

# ***The Sickness!***

**By Max Swan**

**(Concept by Devin Dickie)**

© 2019-2020 QoS Comix All Rights Reserved

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

# **QOS BOOKCLUB**

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



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

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

**All characters are OVER 18 years of AGE! This is a bullying fantasy and not real. The acts in the following written work are only consensual sexual choices and fantasy humiliation scenarios. Bullying is NOT OKAY and If you or someone you know is being bullied, please alert the authorities.**

# ***The Sickness!***

**By Max Swan**

**(Concept by Devin Dickie)**

**Disclaimer**

This eBook is adults only fantasy erotica. All characters involved in any sexual activity in this story are over eighteen years of age, and any similarities to real people or real-life situations are purely coincidental and unintended. This eBook is 100% fiction, none of this ever happened.

## **Chapter 1**

The day seems dark, black/gray clouds hover over the street, and a frigid wind blows carrying spits of rain. Ronny Evans stands watching through the window of his living room as soldiers dressed in green biohazard gear unload a truck with supplies. They're stopping at each house and dropping several boxes on their doorstep. The amount depends on how many people live in the house. Soldiers take the boxes to the front door, and once the truck has left the street, the residents are allowed to open their doors and retrieve the supplies.

It's been this way for a month, ever since the Governor announced the state's in lockdown due to a specific mutation of COVID-19. Each day they hope to hear the news a vaccine is imminent. This strain so infectious that people cannot even leave their houses

whatsoever. There isn't any live TV apart from the News, and programming is repeats of movies and series from before the lockdown. Even the 'Evening News' has its reporters at home on zoom or skype. Not that there's much to report other than what the government tells them to say.

After the truck leaves, Ronny is about to go bring in their supplies when he suddenly sees a black man strolling along the pavement without a care in the world. Ronny presses his face to the glass, a shudder of fear running through his small body. The black man turns and sees the gaping white face staring at him and smiles. He then points to his groin, and Ronny now sees a big black cock sticking out as hard as can be. The cock is huge, a good ten inches. The man points to his cock then at Ronny and laughs. Then he blows Ronny a kiss and keeps walking.

"What the fuck?" Ronny mumbles. "It seems not even a deadly virus can keep the perverts at home."

Suddenly a voice said, "What ya looking at, Dawg?"

Ronny jumps then turns to see Caleb King. Caleb's nineteen, at Brown University on a football scholarship, he's an offensive guard, and a big man at six foot nine built like a tank. They have another border, Tyler Banks, who's studying law, also nineteen,

six foot two, and trustworthy as they come. He seems extremely popular with the girls on campus, while Caleb seems shy when it comes to dating and tends to hang out more with his male friends.

Ronny smirks. “I just saw some guy walking down the street with his dick out,” he said.

Caleb frowns. “What? In front of the soldiers?”

“Nah, they’d just left.”

“Oh, so that means our food and mail is out there?” Caleb asks, and Ronny nods. “OK, let’s go get it before some asshole steals it. If I have to spend the next week eating nothing but fucking rice, I’ll lose my shit.” Caleb heads to the door.

“I’ll just call nine-one-one and let them know someone’s breaking quarantine.”

After the call, Ronny goes out to help and sees there’s only one box left to retrieve. “I’ll get it,” he said lightly and left the house going to the box right on the edge of the porch.

He positions himself with his back to the street, bends, and picks the box up. Suddenly there's a wailing yell.

*"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH..."*

Ronny turns his head just in time to see a dark figure collide into him, knocking him down the steps of the porch and rolling onto his back on the path below. He hit his head hard and passes out for a moment. As he comes back into consciousness, he feels something hard and wet in his mouth, sliding in and out.

A deranged voice is shouting, *"C'mon, sissy, suck my cock, you bitch."*

Ronny opens his eyes and, for the first time, sees that same black man he saw earlier shoving that huge cock into his mouth. Before he can even react, Caleb jumps off the steps and tackles the stranger away. For a moment, as Caleb's body pushes the stranger, the ten-inch cock goes balls deep into Ronny's mouth and throat and then pulls free as the man falls away. Ronny at once gets to his feet, coughing and gagging but stumbles up the porch and into Tyler's arms.

“What the fuck is going on, Ronny?” Tyler asks, watching Caleb wrestle with the stranger.

Ronny points back at the two now on the lawn. “That man tried to attack me,” he wheezed.

