

# ***Dorm Dreamin!***

**Written by Dahlia Dreams**

**Concept by Devin Dickie**

© 2019-2021 QoS Comix All Rights Reserved

*No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, email to [Devinwhitegurl@gmail.com](mailto:Devinwhitegurl@gmail.com)*

# **QOS BOOKCLUB**

**[Patreon.com/QoSBookclub](https://Patreon.com/QoSBookclub)**



*This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are a product of the author's imagination. Locales and public names are sometimes used for atmospheric purposes. Any resemblance to actual people, living or dead, or to businesses, companies, events, institutions, or locales is completely coincidental.*

**\*\*\*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.**

# ***Dorm Dreamin!***

**Written by Dahlia Dreams**

**Concept by Devin Dickie**

I was walking to my dorm when I heard a buzz from my backpack. The sun was setting behind the city and it was finally cool enough to wear a hoodie as October approached. I scrambled to find my phone in my pockets. I had been waiting to hear by from Karen for a day now.

Karen was 24, two years younger than me. She had blonde hair, curvy features and always wore make-up. To sum it up, she was hot and I was worried about doing anything to jeopardize our relationship. We were 3 months in and I was still getting used to the perks of having a girlfriend.

When we first met, we were having sex all the time. I would fuck her in my dorm before my dormmate got back from class and meet her after she was done at the coffee shop for a blowjob. Now, things were a little slower and I wasn't positive if it was a normal thing that all relationships went through or something else.

“Are you coming over or what?” Her text beamed through the dusk.

“Yeah, sure,” I typed. She got annoyed with me if my texts were delayed in any way, despite the fact that she might take days to get back to me. Karen was more of a socialite than I was though, hopping from party to party and working the rest of the time at a coffee shop.

“Come through the back,” she replied.

“Okay,” I messaged back, wondering why she always told me to do that. She didn’t live with her parents or anything. She lived in a house with 3 roommates. Was she afraid to be seen with me?

That wouldn’t be too surprising. Sometimes, I felt like I was just the placeholder for someone else. Her place wasn’t that far away and 15 minutes later, I was in her back yard standing by the door. I never felt right just walking through it, even if I was invited.

“I’m here,” I texted. There was some commotion inside and the door opened.

“I told you to just come in,” she said. “It’s just-”

“Ugh, come on,” Karen said, leading me to her bedroom. It was a collage of posters, her crystal collection and a queen-sized bed on

a quaint frame by the wall. She was wearing a tank top and sweatpants with a loose sweater. She tugged me into her room and closed the door behind us. Trap music exploded from her speakers. Rap lyrics penetrated my eardrums.

*“And I got that big dick, she gives those wet licks and yeah that’s how I like it..”* The song started. *“She won’t be goin’ nowhere. Ring or no ring. She’ll keep coming back. Cha-ching.”*

I could feel my dick shriveling. It wasn’t the longest or the strongest and it definitely wasn’t the black dick that the rapper’s verse was about.

“I can’t believe you don’t like rap,” Karen said when she saw my face. Here we go again.

“They can’t possibly make you feel good at yourself. Most of them are by men for men,” I countered.

“I listen to female rappers, too,” she said. “See look. I’ll change it.” She scrolled through her music. A chain of album covers unraveled across the screen, featuring muscular men with gold grills and neck tattoos. Dreads and braids. Gold necklaces and saggy pants. Finally, women started fluttering onto the screen.

I was wearing a baggy grey hoodie, blue jeans and dirty sneakers. My hair was brown and never did anything I wanted it to do. It was always swerving to one side or sticking up in places and my t-shirt was celebrating my favorite video game. It wasn’t edgy or anything like that.

Bass drilled the room and a woman started rapping: *“Yuh better be hung or it’s done and done. With you and me. I need my fix. Ain’t no cloud to fuck on if you ain’t 8 inches.”*

Karen seemed to think she had fixed the problem. Meanwhile, my thoughts were undone. I was maybe 5” in length when hard if that. I never had the heart to measure because everyone else in my class was bragging about their 6 or 7 inchers. Sure, Karen hadn’t mentioned that it was an issue.

I couldn't help but think that I knew what she wanted: a built black man with tattoos and a sick dick to match his relentless ego. She wanted someone who would serenade her with crude lyrics and make her grind until the sun came up. Men like me were fun for only so long until someone like that came into the picture.

“So, how should a naughty girl like me be fucked?” Karen climbed into bed. “Hold me down and show me what I deserve.” She was horny and sprawled on her bed with her highlights glistening around her head like a mane and her lips plush and glossy.

“Deserve-right. I'll um just take my-uh-pants off,” I said, reaching for my fly. The zipper got caught. Figures. Karn watched me fiddle with it and sighed after a moment.

