There’s a makeup kit there and after the old makeups removed, Gia puts a fresh batch. Cody stares in the mirror and gasps at the difference. His attempts had made him appear more feminine, but Gia’s magic transformed him into a woman.

“If you want more gigs with us, you’ll need to learn how to do this properly,” Gia snapped.

“Um, OK,” Cody said feeling amused at the subtle job offer.
“Sorry, Gia, I’ve always been a tomboy. Makeup has never been my thing.”

“That’s OK,” the fat woman said and smiled. “You’ll learn. Come and meet the girls. Then we can all go to the Kitchen for instructions from the head chef.”

They go back to the change room and Cody stands beside Gia as she introduces him. “This is Jodi, it’s her first time with us. I know there’s a couple of you here today doing your first gig also, so help each other out there.” Cody smiles and nods at the other women but they don’t seem too interested in him. “Now, let’s all go to the kitchen so the head chef can brief us on today’s service.”

Gia strolls out followed by the girls. Cody waits to end. Suddenly, he hears a familiar voice beside him.

“Hi, you look familiar. Do I know you?” the female said.

He turns head, and sure enough, *it’s Jenna*. Cody does his best to hide his surprise and internal upheaval. He feels his face flushing and hopes Gia’s improved makeup will hide it some. Mustering all his strength to remain calm, he said, “I don’t believe so. I’m Jodi.”

In his head the word: ‘*JENNA...JENNA...JENNA*,’ keeps repeating hysterically.

“I’m Jenna. I swear you look familiar. I just can’t put my finger on it. Do you go to city college?” Jenna asks pursing her lips.

“No, I work in...um, a supermarket across town at the checkout,” Cody said. “I don’t mean this to sound rude, but you don’t seem familiar to me at all.”

‘JENNA...JENNA...JENNA.’

Jenna laughs lightly, a sound he’s heard a million times. “That’s OK, maybe you just remind me of someone. Nice to meet you though.”

“Is this your first time doing this too?”

“No, I’ve worked for Merv the Perv for about a year.” ‘*Merv the Perv*,’ Cody thought sarcastically. ‘*That sounds about right. Since when has Jenna had a side gig and not even told me about it. She’s been doing this for a year. Do I even know this woman? What other secrets is she hiding from me?*’

“I’m just here for a friend,” Cody said with a shrug.

“Yeah that’s how I started, but I’m still here,” Jenna said as they lined up in the kitchen.

Gia suddenly shouts and the chatter stops. “Ladies, this is Chef McFadden. Whatever he says you do. No questions. No backchat. Got it?”

To Cody’s surprise, the regular girls all say in unison, “Yes, Mistress Gia.”

‘*Mistress*,’ Cody thought amused. ‘*Is she a dominatrix?*’ Gia then said, “Line up nicely for inspection.”

The girls (and Cody) stand side-by-side and this lanky redheaded chef walks in front of them checking them out. He smiles at each girl (including Cody) and ends by standing next to Gia. The man then goes into what food and drinks they’re serving for the event and in what order. The food mostly consists of hot and cold snack food eaten by hand.

After he’s done, Gia asks the chef, “Who have you selected today for your first taste?”

The man smiles and goes straight to Jenna. He holds out his hand and she took it and smiles back. Then to Cody’s surprise, Jenna leaves with the chef and disappears into the kitchen.

“Where are they going,” he whispers to the girl on his other side.

She rolls her eyes. “It’s the first taste, duh,” she said coldly.

Suddenly there’s a murmuring of male voices as the guests start arriving. Cody can hear them greeting each other in a jovial manner. Then there’s cheering as the guest of honor arrives. The men break into a loud chorus of happy birthday followed by several cheers. The restaurant goes quiet and a deep voice gives an impromptu speech. When he’s done the guest cheers again.

“OK, girls,” Gia suddenly shouts. Let’s get to work.”

Cody glances around searching for Jenna but she’s still absent. He picks up a tray of small pies with a dipping sauce and carries it out to the restaurant. The men are all dressed nicely, which surprises Cody. He’s expecting men in greasy overalls smelling like grease and gasoline. Most of them are black, dressed in expensive suits, many smoking big cigars which adds to the manly aroma in the room. It doesn’t take long for Cody to get his butt pinched, then squeezed, and then his dick and balls fondled under his dress.

He wants to complain about it to Gia but sees all the other girls getting the same treatment. It dawns on Cody that an operation run by a character called ‘*Merv the Perv*’ is going to be more than regular waitering. As he’s collecting another tray of finger food, he spots Jenna coming out of a storeroom with the chef. His hairs mussed and uniform crooked. ‘*What the hell was she doing in*

there? Wrestling? Cody wonders. His eyes bulge as he realizes the truth. Jenna had sex with the head chef.