Tyler let go and goes to help Caleb. Ronny stumbled into the house to his wife Pam, who hugs him. “Are you OK?” she asks with a deep frown.

He coughs. “Yeah, I’ll live.”

They turn to see the stranger get to his feet after taking several nasty blows and kicks from the two boys running up the street to the west. The boys watch for a minute then return to the porch collecting the last box and bringing it inside. Tyler shuts and locks the door.

“What the fuck was that asshole doing to you, Ronny,” Tyler asks with a frown.



Ronny coughs again. “He was, err, trying to stick his cock in my mouth,” he said, lying. “Tried to choke me to make me open up.”

“Was it the same guy you saw before?” Caleb asks.

“What guy?” Pam asks, staring at Ronny with narrow eyes. “Oh, I saw him outside before the attack, but I called the cops.”

Just on cue, a police car whizzes by with lights flashing but no sirens.

“Shiite, this world is going crazy,” Caleb said, shaking his head. “But don’t worry, Ronny, we got your back.”

“Should we report it?” Pam asks, glancing between the three men. “He might’ve been infected?”

Tyler shrugs. “I guess we should.”

Pam grabs her phone and calls a special hotline. After speaking to them for several minutes, she ends the call.

“What’s the verdict?” Ronny asks and grimaces.

“They said they’ll send someone to swab us all, but they’re swamped, and it might be over a week.”

“A week?” Caleb groans. “We might all have COVID by then.”

Tyler chuckles. “Guess they won’t need to swab us if that’s the case.”

“Don’t worry,” Pam said, smiling as the tension eases. “I have plenty of cough syrup for everyone.”

“Good old Mrs. E. to the rescue,” Tyler said and laughs. “OK, let’s put these supplies away.”

“We better go wash our hands first and change our clothes,” Pam said in a motherly tone. “I don’t wanna take any chances.”

As they all scurry upstairs to the various bathrooms, Ronny thought, *'I wonder if COVID can be transmitted cock to mouth. I better gargle some mouthwash too. Damn, I can still taste it.'*

\*\*\*\*\*

About a week later, Pam is standing in the hallway when Ronny leaves his office, hands-on-hips, and holding a pair of red panties in her hand. A deep frown darkens her pretty face, yet Ronny can't help feeling his loins stir at the sight of her. Pam is beautiful, with luscious big breasts, a curvy figure without being fat, and beautiful blue eyes framed by her long blonde hair.

"Look what I found in Tyler's bedroom this morning," Pam said with a scowl.

"Err," Ronny mumbles, staring at the panties with a frown.  
"Maybe he had a girl up there?"

"We've been in quarantine for over a month, Ronny." Pam sighs and rolls her eyes when her husband's blank look doesn't change.  
*"They're mine, idiot,"* she said coldly. "He stole them out of the hamper in our bedroom. I want you to talk to him about it."

*'Fuck,'* Ronny thought with a shiver, *'I don't wanna talk to him about that.'* He nods, and she turns and goes downstairs. Ronny watches her trim jean-clad butt wobble as she moves down the stairs licking his lips. His wife is gorgeous. However, their sex life has been intermittent for a long time now. It's been a few months since he last felt her respond to him romantically since his dick slid between her thighs into her delicious honeypot. They sleep in the same bed, yet each time he reaches for her lately, she turns her back, saying she isn't in the mood for it. He figures it's the pandemic, everyone is uptight about it.

Tyler's playing music in his room probably studying, and Ronny doesn't want to disturb him. Soon enough, it's dinner, Tyler joins everyone else, yet despite his wife's pointed glares and awkward silence, Ronny feels reluctant to raise the subject. He imagines the teen has been sniffing his wife's panties because he's most likely sexually frustrated. No sex in six weeks would be hard for a horny young man. Ronny had been horny as hell at Tyler's age and had done the same thing with his mom's and sister's panties. He even liked wearing them. However, he had been more careful than Tyler, so they never caught him.

He still remembers the heady musk activated by warmth and saliva, stuffing them into his mouth as he furiously beat his little dick. The neglected husband wonders if he should try it himself, indeed, Pam's willingness to have sex with him stopped some time ago, and he has to jerk-off anyway. Despite Pam's glares, Ronny

said nothing to Tyler at dinner, and later that night in bed, his wife turned her back on him yet again because of it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Two days later, she tells Ronny their border has been in the clothes hamper and stolen another pair of her dirty panties.