“Do you need help?” Annoyance battered her crispy words.

“No-no,” I stumbled. The zipper came free. “I'm coming you-” I trailed off, hoping she wouldn't notice. I tried my best at growling



but my words came out squeaky and uncertain. To top that off, I didn't know what to call her. A slut? Trashy tramp? What would she like to be called without me feeling horrible and crossing a line?

“Ugh, just get over here,” she said, giggling. Well, at least I got a giggle. That was a victory in my book. I crawled over her, hungry for her lips. She helped me out of my shirt, leaving me in my briefs and socks which both had clashing cartoon prints.

“You're so goofy,” she observed. Just like that, I was wondering whether she preferred me in a gold hoodie with braids. When I leaned in for a kiss, my lips were disoriented and ill-suited for her crushing force and fierce independence.

“This again? You're barely kissing back,” she scolded. “Why are you acting like you've never touched me before?” It was true. My hands were at her sides, unmoving. There was no gripping her tits or ass. It was an embarrassing display and judging by the look in her eye, it was unforgivable.

“I just-” My fingers circled under the edge of her sweater, as I searched for words.

“Never mind,” she said. “I’ll get on top.”

She pinned me to the bed and took off her sweater. I was surprised to see only a pink bra underneath. Her matching panties were riding up her hips, exposed over the waistline of her tight sweat pants.

“You like being on bottom, don’t you?” Her voice was slippery and taunted me. She reached down in my briefs and seized my half-erect cock. I wanted her tits but didn’t know when the right time was to take off her bra. “Are you going to pull down my sweats or do I have to do that to?”

A pit of anxiety threaded into a thick mat inside me. My hands fumbled with the pants and pulled them to her knees, as far as I could reach from my current position. I wanted to impress her so much that my heart was beating fast but her comments were

leaving me bruised. The kind of bruises that only I could see. She kicked off the pants and pressed her hips into mine.

The female rapper in the background was going on and on about bumping and grinding but my hips were subtle in their movements, almost numb from all the pressure that stacked down on me, psychologically.

I reached up for her. I wanted her lips on mine. Some comfort from my listless thoughts but she wasn't interested. My cock was alive and obedient in her grip. She slipped her panties off and teased the tip with her pussy. She was wet and tempting but it felt more like a punishment than anything. I groaned as her pussy brushed against my foreskin in slight swoops, never landing.

“You're not even going to touch me?” I usually was all over her pussy at this point but now that the paralysis had taken hold, I felt like a lost cause. “I'm wet for you and you don't even seem to care.”

“I do, I love that you’re wet for me,” I replied, desperate to prove her wrong. Her fingers traveled up my chest to my throat.

“Say it again,” she demanded, her voice stern and her righteous pussy sinking deeper.

“I love-hnnn-agh,” rocketed out of me as her pussy took a deep dive all the way to my balls. It wasn’t quite the elevator ride that she would have with a black dick, but it was dramatic enough for me. Her soft flesh smothered me and some of my anxieties whispered away. At least, she still liked me enough to fuck me.

“Thrust inside me, fuck!” She blasted as her hips came down. I was fucking her but my dick was dwarfed even further by her abrasive pussy. I tried to reach the demand as she suppressed each blow with her own, forcing me deeper into the bed.

I was drenched with sweat and a foreboding sense that my cock wasn’t satisfying her at all. She was thrashing and drenched with sweat. The appearance of someone who is taking on the work load

of two people. Her face was taut with an aggressive defiance and insatiable rage.

That's when I went limp inside her. My cheeks burned and my throat all but shut as my cock folded in on itself and plopped out of her fresh pussy. Karen wasn't done though. She made a noise of disgust and irritation as she climbed across me and sat on my face.

I was trapped by her wetness. It was mild in taste and intoxicating to smell. It crashed on my listless tongue and pliant lips. She pinned her clit against my tongue and I engaged with it the best I could. After a few more thrusts, she grunted and rolled onto her back beside me and throttled her pussy with her fingers.

I watched her sweaty fingers dive in and wrench at her skin with brutal yanks and obsessive patterns. I watched and attempted to get hard again with my fist as I watched her. I focused on her gaping mouth and hoarse panting. The way she moaned when her clitoris was caught under her palm.

My cock perked up with every moan, to the point where I was confident, I could fuck her again. I turned to her on the side and tried to pull her toward me but she swatted my efforts away. My cock was brimming with the need to penetrate her but it fell back to my stomach and lost all shape at her response.

“But my cock-its-”

“I’m already cumming,” she reprimanded. Her voice was unempathetic and evolved into a fit of gasps and whimpers. I kissed her neck and touched her tits but it didn’t seem to matter. She was in the throes of ecstasy and they had very little to do with me.

