

ATTENTIVE ATTENDANTS!

by Throne

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

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

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

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"This is going to be incredible, " Marty said.

"I know," Dick agreed.

"When we hit that Black club, the girls won't know what happened. They see a couple of white guys and they'll forget everyone else."

"We'll be like a prize for them."

The two short young men got off the bus, a block from The Blue Spot. It was a rough neighborhood, and they stood out in their preppy clothes, but the walk wasn't long. When they got to the front door, a tall Black man in a muscle shirt stood in their path. The bouncer looked down at them suspiciously.

"You boys come here to steal our women?" he wanted to know. His shaved head and the thick patch of hair under his lower lip made him appear fearsome. His huge biceps added to the intimidation factor.

Marty gathered his limited courage and said, "No way, my dude. We are fine on the line."

Dick added, "Right for the night."

The bouncer's dark brow creased. "Fine of the line? You fellows sound damn cool."

"Yeah." Marty bobbed his head. "We got the sizzle on the drizzle."

"I hear what you're putting out," the big man said. "You head on in. Go to the bar and ask for Mace. Tell him Rage said you're okay."

"Straight talk," Dick said, and gave a fist-pump.

The out-of-place pair entered, with a swagger in their stride. The room was wide and deep, with the bar at the far end. They began to make their way through the crowd. As they passed, the patrons

gave them a lot of odd looks. When they got to the bar, there was only one man behind it. He was tall and lanky, with heavily lidded eyes.

"Hey, my man," Marty said over the background noise. "You be Mace?"

"Yeah." He made a sour face. "I'm Maceo. What's up?"

"Our friend Rage, out front, said to hook up with you."

"Oh." His expression softened. He even managed a sly smile.

"My man Rage says to give you the special treatment?"

"I guess that's what he meant," Marty surmised. "So, sure."

"Let's start you off with a couple of special drinks," Mace decided. He tapped the bar with a thick forefinger.

Marty realized what he expected and dug out his wallet. He didn't want to appear cheap, so he put a twenty in front of him. Dick took out his wallet too, and uncertain about bar etiquette, laid another twenty alongside the other. Mace went to work and produced two large drinks. He swept up both bills and didn't provide any change. When he moved away to serve others, the two newcomers glanced at each other.

"I guess he holds onto our money, in case we want more drinks," Marty offered.

Dick sipped his and sniffed it cautiously. "This seems awfully strong."

"That makes sense. They're not going to make weak ones in a place like this. The drinks are strong, but that means the ladies are going to be wild. Right?"

"It follows logically," Dick conceded. "But how do we approach them?"

They were discussing that and getting nowhere, when Mace returned. He told them, "I know of a few sisters who might like to meet you two. How about if I put the word out?"

Marty gave him a thumbs-up and a goofy grin. "Send that message out on the jungle drums."

The bartender turned away, so they wouldn't see him roll his eyes. He went to the far end of his station and spoke to one of the women crowded around there. She slipped away into the mass of bodies. The white guys angled themselves toward the floor and each propped an elbow on the bar. A second server appeared and began pouring. He conferred with Mace, who gestured toward the undersized twosome with the oversized drinks. The dark-skinned men exchanged knowing smiles.

"Look at all of those chicks," Marty enthused.

"Yeah." Dick goggled at the many females. "There's some real lookers."

Making their way through the throng, two women came straight toward the actively staring twosome. Both of them had short hair and large hoop earrings. Their broad faces were dominated by loud cosmetics, including shiny coppery lipstick on their very plump lips. They had large busts, wide hips, and full but shapely legs. Both of them wore clinging dresses of some stretchy material, with scoop necklines and high hems.

"Well, hello," one said to Marty. "I'm Leona."

"How you doing?" the other asked Dick. "I'm Shyrece."

"Oh. Um." Marty cleared his throat. He introduced himself.

Dick's voice squeaked as he offered his hand to the second girl. "Gee. Hi. I'm Dick."

"You gone to buy us girls some drinks?" Leona inquired.

"Of course." Out came Marty's wallet again. He laid down a fresh twenty. He signaled with his eyes for Dick to do the same.

Mace appeared, as if he had smelled money. He greeted the women by name and offered them their usual, which they accepted. A minute later two tropical drinks appeared and both bills vanished. Before the guys could think about the financial situation, Leona and Shyrece got close to them. Very close. The curvy females raised their glasses, motioning for the guys to do the same.

Leona said, "Let's see you boys do some damage to them specials Mace mixed for you."

"Come on," Shyrece coaxed. "Drink them down like men."

Thus encouraged, each of the white guys took a long swallow. Marty coughed after he gulped his down. Dick blinked repeatedly. The girls exchanged secret winks with each other, over the buyers' shoulders.

Leona ruffled Marty's blond locks. "I like a boy who can handle his liquor."

Shyrece toyed with Dick's ear. "Me too. You're turning me on, with them blue eyes and that golden hair."

Marty took another drink to steady himself. Dick saw him and did the same. The girls kept touching them, almost intimately but not quite. By the time everyone's glasses were empty, the females each had a hand between their prospect's legs. They unzipped them and took hold of their erect peckers. In shock, the guys didn't know what to do. When the aggressive women moved away from the bar, towing them along, they followed nervously. Those dark plump hands easily covered what they were gripping.