“Stealing my panties is disgusting,” Pam said, shaking her head, making her soft blonde hair float. “You must tell him to stop.”

Again, Ronny nods, yet he does not follow through. The embarrassed man assumes it'll pass, that his horny border will find something else to whack off to eventually. *‘It’s just the pandemic,’* Ronny thought. *‘He’s probably sick of jerking off to Pornhub. Making a big deal about it might have a negative effect, and we’re all stuck in here for months to come. Rocking the boat might cause more trouble than it’s worth.’*

The next evening Pam barges into Ronny’s office in a fit. “I caught him doing it,” she said, her hands on her hips and a sneer on her face.

“Doing what?” Ronny asks, head still full of web design.

“I go into his room to take some clean clothes in,” she said. “I thought he was outside in the backyard exercising, but no, there he was sitting on his bed with my panties wrapped around his ... *his thingy.*”

Ronny’s eyes bulge. “No?”

“Yes,” she said with a sharp nod. “Tyler was jerking-off into my panties while holding the gussets of another pair to his nose.”

Ronny suddenly laughs.

“It’s not funny,” Pam said, shaking her head vigorously. “I think our border is a pervert.”

“What did you do?”

“Well, *nothing*. I was too shocked. I just stared at Tyler like an idiot.”

“What did he do?” Ronny asks with a smirk imagining the embarrassed panic of Tyler at having Pam catch him in the act. “The asshole just kept going with me standing there,” Pam said, eyes bulging. “He showed no shame whatsoever. He just kept jerking-off into my panties. Staring at me.”

Ronny is speechless. The fact Tyler kept jerking-off while Pam watched is shocking. ‘*A normal kid would’ve died of embarrassment if caught doing that,*’ he thought. ‘*Not just kept going and showing off.*’

“Then what?” Ronny hears himself ask.

Pam swallows hard. “He grunted and came in them. Then he wads them and throws them at me,” Pam said. “I caught them and felt the wetness in my hand.”

“Wetness?”

She nods. “Yes, Tyler’s semen,” she said with a shiver. “Then he winked and said, ‘Thanks, Mrs. E,’ before he pulls his trousers up. I couldn’t believe it, and I just left and put them in the wash.”

“Oh my God,” Ronny groans.

“You have to tell him off,” Pam said, her face flushing with heat. “I feel shaky and almost violated. Please, Ronny, go up there now and tear him a new asshole for being such a pervert.”

Again, Ronny nods. He knows he should do as she says. So, he leaves his office and peers through the open door into Tyler’s room and sees him sitting at his computer studying. Ronny can’t believe his border had done what Pam said. *‘No, surely not,’* he thought, *‘not Tyler. Pam’s just messing with my head with this shit. Tyler is a good kid from a religious family. He knows the difference between right and wrong.’* Therefore, Ronny goes past Tyler’s room and into the master bedroom. Pam ignores him for the rest of the night. The man’s puzzled at himself for not telling Tyler off. While the panty stealing is awkward, Tyler’s potential reaction makes his stomach churn. *‘Why am I afraid of Tyler,’* he wonders. *‘What kind of man am I?’*

\*\*\*\*\*



A few days later, as Ronny and Pam are heading to bed after spending the evening watching some Netflix, they find Tyler sitting on the stairs.

“Something wrong, Tyler?” Ronny asks.

“I can’t sleep,” Tyler said with a flat tone. “I don’t feel right.” His eyes are red, and there’s a distinct flush to his dark skin. “Are you feeling sick?”

“I need Pam’s panties,” Tyler said harshly. “Hand them over.”

Pam gasps and peers at her husband, who’s grimacing, this seems so unlike Tyler, the sweet boy they knew before the lockdown.

“I can’t find any panties, and I need them,” Tyler shouts.

Sweat is breaking out on his skin, his nostrils are flaring as the black man breathes heavily.

“I hid them,” Pam said softly, backing away. “What would your sweet momma Jane say about her boy doing such a thing.”

***“GIVE ME THE FUCKING PANTIES...”***

“*Well?* Aren’t you gonna do anything?” she asks her husband.

Ronny stands frozen, his mouth agape at the audacity of Tyler’s actions.

“I married a wimp,” Pam said, scolding Ronny. “Tyler is more of a man than you, even if he is fucking crazy right now.”