'Is this what she's been doing for the last year?' he wonders.
'Does this waitress gig cover for sex work?'

He takes his tray out and starts wandering through the rowdy men all chatting and laughing. They now have several drinks under their belts, so the volume and groping have increased exponentially. A big black hand taps him on the shoulder and Cody turns to see Andre and Mo standing with beers in hand. They smile at him and it makes Cody go weak in the knees.

Another black man with them shouts, "This is Jodi, she's new."

"Nice to meet you Jodi," Andre said with a smile.

"Yeah, very nice to meet you," Mo adds with a leer. "You're in for some action today, sweet thing."

Mo shoves five dollars down Cody's top to show his appreciation and then takes some buffalo wings of the tray. The tips have been plentiful already, so for that Cody is pleased. Andre takes him by the arm and leads Cody to the corner.

"You look damn fine, Cody," he whispers.

Cody pouts. "I was hoping you wouldn't recognize me," he said.

"I didn't at first, but then I got it."

"Did you know Jenna was working this gig too?" Cody asks, his face flushing.

"Yeah, sorry. I thought it'd be fun to show you what that ho is really like," Andre said. "Has anyone figured out your little secret yet?"

Now Cody's flush turns into a full blown blush. "Yeah, my dicks have been grabbed many times now. But no one seems to mind, which is surprising."

"You'll be popular here today, just be a good sissy and do whatever and whoever you're told," Andre said and frowned.

“Whoever?” Cody asks with a raised eyebrow.

“You’ll see. The fun has only just begun, sissy.”

After serving food for about two hours, Gia called all the girls back into the changeroom. Looking over Cody, the fat stern woman said, “Jenna, take Jodi into the bathroom and touch up her makeup.”

Jenna grabs Cody’s hand with a smile and leads him into the ladies bathroom. The sissy’s heart is pounding, and he feels sick at the thought of his girlfriend figuring out his real identity. He sits on the stool, and Jenna grabs a sponge to reapply foundation.

“The guys really seemed to like you out there,” Jenna said applying the makeup.

“Yeah, but I think I’ll be covered in bruises tomorrow from all the pinches,” Cody whines.

Jenna chuckles. “Yeah, these guys are really handsy. It’s not always like this, but black men in particular love to grope us.”

“Can I ask you something?” “Sure.”

Cody swallows. “Did you have sex with that chef earlier?” he asks.

“More like he had sex with me,” Jenna said with a sneer. “He wasn’t particularly good at it.”

“Do you have a boyfriend?” Jenna nods, so Cody asks, “Does he know you do this?”

The blonde beauty chortles. “God, no. He’d die if he knew the things I do behind his back,” she said with a smirk.

“Why do you cheat on him?” Cody asks, feeling a wave of despair overtake him.

Jenna holds up her hand and wiggles her pinky finger at him. “He’s a nice guy, but his tiny dick is unfuckable. So, I get my cock elsewhere.” Cody wants to die. “Purse your lips like you’re gonna kiss,” Jenna orders and then applies fresh lipstick to Cody’s lips.



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“Rub your lips together now. Good. I think you’re ready. You really are a pretty girl.”

“Thanks,” Cody said dejectedly. “So are you.”

They go back into the changeroom and Gia said, “Go take your place, Jenna. I’ll have a quick chat with Jodi.” After

Jenna leaves the room, the fat woman said, “The next part of the day is optional. If you don’t wish to participate, I’ll pay you the hundred dollars now and you can leave.”

Cody frowns. “What are you talking about?” he asks.

“Some of the girls put themselves up for auction,” Gia said calmly. “Half the money raised goes to the girl.”

“What does the winner get?”

Gia smiles slightly. “They get an hour with the girl he brought to do anything they want to her. And I mean anything.”

“You mean sex?”

Gia nods. "I mean sex."

The sissy remembers Andre ordering to do whatever and whoever they want him to do. "OK, I'm in," he said. "Good girl, I thought you'd be into it," Gia said smugly.

"Sissy sluts like you can't get enough cock." "How..."

"Word has gotten round about your little secret," Gia said and smiled. "Lift your dress and show me." Cody blushes but obeys, his submissive nature makes it impossible to resist. Gia bends and stares at his bald soft dick. She laughs. "It really is just a clit, isn't it?"

"Yes, mistress Gia." he said glumly.

"Come on, let go sell your sissy ass," she said and gave his penis a pinch.