Her eyes were closed. She didn’t even want to look at me as she came. I was saddled with defeat, letting go of her body and anchoring to the displaced sheets next to her. My absence was a catalyst for her climax. I stared up at the ceiling as her breathing resumed its calm, controlled format.

“Paul, what’s wrong?” Karen asked, her head resting on her elbow. Minutes had passed and he was still analyzing at the ceiling.

“Nothing,” he said. “I’m happy that you came,” he responded, but his heart wasn’t in it.

“Oh, come on. Look at me,” she said. “There’s something on your mind. Just spill it.”

“Well, I’m just embarrassed about going limp, I guess,” I said, chancing a glance at her.

“Hmm, yeah that’s never happened before,” she commented. “But something was on your mind before that. I could tell.”

“It’s nothing, really.”

“Why are you holding out on me?” Her blue eyes were direct.

“I don’t feel like you like me, not really,” I said, my palms sweaty and tongue heavy.

“What? Why?”

“Because I’m just another white boy with an average cock,” I blurted out. That sponsored an awkward silence.

“Wow, ok,” she processed. “And you think that’s a problem because?”

“You like rap and hip hop, and I am nothing like those guys. I can tell,” I divulged.

“So, why am I even dating you then?”

“I don’t know,” I said. “You can’t even cum on my cock.”



“Now that’s not fair. You couldn’t keep it up,” she argued. “You were all in your head instead of with me.”

“I just don't think that I'm not your fantasy,” I admitted.

“Hmm, this sounds like a you problem,” Karen concluded.

“What do you mean?”

“If you don’t feel like a man, that has nothing to do with me. Not really.”

“Hey, I feel like a man,” I said, defensive.

“Hmm, you’re sure not acting like it,” she countered. “Men make up their minds and they fuck women without feeling sorry for themselves.”

“So, you’re saying that me being white and having an average dick doesn’t bother you?”

“Guys always think it’s about the size,” she replied, rolling her eyes.

“So, you want me to talk down to you?”

“No, I want someone who isn’t so afraid,” Karen confided.

“Someone who works hard and enjoys it, who thinks without a doubt that I’m worth it.” I mulled that over, not liking that she was talking about an elusive ‘someone’ and not me.

“You know what you need? You need to claim your identity,” she said as if leading my personal intervention.

“I have an identity,” I said. “You just don’t get off in it.” She shook her head.

“You still don’t get it. This shit is all in your head. You don’t feel good enough,” she continued. “You are the one that thinks black men are better than you, not me.”

“You’re just not going to admit it,” I said.

“I’m attracted to you. I just don’t think it’s fair for me to have to do everything,” Karen revealed.

“Fine,” I said. “What do you think is the answer, then?”

“You coming up with your own solutions in the future,” she said.

“And joining a gang.” It slipped from her lips as if it was the most obvious answer in the world. I could feel my eyes stretch wide and my throat bulge at the thought.

“A gang?! How does that solve anything?”

“Being the only white guy in a gang would definitely boost your confidence,” she informed me in a smug, nonchalant manner.

“Um, it sounds like how guys like me die early.”

“Mmm, I think you have what it takes,” she speculated. “But you have to believe that. No one gets anywhere without taking risks,” she surmised.

“There are different levels of risks,” I said.

“You asked my opinion and you got it,” she said.

“Would if I started taking martial arts or something,” I offered, my brain hellbent on coming up with a different idea that she would approve of.

“I’m sure it would help, but it does nothing to change the fact that you compare yourself to black men,” she mused.

“So, you really want me to take a walk on the South side?” I asked.

“If that’s what it takes. It’s not nearly as bad as you think it is.”

“How would you know?” I looked at her, incredulous. She sighed.

“Like I said, you’ll have to make up your own mind,” and that was all that she would say on the subject for the rest of the night until I finally left.

~

It had been a week and I was starting to consider her idea. We barely talked to each other and I was starting to think she was going to break up with me unless I took what she said seriously. Everyone knew where the gangs were. Joining them was another question entirely.

There was a park on the edge of the city that was notorious for gang activity. I’d have to take a bus to get there. I bit my lip. Maybe I should break up with her, to save face. I didn’t have to be

in a gang or do anything she said. It was stupid to think that a wimpy white kid like me would ever get in.

The thought of being single again wasn't glamorous at all. Neither was the idea of her gossiping about my limp dick to her friends or about how spineless I was. Doubts flickered through my mind. Was it really worth risking my life on a whim?

I got up and paced the room. My dormmate wasn't back from class yet. I was already done with the one class I had that day and it was noon. Maybe I could just scope out the park. I didn't actually have to approach anyone. I rooted through my drawers, looking for the right outfit just in case.

