

The Blossoming!

By Brian Masters

Concept by Devin Dickie

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

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

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

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Part One

Monica walked into the school with her head down like she did every day desperately trying to go unnoticed by the other students. She hated drawing attention to herself in any way ever since her boobs had sprouted into the massive balloons she carried around now. Poor Monica had developed at the early age of 12 and in 7th grade had already grown a pair of 32C breasts. A

fact that did not fly under the radar of her male classmates. Over the course of one summer Monica went from being one of the girls to being the center of everyone's attention. The boys all ogled her and the girls shunned her. So the already shy Monica began keeping to herself and shying away from unwanted attention.

Now at 18 years of age and a senior in highschool, Monica sported an astounding pair of 38DD's that she hid behind big sweaters, hoodies, and crossed arms. The highschool senior rarely looked anyone in the eye and kept her face pointed down as she wandered the halls. He could feel the eyes of the boys on her and could hear the giggles from the girls as she passed them on the way to homeroom. The plain looking girl did everything she could to hide herself but nothing can hide a pair of massive tits from a school full of horny boys and jealous girls. The real shame was that Monica was hiding a beautiful face and a truly amazing body under her too big clothes and shy demeanor. She rarely did much with her hair, opting for a ponytail most days and never bothered with makeup at all. She'd learned years ago to keep herself hidden away so as not to incur the wrath of spiteful popular girls.

As Monica neared her locker she saw Ashley, her boyfriend, waiting for her with a smile on his face. "Hey baby" the thin white boy said. "Been waiting for you, give me a kiss."

Monica quickly kissed Ashley on the lips to the sound of catcalls from any passing students who saw the interaction. Monica blushed red over the attention but Ashley was only too happy to

have everyone see him kissing a girl. Ashley was a small boy for his age and had a body that could easily be mistaken for a girl. He wore his blonde hair shoulder length and with his bubble butt, many was the time another man would whistle or comment on Ashley only to be embarrassed and angry when the young man turned around. This made life difficult for Ashley in the locker room with all the big, strong, athletic black guys. As a senior this year Ashley had decided to go out for basketball hoping to earn a letter in sports only to be relegated to the bench as a 4th alternate. The coach liked to joke that if the entire team got food poisoning, then and only then, would he put Ashley in.

As Monica and Ashley made their way to their lockers, Monica's best friend, Violet, came rushing up to the couple with a huge smile on her face. "Guys, guess what?" The perky brunette asked.

Monica smiled and said, "What? Are they having tacos at lunch today Vi?"

Violet laughed and said, "Huh, I wish. But no that's not it. It's the dance next weekend, they've decided to make it a costume dance like everyone wanted. The faculty finally relented and we are making it an official Halloween Dance! Isn't that great?"

Violet was easily excitable and Monica often felt jealous of her friend's outgoing nature. Violet was a bouncy girl with a cute, pert, little body that made her look like an elf from some fantasy novel. Her tiny, pixie nose and bright blue eyes added to the image making her just the cutest girl anyone had ever seen. She stood

only five foot five and had a perfect pair of teardrop boobs that had finally reached a C cup much to her's and all the boy's excitement. As Violet stood there talking about the dance she was practically jumping up and down which made her breasts bounce and wobble in a way that attracted the stares of every passing boy, and even some of the girls.

As the three of them made their way to class Monica began stressing over the idea of picking out a costume. Everything these days was a 'sexy' something or other. Sexy Nurse, Sexy Witch, Sexy Cop, you name it they had it and every one of those costumes made Monica uncomfortable. She was so embarrassed by her enormous breasts that she seriously considered just cutting holes in a sheet and going as a ghost.

Passing the boys locker room, Ashley left the trio for the first period strategy session the coach had called. There were several black players loitering outside the locker room and they all began catcalling Monica and Violet. Vi of course loved the attention and smiled at the boys as she passed wiggling her ample ass at them to garner more whistles and cheers. Monica hung her head and practically ran past them as Ashley called out a feeble, "See ya later" to his girlfriend while soaking in the idea that the popular black players thought she was hot.

Monica was forever confused by the attention she received as it seemed to differ depending on which color the boy's skin was. For example, Ashley and his friends were all clumsy and awkward

around her, fumbling for her attention and gawking at her breasts. She'd caught several of them trying to hide their tiny boners as they checked her out and she could swear one boy even shot off in his pants just from looking at her chest.

Then there were the black boys. Heck you might as well call them men. After all they were seniors now and these black boys had definitely grown into men unlike their white counterparts. While her boyfriend and the other white boys seemed confused about how to simply talk to a girl, the black men in school had no such difficulties. Confidence exuded from their pores and they seemed to relish their superiority over the white boys. These black men ruled the school and had every girl crushing on them due to their well defined bodies and the huge bulges they sported under their pants.

But it wasn't just a matter of attitude that separated the black men from the white boys. No, it seemed like a large measure of maturity also accompanied their swagger. The black students had no problems when it came to knowing and taking what they wanted. And from what Monica could see, the black men wanted her. They didn't make childish comments about her body, no they treated her like a prize to be won if not taken in battle. She could see from the way the black girls were built that she had a body black men would strongly desire. Her massive tits and huge round ass were typical of what one might see in a rap video. As such Monica was the object of every black man's affection. Thank goodness she had Ashley to fall back on so she didn't have to fend off these brutish men.

As Monica and Violet took their seats in homeroom, Ashley was being grilled by the other members of the team in the locker room. The small white boy was surrounded by much taller and more muscular black men who asked him very rude questions about his girlfriend.

“Yo Ashley, you nailing that big titted girl of yours?” Devon asked. “Yeah boy you get in her pants yet and tuck into that booty?” Inquired Tyler. Samuel laughed at the embarrassed look on Ashley’s face and said, “No guys, little Ashley here is a virgin. Ain’t that right snowflake?”

Ashley turned red from head to toe and stuttered out, “Awe heck my homies, I tap that ass all the time. I make those big titties bounce all over the place with my wild moves.”

The men all laughed at the obvious lie and began stripping to change into their practice uniforms. Before long Ashley was sitting there surrounded by a dozen naked black men who all had enormous dicks swinging between their ebony thighs. Ashley was humiliated by his own tiny pecker and always tried to outwait his teammates before taking off his pants. As usual though the other players seemed to be taking their time changing so the white boy had no choice.

Ashley tried to joke around with the guys as he slipped off his clothes, “Yeah my dudes, you should see Monica get all excited by my sex moves. I can really make her scream with, um, with pleasure. Yeah she’s a real wild cat in bed if you know what I mean homies.”

Devon stepped up to Ashley who was still seated and trying to look inconspicuous as he slipped off his jeans and said, “The fuck I tell you about talking like that cracker?”

Ashley immediately started to shake in fear as he said, “Oh, I’m sorry my man, I mean Devon. I forgot. I’m really sorry. I just want to fit in with you guys since we’re all teammates. I mean we’re all in this together right?”

Devon stepped closer, so close in fact that Ashley could smell the funk coming off the bigger man’s crotch. Ashley tried desperately not to look straight out even with his face as there was currently 6 inches of flaccid black dick a mere two inches from his nose. Even soft this black dick was nearly twice the size of Ashley’s penis at full hardness.

Ashley’s eyes were watering from humiliation, fear, and the pungent odor of Devon’s cock and balls as he looked up to Devon’s face to hear the black man say, “No Snow White we ain’t in nothing together. You’re a shrimp ass white boy who thinks he can ball and we are all far superior athletes who have our own culture

and community that you will never be a part of, so don't ever let me hear you talking like that again. You hear me boy?"

Devon backed up each word with a finger poke to Ashley's forehead making the white boy's head bounce back and forth. Ashley overcorrected on the last poke and moved his head too far forward so that Devon's cock slapped him in the face. The gathered players all began laughing as Devon said, "Damn boy you seem eager to get my dick in your mouth! Are you a faggot ass white boy? Are you one of them sissies?"

"No!" Ashley shouted, "I'm not gay! That was an accident! I don't want to ever touch another dude's junk!"

Devon took a step closer to Ashley and grabbed the white boy by the back of his head before grinding the smaller boy's face into his crotch. "I think you want my dick boy." The powerful black man said. "In fact I think you been looking for a way to get close to it for a while now. I seen the way you always looking at me and my boys in the shower. You a black dick hound ain't you boy?"

Ashley was using both hands to try and pull his face out of Devon's crotch as he mumbled, "No! I swear, I'm not gay! Please stop it! Please!"

The other men all laughed as they watched their captain humiliate the white boy. They all hated Ashley and loved to see him

degraded like this. Just as things were getting fun though, the couch entered the room and yelled, “All right you maniacs, let’s hit the gym! We got work to do if we’re gonna beat Township this weekend.” The large black man stopped in his tracks as he saw what was going on and while trying to hide an amused smile said, “Knock it off you guys. Ashley if you wanna suck dick do it on your own time. Now let’s move men, you too Ashley!”

The team hurriedly dressed and ran from the locker room leaving poor Ashley to scramble for his clothes in abject humiliation. The degraded white boy didn’t have time to wipe off his face so he ran out onto the court smelling like Devon’s balls. For the first time since he’d joined the team, Ashley couldn’t wait to hit the showers.

Part Two

That evening Monica and Ashley were together in her room studying for the big Chemistry exam. Anyone might think it odd for a couple of teenagers to be allowed in a bedroom together with the door closed but Monica’s mother never saw an issue with Ashley spending time with her daughter. Truthfully the older woman thought her daughter’s boyfriend was gay so she never worried about anything funny happening upstairs. In fact Donna Melloncamp hoped her daughter would have sex at some point with a real man and stop wasting time with that pansy Ashley. Donna had been a cheerleader in highschool and was a little embarrassed by her shy and introverted daughter. She knew

Monica had the body to be one of the popular girls but her attitude would ensure she never had any fun. In her day Donna had been quite popular with the boys. Well, the black men in her school anyway. Donna had exactly the kind of body those black men craved with her huge tits and big round ass. Donna smiled at that thought as she knew her exploits with strong black men still continued to this day right under her husband's nose. Oh if only her family knew what a whore for black cock the housewife really was.

Upstairs Donna was getting her wish in a way that contradicted her every belief. Monica was having sex with a tiny white boy. Monica and Ashley were under the covers exploring each other's naked bodies by pressing against each other and running their hands all over the smooth skin of their partner. Monica was as usual slightly turned off by how smooth and soft Ashley's body was. She thought it felt like touching herself to be honest. Ashley had practically no body hair to speak of and not a muscle to be found. He had a round, soft ass that reminded Monica of the girls she saw in the shower in PhysEd class. And weirdly, the boy had huge puffy nipples that were overly sensitive to the touch. If she spent too much time fondling or kissing his nipples he would shoot off too soon and ruin everything, a fact Monica knew from experience.