She slides her hands beneath the hem of her black dress and hooks the sides of her panties with each thumb and slowly slides them down. Lifting one foot, then the other, she lifts her panties clear of her body. Pam dangles a skimpy and lacy G- string in the air, Tyler steps forward and grabs them and positions the gussets over his nose before giving it a big sniff. Almost at once, the black teen’s sweatpants start tenting as his excitement grows, and they stare wide-eyed at how big it is. The teen turns and climbs the stairs back to his room.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ronny is pale and shaking, the man seemed like a wild animal the way he demanded the panties. As Tyler leaves, Pam gives her husband a scornful glare.

“Do you think he’s sick with this COVID?” Ronny asks, fidgeting.

“I never heard of the flu doing that,” Pam said coldly. “And you weren’t man enough to stop him either.”

Pam goes back into the living room and pours herself a gin and tonic from the drinks cabinet. Ronny pours himself a drink and joins her on the sofa, and they stare at the wall, shaking. Strangely, he becomes aware his dick is erect. *‘Does this turn me on,’* he wonders, *‘my wife just handing over her dirty panties to Tyler?’* Pam glances at his groin and smirks.

“I can see one significant difference between you and him,” she said insolently.

“What?” Ronny asks, turning to her.

“Your dick is small. He’s much bigger than you.”

“I’m not that small.”

“Yes, you are,” Pam said and laughs coldly. “You have a tiny dick.”

“Oh, shut up. We have bigger problems than this old argument.”

There’s a tense silence. “Has Caleb been acting strange too?” he asks.

“I haven’t noticed anything,” Pam said with a shrug. “Have you?”

“He has been looking at me a bit funny, but apart from that, he’s been keeping to himself.”

Pam sighs. “Those testers should’ve been here by now. It’s been two weeks since that man attacked you. I’ll give them a call tomorrow to see if Tyler’s behavior means anything.”

“Good idea.”

They watch some TV so their nerves can settle, and Pam falls asleep on the couch. Ronny turns off the TV, lays a blanket over her, and goes to bed, closing the door after him. As he passes Tyler’s room, he sees the black teen is also asleep, with Pam’s panties still sitting on his crotch. ‘*When did this all become so weird,*’ he wonders? Even flaccid Tyler’s cock is long and thick, and his hairy balls are plentiful too. It’s circumcised, and the big

head is dripping traces of semen still. *'Tyler's packing more than me, that's for sure. She's right about that.'* With a sigh, Ronny goes to bed.

\*\*\*\*\*

The master bedroom faces the backyard, and Ronny gazes through the drapes to see if anyone's in the yard who shouldn't be there. The backyard's lit by the outside light, and at first, he groans, thinking he'll have to go downstairs to turn it off. Then he sees Caleb leaning against their trampoline smoking a joint.

The fact the black teen even has weed isn't the thing that makes Ronny gasp, the man is naked.

Ronny's breath, already ragged, catches in his throat, and he hears a low growl coming from inside of him. Caleb is horse hung. His muscled body perfectly proportioned but for the noticeably oversized, magnificent black cock and the low- hanging balls, giving him almost a primeval aspect reminiscent of fertility rites. The college student's gazing into the night, and it seems like he's staring at where Ronny stands at his window. *'Surely, he can't see me here,'* Ronny wonders, but it certainly seems he could. Not just see him but see through him. Ronny can almost hear jungle

drums in the background marking the exotic and erotic intrusion of the naked man standing in his yard.

Ronny gives a little cry as he suddenly ejaculates inside his pants. He draws away from the window but can't bring himself to stop watching. The man withdraws only enough, so there's no way Caleb can see him, but that Ronny can still see the naked man smoking his joint. The young black man is masturbating his huge cock with one hand while he smokes. Ronny unzips his fly and pulls his dick out as well. It's a sticky mess, but that doesn't prevent him from stroking as he watches Caleb jerking off. The white man watches the black man pump his massive cock, the thick veiny shaft, and the purplish head dripping pre-cum. Ronny's mesmerized, and he can't understand it. *'I'm not a fag,'* he thought repeatedly. Yet he continues to stroke his little dick as he watches the beastly black man. Eventually, Caleb flicks the stub of his joint into the yard and starts jerking off harder. Then Ronny sees the black teen boy stiffen, and big ropes of white semen start shooting out over the grass.