~

The bus ride was an hour or so. My earbuds offered some distraction from my thoughts, but not much. I was wearing a black hoodie with a white shirt and dark blue jeans. It was the best I could come up with.

When I got to the park, I was definitely the only white kid my age for miles. There were a couple obese white guys eating in a truck together, but that was it. Other than that, there was a Latina woman with 3 kids giving me side eye and cliques of people disbursed throughout.

That's when I saw them. There were a group of guys hanging out on the bleachers by the baseball field. I gulped and sat at a picnic table, deciding to watch them for a bit while I worked up the nerve to approach them. I got out my phone from my pocket but wasn't really looking at it.

They were laughing, smoking a blunt and passing it around. Everyone was shirtless, showing off what I guessed were gang-related tattoos on their chest and arms. One of them was in the middle. He was tall with lean muscles and braids. One guy next to him was on the chubby side. He was bald with tattoos glaring from his head, neck and face. There were five or so of them.

The guy in the middle lifted a hand, and they all stopped laughing. That's when he looked dead at me. I froze in his gaze. He made another gesture with his hand and a couple of guys walked toward me. I didn't know what to do, but running didn't seem like an option.

“Hey white boy,” one of them said. “Come on over.”

My legs were stick and my jaw locked as I followed them in silence. The leader stared at me for a moment before his face broke into a shiny grin.

“You lost?” I shook my head, feeling his scrutiny in my toes. He laughed. “You sure look lost.”

“Um, no. I just live nearby,” I lied.

“Hmm, no. I doubt it,” he said. I balled my fists tight as his smile got wider. “I'd be the first to know if a trashy white boy moved in.”



That caused the group to lose it, clapping each other on the backs and snickering.

“Trashy ass white boy,” someone else said.

“Go home,” yet another added on.

“I can’t,” I whispered.

“What was that? You muttering curses now?” The leader asked, his amusement flashing to a dangerous glare.

“No, I um-I wanted to see if I could join you guys,” I managed. There was silence as everyone looked at each other and another episode of deafening laughter.

“He is funny,” someone said.

“Someone’s fucked up in the brain,” another one joined in.

“Bro look at his sneakers,” someone else said. “Oh, yeah, he’s trashy all right.”

I looked down at my sneakers. They had a few smudges on each shoe. My face was blotchy and my throat clogged as they shouted more taunts.

“You must be on something,” the leader said after it had died down.

“Um no. I just thought-”

“Thinking doesn’t look like something you’re all that good at,” he commented to the delight of his gang. “You’ve been staring at us for almost half an hour. I’ve killed for less.” My mouth went dry.

“Yo, his knees be shaking,” one of the members said.

“He looks like he’s gonna run back to the city,” another taunt surfaced.

“Obviously got kicked out from someplace. His mom’s maybe.”

“Well, I’ll just be leaving then,” I said, turning on my heel. “Yeah, come back when you’ve got some sense,” someone said. “And clean them shoes,” someone else advised.

I made my way back to the bus stop and practically collapsed. I took out my phone and texted Karen.

“The gang doesn’t want me. I’m lucky to be alive.”

It wasn’t until I was back on the dorm sitting on my twin bed that she texted me back.

“Aww. That’s too bad. So sad. I thought we were going to make it.”

“What?” I couldn’t believe what I was reading.

“If you can’t prove yourself and grow up, then I don’t see any reason for us to be together,” she clarified. I slapped my phone onto the night table. My roommate took their headphones off and stared at me.

“Dude are you ok?”

I just buried my head in my hands. ~

The next day, I tried buffing my sneakers but the smudges wouldn’t come out. I took out some cash from the bank, more than I probably should have and bought new ones. I also bought a shiny chain and gold tracksuit jacket. I wore a cap backwards and decided I looked the part.

On the bus ride, I thought about how I was doing what any man would have done in this situation. I was getting it done and afterward Karen and I would meet up or at least that was what I told myself.

When I got to the park, the bleachers were empty. I found myself alone and hating myself for spending so much money and thinking this would be it. Something tapped on my shoulder. I turned around and there was the gang, huddled behind me. How had they snuck up on me like that?

“Wait a second. No way. Boy, you trippin’” One of the members said as they all laughed at my new outfit.

“What isn’t it-um-fly?”

“Boy, you just don’t know when to quit,” one guy said but the leader looked entertained. “You making yourself up like a fool.”

“Oh, come one. He came back. That has to count for something,” the leader said. His follower looked at him with surprise but stopped talking. “I thought you couldn’t handle the heat but here you are.”

I was relieved. I must have passed some sort of test by coming back, even if they didn't like my clothing reparations.

"Maybe you can hang with us for a bit," the leader invited. "Come take a seat boy. What's your name?"

"Paul," I said as I sat down.

"Alright Paul. Here's your interview. Don't fuck up." I stiffened.