The young girl smiled and moaned in response to her boyfriend's touch but it was all play acting on her part. The truth was, Ashley's attempts at pleasing her were clumsy and awkward. He fumbled around like he had no idea what a woman's body responded to,

groping and pinching and mauling poor Monica's boobs and ass like he was kneading dough to make bread. But the boy could use his tongue, Monica gave him credit for that talent. She knew if she pressed him into service his talented mouth would get her off multiple times. She just needed to get him to do it before he fucked her because he said it was too gross afterward.

To that end Monica was slowly manipulating Ashley into moving further down her body by pushing on his shoulders ever so slightly. The boy was practically humping her leg like a dog at this point but she wanted her orgasms now. So she forced Ashley further down till his face was positioned directly between her massive tits. That was a big mistake. The tiny white boy got his face between those soft, luscious mounds of flesh and became overly excited immediately. Monica heard him groan loudly then felt several small drops of wetness against her thigh and knew the white boy was finished. Before they'd even started. Again. This can't be what sex is always like, Monica thought to herself as Ashley moaned between her breasts.

As the white boy got up from his prone position Monica asked expectantly, "Oh, Ash do you think you could keep going? I mean I'd love to feel your tongue again baby?"

"No can do sweetheart." The small statured boy said. "I'm wiped out. You really are sexy as hell."

Monica watched him climb out of bed and head for the bathroom. She stared at his penis for a few seconds and wondered, “Is that really an average size?” Ashley had told her many times that he was rather well endowed and that his four and a half inches were more than enough to get the job done. Having no experience in the matter, Monica took him at his word, even when he said those guys in porn were an anomaly and that rumors about black guys were definitely not true. He said he knew that for a fact since he saw them in the locker room all the time. So, Monica trusted her boyfriend and sighed softly to herself as she thought about using her favorite toy on her still unsatisfied pussy after Ashley had gone home. Just like every other night.

When Ashley returned to the bedroom from the ensuite both he and Monica had dressed back in their clothes and settled in to study for the test. Monica was feeling very unsatisfied and felt she needed a distraction so she asked, “Hey are we still on for the bonfire after the game on Friday night?”

Ashley looked uncomfortable when he said, “Oh yeah I’ve been meaning to talk to you about that. I was thinking you might as well not come to the game. I mean I’m probably not playing anyway and I was going to skip the bonfire. I have to help my dad pack up the car for our weekend fishing trip. We’ll be leaving early Saturday morning and won’t be back till Monday night because of the holiday. So you might as well do something with Vi on Friday and I guess for the whole weekend.”

Monica looked disappointed when she said, “Oh ok. That’s fine. I’ll just hang out here and watch movies Friday night. I’ll miss you this weekend though.”

“Oh baby, I’ll miss you too. It’ll suck missing the bonfire with my team and my girl but duty calls. I have to help my dad. You know how it is.” Ashley said, overexplaining.

Monica said, “Sure, sure. I understand. Let’s get back to the books. I really need to pass this test.”

Ashley actually looked relieved when his girlfriend returned to her textbook and failed to see the hurt look in her eyes.

Part Three

Friday evening Monica was settling in with a bowl of popcorn and a good scary movie when Violet came barging into the room. “Hey girl, your mom let me in. What the hell are you doing?”

Monica sighed and said, “I told you I’m not going out tonight. Ashley has to help his dad so he’s skipping the bonfire. I don’t see any reason to go without him.”

Violet said, “Oh that’s bullshit! You can still have fun without a man hanging around you all night. Let’s go blow off some steam. You aced that Chem test, as usual, so let’s go party!”

“But I’m in my comfy sweats.” Monica complained.

“So go change! Right now before you piss me off girl. I’m in the mood to party tonight and I need my wing woman. Now let’s move.”

Monica laughed and got off the couch. If anyone could get her to go out tonight it was Vi. The girl had a way to make everything seem fun and was usually able to talk Monica into just about anything.

When Monica returned from her room she wore a pair of jeans and an oversized hoodie that covered her natural treasures. Violet sighed in disappointment as she was always trying to get her friend to loosen up her strict wardrobe choices. But hey, at least she was coming out to play.

As the girls left the house Monica’s mom stopped them to say, “You girls have fun tonight with all those hot basketball players. I know I wouldn’t be able to keep my hands to myself with all that muscular jock flesh on display.”

Monica was shocked and said, “Mother! Really!”

Violet laughed and said, “Oh we aren’t promising anything Mrs. M it’s a perfect night for hooking up and making bad choices.”

Donna laughed at Vi’s joke but said in a serious tone, “It wouldn’t be the worst thing to let your hair down Monica and have a little fun. Don’t let life pass you by, grab it by the balls so to speak.”

Violet asked, “Are you and Mr. M going out tonight? You look really hot.”

“No, I’ve got a business thing. I’m meeting some clients for drinks. It’ll be boring really. Now you girls go grab some of that jock ass so I can live vicariously through you both.”

Monica was embarrassed by her mother’s words but Vi laughed and dragged her friend out the front door. Donna smiled to herself as she grabbed her purse and left the house to meet up with her latest stud, a huge, muscular, black man who worked in her law firm. She’d be taking him balls deep in just a couple hours after they had dinner and a few drinks. She didn’t even bother to tell her weak, white boy husband goodnight as she left the house.

Monica and Violet got to the bonfire to find it in full swing. Everyone from their senior class was there as well as most of the

rest of the student body. The girls got quickly into the swing of things by sneaking drinks of vodka from a bottle Vi had stolen from her parents liquor cabinet. From the looks of things they weren't the only ones drinking so it soon turned into a wild party with couples pairing off in dark corners of the lot or deeper into the woods.

As usual the annual bonfire was held in a clearing just outside of town and so long as no real trouble was caused the police had a habit of ignoring the party just as the cops had done in their day.

Monica was feeling pretty good from the alcohol buzz and was dancing around with Vi, both of them laughing and enjoying the warm night air. At one point Monica twirled into a large black man who caught her easily to keep her from falling to the ground.

“Oh!” The tipsy girl exclaimed as she looked up into the piercing dark eyes of the man who'd caught her. “Oh Devon, I didn't see you there. I'm sorry, I guess I got a little carried away.”

Devon looked down at the pretty girl with the dark brown hair and said, “No problem at all beautiful. You can run into me anytime. It's Monica right? You hang out with little Ashley.”

Monica blushed while Violet laughed beside her. “Yes, I'm Monica, that's me, I mean I am she, I mean, oh hell, yes that's me. And Ashley is my boyfriend by the way.”

Devon laughed at Monica's nervousness and said, "How that skinny, pasty, little runt got a gorgeous woman like you I'll never know. I mean I've seen him in the locker room so I know what it ain't."

Violet laughed louder and Monica tried to defend Ashley. "Well that's just mean. My Ashley is perfectly well endowed. He's average with every other guy out there I'm sure."

Devon laughed again and said, "Really? Are you absolutely certain of that fact?"

Monica was getting angry at this point and said, "Yes! I'm positive. I trust my boyfriend to be honest with me."

Devon said, "Hey I don't want to cause any trouble for you cause I think you're wonderful. I mean I have admired your smokin body for quite some time now. But it's not just that, you have such a pretty smile and your eyes light up the night they're so brilliant. I heard you laughing while you were dancing and I have to say it sounded like music to me. And damn can you move! I mean you got skills, girl. But I can't let you continue to be deceived by that white boy. Just take a look at this and tell me little Ashley can compete."

All the while Devon was talking he had been undoing his jeans and much to Monica's and Violet's surprise he pulled out the biggest dick they'd ever imagined possible.

“Oh my god!” Monica said in abject shock and awe. Violet made a small squeaking sound in the back of her throat and stood mesmerized by the black behemoth in front of her. Monica said, “That's not, I mean, is that thing real? I mean of course it's real but is it, I mean, is that normal? Oh my! I mean that's simply not possible. Is it?”

Devon laughed as he tucked away his savage tube snake and said, “Oh it's not only possible it's quite the norm in the locker room. Well with one notable, white, exception.”

Monica and Violet continued to stand there completely unhinged by what they'd seen until Devon said, “Well if you ever get tired of playing with the little league you come find me. I guarantee I can treat a lovely lady like you so much better than that wimp you been wasting time with. Trust!”

With that, Devon walked away with a confident swagger that had both girls staring at his muscular back side. They were so focused on watching Devon walk away that they almost missed the sight that would change Monica's life forever.

Just across the fire pit from them stood Ashley with his arms around another girl. They were kissing and he had his hands on her ass squeezing her cheeks as he made out with her. They didn't recognize the girl at all and knew she couldn't be a student at their school but the shock of it all was still just as palpable to poor Monica.

Monica watched as they broke off their kiss and the girl began talking animatedly to Ashley. If only Monica could hear what the girl was saying. She was obscenely grabbing Ashley's crotch and from the way her facial expressions changed it looked as though she was becoming angry with the white boy.

What Monica couldn't hear was the girl exclaiming, "Wait a minute! You're actually hard right now? Seriously?"

Then Ashley replied, "Oh yes baby, I'm rock hard right now, that's how much you turn me on."

The girl laughed and pinched Ashley's tiny tool between her finger tips, through his pants and said, "This tiny thing is all you're packing? Are you fucking kidding me? I babysit toddlers with bigger junk you fucking wimp! I can't believe I wasted a night out on you."

Ashley was about to argue when he looked over the girl's shoulder and saw to his horror Monica and Violet moving around the fire toward him.

With tears in her eyes Monica marched over to her boyfriend and grabbed his arm pulling him away from the girl who was unbeknownst to Monica humiliating the white boy.

“What the fuck Ashley!” She screamed in his face.

The white boy couldn't be more surprised as he stared into the face of his girlfriend. “Oh shit! Monica! You said you weren't coming tonight.”

“Are you actually blaming me for this? Because I caught you, is it all my fault?” Monica yelled at him.

“Yes! I mean, No! I mean, oh shit.” The boy said eloquently.

The girl who Ashley had been kissing said, “Wait a minute, you have a girlfriend? Oh hell no! I'm so sorry, Monica is it? I'm so sorry Monica, I had no idea this pig was seeing someone. We met at a basketball game at my school in Altoona. Oh this just sucks. And you! Fuck you, you tiny dick loser!” She screamed in Ashley's face before slapping him so hard his head snapped back and he fell over.