As if Caleb's orgasm's wired into Ronny, the white man starts ejaculating again onto the carpet of his bedroom. He grunts and falls to his knees as the powerful climax washes over him. When the powerful tides of orgasm recede, Ronny opens his eyes and sees Caleb below smiling up at him. Then the black student blew him a kiss and started walking toward the back door with his tremendous cock flapping. Ronny gets to his feet and flees the

room, seeking out the ensuite bathroom and barely makes it in time before he ejaculates a third time into the toilet bowl.

“*Ah ... Argh...*” Ronny moans as he shoots a small load. The man leans on the wall with one hand over the toilet bowl, breathing heavily. “What the fuck is wrong with me?” he whispers. Ronny’s throat is ticklish, he feels hot and achy all over. “Oh, God, am I infected? Is this virus fucking me up? Fucking everyone up in the house? Jesus, help me.”

Ronny can’t punish himself any further. He strips, tosses his clothes in the hamper to wash early the next morning in considerable embarrassment, showers, goes to bed naked and masturbates to another ejaculation. Simultaneously, visions of Caleb’s erect cock and the clenching muscles of his buttocks play over and over again in his head.

“*Oh, God, help me,*” he mumbles as he falls asleep at last. \*\*\*\*\*

“*Ronny ... **RONNY**...*”

The harsh sounds and gentle slapping across his face bring the man out of his fitful sleep, and he sees Pam standing over him with a deep frown. He sees her hand rising to slap him again and hits it away.

“Alright ... Alright, I’m awake dammit,” Ronny says, gruffly sitting up and seeing it’s nearly ten. He wipes his eyes and stares at Pam, still wearing the clothes she had on last night. “What’s the emergency,” he asks gruffly.

“I called the Pandemic hotline when I woke up not long ago,” she said quickly, her face pinched.

“Yeah, did they say why they hadn’t come to test us?”

“No one’s coming to test us now because they consider us infected.”

Ronny gasps. “*WHAT?*”

“That man who attacked you was infected,” Pam said, shaking her head. “The nurse I spoke to told me Tyler’s symptoms were coming from the virus.”

“How the fuck can a flu virus turn a nice Christian boy into a pervert?” Ronny asks wide-eyed and trembling.



“It’s the new mutation...”

Ronny gasps, shaking his head. “That’s fucking stupid,” he shouts. “It’s a fucking flu virus.”

With that, he throws himself down on the bed in a huff.

Pam sits on the bed and bends to put her head in her hands. She’s crying. “I don’t know, they wouldn’t tell me why the new strain is doing this to Tyler. They just said it seems to be having a strange effect on some men.”

There’s silence except for the heavy breathing of anxious people.

Pam turns to her husband with red eyes and asks, “What about Caleb? Have you seen any strange behavior from him?”

Ronny swallows loudly. *‘I sure have,’* he thought with a shiver. “Um, no, not really,” he lied.

“How about you? Anything weird happening to you?”

Ronny turns away. “No, apart from feeling like I’m getting the flu, I’m otherwise fine. Did the hotline say these strange behaviors are only seen in men?”

“Yes,” Pam said, quickly turning away to avoid Ronny’s eyes. “So, what now?”

Pam stands and goes to the window, the same one Ronny used to watch Caleb jerk off last night. Her foot stops right on the very spot his semen landed on the carpet last night.

“They said they’ll start dropping off some medication for us to take,” she said softly. She’s staring into the backyard at

Tyler, working out his muscular body and feeling her juices flow. “They’re antivirals, the pills will reduce the effects of the virus.”

“How long is this going to last?” Ronny asks.

“They said it could take months for everyone to get back to normal.”

Ronny can feel himself trembling. His heart is racing. Regardless of wanting to flee the house, he knows he’s stuck here for the near future with some weird change taking over everyone except Pam.

She suddenly turns to her husband with a hard face. “I think it might be best if you sleep in your office until this is over,” she said coldly. “You can use the sofa bed.”

Ronny sits up again, wide-eyed and blinking rapidly. “But, honey, if the boys are gonna get weird, then who’ll be here to protect you if Tyler decides your panties aren’t enough anymore. If he decides he wants the source of those aromas wrapped around his cock?”

Pam points to the door. “I have a lock downstairs. I want you to put it on the door today, so I can lock myself inside at night. That way, I’ll be safe from what the virus does to you three.”

Ronny falls to the bed again with a loud sigh. “God, this is so fucked up,” he groans.

“Yeah,” Pam agrees. “Tell me about it.”