"Ever been in a gang before?" I shook my head.

"Good. Good, you ain't no deserter," he said. "I'm Desante."

Desante held out his hand. I reached out to shake it and his hand slipped away, barely touching mine before turning into a fist and crunching on top of my knuckles.

"Oh, come on Paul. If you're gonna join a gang, you got to know the hand shake."

He taught me the hand shake and when I finally mastered it, everyone made sounds of approval. My chest swelled at the recognition. Maybe Karen was right. We all sat around and they passed the weed to me. They played rough, humor wise, but I was starting to feel like I was fitting in.

“Well, you ain’t half bad. White boy. Tell you what. Come back again, tomorrow.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, really. Don’t need to be half as shiny as you are though man. Like tone it down a bit. In fact, why don’t I just take that jacket from you.”

“The jacket?” I looked at him with confusion.

“Yeah, the jacket. Think of it as an exchange between friends,” he soothed. “You do want to be my friend, right?”

His tone implied that the other option was way more extreme and undesirable. I slid the jacket off in a heartbeat and handed it to him. He was shirtless underneath and his grin got wide and cocky. He did a few poses and took a few selfies in front of me.

“Looks pretty good,” he said. I got up to leave.

“Hey aren’t you forgetting something,” he said from behind me. A chill floundered down my spine. When I looked at him, he was holding his hand out. I smiled, presenting the handshake before leaving. A nice buzz was rising in me and there was extra bounce to my step as I headed home.

~



The next day, they were hanging out on the bleachers again. I was more confident this time as I approached, excited even. They all smiled at me and I sat next to a guy named HJ Smalls. He was scrawnier than the others. One of his eyes was bruised.

“Hey HJ, are you ok?” I asked him.

“Oh, this? Ain’t nothin’. Don’t worry yourself about it, Young P.”

“What happened?”

“Oh, you know. A little rat thought he could use some our supply. Happens all the time. Things got rough and wham, he slammed me. But no one has to worry about him anymore,” he said. That sank in and I tried not to look as freaked out as I felt.

“You tired or somethin’?” He asked me when I didn’t say anything after a few minutes.

“Oh, no. Just thinking about my girlfriend,” I lied.

“Aw, young P has a girl!” All the guys started cheering and hollering at that,

“Well, we haven’t talked in a bit,” I said.

“Is she fine?”

“Um, well yeah,” I replied, sheepish.

“Then you going to have to fix that, aren’t you?”

“Yeah, I guess I will,” I said. “So, how did you become part of the gang?”

“Oh, I just followed the steps. You know, every gang has an initiation,” he said.

“Did you have to kill anyone?” My question came out as a whisper.

“Kill someone. Nah. But I did have to do a couple things. You’re getting close, white boy. The leader likes you.”

“Oh, well good,” I said.

“Just keep on hangn’ with us and you’ll be in the gang in no time,” he said with a silver smile. “But first, call that girl of yours before she forgets about you.”

~

That night, I kept hearing his words in my head and instead of going straight home, I walked to her place instead. I stood on the front steps and knocked. It was the first time I had dared come through the front before, let alone show up uninvited. I knocked on the door.

There was some shuffling and a man answered. He was at least 2’ taller than me. I looked up at him and he chuckled. I could practically taste the vodka on his breath.

“Who you?” He sneered.

“I’m looking for Karen. Is she here?” My hands were tucked deep in my pockets. I shuffled my feet and tried to avoid his bleary eyes.

“Paul?” A voice emerged from behind him. The guy moved out of her way. “What are you doing here?”

“Checking on my girlfriend. What is that guy doing here?” I diverted.

“That’s my roommate’s man. We’re just hanging out. What are you doing here on my front porch?” She eyed me with irritation.

“I already been straight with you. Are you going to let me in or not?” The irritation flew away and was replaced by shock and then excitement.

“Did you get into the gang?”

“You’ll have to let me in to find out,” I dared. She let me in. The guy who had answered the door was sitting on the couch with Amanda, her roommate. Glasses littered the table. My eyes danced from shot glass to shot glass.

“Come on in,” Karen said. “Want a drink?” ~

Two shots later, we were in the bathroom and she was on her knees sucking my off. I rubbed my cock into her mouth and sighed. It had been too long. The sensations across my skin were the perfect apology. I tugged on her head. I did feel like a man now, and I wasn’t going to leave until I came.

I pulled her off my cock and pushed her against the bathroom door. My cock was its usual unassuming 5”, but I didn’t care. It was erect and ready for her, and I had been very patient. She was wearing a skimpy dress and it was oh so easy to pull her underwear and expose her pussy.

“Ughh,” she said as my cock plundered past her entrance all the way to the hilt. I was angry and horny as hell. I wanted to show her that I was a man and each one of her moans was replaced a part of my ego that I thought was lost.