By now a crowd had gathered and everyone was laughing at the spectacle before them. Monica stood over Ashley and yelled, “I loved you, you idiot! Don’t ever speak to me again! We’re through!”

With that, she and Violet left the party as Ashley picked himself up and ran crying from the laughing circle of students. Everyone else went back to partying as a lone dark figure moved quietly through the crowd to watch the heartbroken girl and her friend jump into a car and drive away. Devon smiled as he began to formulate a plan to win the heart and body of one Monica Melloncamp.

Part Four

Monica spent the rest of the weekend crying while Violet did her best to console her dear friend. Violet of course spent the weekend with her friend after explaining to Mrs Melloncamp exactly what had happened. Donna Melloncamp was pissed that anyone would hurt her little girl and told Vi to do her best to help poor Monica through the worst of it but also told the girl to make sure Monica understood what a wimp and a loser Ashley was. Violet and Mrs M were both in complete agreement on this idea and vowed to make the pathetic white boy pay for his indiscretion.

By Monday morning Monica was feeling better but still carried the look of heartbreak with her to school. By now everyone had heard what happened and there were whispers and hushed laughter as the depressed girl walked the halls. She could hear other girls making comments about how she was incapable of holding onto a man and also had to dodge the clumsy attempts at seduction by several geeky white boys throughout the day. It was sad the way they tried to pounce on her as if she were a wounded animal on the Savanna. Violet assured her that was the only way these white boys could get a girl by taking advantage of any weakness. She kept reassuring Monica she was better off without Ashley's cheating ass.

By the time her last period class ended Monica was desperate to get out of school and go hide in her room but just as she was about to leave Devon appeared at her locker with a single rose in his hand. "This is for you gorgeous, you deserve better than what happened to you. I'm sorry on behalf of all mankind for the way you were disrespected." The tall, dark, handsome young man said with a charming smile on his face.

Monica blushed but smiled up at him and said, "Thank you. You didn't need to do that, it's not your fault my boyf...my ex-boyfriend was so horrible to me."

The big man confidently put his hand on the small girl's shoulder and said, "No one should ever hurt you like that baby. You got way too much going for you. You deserve someone more suitable to

your beauty and intelligence. Someone who's more man than little boy. My apologies for being so crude the other night but I wanted to show you there were bigger and better things in the world for someone as special as you. That pathetic little fag has no idea what he's lost. But he's gonna find out. Oh you better believe he's gonna find out."

Monica said, "Seriously, thank you. I appreciate your concern. Well, I guess I better head home. It was nice of you to say all that, and thanks for the rose, it's beautiful."

Devon stopped her by saying, "Listen Monica, I have practice right now but I'd love to see you tonight. Nothing serious, just a friendly shoulder to lean on. How about if I stop by your place and we can talk a bit?"

Monica said, "Oh gee, I don't know Devon. My parents aren't going to be home tonight. My mom has some kind of awards ceremony to go to so they'll be out all night. I don't think they'd like me having a boy over while they're out."

"Oh no baby, it ain't like that. I just want to talk with you. You know, so I can get to know you better. Maybe give you a guy's perspective on what just happened to you. Nothing out of bounds."

“Well, ok. Sure. Stop by after practice and we can talk. Maybe you can help me understand what Ashley was thinking.” She answered.

He smiled and said, “Great, I’ll see you later. Gotta jet!” As Monica walked away Devon watched her bubble butt sway and jiggle with a hungry look in his eyes. The big man grinned and whispered to himself, ‘Oh yeah you big titted slut, we gonna have us a good time tonight.’

Part Five

Violet was all smiles when Monica told her the news and said, “That’s outstanding! Devon is so hot! You have to tell me everything that happens!” The two girls were in Monica’s bedroom de-stressing after a long day of classes and Violet was trying to get Monica to take Devon’s word’s to heart.

Monica sighed and said, “It’s not like this is a date or anything. Jesus Vi I just broke up with Ashley 3 days ago and you think I need to get with another boy already?”

“Boy?” Her friend asked. “That Devon is all man! You need to forget about your loser ex and realize he was never good enough for you. Now let’s pick out something for you to wear.”

For the next 45 minutes Monica fought Violet at every turn but finally gave in and allowed her extroverted friend to pick out her clothes for the evening. Monica was embarrassed and nervous about her outfit, and some parts of it belonged to her mother, but in the end she had to agree she looked pretty hot.

Violet had picked out a short, tight mini skirt from Donna's closet and a pair of matching thigh high stockings in laced black silk. She also borrowed Mrs M's five inch stilettos to give Monica a boost. The girls both agreed on a white silk top with a plunging neckline that showed off more tit flesh than Monica was really comfortable with but she just wanted to appease Vi and planned on wearing a sweater over top of it. By the time Vi finished with Monica's hair and makeup it was time for her to leave.

Devon would be there soon and Monica was a nervous wreck. Violet gave her a quick pep talk before she left. "Listen sweetie, you know I love you but I have to say this. You've always been too uptight about your body. You are gorgeous. Guys like Ashley only see a pair of big tits and shoot their tiny wads over the sight of them. Devon is a real man and he will appreciate the whole package. You know black guys are into girls with curves right? For once, just relax. Please. Just let yourself go. Don't get inside your head about your body image hangups. You have a great ass and a rocking pair of tits sister, and it's time you showed the world what a sexy bitch you truly are. Now just have fun tonight. Please? For me?"

Monica smiled and said, “I love you too, you crazy nitwit. I promise you I will try. I’m still really fucked up about what Ashley did to me and I don’t know if I’ll be able to talk to Devon without breaking down and crying. But, I’ll try. For you. Now get your skinny ass outta here and let me find out if I have the guts to be myself for a change.”

Part Six

While the girls were at Monica’s house getting ready for the evening, Devon and his boys were back at the school locker room having a little discussion with Ashley who was just finding out there was no practice. Devon had tricked the white boy into coming in after school to meet with the team’s starters for a little heart to heart.

Ashley found himself surrounded by five very large and very angry black men who towered over him and pinned him against the lockers blocking off any chance of him leaving the room.

Ashley backed into a bench and sat down hard with his back against the wall and five massive black men forming a semicircle around him. “Hey my brothers, what’s the haps?” The clueless white boy said.

Devon raised his size 14 foot and placed it on the bench between Ashley's legs before leaning in close to the white boy and saying, "What the fuck did I tell you about talking like that bitch?"

The white boy tried to look defiant but his natural inferiority rose to the surface and he quietly said, "Sorry Devon, it won't happen again."

"Sir!" The big black man said. "You can call me Sir from now on white boy. In fact you call all of us sir. It's only fitting that you acknowledge your superiors."

Ashley's face turned red and he looked as if he might balk at the suggestion but instead simply whispered, "Yes Sir."

Devon smiled down at the scrawny boy and said, "Shit white boy, just look at you. 18 years old, a senior in high school and you look like a little girl just hitting puberty. I swear you might just have a cunt under those shorts and a pair of tiny boobies almost ready for a training bra. It's pathetic, snowflake."

The sissy white boy was becoming worried about the way his teammates looked down at him with disgust in their eyes and lowered his own eyes in order to focus on anything other than their angry faces. He looked straight ahead and saw Devon's crotch mere inches from his face as the black Center and Captain of the team had yet to move his foot. Ashley blinked and shook his

head slightly to focus his eyes as he could not believe what he was seeing could actually be real. The bulge in Devon's shorts looked like he was smuggling a can of Pringles Potato Crisps that ran most of the way down his thigh. That could not possibly be his penis Ashley thought with morbid curiosity.

Devon saw where the sissy's focus had gone and laughed as he said, "Look guys, Ashley the queer is checking out my dick!"

The men all laughed and nudged each other with their shoulder and elbows as they shamed the white boy into looking away quickly.

"No! No I wasn't! I would never! I...I was...It just... It just happened to be in my field of vision that's all. I mean you put it right in front of me and..."

Devon slapped Ashley across his head and yelled, "You think it's my fault that you like looking at dick? You saying I made you a faggot sissy?"

Ashley whimpered and stammered out, "No, you didn't make me, I mean I'm not, I'm not a faggot! I'm not a sissy! I just happened to glance in front of me that's all. I didn't even see your big dick."

All the boys howled with laughter as Devon said, “Then how you know it’s big?”

The room got quiet as the poor white boy sniffed back a tear and said. “Well, I can see it. I mean it’s bulging out there. It’s pretty obvious. I mean it’s noticeable. It’s difficult to miss.”

“Give it a kiss.” Devon said menacingly.

“What? No! What?” Ashley was panicking. “I’m not gonna kiss... No! I told you I’m not like that! I like chicks! Just ask Monica, we fucked all the time.”

That earned Ashley another slap on his head. Devon said, “You’d do very well to never mention her name around me again paleface. She does not exist in your world any longer. She’s off limits to pathetic white boys.”

The sissy sat there confused and afraid to say anything as he breathed deeply to keep from having a panic attack. His deep breaths brought a strong odor to Ashley’s senses and he realized it was the stench of Devon’s sweaty, unwashed cock and balls. The smell of manly sweat and body odor was assaulting Ashley’s delicate senses and he felt he might swoon from the pungent aroma of a real man’s nuts.

Devon moved his crotch a couple inches closer to Ashley's face and said, "Kiss it. Now."

Ashley began to shake and sob as he looked directly at the bulge running down Devon's leg. To his ultimate horror, the white boy saw the head of Devon's cock peeking out from the bottom of his shorts. He could clearly see the broad piss slit and half of the plum sized head as he blinked to clear the tears from his eyes and marvel at the sheer size of this mighty weapon.

Devon said, "Looks like it's happy to see you. See my dick knows a sissy wimp just as well as I do. It knows it's gonna feel some soft sissy lips so it's trying to stand up and say hello."

"Please don't. Please just stop this. I'm not like that at all. I don't want to do this." The small pink wimp begged.

One of the other players placed his hand on the back of Ashley's head and began to push him forward. Devon said, "Naw man, let the sissy come to his fate all by himself."

Ashley could feel the deep stares of all the other guys piercing his flesh like lasers as he sat there whimpering. Devon's dick seemed to be stretching out to reach the white boy's lips and Ashley felt he had no choice but to comply if he wanted to leave this locker room.

The black men all grew quiet as they watched the sissy's inner turmoil cross over his visage. Ashley grimaced in disgust and leaned forward till his lips were just barely touching the soft skin of Devon's dickhead. He quickly pecked a light kiss on the mushroom shaped head and leaned back as far as he could to get away from the offending member.