"Don't you worry," Leona said reassuringly. "What you got down there is small enough that ain't nobody going to see it."

"Yeah," Shyrece seconded. "I can't barely tell I'm holding anything."

"Listen," Marty said unsteadily, his words slurred a bit by the potent drink. "Maybe we should chat some more before we do anything."

"That's a good idea," Dick echoed. "We could go back to the bar and..."

"Hush up," Leona snapped, all the sweet seduction gone from her voice.

"When we want anything from your mouths, we'll tell you." Shyrece chortled at something the guys didn't understand, and Leona joined her.

They hustled the guys up to two doors. One said BROTHERS on it and the other was marked SISTERS. They dragged their captives toward the second one. When Marty tried to resist, Leona extended her grip to include his balls, which she gave a firm squeeze. He yelped and stopped fighting her.

Once they were inside, with several other Black girls seeing the situation and smirking, Shyrece let go of Dick's dick. Leona did the same with Marty. They eyed the exposed members and chuckled.

"Damn," said Shyrece, there ain't hardly nothing down there.

"Truth." Leona shook her head. "That's just sad. All these snowflakes got is just little peepers."

One of the other females, with even larger curves than the controlling pair had, amplified, "They just peeping out of their pants."

"Let's get a better look," said another girl, slimmer, with a narrow face and high cheekbones.

"You heard the sister," Leona said. "Get out of them pants, boys."

"And make it quick," Shyrece barked. "Or we gone to have to put a hurt on your asses."

Half drunk and fully terrorized, the guys slipped out of their loafers and undid their pants. They removed their slacks and had them snatched away. Standing there in their jockey shorts, penile shortcomings still on display, they blushed, their cheeks bright pink.

Leona swore. "Then peepers look like a couple of newborn mice, before they grow any hair."

"Get out of that underwear," Shyrece ordered.

Trembling uncontrollably, appearing like they might start to cry, the guys reluctantly shed their shorts. That triggered hoots and hollers from the females.

The fat one said, "Ain't hardly no hair down there, neither."

The skinny one offered, "Might just as well get rid of it. I got a razor in my bag."

She reached into her copious shoulder purse and, instead of the straight-razor that Marty feared was going to appear, she produced only an electric shaver. Then she handed it to him and told him to get rid of 'that fuzz down there'. He fumbled around before being able to turn it on. Then he went to work on his pubes, rapidly denuding them off what scant growth there had been. That provoked guffaws and further insults.

"Look at that," said yet another Black girl. "Now it's like a baby's stuff, all bald and so freaking small."

"For sure," agreed the one next to her. "No girl is going to let that chicken-bone near her pussy."

They made Marty pass the electric device to Dick, who also had to make himself hairless where it counted. He stood there afterwards, his penis now flaccid and shrunken to a mere nub.

"Check what he got. An albino chicken finger, with one bite gone."

"Take hold of that Chicken Little and get it standing up again. I need a good laugh."

Dick obediently got a hold of his tiny tool and began to stroke it. The act was unbelievably humiliating. Marty's hard-on was flagging, so they told him to get busy with his hand, too. The two would-be lotharios stood there making a spectacle of themselves.

Leona backed up to Marty and bent forward, so her wide ass was rubbing against him. Shyrece unbuttoned Dick's shirt and toyed with his nipples.

"We give you some help," Leona offered. "Them pot-stickers got to get bigger than that."

"Maybe you just need some encouraging. Make them mini-eggrolls grow more."

Marty's voice quivered as he said, "Please, just give us back our clothes."

"We won't tell anyone what you girls did," Dick vowed. "So you won't get into any trouble."

That's when phones began to appear and pictures got taken. The guys tried to stop what they were doing, but it earned them each a slap across the face. Then Leona opened Marty's shirt. Soon both guys were naked. Marty had to suck three of the fat girl's fingers at once. Dick had his bottom pinched repeatedly by the skinny one. Then somebody said they should get somebody named Mini in there with them. One of the watchers left to look for her. She returned with a girl who appeared disturbingly young to be in the club.

"Don't worry," Leona said confidently. "Our girl Mini is all grown up. She just never developed the rest of the way."

Mini cursed at her good-naturedly. She said, "Look like the only thing around here that didn't grow up ain't my tits and ass. What

the hell is the matter with these white-bread boys' peckers? They stopped growing before puberty."

"The deal is, Mini," Leona explained, "that we want to get some shots of the two studs here, trying to get their hands on you. And you looking all scared."

"Day-um," Mini exclaimed. "I'll have to be a real actress to seem frightened by them snowdrops and their punk pricks."

"Just do your best," Leona requested. "We want some extra guarantee that our new workers won't get any ideas about quitting their jobs."

Marty found his voice long enough to ask, "What do you mean by 'workers'?"

"You two going to be the club's ladies' room attendants. Gone be attending to all kinds of needs. Ha!"

Mini posed with her hands up defensively, and the images were captured. They would be damning if they were ever released. The youthful female gave each guy a few hard pats on the cheek before returning to the club's main room.