## **Chapter 2**

*‘Dear Diary,*

*It’s been a week since I saw Caleb outside naked. I honestly don’t know what’s coming over me. All I can think about is that huge black cock. Pam is seriously losing it. I can tell she’s scared of Tyler. The poor woman is tiptoeing around the house, worried she’ll run into him. She’s keeping herself locked in our bedroom as much as possible. In all honesty, I’m scared too. The tablets the CDC agents gave us seem to be doing nothing. I feel awful, a sore throat and a bad cough. I know I have a fever. The symptoms at least have stopped all this strange behavior for now. I only hope once COVID has its way with us, things will return to normal. God, I feel so embarrassed Caleb’s cock is messing so much with my mind. Ronny.’*

\*\*\*\*\*

Sounds of coughing are rampant in the house now, and everyone is keeping to their room as the worst of the infection takes hold. One day, as Pam lies in bed watching TV during the day, the door suddenly opens, and Tyler enters. He's in his black shorts only, the tenting at the front an obvious boner, a big one too. Tyler quietly goes to the laundry hamper, ignoring Pam, and goes through the clothes inside. Pulling out a pair of the woman's dirty panties, he puts them to his nose and inhales deeply. It seems to please him, as he replaces the lid, smiles quickly at Pam as if seeing her for the first time, and returns to his room. Pam stares at the door wide-eyed and speechless as rhythmic sounds and grunts come through the wall.

The woman is frozen as she listens to Tyler's grunts from the room next door. Her mind warns she should get up and lock the door, but her body doesn't respond. A few minutes later, Tyler returns and drops the semen-filled panties back into the hamper. He stops and gazes at the woman shaking under her bed covers.

"Oh, hi, Mrs. E.," he said as if nothing is unusual. "How you feeling today?"

"Shitty," Pam said with a scowl.

"Me too. Hope you're feeling better soon."

Then the black teen just leaves the room and shuts the door

behind him. Eventually, Pam climbs out of bed and runs to Ronny's office, who's lying on the sofa bed reading a book.

"Ronny. He did it again?" Pam whispers harshly, shutting the door behind her.

The small man glances up from his book. "What?" he asks with raised eyebrows.

"Tyler. He came into my room and took my panties while I was just lying there."

Ronny grimaces. "I thought you were locking your door?"

"I thought I had. Pam then asks quietly, "*Well?*"

"Well, what?"

"What are you gonna do about him?"

"I think the question is what are *YOU* gonna do about it,

Pam,” Ronny said. “It’s your panties he’s interested in, it’s your problem.”

She gasps, putting her hand over her mouth. Ronny knows this isn’t her fault, yet he’s too much of a coward to confront Tyler. He did understand the teen’s need, and the embarrassment it’d cause Tyler by making it an issue. Strangely, Ronny was impressed with Tyler that he had the balls to walk into their room and take what he wanted.

“I can’t believe you just said that,” Pam said sneering. “What kind of a man are you? When did you become such a chicken shit?”

Ronny doesn’t answer, and the tense silence hangs thickly in the air. Eventually, Pam growls at her husband, turns, and goes back to her room, making sure she locks the door this time. As she’s getting back in bed, Pam notices her wardrobe is open and some clothes are missing.

“Fuck, now my clothes. What the fuck is wrong with Tyler,” she said.

\*\*\*\*\*

A few days later, Ronny climbs out of bed in the morning and heads for the bathroom. Since Pam kicked him out of the master bedroom (and adjoining bathroom), he now has to use the family bathroom that Tyler and Caleb also use. Groggily, Ronny stands at the door to listen for anyone inside. Satisfied, he enters and closes it. Soon he's naked and under the shower washing the sleep away. After he's dried and shaved, the man turns to grab his robe off the back of the door to find it gone. In its place hangs a pair of hot pink panties.

'What the fuck?' Ronny groans as he takes them into his hands and examines them.

They feel so soft and sexy to the man. He tries the door, but it's locked, so he has no idea how anyone could change his robe for panties. The man opens the washing hamper to see even his pajamas are gone. Instead, there's a pair of purple panties with white flowers on them inside it. '*What the fuck is going on here,*' Ronny wonders? '*Where is my robe, my pajamas?*' With a sigh, he turns and stares at the hot pink panties again. '*Oh, well, I can't run back to my office naked. Pam would shit if she caught me.*'



So, taking a deep breath, he slips his feet through the panties and pulls them up to cover his groin. They feel a little tight, and that squashes his already small package down, so his groin looks near flat. *‘Hmm, they don’t feel too bad,’* he thought, admiring the look in the bathroom mirror. *‘Let’s just hope I can make it to my office without anyone seeing me.’*

As quietly as he can, Ronny unlocks the bathroom door and pokes his head out, seeing no one. He quickly steps out, but before he can get a few feet, Caleb appears from his room and smiles at him.