“Paul, ughn, yes,” she said, as I crammed my cock into her and the door smacked against the frame over and over.

“That’s right. Feel that?” Her moan was the only reply I needed. When I was ready, I soaked her with my cum. It burst into her and leaked onto the panties that were down at her knees.

I’d never felt more like a man in my life. ~

The next day, I had to skip class to get to the park at the usual time. As I walked closer, I realized there was someone new on the bleachers with them. It was a woman, with dark almond skin and long curly hair with red highlights.

“Hey what up Young P?” It was Desante. HJ was sitting next to him looking grim but Desante had a smile fixed to his face. Something was going on, but I didn’t know what.

“Young P, this is my sister, Alina.” She looked me up and down with disapproval in her gaze.

“Aline, pleasure to meet you.”

“So, my sister is a hair dresser,” he said. “And we think you should let her get you ready for the big night.”

“Big night?”

“Oh, yeah. Didn’t I tell you? Tonight, you get to become one of the gang.” I was so thrilled by the news that Alina’s mood didn’t affect me at all.

“Alina, here is going to take you over and get you all dolled u- I mean done up for tonight,” Desante said.

“Oh, yeah. I’ll get you ready, alright. You better have some money though. There’s an atm at the shop,” she said, not in the least bit friendly. She stood up and walked away from the bleachers.

“You coming boy?” I scrambled to catch up with her and wondered why Hj looked so unhappy. He didn’t want me to join the gang? I tried to wrap my head around it but it was soon history as my excitement took over. I had done it. I had finally made it.

~

“Alright first things first. The hair has to go,” Alina declared. “Or at least most of it.”



“Oh, um.”

“Look down, I’m going to trim it and shave next.” Cold water hit the side of my face and her fingers tugged through my hair, pulling a comb through it and removing strands as she went along. They fell on the floor in slow motion. At first, I was uncertain but the eagerness and anticipation about the night welled up inside me again.

The buzz of the shaver echoed through the shop. It wasn’t until all my hair was on the floor that I realized all the other clients in the salon were black women. Some of them glanced my way as I searched the room through the mirror but most ignored me.

“Um, you do haircuts for men, right?”

“It looks good so far, don’t it,” Alina replied, her tone flat.

“Yes ma’am,” I said. That got her to grin. It was so subtle, I almost missed it.

“We also do piercings,” she said. “And I’m about to get yours done. Are you ready?”

“Wait, what?” I balked.

“You need ear piercings to be in the gang, at the very least. One day, tattoos will be required as well. Didn’t Desante tell you anything?” I shook my head.

“Figures, letting the women break the tough news,” she said. She walked me through what she was going to do before using a sharpie to place a dot on each ear. A second later, she had what looked like a stapler in her hand. She assured me it was for ears before telling me to prepare for the pain.

The needle popped through my eardrum and everything went grey for a moment. Her voice was far away as she moved to my other ear and repeated the process. I felt the piercings get cleaned off

with some sort of solution. Her voice and my surroundings faded back in.

“Ok, I’m going to cover your eyes,” she said, draping a towel over my face.

“What for?”

“I have a lot of work to do,” she said. “And it's easier this way.” Metal slipped into the tender piercings into my ears. They must have been diamond earrings or something like the ones that some rappers wore. Whatever they were, they felt heavy. Hands appeared on my feet. I felt them out of nowhere and kicked blindly on instinct.

“What's going on? I asked, alarmed. Fingers touched my hands as well and wedged them apart with what felt like foam.

“Don’t worry, Paul. I just needed more helpers is all. No more kicking,” her confident voice informed and scolded me. The socks were being peeled off my feet now. “You’re getting full treatment tonight.”

A flurry of motion surrounded me. I could hear it but was blind to it. My feet were submerged in hot water and man handled. I heard my nails getting clipped and every now and again, voices told me to stay still.

“I’m going to move the towel. Keep your eyes closed,” Alina warned.

I felt fingers removing the towel and adjusting something onto my shaved head. It was thin and soft. Something heavy and scratchy was pulled on top. Whatever it was dangled to my shoulders and tickled my neck.

It must have been a hat and a paisley scarf to signify that I was a part of the gang, I reckoned. A hard material was getting pressed

onto each of my finger nails after they had been soaked and tended to.

“Okay, now keep your eyes closed. I’m going to put something on your face,” she said. “Stay still.”

A soft brush blurred across my face and distributed a powdery substance. Different sensations bombarded me as layers of wet and dry substances were applied to my face and lips. This, I had no explanation for, but I was excited to see the result. I was going to look so fierce.