“No, no little sissy” the black man said. “You gonna need to do it right. Don't tease a brother like that. Now you give my dick a nice long, wet kiss. Open mouth with tongue. That way I'll know you're serious.”

“Please guys, just let me go. I don't know what I did to offend you but I'm sorry. Just let me go and I'll never tell anyone.” Ashley begged.

“Everything about you offends me boy.” Devon explained. “But mostly it's the fact that you think you deserve pussy. You don't get pussy, you're a sissy. Sissies get dick. That's the natural order of things. You're a pathetic white boy with a tiny pecker so you take dick in your sissy holes and real men like us get all the pussy. It's simply time for you to learn your place, that's all. Now kiss my fucking dick properly to show me you know your place boy!”

Ashley was shaking as he again leaned forward and placed his lips on another man's dick. He was actually doing it, the one thing that

no real man ever considered doing. He was submitting in the most disgusting way. This was the lowest a straight man could get. It was fine for gay men to suck dick, that was just nature's way. But for Ashley, this was the lowest of the low. But he was doing it anyway. A real man would fight. A real man would take an ass kicking to prevent this from happening. But Ashley was discovering something about himself. He was not a real man. He was a sissy.

Ashley parted his lips and took the head of Devon's cock in about halfway before licking around the piss slit and mouthing the black monster like he was making out with the most beautiful girl ever. He continued kissing and licking the bigger man's cock head while the other players all laughed and made rude comments about the white sissy. They all cheered at the prospect of having a full time plaything at their disposal.

Devon's cock grew in length till the entire head was sticking out of his shorts and Ashley swore the thing must have been well over ten inches long and extremely thick. Devon suddenly planted his foot back on the floor which yanked his cock from Ashley's lips. It happened so suddenly that Ashley continued his kissing and licking motions for a few seconds after the dick was out of his mouth.

Trey, one of the Guards on the team said, "Damn he looks like a fucking sucker fish tryna get that dick back in his mouth! That's some funny shit!"

The men all laughed and Devon said, “Need to get more comfortable so we can keep the party going.”

With that, the large man dropped his shorts to the floor and sat on the bench next to Ashley. He looked over at his white sissy and said, “The fuck you doin sittin next to me? You belong on your knees bitch. Move!”

Ashley practically fell to the floor and positioned himself between Devon’s muscular thighs. He knew why he was told to get on his knees so there was no sense trying to play dumb.

The white boy was amazed as he looked between Devon’s legs and saw his mighty, black, dick towering up over his head. It was easily closer to 11 inches and thicker than Ashley’s arm. It was a terrifying weapon that strangely made the white boy’s mouth water and his tiny nubbin of a penis twitch.

There were shuffling sounds all around Ashley and he turned his head in both directions to see what was happening. He was devastated to see the other four men had all dropped their shorts as well. The white sissy was surrounded by Big Black Cock just like the white women in all the interracial porn he liked to watch.

Devon said, “Lift my dick and wash my balls with your tongue. I ain’t showered since yesterday morning and they gettin pretty ripe.”

Ashley moaned and gripped the huge cock in his right hand and lifted it up away from Devon’s ballsack. The white boy grunted in surprise at the size of the man’s balls. It looked like someone was carrying two tennis balls in a dark brown leather bag. And the smell! Oh god the smell. It was like multiplying the worst locker room with the worst urinal then covering it all with a sheen of rank sweat. Ashley’s eyes watered and his throat closed up but he soldiered on and stuck out his delicate pink tongue.

He began licking with tentative swipes feeling the bristles of kinky pubic hair tickling his lips and tongue. As he got used to the taste, the shame faced sissy began laving the wrinkled sack with long licks leaving a wet trail all over the dark flesh.

As the sissy licked at his tormentor’s balls he felt someone pulling his shorts and underwear down to his knees. He tried to object and to move to defend himself but Devon grabbed the back of his head and said, “Oh hell no sissy. You got work to do. Don’t you fucking move an inch no matter what you feel.”

Devon seemed to have more to say but he was interrupted by the manic laughter of his entire team. The men were in hysterics as they looked between the sissy’s legs.

Comments began to fly making Ashley sob harder as he licked the mean bully's balls. "Oh shit, what the fuck is that thing?" One man yelled. "It looks like a real dick had a baby dick!" Said another. "That ain't no dick! That's a clit! This bitch is a real bitch! He ain't got nothing down there. Oh wait! Are those balls? No! They gotta be ovaries! This bitch's clit and ovaries are on the outside!"

The torment went on for several long minutes and even Devon had to have a quick look, so he bent over to peek under the sissy's body and between his legs. The big man shook his head and said, "Damn sissy, you are worse than I thought. Not a man at all, just a little bitch ass white sissy. No wonder you broke so easily."

However the sissy never stopped his licking duties as he began to notice the nasty taste disappearing with each stroke of his tongue. 'My god' he thought, I'm actually cleaning this monster's balls. They aren't dirty any longer because of my tongue. I've swallowed all the sweat and stale piss and who knows what else that was coating his sack.

Just as the young white weakling got into a rhythm with his tongue Devon pulled his head up, looked him in the eye, and said "Now you're gonna suck my dick. You know it and I know it. But don't you dare touch me with your teeth. Not one fucking scratch. No matter what happens. You resist every urge to move your mouth from my dick or to even touch it with your teeth. You understand?"

Ashley was scared and confused but he did not want to anger this bully so he simply nodded his head and blinked away fresh tears. As Devon pulled his head into his dark crotch, Ashley opened his mouth wide and took the big man's cock head into between his lips and felt it's full, thick weight lay on his soft tongue. A strong, musky, salty taste invaded the little white boy's mouth as he swallowed experimentally to make sure he could do it without biting down on the invading cock.

As Devon looked down at his latest prize he winked over at Trey and watched as his friend prepared a painful surprise for their sissy. Devon leaned back to enjoy his blowjob and Ashley went to work sucking and licking the way he'd seen the women in porn do it.

But then Ashley felt a strange sensation as someone began smearing a cold lotion all over his tiny penis and balls. The men laughed and snickered as one of them worked to coat the sissy's tender genitals with the oily ointment. Then the offending hand ran up into the sissy ass crack, wiping the cool substance all over the inside of his crack and even covering his tight puckered hole.

And still the sissy continued to suck Devon's mighty cock. It took a full two minutes of sucking before the humiliated wimp began to notice a change in the sensation covering his private parts. It started as a mild heating up of his skin but soon turned into a nightmare inferno of raw, burning, flames. Someone had rubbed

the muscle pain ointment on the sissy's nether region and it was beginning to burn mightily. Ashley knew these creams contained menthol and capsaicin to aid in the relief of muscle pain. The menthol was a cooling burn but the capsaicin was the heat ingredient in chile peppers so this was pure torture for the helpless young sissy.

He screamed in pain around Devon's dick making the big man moan in pleasure. "Oh damn sissy I love when you sing to me like that! Do it again."

He need not have asked because the wimp could scarcely help his tortured screams as the cream burned his tender flesh. His tiny balls and penis felt like they were on fire and his ass crack was an inferno of raw pain. But it was the delicate rosebud of his sphincter that was causing the most discomfort and agony. In an attempt to quiet the intense pain, poor Ashley was clenching his asscheeks tightly then thrusting them wide open over and over again trying to fan the flames. The black men could actually hear the sissy's ass clapping as he opened and closed it repeatedly in sheer, white hot pain.

One of the players took out his phone and began filming the spectacle of the sissy's ass clapping as they all roared with laughter. Sweat was pouring from every inch of white skin as the sissy screamed and tensed every muscle in his body. But never once did he remove his mouth from his superior's dick, and not

one tooth ever made contact with the black flesh of the invading tool.

Ashley was so focused on his own pain and discomfort that he inadvertently gave the best blowjob Devon had ever felt. Between fighting to keep from biting the black dick and struggling to overcome the raging inferno in his crotch and ass, the enslaved white boy sucked and licked for all he was worth.

Devon grabbed his pet's head in both hands and began slamming the poor boy's face into his crotch with a ferocity that matched the fire in Ashley's crotch. For a person who'd never sucked a cock before, Ashley was doing a spectacular job. He barely noticed when Devon drove his entire length down his throat despite the burning and stretching of the tiny opening. The other men could see the cock head bulging in the sissy's throat and they were all amazed at the natural talent ingrained in all white boys to be able to take a black dick so effortlessly down his throat.

Ashley took little notice of his accomplishment as he focused on not hurting his bully. The white boy cried and screamed around his tormentor's dick as it pummeled his tender throat and stretched his neck to unnatural proportions. Every black player had a phone in his hand and the white sissy's debasement was being filmed from all angles. It would make for spectacular viewing at a later date.

Finally, after nearly an hour of torture for the white boy, Devon roared out his orgasm. He fired hot, thick, salty ropes of cum down the sissy's raw throat, choking the poor boy with the copious amounts of sperm. Devon pulled out slowly allowing every strand of his cum to coat a different part of his sissy's insides and soon only the head of his cock remained buried in the warm, soft confines of his pet white boy's mouth. One final blast of cum coated Ashley's tongue as Devon pulled his spent rod out and patted the skinny boy on his head like a pet dog who'd just done a trick.

"We're gonna do that a lot, boy. You are a natural cocksucker."
Devon praised his pet.

Ashley heard none of it as he began scooting his ass along the cool, tile floor like a dog would do making all the men laugh at his antics.

As the white boy scooted past Trey the large black man grabbed him by his hair and pulled him up into a kneeling position. "I'm next bitch." He said, smiling down at the team's new mascot.

"Oh god no!" the sissy cried. "Please let me clean this stuff off. It burns so bad I can't stand it! Please!"

Devon smiled graciously down at his new property and said, "Tell you what Snowwhite, you get all my boys off then you can jump in

the shower. The faster you make them cum the faster you clean your undercarriage. Better get to sucking.”

Ashley wasted no time and practically devoured Trey’s cock in one swift swallow. In seconds the black man was hard as iron and fucking the sissy’s face with abandon. Ashley had reached up and grabbed two other black cocks in his hands and was stroking them both to get them hard so he would waste no time between blowjobs.

Devon had never seen a white boy turn tricks so quickly and realized he had a golden opportunity to truly humiliate and exploit this tragic loser. He laughed to himself as he began to formulate a plan that would include his new “friend” Monica. This was going to be a very fun project. He would destroy a white boy and make a white girl blossom at the same time.