“Morning, Ronny. Is the bathroom free now?” he asks, staring at the pink panties.

Ronny sighs. He feels as if his chest is about to explode. “Did you come into the bathroom while I was showering?” he asks with a deep frown.

Caleb shrugs. “Nope, I just got up. I did see you going there, though.”

Ronny’s eyes widened. “You did? What was I wearing?”

The black teen frowns, glancing up briefly. “You were wearing purple panties, I think. Those ones with the flowers on them.”

The red-faced white man gasps loudly. “No, I was wearing pajamas and a robe.”

Caleb shakes his head. “No, you had purple panties on, and that’s all. But, hey, if that’s what you like, then I don’t care. Lot’s of white boys like you love to dress up in shit like that.”

“W-What... No, it can’t be...”

Caleb steps forward suddenly and grabs the front of Ronny’s panties and pulls them open to look at what’s inside. Ronny gasps and jumps back quickly.

“What the fuck are you doing?” he shouts.

“Sorry, Ronny,” Caleb said with a smirk. “I just didn’t see much of a package there, so I was curious. You must be one of those white boy sissies I’ve read about.”

Ronny suddenly runs to his office and slams the door behind him. Caleb stares at the door with a smirk and then goes to the bathroom for his morning shower. Inside his room, Ronny falls onto his bed, panting. When he rolls over onto his back, he realizes he has a boner. He can see it poking slightly in the hot pink panties.

“What’s wrong with me?” he whispers as he pulls the panties down some and starts stroking his small dick.

It doesn’t take long for the man to shoot a big load, which he gathers in some tissues. Then without thinking, he pulls up the panties, gets off the bed, dresses in jeans and a t-shirt.

\*\*\*\*\*

Several nights later, something wakes him, a noise perhaps, and he turns to find his wife not sleeping next to him. After a few foggy moments of alarm, he remembers she’s in the master bedroom. As he tries to go back to sleep, he hears the noise again. *‘Is that a door creaking open,’* he wonders? *‘Maybe Pam is awake and going to the toilet.’* After a few minutes of silence, Ronny grows curious, gets up, and carefully moves through the darkness toward the master bedroom from his office.

The bedroom door is open, and he sees Tyler inside. Ronny can see the bed from the door, so he stops, staring at Pam's intruder. Tyler lifts the blankets off Pam, and raises her nightie above her hips, revealing her naked lower half, which lies sideways. Her bottom is toward him as she softly snores. Tyler is naked and kneeling before the sleeping blonde, examining her butt.

The black teen holds his breath as he licks a finger and pokes carefully at her soft ass cheeks. Although Tyler can't see her actual pussy from this angle, the teen knows it's pinched toward him as if a burger bun. Tyler's tracing the outline, which would typically tickle her, yet she's totally out of it. The teen dips his finger forward and withdraws it, licking wetness from it, tasting Pam's musky juices directly from the source, instead of via her panties.

Clearly, Tyler enjoys the taste as his other hand is pumping in the shadows of his groin. The teen rises, and Ronny gasps softly as he sees the size of Tyler's boner in its naked glory. *'Oh God, he's got a big one,'* Ronny thought. In the soft light through the window, the turgid shaft is as hard as steel. There are thick veins around the shaft, and the head is that beautiful German helmet shape. Tyler puts a hand on Pam's soft round butt and positions his turgid cock at the entrance of her cunt. Ronny is hard himself at the wrongness of this. His panties were tented with a little stiffy.

Ronny releases his throbbing dick and starts jerking it as he watches Tyler gently lean forward softly and slowly. The aroused husband imagines rather than sees the hairless lips of his wife's pussy parting with the black man's huge cock. Slowly, Tyler slides forward and moves his hand from his cock to the side of the bed as he thrust inward. Eventually, his big cock reaches the deepest point in Pam's cunt, then slowly withdraws, showing surprising patience.