They go out to the restaurant and the auction is underway. Three out of the ten girls had agreed to auction their bodies for the event. The sour faced girl who was rude to him in the kitchen, another with massive breasts, and Jenna. It breaks Cody's heart to see the woman he once loved doing such slutty stuff. '*Once loved,*' he thought as he stands next to her. '*I don't love her anymore. God, is it over? Is this the end? Yes, it's over.*'

Merv the Perv is the MC of the auction and gets through the first two girls quickly. They both raise about three-hundred dollars each. Then Jenna steps forward.

Merv starts his patter. “C’mon, gents. What do we have for this beauty? Lift your skirt, honey and show them the goods.”

Jenna does and flashes her pussy at the crowd of mostly leering black men. “This Georgia peach is as tasty as they come, guys. She has a pussy that just won’t quit. So, what’s your bid to taste this forbidden fruit...”

The bids come in thick and fast, and why wouldn’t they, Jenna is a true beauty. Merv ends the auction at eleven hundred dollars to a black man in his fifties called Mr. Garibaldi. Jenna smiles, it’s a good payday for her. When Jenna takes her place in the line again, Merv gestures for Cody to step forward.

“Speaking of forbidden fruit,” he shouts, and the audience laughs. “This girl comes with something a little extra, and when I say little, I mean baby-sized...” The men laugh again. Cody blushes and feels like he wants to die. “Lift your skirt, Jodi,” Merv shouts. “Give the boys a look at your clit.”

‘Why do I put myself through this,’ Cody wonders as he lifts and exposes his bald dicklette to the leering and laughing alpha’s in the room.

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The roar of laughter and cheering is deafening. None of the men present have never seen a penis as small as this on a grown male. There's also wolf whistles as the mixed chorus of condemnation and approval act like a wave that causes Cody's dick to get hard. The crowd gets even rowdier as they watch the little pecker poke out.

Over the roar of men talking shit about his dick, Cody hears Jenna behind him scream. He turns, dress still up around his waist, and sees her horrified face and bulging eyes staring at his dick. Tears are running down her cheeks. Her eyes flit up to meet his then back down to his dick. The sissy wiggles his hips seductively to her and suddenly bursts into laughter.

Merv says into the microphone, "Hang on, guys. I think we have a little Jerry Springer type drama here. Jodi, do you know Jenna?" he asks then puts the mic to Cody's mouth.

"Yes, she used to be my girlfriend," he said smiling.

"Used to be?" Merv said, then puts the mic back to Cody. "Yes. Jenna, you're dumped you cheating slut. Enjoy Mr.

Garibaldi's cock, you whore."

"You bastard," Jenna shouts and stomps off the stage in tears. "I hate you and your baby dick."

The men cheer and Cody turns his back on the retreating woman feeling as if a weight had lifted off his shoulders. The sissy has found his true self at last. He wiggles his butt and makes his tiny stiffy jiggle and the alpha men all cheer.

“I have a feeling Joe Garibaldi’s about to have the fuck of his life,” Merv said and the men laugh. “So, what is it to be for this fine piece of ass, gents? Do I have five hundred...” and so Merv begins the auction.

The auction is brief because one man bids eight hundred dollars and no one is willing to go higher. Merv announces that someone called Tiger Johnson is the winner. Cody soon finds himself led to the back of the restaurant with Tiger (a hulking black man) into a deserted storage room. Unlike the other guests, Tiger appears as if he’s just come from work. He’s wearing a white t-shirt and torn black jeans. The black man’s pants and boxers soon fall to just below his waist. Tiger has Cody’s full attention now. His beautiful black cock is at full mast and it’s huge. The man’s black meat stands erect and proudly past his navel. In reflex Cody licks his lips.

“You like my cock, don’t ya, sissy?” Tiger asks in a deep, gravelly voice.

He growls as he grabs at his veiny, circumcised cock strokes it some. A silly grin is Cody's only response.

"Sure, ya do," Tiger said smugly. As the sissy stares intently into Tiger's crotch his heart sinks and his small dick gets hard.

"Take care of my pants, sissy." Tiger commands.

Cody scampers to the floor and rapidly unties the black man's shoes and removes his socks. He pulls Tiger's warm aromatic boxers away and hangs the black tattered pants over a nearby chair. He then pulls at the hem of Tiger's t-shirt. The powerful manly chest is in his face, and Cody inhales the masculine essence. Tiger's self-assurance is so complete he doesn't have to raise his voice to dominate the sissy. Cody's gaze is one of frighteningly pitiless admiration and joy. Tiger has a stateliness to his physique both males and females could appreciate.