The black thug sat back and smiled as he watched his pet suck and stroke black dicks like he’d been born to it. Well, he is a white boy so in truth he was born for it, Devon thought maliciously. He left his friends to their fun as he went to shower and get ready for his date with the delightful Monica.

Part Seven

When Devon arrived at Monica’s house Violet was long gone and Monica was dressed to kill and nervous as hell. She felt odd, like

she was betraying Ashley by simple speaking to another boy even though she knew that was crazy. Ashley had hurt her deeply and though she was still in the early stages of mourning her relationship with him she was also pissed at how cavalierly he'd trashed her feelings. She decided to let her anger at Ashley guide her this evening instead of her sadness so it was a determined and energetic Monica who answered the door for the muscular black stud, Devon.

The two quickly settled in on the couch after Devon complimented Monica on her outfit choice. He seemed drawn to her ass which made Monica very happy. She was so sick of the white boys always checking out her rack. It was nice to be appreciated for a part of her body that made her uncomfortable. She liked that Devon admired her big, round ass.

Monica poured them each a glass of cola and Devon smiled as he produced a flask full of bourbon and proceeded to spike the drinks much to Monica's amusement.

"Well I guess the rumors are true, you really are a bad boy."
Monica said, pushing aside her nerves.

"There's nothing about me that anyone would call a boy. I'm all man baby."

“Well from what I’ve seen of you that sounds about right.” Monica said with a girly blush.

Devon asked, “Listen I just have to know, what did a beautiful woman like you see in that scrawny wimp anyway? I mean he barely counts as being male and is definitely not a man. He’s the perfect example of the inferiority of the white boy.”

“That’s so mean! Ashley was the love of my life for a long time. It still hurts that he cheated on me like that.”

“Really? The love of your life? Admit it, he was your first boyfriend wasn’t he? I mean you have nothing to compare him to, do you?”

“Well, not really. I mean I did kiss a boy at summer camp once, but Ashley was my first and only boyfriend. So I guess you’re right about that, I have no basis of comparison.” Monica said, looking sad.

“Listen baby, you need to forget about that wimp and spread your wings. You’ve got an amazing body, a beautiful face, gorgeous eyes, and a smile that makes most guys melt. Not to mention you’re killer smart and funny as hell. You’re the complete package, you just messing with boys when you should be with men.”

“Oh and I suppose you mean you don’t you?”

“Fuck yes I mean me. Look I’m not playing games with you girl. I’m here to be honest. When I want something, I get it. It’s that simple. And I want you.” Devon said as he moved in closer and placed his hand on Monica’s knee.

Monica took a long drink from her heavily spiked soda, made a face at the amount of alcohol, then smiled up at Devon before saying, “I thought as much. You’ve never shown any interest in me before so what’s changed? You didn’t want to get in Ashley’s way before? Or have you blown through all the other girls and now it’s just my turn?”

“First off, I don’t give a fuck about that faggot ex of yours. Second, I’ve always noticed you, I just been waiting for you to gain the confidence it takes to hang with me. And third, as far as I can tell, no other girls compare with a woman like you baby.”

Monica swooned at his words and peered up at him with a new look in her eyes, this time it was a look of admiration and possibly lust. She leaned in close till she could smell the black man’s natural pheromones and said, “That was good. That was really good. I hope that wasn’t just a line you use on all the girls.”

Devon said, “It’s not. Not at all.”

Before he finished his sentence Monica was on him. She straddled his lap and pressed her soft, pillowy tits into his chiseled chest and kissed him. The white girl moaned in lust as she slipped her tongue into the black man's mouth and started a wrestling match with his own tongue. Devon was no slouch in the kissing department and Monica was soon grabbing the back of his head and pulling him in as if to devour him with her hungry lips.

Not one to waste time or opportunity, Devon quickly grabbed the white slut's ass with one hand and took a handful of soft tit flesh in the other. Monica responded immediately with a moan of passion and suddenly it was on.

The normally shy white girl had never been with a man as confident as Devon and soon found herself becoming wet between her clenching thighs. The way he handled her breasts was masterful and not clumsy and awkward like Ashley. It was as if Devon knew how sensitive her nipples were and took care to tease them; twisting, pinching, and pulling at the right times and with perfect pressure.

Within seconds Monica was thrusting her hips into the big man and rubbing her wet pussy along his thigh as though she were humping his leg like a dog. She'd never been so turned on in her life. And then she felt his dick. It was lying up at an angle over his left thigh and growing larger by the second. A strange feeling of

excitement filled the girl as she wondered if she could handle such a large member in any of her modest openings.

Devon, being the master of women he was, knew the signs of hunger and lust taking hold of this white girl and smiled as he took control of the situation. He pulled off Monica's top quickly and had her bra off before she even missed the blouse.

As her massive breasts tingled with their introduction to the freedom of open air, her pink nipples poked out a good inch from her silver dollar sized areolas. Devon took a minute to admire the girl's tits before softly lifting her from his lap and setting her on the floor between his knees. The big man took off his shirt and pants swiftly and soon stood before the girl in all his ebony glory. His cock hung between his legs like a truncheon of old about to do damage. Monica stared at the massive weapon with wide eyes and found it impossible to even blink.

Never in her life had she imagined moving so quickly with any boy but this truly was a man. A man who knew how to handle a woman. A man who's own sexuality and raw heat was clouding her mind with a fog of pure lust.

It just seemed natural for her to reach up and grip the thick cock and begin licking up and down the impressive shaft. Devon smiled down at his newest conquest and watched her take her place in the pantheon of black owned white girls. He almost laughed as

she tried to take his dick into her mouth for the first time and had to use his hand on the back of her head to help guide her.

The next 45 minutes were a clinic in BBC Cocksucking where Monica, the student, literally learned at the feet of a master. When Devon picked her up and carried her to her bedroom, Monica knew her education was just beginning. The white girl was put through her paces for the next several hours and before dawn a new Snowbunny was born. Monica was a true size queen and her christening as a Queen of Spades was a lust filled odyssey that changed her outlook on sex, race, and life in general. And Devon fully intended to enjoy setting her loose on the pathetic white boys in school.

Part Eight

It was a different looking Monica that walked into the school a few days later. This was a confident and determined woman who had finally found her true power. Monica wore a short, black, leather, miniskirt that barely covered her ample ass. A pair of white, thigh high stockings and 5 inch black leather pumps. She wore a white blouse tied in a knot just under her enormous tits, keeping it unbuttoned so far down that her cleavage was something out of a porn shoot. A black, push up bra was just visible holding up the twin globes of flesh, making her titties stand up tall and proud in all their glory. Her hair was done in a wild and typically slutty style for the shocking bright blonde color she'd dyed it. Her lips were the color of a cherry red mustang and her eyes were painted

with sultry blacks and blues that made her look like a cruel mistress in search of a pitiful slave.

Monica walked in confidently on Devon's arm and smiled at the looks of shock she received from the other students. Every white boy was drooling and trying to hide their uncomfortable little hardons. One or two of them even ran to the boy's room with wet stains suddenly appearing on the crotches of their jeans. Every girl, white and black, looked on with envy and approval at the new Monica filling the newest Snowbunny with pride. And as for the black men? They all shared knowing smiles with Devon as they looked over his latest conquest with lust in their eyes. Another white girl had seen the light and joined the ranks of the size queens who were forming a harem for the black jocks.

And then Monica laid eyes on Ashley. The cowering white boy was standing between two black basketball players who were teasing the white boy and commenting on his small stature. As Monica walked over to them she heard one of the men say, "Can't wait till practice today bitch, I'm gonna make you choke on my dick."

Ashley saw Monica and tried to play it off by saying, "Oh yeah right Jake, like that would happen. You're funny dude."

The black man, Jake, was about to reply when Monica said, "Oh Ashley, you poor deluded fool. I know all about you. Devon told me everything."

“I don’t know what you’re talking about Monica! You must still be reeling from my dumping your ass. How bout it guys?” Ashley said feigning confidence.

Monica laughed as she pulled out her phone. She scrolled for a couple of seconds then turned the screen to face Ashley as she said, “Don’t even try it shrimp dick. I have all the proof I need thanks to my new man.”

Ashley nearly choked on his tongue when he saw the video of himself sucking off his teammates in the locker room. His was the only face visible so it just looked like he was swallowing a bunch of rando’s cum.

With tears in his eyes the white boy said, “Oh my god! Monica it isn’t what it looks like! I’m not like that! They forced me to do it, I swear I’m not gay!”

“Oh I know you’re not gay you little bitch. Gay men are respectable. You are a sissy. You are the lowest of the low. You’re a cocksucker for real men whether they’re gay or straight. Devon told me all about you sissy white boys and how you live to serve your superiors.” Monica said grinning the entire time.

Ashley said, “Listen you bitch, I’m not gonna stand for...”

That was as far as he got before Monica reached down and grabbed his tiny balls between her thumb and forefinger. “No, you listen. I know what you are now. I always thought you were a real man but now I’ve learned the truth. I can’t believe I let you touch me with this tiny worm. You are pathetic. I mean how do you even pee with this tiny thing?” Monica squeezed harder with each passing second making Ashley squirm and whimper. “Your life is about to change forever white boy. I have plans for you. After your practice today you come to Devon’s house, he and I are gonna teach you all about your new life.”

Ashley said, “Please, please stop. It hurts. Please? I’ll do whatever you say, just stop.”

The black men all laughed as Monica let go of the sissy’s tiny package. The newly minted Snowbunny looked over the white boy’s head at his black teammates and said, “Don't wear him out too much today guys. He has a date with me and Devon that’ll take all of his strength.”

The men all laughed as they fist bumped each other. Devon said, “I’m thinking we don’t need to practice today guys. We are playing like champs right now so maybe we need a night of relaxation. How about we skip practice and just head over to my crib after school? Monica, why don’t you invite your friend Violet? We can have a real party with our little sissy here.”

Ashley started to sob softly as Monica grinned down at him and said, “Great idea baby. I love it. We can come up with some ideas for the costume dance while we’re at it.”

Ashley was terrified of the evil laughs coming from the black men at that last remark. He wanted desperately to run from this nightmare but knew in his heart he had nowhere to go. He had to simply obey these thugs and hope for the best.

Part Nine

That afternoon a strange group gathered at Devon’s house on what Ashley considered the wrong side of town. There was Devon, of course, and the other 4 starters from the basketball team. Monica and Violet were there only now Vi and Monica were dressed similarly as Violet was always a bit of a slut. Now the two friends looked more like they belonged together. When Ashley entered the house he was startled to see a much older man sitting on the couch.