"Now," Leona declared, "it's time to break you two in. We got a stall on the end all reserved for one of you." She pointed at Marty. "Let's move that pale ass, boy."

She grabbed his ear and led him to the last booth. He had to kneel on the tile floor, naked and ashamed. That fat girl pushed past

him, and yanked up her brief skirt, to reveal that she had nothing on underneath. She sat her wide ass on the open seat and spread her full thighs. Marty found himself staring at the protruding, rippled, pink lips of her pussy. They were parted enough that he could see the moist interior. The smell, like raw clams, hit his nose and set off his gag reflex. Heedless of his revulsion, she grabbed his head and yanked it forward, at the same time sliding herself closer. His mouth and nose were mashed against her body.

"Get that tongue working, boy," she commanded. "Less you want some rough treatment."

He was scared half out of his mind. He had never done what she wanted for any girl. Actually, he had never gotten past some heavy petting, and always went home from dates with sore balls. Now he got his initiation into intimate contact, as he lapped at her smelly twat and sucked her slippery clitoris. It sickened him, but he was too frightened to stop, or even slow down. He kissed those rubbery labia, got his tongue inside her and swirled it around, and rubbed her love button with his nose. She kept him there for ten minutes before she had a growling gushing orgasm.

He was hauled backwards out of the stall. The skinny girl took her friend's place and Dick had to kneel before her. She had the same arrangement of short skirt and no panties. He whimpered but did as she insisted. First, she made him press his lips to her unwashed vagina, over and over, while professing romantic love to it. That made the girls gathered behind him howl with laughter. Then she had him give her a tongue bath, outside and in. Finally, she pulled his hair and snarled at him to give her a

pussy licking that she would never forget, unless he wanted her to take him out on the floor naked and make him dance. He ate her desperately, slobbering and drooling, swallowing her plentiful secretions, and at last giving her a squealing climax.

By then a girl had Marty on his back, on the cold floor, while she knelt over him with her weight pressing down, mound sealed over his mouth, as he tried to regulate his breathing through his nose. Every time he inhaled, all he could smell was her dripping snatch.

A big girl with a massive rump entered Dick's stall. She made him sit on the open toilet, faced away from him, hiked up her skirt and pulled aside the sliver of thong from between her vast buttocks. Then she moved in, until his face was wedged between those gargantuan hemispheres and his mouth touched her rosebud, which smell nothing like a rose. He had to kiss and lick, rim and then probe, while she made crude comments about what he was doing. He had to continue his disgusting performance in that sweaty, oily tightness, until a half hour later she'd had enough.

Next, a real sexpot, in a leopard print dress that hugged her curves, came into the restroom, complaining that her date had just screwed her, standing up in a shadowy corner, and left a huge mess in her slot. Leona pointed to Marty, still on his back, a dazed expression on his face.

"That's the new lavatory attendant, girl," she said. "He's there to do any kind of clean-up you need. Forgot to wash? Got your time of the month? Just had some dog bust his nut all up in there? This white wimp, with his shrimp dick, is ready to swab you out with his tongue." She placed her shoe on Marty's tummy and

pressed down with the three-inch, chunky heel until he gave a loud groan. To him she said, "Ain't that right, snowball?"

"Y... yes," he croaked out.

With sudden inspiration she added, "And you one of them freaks that like it. Right?"

His hesitation cost him another application of pressure to his midsection. After that he agreed that the worse they treated him, the more he liked it. Leona said the all the girls should spread that news and tell their friends that these white wussies would be there every weekend, unless they wanted to be naked superstars on a dozen web pages.

"Hey," she went on, "let's make them post ads online, too, inviting girls to come and get some of what they're giving out."

The recently vertically-humped girl lowered herself over Marty's upturned face. He had to watch her oozing puss as it descended and finally glued itself to his nose and mouth. Lapping out a load of salty spunk was the most disgusting act he could imagine. After she had a mild orgasm and dismounted, he looked up at full-figured Leona, looming over him.

"Please," he pleaded, "you have to let us leave. This is too much. Nothing could be worse than this."

"No?" Leona leered at him. "I'll tell you what's badder than being the ladies' room attendant. It's working the same job in the men's room. Those dogs get a shot at two white boys like you, they won't

never let up. Hell, one of them might take you home and make you hostesses for a house party. So be happy you're here and not next door, sitting on a urinal with your mouth full of cock, and do your job with a smile."

He forced himself to give an approximation of a grin, though it was lopsided and his lips twitched.

"Can we at least have our clothes back soon?" he wanted to know.

"Yo," she called. "Somebody toss me the Blizzard Twins schoolboy outfits." A shirt and pair of pants were thrown to her. She held them up so Marty could see that the arms and legs were tied into many tight knots. She pointed out, "You get these back when the club closes, in a few hours. But not until after we dip them in an unflushed toilet. Then you can put them on wet and find your way home. We got your address from your wallets. It's handy that you two share an apartment, in case you ever make us come and fetch you. But I suggest you avoid that. Just remember to be here next Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights. There's gone to be a lot of bitches waiting to take advantage of our attentive attendants."

THE END?