It's a shimmering transcendent ideal not easily ignored. Tiger is soon standing firm in this storeroom completely naked. The only light illuminating his breathtaking body is the ugly glare from a single bulb in the ceiling. Tiger is the epitome of a manly physique. Cody gasps loud enough for him to hear. This dark and dangerous animal is quite simply, irresistible. The sissy is shaking all over.

Tiger's powerful muscles flex. His shoulders are broad as his waist narrow. Cody starts to remove the frilly maids uniform for he knows in the presence of such manliness, he should be naked too.

Just so there's no mistake about his place. Once naked, Cody kneels subserviently in front of Tiger's monstrous black cock. He's overcome with the rush of need for this forceful and domineering black man to denigrate and belittle him.

As if on cue Tiger said, "What a useless and pathetic excuse for a dick you have sissy. Worshipping big Black cock is all your good for, baby dick. Don't you think?"

Cody glances downward and nods. The black man's large, callused hands clutch Cody's head forcefully. Cody's mouth opens widely in reflex. Tiger sways his hips forward. His bone hard cock enters the sissy's drooling accepting mouth. Cody suddenly feels his throat full of hard black cock. The sissy keeps his hands at his sides. Tiger rams his turgid meat in and out of the receptive mouth. The sissy must breathe entirely through his nose.

"Suck that black cock you white piece of shit." Tiger growls.

Cody slowly picks up his hands. He places them gently on Tiger's ripped powerful thighs. Tiger smiles broadly as he peers down at the small white male. Cody lifts his face and holds eye contact with Tiger. The man places his hand under Cody's chin and pulls the sissy's face further up.

"Look at me, sissy cocksucker." Tiger orders.

Cody senses Tiger needs to see the full face of any anyone servicing him. So, he keeps his head at the angle Tiger moved it to. Under Tiger's scrutiny, the sissy now sucks this immense cock ever more fervently.

"Andre was right. You do give good head, bitch," Tiger said with a sneer. "You were born for this."

The sissy doesn't remove the stone hard cock from his pliant soft mouth. He just nods. Cody's small pinkish dick stands erect dribbling pre-cum. '*This is my purpose,*' Cody thought. '*I'm finally fulfilled.*' He only interrupts his oral ministrations to occasionally lick and lap at Tiger's balls or his thighs.

"How the fuck did you ever get a girlfriend like that Jenna?" Tiger asks. "What the fuck did she see in you? No woman would want a guy with a dick that small."

Cody doesn't know how to answer so he just grunts. He knew Jenna loved his oral skills more than his dick. What Cody didn't know was Jenna getting her cock lust fulfilled with other men. The fact their relationship is now over doesn't make him feel sad at all. It was a lie all along.

“You look so good down there on your knees with a black cock in your mouth, sissy,” Tiger said. In response the sissy scrunches down and laps and licks the man’s balls and taint. “No doubt Jenna won’t miss that pinky dick of yours.” Tiger said and laughs.

Cody continues the blowjob undeterred. His cocksucking grows even more ardent and pronounced. Tiger’s remarkable cock has the most exquisite head. It’s a pinkish brown color and feels wonderful in the sissy’s throat. The head suddenly pulls Cody’s lips outward as Tiger pulls his hips away from the small white man. Tiger bends lower. His cock remaining in the sissy’s mouth as Cody moves with him. Suddenly Tiger is lighting a joint and takes a big puff.

Tiger and Cody are bound together inside a twisted dream. Destined to ride this strange train all the way to the end of the line. It sounds crazy, but at that moment Cody can’t hear his own heartbeat. The black man’s massive meat suddenly plops square on the sissy’s face. Those big black balls jiggling around his chin. The crown flops past his forehead.

“Please, please. Don’t make me, sir,” Cody whines.

They both know damn well this last statement is a lie. Black alpha men love to hear sissy white boys squeal and beg for the last vestiges of their self-respect and pride. After he hears the begging Tiger will strip away whatever pride remains. This man is indeed

going to get his money's worth. Tiger lets out a deep sigh of satisfaction as he inhales the smoke.

He caresses the back of Cody's head. His grip tightens. Cody submissively yields his entire mouth onto this blood engorged monster cock. The sissy takes in deep breaths through his nostrils. The pulsing throbbing outsized symbol of sexual potency seems to be a self-sufficient being unto itself. It's that amazingly large. Tiger slaps his whole cock on Cody's face. Pre-cum sticks to the soft blonde hair of the wig.

"Lap dem black balls, Jodi." Tiger said with a sneer of menace.

Cody immediately complies. He feels eager to please his master, the man who won him in the auction. Cody's tongue swirls over both of his large testicles tasting the pissy, sweaty maleness of them. He hears Tiger inhale from the joint and is unprepared when the man suddenly slaps Cody's face with his cock several times while the sissy sucks his balls. The thick cock batters Cody's soft features with a series of bitch slaps. Tiger snickers. He's obviously pleased with Cody's overt display of pride less submission to his towering black superiority.