Devon saw the look of surprise on his sissy’s face and said, “Dis here my uncle Tony. Dis is his house but he let’s me live here since my moms and pops died. Uncle T just got himself outta the joint so we gonna call this a welcome home party for him.”

Ashley was afraid of the way the older man looked at him. He was grinning with a look of lust in his eyes and seemed focused on the

white boy, completely ignoring the girls. The man had to weigh 300 pounds. Most of him was muscle but there was a very large beer belly hanging over his waistband. He was shaved bald and covered in tattoo sleeves portraying all manner of lewd sex acts featuring white women. When he smiled his two front teeth practically glowed with the gold plating covering them. He wore a sweat stained wife beater with an equally disgusting pair of stretched out sweat pants. His feet were bare and you couldn't help but notice how dirty they were. This man was a pig in no uncertain terms.

The black men and white women made themselves comfortable on couches and chairs while Ashley stood nervously in the center of the living room feeling completely out of place. Devon snapped his fingers at Ashley and said, "Fetch us some beers from the fridge white boy and grab some chips and shit from the cupboard."

The others all laughed as the white sissy practically jumped to obey. He scrambled into the kitchen happy for the short time he'd be alone. He heard Tony say, "Damn boy you got that little, pink, sissy trained. You'd be treated like a king inside. There ain't nothing like an obedient white boy to keep a brother happy."

"I don't know Uncle T I'm pretty happy with these here white girls." Devon said with a laugh.

“Shit boy, don’t get me wrong, white pussy is where it’s at. But there’s something about breaking a white boy and turning him into a proper sissy. It makes you feel powerful, like you’re taking reparations for the way we always been treated. I just love to watch one of them tiny, shrimp dick losers crawling around servicing my big ole cock.” The older man explained.

Ashley returned to the group’s laughter carrying a tray laden with beers, pretzels, and chips which he was ordered to distribute. After everyone but the white boy had a drink Devon stood up and put his hand on Ashley’s shoulder.

“I think you know what you’re in for tonight boy so let’s just skip the part where you try to fight me ok? Now I want you to strip outta them boy clothes right now and show my guests what an ordinary white boy looks like.” The black man commanded.

Ashley had tears in his eyes as he tried to protest, “Please Devon..”

“What the fuck you call me?” The black man roared.

“I’m sorry sir. I’m sorry. Please sir, don’t make me do this. I just want to go home. I told you already I’m not like that. I don’t like all that gay stuff you make me do.”

“Make you?” Devon laughed. “I ain’t made you do shit. You just do what comes naturally to a white boy. You all know you belong on your knees worshipping the superior black man. Now just drop all that macho shit you grew up believing and accept your sissy ways like a good bitch. Strip!”

With shaking hands the white boy began to strip off his clothes to the jeers and laughter of the gathered crowd. Monica looked disgusted and said, “I can’t believe I have to look at that pathetic excuse for a penis again. Honestly Vi, wait till you see this thing. You’ve changed diapers on kids you babysat with bigger dicks.”

That drew more laughter from the group as Vi said, “I can’t wait to see it! From everything you’ve said, it must look like a toy or maybe like an oversized clit or something.”

Jake laughed so hard he snorted then said, “Clit dick! That’s beautiful! He has a clit dick!”

Ashley was down to his underwear now and the entire room froze in muted, amused, horror at the spectacle. Then they all erupted in laughter at the sight of the scrawny white boy in a pair of pink panties.

Monica barely got out the words, “What the fuck are you wearing? Are those panties? Where did you get them?”

Devon glared at Ashley and said, “Go ahead sissy, tell her.”

The white boy turned red as he mumbled out, “Devon...I mean Mister Devon told me from now on I have to wear a pair of my mom’s dirty panties from the laundry hamper every day.”

Everyone made disgusted noises as Monica said, “Those are Joyce’s dirty panties? Like she wore them all day? Oh my god, you little peepee probably smells like your mommy’s cunt!”

Ashley began crying as everyone laughed at his humiliation. The poor boy was actually relieved to remove the offending garment at Devon’s command.

Uncle T shouted out, “What the fuck is that little thing? That can’t be the boy’s dick! I ain’t never seen one that tiny and I’ve been in a prison shower with some swishy, white, motherfuckers.”

Devon yelled, “Don’t you dare cover that thing boy.” As Ashley tried to hide his shame with his hand.

Violet got up from the couch and knelt down in front of the white boy while squinting at his tiny pecker. “Oh my god, it is shaped like a dick but it’s so fucking small. Does it actually work like a real dick?”

Monica said, “If you call shooting off in under 30 seconds working, then yes it does.”

Vi said, “You told me Ashley was average sized.”

Monica answered back, “That’s what I always assumed. I mean I’d never seen another one for real before so I thought this was normal.”

Violet said, “Oh you poor girl. No wonder you fell so hard for Devon. He’s probably packing an anaconda in those jeans compared to clit dick here.”

As Vi leaned in for a closer look she laughed when she saw the tiny pink nubbin start to stiffen. “Holy shit it’s getting bigger!” She stated. “Nope, it’s done growing. Damn, that can’t be more than 4 inches.”

Monica said, “Let’s have a little contest to see who has the biggest one in the room.”

Uncle T said, “Sissy! Get in that drawer over there and grab my tape measure.”

The other men all laughed as the sissy scurried away to humiliate himself further. Tony watched him run and said, “Damn that sissy has an ass on it! That’s some prime, white boy, bubble butt.”

Devon said, “Wait till you see it with some bright red hand prints all over it.” Making everyone laugh.

Well, everyone but the scared little sissy who quietly came back and handed the tape measure to Monica.

The white girl smiled and said, “Ok guys, drop your pants. Let’s see what we’re working with here.”

The black men all complied and soon the room was full of the heavy scent of sweaty men’s balls. The odor was thick and warm and had an immediate effect on all the whites in the room. For the girls it was like an aphrodisiac that had them feeling damp in their panties. For poor Ashley it was more a Pavlovian response as he’d been subjected to the smell and taste of so many black balls and cocks that his tiny pecker strained in reaction to the musky odor making him squirm in shame.

As Monica looked around she couldn’t help but lick her lips at the sight of so many black cocks all in one place. But she knew what was wrong very quickly. “Well we need to get these dicks hard if we’re going to have a fair contest. I mean you’re all way bigger

than the sissy here even when you're all soft, but we still want an accurate measurement. Now how can we make this work?"

She smiled at Devon who smiled back and said, "Well I think our little sissy needs to give us all a hand."

Jake laughed and said, "Or a mouth." To the amusement of everyone.

Ashley sobbed out, "Listen guys you've had your fun. You made me do things that were awful and I promise I'll never tell anyone, but please just leave it at that. I don't want to do anything else with your, your, you know, your dicks."

Monica laughed hardest at the sissy's plea but her laughter turned cold as she looked at her former boyfriend and said, "You humiliated me publicly you sissy faggot! The whole school saw you making out with another girl, saw you shame me like that. And what? You think you just get to skate on hurting me that way? I thought I loved you, and you threw it all away for a piece of strange tail. Well now I get to see you degraded and humiliated. This time it's my turn."

There was a noticeable change in Monica's demeanor at that moment. Devon saw it and smiled at what he'd created. Violet saw it and felt closer to her friend than ever before. Even Uncle Tony who had never met Monica before saw the change come over the

girl. She suddenly stood taller and looked stronger. She'd never looked so sexy. Monica held her head high and her tits out. Her big round ass looked toned and muscular as she stood triumphantly over the sissy white boy whose fate she now controlled. She looked like an ice princess. Like a Queen of Spades about to rule over her white captive. Ashley was visibly frightened by this new woman.

Monica stepped up to the sissy and reached down to grip his tiny balls in her hand. She squeezed tightly till the poor boy's knees gave out then followed him to the floor never losing her grip. The white girl bent over at the waist giving the men in the room a perfect view of her sexy booty and monumental cleavage depending on their position around her. Every one of them had a measurable reaction as all six black dicks began to rise up in a kinky salute to the bountiful treasures of Monica's sexy white body.

The mean white girl hissed out a command to the skinny white sissy. "First, you take this tape and measure that pathetic little nubbin between your legs and tell me exactly how small it is. I want to know what kind of wimpy little worm I was forced to put up with for so long. Then you crawl over to Devon and ask him nicely how he'd like you to get him ready for his measurement. Do I need to repeat myself? Do you need me to show you what happens if you disobey?"

With her last words Monica squeezed the tiny balls tighter making the sissy squeal like a little white mouse. The men thought this was hilarious and so did Vi. Monica for her part was too disgusted by the pitiful weakling before her to find any humor. She was embarrassed for ever touching his tiny pud in a sexual way and now just wanted to hurt it. With a final squeeze she stepped back and allowed the white boy to begin his task.

Ashley pulled out the tape measure and held it up to his still hard penis. Tony said, “Jesus, the little pansy is still hard. He really loves this shit. I never seen a sissy like this before.”

Ashley sniffed back tears and tried to tell them all that he really hated what was happening but he knew his traitorous penis was telling a different story. Instead he took his measurement and looked up at Monica praying she would not make him say it out loud.

No such luck. “What does it say sissy? Tell everyone what a white penis has to offer.”

The white boy hung his head as he mumbled “Four inches.”

The room erupted in laughter as they all took in the information. Ashley heard comments like, “Fuck my nephew is bigger and he’s only 3 years old” and “There is no way that thing works like a real dick” or “It’s so itty bitty I think that sissy should sit down to pee”

and the worst from Violet, “Honestly Mon, if I were you I’d have that thing locked up in a chastity cage so no woman will ever have to touch it again.”

Ashley could swear he heard Devon whisper, “Foreshadowing” but the laughter in the room covered it up.

The sissy looked up at his stern Mistress and said in a shaky voice, “Do I really have to go to Mr Devon? Please Monica, for old time sake just let me go home.”

Monica took a step forward and placed the sole of her high heel shoe onto the sissy’s tiny penis and pressed down forcefully. “Don’t you fucking test me boy. And it’s Mistress from now on. Devon showed me some movies and drawings of sissies like you and I’ve learned how you need to be treated.”

The poor white boy crawled over to his nemesis and tried to look anywhere but at the huge black dick swinging before his eyes. “Please Mr Devon, how can I help you to um, to get hard so I can, um, measure you?”

There was much laughter and snickering from the assembled crowd as they all loved seeing a white boy brought so low before a far superior black man. Tony looked especially pleased to see how far race relations had come since he was Devon’s age.