“Ok, now we just have one more step,” she said. “Your legs are going to feel a bit cold for a second. Stay very still,” she said. Something was lathered onto my legs making them feel wet and slippery. Next, an instrument was dragged all over them. I felt so clean and smooth. Whatever it was made my skin feel tingly and soft. I could smell orange peel and vanilla.

“Ok, Paul. You can open your eyes now.”

It took a second for my eyes to adjust but when they did, I thought they were mistaken. It was as if I'd done a body swap with someone else. Long dark red hair trailed to my shoulders and matched the rogue hue of lipstick on my mouth. My face was smoothed and styled to look like a cheap Kardashian.

Hoop earrings dangled from my ears. The stranger's face contorted with shock and confusion. Her eyelashes were huge and her chest was flat. No, it wasn't a she. It was me. I was dressed up like a woman.

“What in the-”

“It's all a part of the initiation,” Alina soothed me. She was smiling for the first time tonight, proud of the transformation. Her fingers combed through the wig and fluffed it up. “This is what everyone has to go through,” she assured me. “Don't you feel beautiful?”

I looked down at my hands. Shimmery gold nails extended an inch further than I was used to and my nails down below matched but at least were their usual length. I was astonished. I looked back into the mirror and found myself agreeing with her. If I saw myself on the street, I would think I was attractive and very fuckable.

“Now for the really fun part,” she said. “Let’s play dress up and get a padded vest on your chest.”

I gulped. I wasn’t sure how to feel. All I knew was that there was no going back and I was going to become part of the gang, no matter what. I couldn’t imagine failing at this point.

~

The heels strapped to my ankles were long yet thick. I barely felt supported on them at all and had to lean on Alina when we got to a house with a vaulted door. It had a lot of land surrounding it and was fairly secluded from neighbors. I was relieved by that, to say

the least as I struggled to walk in the tight skirt and crop top that Alina had dressed me up in.

My legs were dolphin smooth. Shimmering in the moonlight. When we got behind the house, there was a fire pit rolling and a whole bunch of people partying around it. Once, I was spotted, the crowd grew silent. Aline let go of me and I balanced half-hazardly on the flagstone.

“I present, Paula,” she said, sounding triumphant and dignified. I peered at her in horror under the thick stick-on eye lashes. Nothing felt normal. Not my bald legs, or make-up caked face, not my wig-saddled head or long, risky acrylic nails. “Paula, will you do anything tonight as a part of your initiation?”

“Anything?” I asked looking at her. “Well, I guess so. Yes,” I said.

What felt the most unusual was wearing the boob vest that Alina had given me. The boobs were large and heavy. They matched my



complexion and were made out of some kind of jelly/plastic. The weight of it was strange to adjust to.

To make matters worse, I had the distinct impression that if I fell, I wouldn't not only be at a loss to catch myself, in addition my nail might rip off. The thought had me standing straighter and exerting more effort on my balance.

“Welcome.” It was Desante. He appeared out of the gloom with his arm around someone. They were emerged in shadows until the fire revealed them. My jaw dropped. The woman under his arm was my girlfriend. She was dressed up as well.

“Surprise,” she said, her voice thick with malicious intentions. “You look good girl,” she mocked. Shock penetrated my bones and left my pronounced chest heavy.

“I believe you two have met,” Desante said. “This is my girl, Karen. We've been in an open relationship for a while now.”

“But when you came along, I had the best idea. You were so wimpy. I knew you would make the perfect sissy girl,” she said, her eyes sparkling.

“No, this is my initiation,” I fought back, holding onto the last inkling of hope that I had left. “I’m a part of the gang after this.” Laughter grazed through the crowd. My knees looked together. I was shivering with cold and a pit of despair was growing inside me.

“Poor Paula,” Desante cooed. “No gangster does this. You are just another ghetto girl and I can tell that you’re going to do well.” I looked down at my sparkly heels then looked up with tears in my eyes, staring Karen down.

“But, the other night. I proved that I was -” I started.

“What, a true man?” she said. “I don’t think so. You aren’t even a fraction of the guy that Desante is and tonight proves that.”

Karen gave Desante a kiss and the sight sent chills across my exposed skin. I noticed that guys were closing in on me and Desante was starting to peel the strap of Karen's dress off her shoulder and down her arm. Desante broke free from their kiss and looked at me.

"Enjoy your night. You earned it," he said. The moment he said the words hands were on my body. I fell forward into someone's arms as my skirt was pulled up from behind.

"Finally, a tight ass to fuck," someone behind me said. One after one, dicks were being pulled from their pants. Some were being rubbed down with lube while the rest were dry and naked.

My ass cheeks were pried apart. I yelped. Something squishy was propped onto my ass crack. It slid back and forth and was even slapped onto each cheek. It was so big; I couldn't process what it was. Then, it came to me. It was a huge cock and it meant to invade my ass as if it were a pussy.