"P-please, sir, don't hurt me," Cody begs tearfully.

Tiger lets out a particularly loud laugh at this. Small dick sissy's always beg for mercy and get none from this man. Tiger took immense pleasure in stripping away all the pride from the groveling cocksucking sissy sluts that came his way. Then, Tiger brusquely yanks Cody's head upward. He jams his extremely hard cock deep into the sissy's open and waiting mouth. Tiger's hips piston into his receptive wet mouth. The alpha bull is all fury and speed now. He rams about seven inches of steel hard ebony cock into Cody's throat. The remaining inches the sissy grips with a hand.

Cody alternately takes in deep draughts of fresh air and gags. He softly massages Tiger's balls with his free hand. The sissy is naked, on his knees, in the storeroom of a popular downtown restaurant fully occupied sucking and worshiping this big black cock. Cody's tiny dicklette grows ever stiffer. The sissy makes sure to delve his tongue into Tiger's pee-hole.

"Yeah work that tongue, Jodi. Right into my piss slit like a good sissy," Tiger moans.

Cody's breath comes haltingly. More cock slaps to his face only drives him on. However, the tears are still rolling out of his eyes. The sissy feels afraid of the manly brutality of Tiger yet also highly sexually excited too. What he didn't know was that Tiger always grew harder at the sight of sissy tears.

Tiger gently pulls both Cody's hands up over his head and holds them there. The black bull crouches slightly and takes a deep drag on his joint. Then with unprecedented ferocity Tiger fucks Cody's face. The cock stabs and pierces the sissy's mouth and his throat is assaulted by a black steel pipe. Cody's two soft white hands feel for Tiger's chest. He peers up and into Tiger's red eyes.

He's quite high now. Tiger spits hard onto Cody's face several times. Still, the sissy doesn't turn away. Tiger eventually let go of his two hands. They fall limply onto Tigers strong manly legs. The bull is now pulling Cody's mouth onto his terribly hard cock by placing his giant black hands on the back of the sissy's head and sharply shoving the small male forward. The bull's doing all the work now. The sissy remains motionless.

"Ahhhh." Tiger moans loudly. *"Suck that cock, bitch."*

Suddenly, the pillaging cock let out an explosive forceful stream of highly viscous semen deep into Cody's throat. The sissy's mouth floods with Tiger's custardy male discharge. Cody's dicklette jerks and starts dribbling a smallish squirt that runs down his short shaft to coat his smooth balls. It's the first time he's ever climaxed just from sucking a cock. There's a wave of shame and lust as he ponders this while sucking the jizz out of Tiger's balls. Cody jerks the few remaining droplets from his rapidly softening dicklette. Cody's orgasm was very intense, toe curling and deeply felt. It represents his sense of self satisfaction at a job done well.

Tiger grabs his still hard cock and slaps the small sissy across the face with it again. He squeezes out the last few gobs of semen onto Cody's eyes and nose. Then he takes another deep drag on his joint. The sissy remains on his knees. He closes his eyes and opens his semen-filled mouth wide, not allowing any of its content down his gullet yet. He's showing Tiger he has taken the full load. It's the ultimate act of sissy submission. Tiger peers down at the small sissy and smiles.

"Swallow it, sissy. Swallow my cum like a good girl," he said.

Cody gulps the jizz down in one exhibitionistic swallow. Tiger laughs. Some sticky residue drips from the corners of Cody's mouth, so Tiger scoops it up with his big black index finger. The sissy opens his eyes to see the stuff dripping from his extended finger. He hungrily licks and laps it once again showing Tiger how far he's fallen from being a prideful man who thought he had it all to a subservient sissy slut.

Cody's transformation is complete. He doesn't know where it will lead him, but the sissy can't wait to see what happens next.

Epilogue

Even though Cody publicly broke up with Jenna, she was still part of his life as Mo continued to have her over for sex. She even fed him many creampie's because no one can eat pussy like Cody. But

once Cody had eaten all the jizz from Jenna's pussy, she'd go back to Mo's room and spend the night with the black stud. One day, Andre announced Tiger Johnson would be moving into the house. Cody had to vacate his room for the hung black man. Andre put a mattress under the dining room table for Cody to sleep on. The sissy quit his job to become a full time cockslut. He only ever wore lingerie around the house and serviced the three men daily and anyone else they brought home. Cody also became a popular part of Merv the Perv's business. Cody's life is now complete.

The End.