“Well bitch I think I’d like you to kiss my ass while you stroke my dick. Oh and tell me how much you love my girl between kisses.” Devon said with a sneer.

Everyone laughed as the white boy turned even whiter and looked positively nauseated by the prospect of kissing Devon’s ass in front of Monica. He’d of course already done it during one of the locker room sessions but to humiliate himself in front of two girls was unconscionable.

Nevertheless the white boy slowly crawled around behind Devon on shaking knees and placed his face inches from the muscular globes of the black man’s tight and toned ass. He leaned in and planted a tentative kiss on the right cheek before reaching between Devon’s legs and gripping his massive cock in his tiny pink hands.

As the sissy continued to rain kisses on the dark skin of his bully’s ass he picked up a rhythm of stroking the huge cock in time with each kiss. After a few seconds the black basketball captain said, “I don’t hear any talking sissy.”

Ashley stuttered at first but after a quick and painful slap on his naked ass by Monica he began chanting a litany of love as he made out with Devon’s ass.

“I love Mistress Monica so much! She means the world to me. I want her to be happy because I love her.” Monica quickly became bored and wanted more.

“You can do better than that sissy boy. Tell me how you want me to be happy, and be specific. Here, I’ll help you out.” Saying that Monica began to spank the white boy’s ass with an old slipper she picked up off the floor. From the decrepit state of the shoe it had to belong to Tony.

Ashley howled in pain but never stopped his professions of love or his tender kissing and stroking. “I love you so much Mistress Monica.” Kiss “I want nothing more than for you to be happy.” Kiss “I was never good enough for you, you deserve a big black cock to make you happy.” Kiss “My tiny penis could never satisfy someone as perfect as you Mistress Monica.” Kiss

It seemed the white boy knew exactly how to please his former lover. He knew all the right things to say. Soon he felt Devon’s dick grow to its full length and was relieved when Monica stopped spanking him and said, “Well dumbass! Go measure your Master’s cock!”

Ashley crawled around the laughing black man and picked up the tape measure. He was shocked to get a confirmed reading on the mighty tool and choked out the words, “It’s ten inches Mistress Monica!”

The crowd cheered and Devon actually took a bow. Ashley was made to crawl to the next black man, Jake and ask for his permission to make his ebony dick hard. Jake wanted the sissy to lick his balls so Ashley quickly found himself under the black man's sack licking away like a faithful dog. After several minutes he took another measurement to find this black dick was a whopping 9 1/2 inches.

The humiliated white boy kissed two more asses, licked another set of balls, and took measurements on all of his teammates. Carl was the biggest at 10 1/2 inches. Little Moe came in at 8 1/2 in length but was as thick as a beer can. Dereck was an even 9 inches but curved to the left in a weird way that intrigued the ladies.

Now only Uncle Tony was left and judging by the wicked look on his face Ashley knew he was in trouble.

“I want you to put your panties back on and come sit on my lap sissy.” The huge black man said softly.

Ashley was thrilled to cover himself again but at the same time was frightened by what was to come. As he seated himself on Tony's lap he could feel the black man's massive cock and balls pressing into the tight confines of his ass crack.

“Now give your Daddy a kiss.” Tony said to the laughter of the room. By now Devon and Monica were sitting together on the loveseat making out, Vi was sitting between Carl and Dereck kissing them in turn one after the other, while Little Moe was sitting on the arm of the loveseat gently rubbing Monica’s leg. But they all watched intently to see what the sissy would do.

Ashley whimpered, “Please don’t make me.”

To which Tony replied, “I won’t make you do anything sweetie. My nephew and his girl might, so you need to decide for yourself.”

The room was silent in breathless anticipation as the sobbing white boy made his decision. He knew if he refused he’d just be punished and be right back here anyway, so with one last pitiful sob he leaned in and kissed the large black man on the lips.

Tony reached around and gripped Ashley’s head with his thick, meaty right hand and held the sissy tight as he kissed back passionately. The mixed race couple were soon necking like teenagers at lover’s lane while Tony moved Ashley’s hands down to his massive tool. He had to shift the white boy around a bit to give him access but soon the sissy was stroking Tony’s cock while the two had a sword fight with their tongues.

The spectators heard the sissy squeal into Tony's mouth and Monica delighted them all by announcing, "Uncle T is fingering his new girlfriend."

They could all plainly see the black man's thick middle finger sliding in and out of the sissy's asshole and the whole erotic scene began to show results quickly. Tony's cock was hardening at a rapid pace and the sissy was squirming on his lap and moaning at the attention his little rosebud was receiving.

The room was filled with the wet sounds of kissing and the sloshing sound of Tony's finger fucking of his sissy's asshole. They could all see Ashley grinding his ass down onto Tony's hand as if trying to swallow him up to his elbow in his sissy butthole.

Ashley began to moan louder and started to shout "Oh god! Oh god!" His makeout session with the old man forgotten in his erotic bliss. Tony said, "Call me Daddy sweetheart" and soon Ashley was screaming, "Oh god Daddy, Yes! That feels so good Daddy!"

Everyone was mesmerized by the transformation of their pet white boy and they were in awe of Uncle Tony for his technique at training the sissy. Before long Ashley's entire body became rigid and his ass clenched hard on Tony's finger as he shot off his little sissy squirts into his mother's panties.

A cheer went up from the crowd as Devon said, “Damn Uncle T you made him have a sissygasm! I thought you was making that shit up! But sure enough that sissy came without ever touching it’s pecker. Damn, a sissy’s ass really is it’s primary sex organ.”

Tony laughed and said, “I told you I know how to break a white boy nephew, and this one is broken.” He pushed the sweating sissy from his lap and laughed at the pitiful moan it made when it hit the floor.

Ashley had never been so humiliated and just wanted to crawl away and cry all night, but he still had work to do as indicated by Monica’s and Vi’s exclamations.

“Oh my god! Look at the size of Tony’s dick.” Violet said.

“Fuck me! Devon, your Uncle is massive! I can’t believe that’s real!” From Monica.

Ashley was exhausted but he knew what came next so he slowly crawled up to look into Tony’s lap. What he saw could not be real. The black dick towering over his head was the biggest he’d ever seen.

Monica said, “I know you want to bask in the afterglow of your orgasm sissy but we need you to measure your boyfriend’s cock for us.”

Ashley said, “He’s not, I mean, oh nevermind.” The white boy was crying again as he picked up the tape and held it against the massive cock.

“Ttttwelve inches Mistress.” He said with a look of pure envy and no small amount of longing in his eyes.

Monica said, “We have a winner. And as such, Uncle Tony gets the first turn with the sissy!”

Tony laughed and said, “No, no! You youngsters go first and I’ll bat cleanup. I don’t want to ruin him for everyone else. Once I’m done with his sissy holes he’ll be all stretched out.”

Everyone got a good laugh at the sissy’s expense and poor Ashley cowered in fear as the black men descended on him in a group while the girls sat back to watch the show.

Part Ten

The rest of the evening was a blur of humiliation for poor Ashley as he was forced into one degrading situation after another by his horny teammates. Monica watched in savage glee as her former boyfriend showed his true colors as a natural white sissy. Monica had doubted Devon at first when he'd preached his black superiority dogma but was now becoming a true believer. She could see Ashley for what he was, an inferior white sissy boy who lived to service the cocks of real men. Ashley was a cumdump for superior, Alpha men and would be for life. Monica could see that now and was certain she would never want anything to do with any tiny pink penises from now on. She was black dick only!

Vi sat back on the loveseat with Jake while Devon and Monica took their place on the couch. Carl, Derrick, and Little Moe had all called their girlfriends and when the ladies arrived and many more jokes were made at Ashley's expense the group settled in to watch whatever new debasement was in store for the white sissy.

The new arrivals were Denise, Moe's girlfriend and a cheerleader with long blonde hair and soft B Cup teardrop titties. Angie, who had been dating Carl since Freshman year and was a long time size queen who loved to wrap her long legs around her man's waist and fuck his huge cock while bouncing her massive tits in his face. Lastly there was Sally. Sally was a beautiful girl with bright blue eyes, long wavy blonde hair, an hourglass figure, and a secret she kept from most of the student body. Sally's father was the leader of the local branch of the Aryan Brotherhood so the fact that she dated Derrick, who had the darkest complexion on the team, was a nightmare for her racist, bigoted family. She loved

knowing her father would die if he knew how much she loved black cock. Sally enjoyed calling her father and talking to him as she sucked Derrick's cock or took him in her asshole. She was especially happy to see a white boy being humiliated and broken down like poor Ashley.

The new girls along with Monica and Vi had been snooping throughout the house while the boys traded Ashley's mouth back and forth, and found a box labeled, "Anna's Old Stuff, which was filled with women's clothing and makeup. When they asked Tony he told them the box belonged to an old girlfriend who'd moved away. He said he kept meaning to send it to her but never got up the energy to do so. The girls asked if they could use some of the stuff and with a gleam in his eyes, Tony said yes.

Ashley was made to stand in the center of the room and was happy to comply as it meant his abused holes were void of thick black dicks for a brief time.

The girls were giggling as they picked out clothes for their new dress up dolly and the black men were greatly amused by the new game. Monica took charge as was her right since she'd had to suffer under Ashley's horrid sexual performance for so long. She nodded or shook her head as each girl picked up a different article of clothing until finally deciding on a killer outfit that met with everyone's approval. Everyone but Ashley of course.

A bright pink pair of panties were given to the sissy and he was told to replace his mother's dirty pair with them. Everyone laughed at the shuddering sigh that passed Ashley's lips as the silky material touched his tiny pecker and balls. The sissy white boy was obviously aroused by the feel of the panties on his underdeveloped package and was soon sporting his meager toddler's erection.

The tiny tent in the skin tight panties brought the crowd to raucous laughter and Ashley began to cry for the umpteenth time that night. He began pleading with Monica to just let him leave. He swore he was sorry and would never do anything to hurt another woman as long as he lived.

“Just existing with that tiny penis is cruel enough to all women everywhere.” The buxom teen said. “We can't have you out there pretending to be a man. You need to learn exactly what you are and how you need to behave going forward.”

With that, she flicked his tiny penis causing him to squeal in pain as fresh tears filled his eyes.

A pair of white stockings were forced upon the white boy next and he stood shivering in a torturous form of lust as the feeling of the nylon against his smooth skin caused a pulsating throb in his painfully erect penis.

Ashley was made to step into a very short, pink, pleated, miniskirt and a matching blouse that was white with pink trim. The blouse was tied in a knot just under Ashley's chest and if he had tits the bottom of the blouse would be forcing them up into a magnificent cleavage.