My penis was taped up against my belly as per Alina's instructions earlier, after I'd put on the fake boobs. It ached against the restraint but was shielded under the skirt. My cheeks burned from the humiliation. I meant nothing to any of them. I was just a convenient person to fuck.

"Mm, what a cute little thing," the person behind me remarked before the huge cock slid into me. I shrieked as my ass was clawed to an unusual diameter by the incredible hulk of a cock. People were jacking off and aiming at my dolled-up face.

I could see Karen in the distance with Desante. He was fucking her mouth and her tits were out. I watched his cock overpower her mouth. It was so much bigger than mine, by about 3 or 4 inches. It couldn't all fit past her lips. She was letting him use her face hard as if he was getting closer with every thrust.

My ass squeezed around the cock inside of it. I closed my eyes at the pain. When I opened them, the gap where Karen and Desante were visible was gone. All I could see were scrotums and immense, dark cocks.

One sank past my lips. I didn't know what to do. It was nothing like a pussy. The guy standing in front of me grunted with frustration and his hands glued to either side of my face, scissoring it across his dick with force. I strained to accommodate, making faint noises as my ass was invaded. They weren't very deep but it didn't matter, my ass was gaping and raw.

"Mmm," the man in front of me said. I found myself feeling a sense of pride at his pleasure. Shame pervaded my body at the unwelcome thought. I shouldn't want to help any of these men get off. Especially not as some garish ghetto girl with fake breasts and high heels. "That's right skank. Let me go deeper."

My throat was blocked by his extraordinary erection while the person behind me pumped into my ass. I was letting out grunts and yells, but they sounded like joyous chirps on the cock in front of me.

“Mmm, I see I’m not the only one having a good time,” the guy fucking my face said. A hot, gooey liquid streaked across my face and dripped onto my fake tits.

“Already getting showered in cum? Now, it’s my turn,” the guy told me while his dick pinched in the back of my throat. “Here’s your first taste. Open your mouth nice and wide for me, slut.”

I obeyed. I wanted to be good at something, even if it was as warped and deranged as this. If I couldn’t be a member of the gang, I could at least be the best male slut they’d ever fucked. I wondered if I was the only one. Another sense of gratification filled me at the notion even though I knew I should have felt even more ashamed.

No other men would have let themselves be subjected to this. A savory thick taste filled my mouth as the man rocked against me and groaned. It collected in the back of my throat. He pulled out just a bit so that my tongue was saturated in it. I found it to have such a peculiar taste, that I gagged on it.

“Aw, not used to sucking down cum? That’ll change,” someone taunted. The man pulled his cock away from my lips and wiped it on my face. I was still gulping down the last load.

My ass was stretched further. I would have collapsed but I was being held up on both sides, by my face and my ass. The man behind me groaned as well and my ass quaked against his intermittent tirade of thrusts. His completion filled up my ass. I was smothered with it.

“Aghh, what a nice virgin ass fuck,” the gangster commented.  
“Mmm, that felt perfect. Just what I needed.”

My anger at Karen for deceiving me burned through my veins. I couldn’t believe I had been fooled in this way, and that I could no longer claim being a man, at least not tonight. The cock was pulled from my ass.

I was stained with sweat and trails of cum. My face was puffy after being fucked but I found myself craving the taste of hot cum, a

delicacy that most men I'd met had never tried as they were all very straight. The perks of being a sissy slut were stacking up in my mind as cum leaked from my ass and shimmered on my face and fake tits.

Another cock backed into my ass and I was expecting my mouth to be filled when Karen's voice pierced the crowd.

"Bring her too me. I need a good rinse off," she ordered.

Without much delay, the crowd cleared. The cock in my ass vanished and I was lead through the crowd with shaky legs on slender heels. I was walked over to Karen and Desante. Karen was lying on a long table. Her pussy was exposed and as I got closer, I could see it was full of cum.

"Lick me off Paula. I know that you want to. After all, you have always loved my pussy," she reminded me. I thought it was bold of her to assume I wouldn't attack her, but maybe she felt safe surrounded by her boyfriend's henchmen.



I neared her legs and bent down. As I did, firm hands pulled my hips back and my ass greeted another cock. I all but face-planted into her pussy. Cum smeared onto her face and I struggled to slurp it down as I was penetrated.

“Hmm, it's not that bad, is it?” It was Karen again. Her voice as gentle for the first time in forever. “I knew that you were better off this way. That you would actually enjoy it.”

My mouth was saturated in cum as my ass was rammed. I considered her words. Although I was still in pain, there was a sense of completion, of finding a true purpose. I licked the cum off her and buried into her pussy, surrendering to the truth and not knowing what the future held for a sissy girl like me.