The girls found several pairs of women's shoes but settled on a pair of 5 inch platform mary janes that forced Ashley's legs to stretch a certain way, making his ass stick out even further. He looked like a big booty dancer in a low rent strip club.

Sally took the lead with makeup and before long had the sissy looking like a cheap streetwalker. The men all cheered at their sissy teammate's new look as Vi put on some finishing touches by styling the white boy's longish hair in a more feminine look. It was as if Ashley had asked for a cute little pixie cut so fitting was his new hair style.

Monica looked disgusted as she sat back down next to her new man and said, "I can't believe I was fooled by this little bitch. Just look at him! Fucking hell, he's not a man at all. He really is a sissy. No wonder he loves black dick so much!"

Ashley started to object but knew it was no use, especially since he now looked exactly like what they all thought he was. He looked like a simpering sissy boy, a real cumslut. The white boy was blushing from head to toe and squirming in discomfort due to the straining erection hidden under his pretty pink skirt.

Monica said, “Wait a minute guys! I have an idea.” She pulled out her phone and connected by bluetooth to Tony’s speaker system. She continued, “This sissy femboy always listens to the worst kind of pop music. I’m talking about the most nauseating, bubblegum, tween music you’ve ever heard. I honestly had to grit my teeth when he’d start singing along in the car. Now that he looks the part, I think he should give us a show.”

With that, she started a song that made everyone laugh at once. They’d all heard this awful, saccharine sweet, bullshit before and knew the artist was a snotty pop sensation with no talent aside from the way she shook her jailbait ass on stage. Every song in her repertoire was autotuned to death by computers proving her lack of talent was not important to the tween girl fans that flocked to her shows, their hair dyed her trademarked pink color. Her name was Candy Cane and Monice was embarrassed to have dated a boy who knew every word to every horrible song the little tramp sang.

Devon stood up and said, “Oh shit sissy, you gotta give us a show right now. Show us those special Candy moves while you sing us a song.”

Ashley was mortified as he tried to find a way out of his predicament. “Please guys, c’mon, I mean you don’t think I listen to this crap do you? Please guys, I’ve done enough for you, don’t make me do this. I just can’t. It’s too embarrassing.”

Moe said, “Damn! This bitch just sucked us all off and tells us singing a song is too much? What the fuck?”

While everyone laughed Devon reached down to his discarded jeans and pulled his belt from the loops. He folded the thick strip of leather over onto itself and snapped it against his leg. Ashley jumped in fear at the sound and all eyes turned to Devon.

Quick as lightning the huge black man lashed out with the belt and struck the delicate pink flesh of Ashley’s thigh. As the sissy yelped in pain, the black man spoke in a soft tone, “Entertain us bitch.”

Ashley whimpered and again said, “Please” before a second swing of the belt struck his other thigh. Devon said, “Who do you think can last longer sissy? Me or you?”

Monica took a long pull from a cigarette, blew the smoke at Ashley’s face, and said, “Take your time sissy. I personally want to see my man discipline his new toy.”

The others giggled and Ashley knew he didn’t have a friend in the room. Monica could sense his defeat and pressed play on her phone.

The first of the computer generated beats blared out from the speakers and the cheesy teen anthem began in earnest. Ashley started swaying slowly in time with the music but was soon 'motivated' by Devon's belt.

Within a minute or two Ashley was singing and twerking along with the sugary sweet pop song while his audience roared with laughter. The white boy looked ridiculous imitating the tween pop star's dance routine while singing along in a high pitched voice. The inane lyrics were made even more silly due to the fact they were being sung by an eighteen year old white boy.

The black men and their white dates watched the humorous entertainment for three plays of the same song but then became bored and started making out and fondling each other with wild abandon. These black men were more than capable of achieving massive erections despite having dumped multiple loads into their pet sissy so they began to disperse into bedrooms or other private areas around the house.

As Devon and Monica headed for Devon's bedroom the towering black athlete looked to his uncle and said, "Have fun Unc! Consider the sissy a gift for you. You can use the little bitch any way you want tonight. We'll pick up what's left in the morning." With that he and Monica climbed the stairs laughing the entire way.

“Come sit on my lap darling.” The fat, black man said. “Give your Daddy a nice kiss. You get Daddy nice and hard and he’ll give you a wonderful present. Daddy wants to breed his little sissy tonight.”

Ashley was sniffing and whimpering as he sat softly on the big man’s lap and softly kissed his puffy lips. The big man tasted like cigarettes and beer and his whiskers scratched Ashley’s delicate skin. Soon Tony’s tongue was worming around in Ashley’s mouth as he began fingering the sissy’s tight hole. Ashley sobbed in discomfort as the black man’s thick finger plunged in and out of his soft, pink, pucker. As Tony finger fucked his new pet he whispered softly into the sissy’s ear, “You my new girl. You gonna learn to love pleasing me sissy. I’m your new Daddy. Now relax and let Daddy in.”

Part Eleven

The big night was finally here, the night of the Halloween Costume Dance, and everyone was excited by the prospect of a great evening of dancing and partying.

Devon and Monica looked amazing in their costumes as they said goodnight to Monica’s parents. Monica’s mother was practically drooling over Devon much to Monica’s delight. She loved how her mother lusted after her boyfriend. Now that Monica had come to realize all white boys were sissies, she no longer had any respect for her wimpy father. She’d always believed her mother was just overbearing but now she knew the truth, white women were

superior to white men much the same way black men were. Monica now saw her father as a pathetic little white boy groveling at the feet of his queen. Monica's mother, Donna, had promised her a night out together to celebrate graduation and the younger Melloncamp girl couldn't wait. She and her mother had never been closer.

As the young couple drove away Donna said to her milksop husband, "Christ I really married down. Just look at the stud our daughter landed and then look at you! Oh don't start crying again you fucking sissy. Go pour me a glass of wine and get your foot stuff! You're going to give me a mani-pedi while I talk to Sam on the phone about next weekend. He's taking me out on his boat while you work overtime all weekend to pay for it.

Donna's poor husband wiped away tears and ran to comply with her orders saying, "Yes Dear" as he scurried away. Sam was his boss, a huge muscular black man who Donna was having an affair with. Donna smiled as she decided it was high time to tell Monica all about how she'd cuckolded her father with his own boss. The busty white woman laughed out loud as she listened to her husband hurrying about his chores while she dialed his boss' number.

Devon and Monica pulled up to Tony's house and hurried to the door. When the fat black man opened it he laughed and said, "Damn boy, those costumes are perfect! I love it! Wait till you see my sissy though. You gonna love his costume!"

Monica and Devon walked into the house looking regal in their matching costumes. Devon was dressed exactly like the new Aquaman from the movies while Monica looked resplendent as Wonder Woman. Devon wore fake tattoos and a perfectly groomed wig so he looked every bit the part of the muscular king of the seas. Monica's huge breasts were bursting out of her top and she looked like the sexiest superhero to ever grace the silver screen. Together they were an amazing couple that was certain to make everyone jealous.

Tony whistled and yelled, "Let's go sissy! Your ride is here."

Devon and Monica burst out laughing when Ashley entered the room. He looked exactly like Candy Cane from his pink sneakers to his pink hair. Every inch of him was dressed in a different shade of pink including his fingernails which glimmered with pink glitter. A pair of pink water balloons were stuffed into his pink bra making him wiggle and jiggle with every move. He sported a bleached blonde wig that framed his face in a cute little, shoulder length bob. His cute bubble butt was halfway visible due to the incredibly short pink skirt he wore, so that every time he bent over half of his ass cheeks were visible. His pink thong did nothing to hide his ass and even less to hide something else that caught Monica's attention.

"What's that between the sissy's legs Uncle T?" She asked in the familiar way she now spoke to the man.

“Oh that’s a little something special. You see I don’t want my sissy to get any ideas tonight. I’m the only one this sissy is allowed to squirt for, so I locked up his little clitty. Show them your new jewelry sweetie.” Tony said to Ashley.

The white boy spoke for the first time saying, “Yes Daddy.” He then pulled up the front of his skirt to show off a pretty, pink, plastic chastity cage covering his tiny nubbin.

The happy couple laughed enthusiastically at the sissy’s distress and Monica said, “Wow! No more premature squirting for you white boy.”

Devon said, “That’s perfect Uncle T since sissy’s sex organs are their assholes and mouths. Sissy’s don’t need their clits for sex with real men.”

Tony said, “Lord don’t I know it. That sissy plain wears me out nearly every night. I’m so glad you two talked his parents into spending so much time with me. They almost seemed relieved to have a real man take an interest in their boy.”

Devon said, “Oh that was all Monica’s idea. She told them their son was gay and was looking to transition so he needed guidance to make his way into his new life. They were only too happy to not

deal with it themselves. They practically pushed him out the door. As long as he stops by every few days to say hello, they're fine with it. I think the sissy's father even looks like he wants to join his son."

Tony laughed and said, "Well then we should arrange that very soon. I have some friends who would love a nice sissy white boy of their own. Some serious mother fuckers who love to degrade white folks. Maybe we can get the mother involved too. There's always a market for white milfs out on the street in black neighborhoods."

Monica said, "I love it! We can pimp out the sissy's parents together! Make them a package deal!"

Everyone but Ashley had a good laugh. The white boy looked sick to his stomach but he knew better than to speak up.

Tony said, "You bring my bitch back at a decent hour ok? After all them horny ball players take a turn I'm gonna want my sissy cock holster warming my bed tonight. I just love falling asleep with my big ole dick up his cute little shitter. He makes the cutest noises!"

"You got it Unc! Let's go sissy!" Devon said.

Tony said, “One second nephew” as he picked up a pink, leather, dog collar and attached it to Ashley’s neck. He then clipped on a chain link leash with a pink handle. Ashley was sobbing softly but making sure not to smudge his makeup by outright crying. Tony handed the leash to Monica who said, “Perfect, just how a white boy should look.”

Tony smacked Ashley on the ass and said, “You be a good sissy tonight and obey your superiors. I want a good report tonight or you’ll get a nasty spanking before bed.”

Ashley whimpered and said, “Yes Daddy, I’ll be good.”

Monica pulled on the leash and said, “I can really get used to this. White boys are so damn easy to control. I think I’m gonna have a lot of fun now that I know this little secret about the way the world really works.”

The beautiful white girl took the hand of her handsome black boyfriend and together they made their way to the car and off to enjoy a wonderful evening with their friends. The white boy they dragged along sobbed and wept the entire way fearing what the night held for him at his very first high school dance as a sissy.

THE END