Ronny wonders if the teen is scared of waking Pam, yet he's shown so little regard for her sensibilities he thinks it's more likely he just wants to savor the pleasure. Tyler doesn't know her husband is also relishing the moment, his right hand mimicking the teen's movements. Gradually, the tempo increases until he's thrusting forcefully, making Pam's sleeping body move with each push. Ronny marvels she hasn't woken yet.

*'Maybe she's just pretending to be asleep now,'* Ronny thought.

Either way, there's no way to tell. Tyler eventually grunts, thrusting deep and hard into Pam's cunt shooting god knows how much sperm. Ronny imagines the virile young semen flooding deep into her womb. The peeping husband's little balls tighten as he releases his load fruitlessly into his hand.

*'Fuck,' he thought, as he silently goes back to his office. 'That was so wrong.'*

As he lies silently on the sofa bed again, he hears Tyler's footsteps in the hallway. Soon, the bedsprings next-door creak, and Ronny knows he'll be asleep quickly. For some reason, Ronny is shaking uncontrollably, and a deep sob comes out of him. The realization he just watched a man rape his wife and all he could do was pull out his dick and jerk-off to it, slaps his conscience like a sledgehammer.

*'What's happening to me,' Ronny wonders? 'Why am I such a coward.'*

\*\*\*\*\*

*'Dear diary,*

*Watching Tyler rape Pam last night was the worst thing I've ever done in my life. I even jerked off to it. What's wrong with me? Why wasn't I man enough to run in there and stop him? I just acted like a little bitch stroking out a load wearing women's panties. Can you believe that all my underwear is gone, and all I have is women's panties? But somehow, I like wearing them, I don't know why.*

*This morning in my shower, I noticed my pubic hair is falling out. I could literally grab clumps in my hand. Soon I'll be completely bald all over my body. The hair on my head is growing longer and lusher, just like Pam's. It even looks like my chest is getting bigger. Oh, god, I feel so humiliated and embarrassed by all this.*

*When I went to breakfast, I expected to find Pam in a bad mood after last night. Yet she was practically dancing around the kitchen. She made everyone breakfast (which she hasn't done ever since Tyler started to steal her panties) and was all charm and smiles. The question is, does she know what happened to her last night? Was she pretending to be asleep while Tyler slid his huge cock inside her vagina? When will it end? I think I'm going crazy. Maybe I should ask Caleb to help me control Tyler. Caleb's big enough to stop him. God, is he big. Ronny.'*

\*\*\*\*\*

A few days later, Ronny works up the courage (with the aid of several shots of tequila) to knock on the door to Caleb's bedroom.

“Who is it?” the deep baritone voice of Caleb shouts.

“It’s me, Ronny,” the high-pitched voice of Ronny returns. “Come in, girl.”

*‘Girl? Did he just call me girl,’* Ronny thought wide-eyed?

He takes a deep breath and opens the door to find Caleb standing there in white jockey shorts and a white singlet. The big black teen grabs Ronny by his shirt and pulls him close. Caleb’s tongue is suddenly pushing into Ronny’s mouth, and he finds himself returning this huge black man’s kiss. They stay there for at least five minutes with one big black hand on the petite Ronny’s waist, the other behind his head. The white man can feel his hard penis grinding against him, but just let it happen as Caleb’s tongue probes his mouth. Eventually, the black teen pulls away and leaves a wide-eyed and dizzy Ronny standing there.

“You know I’m gonna make you the house bitch, don’t you?” Caleb said, staring down at the little male before him.

“Caleb, stop...” Ronny squeaks.

“Have you ever given head or been fucked by a man before?” “No.”

“Do you wanna be a black man’s sissy bitch?”

Suddenly, Ronny shakes his head and steps back toward the



open door. “Stop it, Caleb,” he said firmly. “You have to resist it. The damn virus is fucking with our brains.”

“Yet I bet your still wearing panties, right? You’re jerking off every day thinking about black cock. Thinking about Pam getting fucked by a superior man”

Ronny gasps. “How do you... Oh, for mercy’s sake, I love my wife. I just want things to go back to how they were before all this COVID bullshit.”

The big man shrugs and sits on his bed. “If your marriage is so good, why are you sleeping in your office?”

“I-I...”

Caleb waves his hand. “Mrs. E. told me all about your little dick and how it doesn’t satisfy her.”

Ronny’s eyes nearly bulge out of his head. “She what? When?”

“We’ve gotten high together a few times since I moved in here. Once, she got all chatty and told me how she hasn’t had an orgasm in ten years with you. She has to use her vibrator for that. She thinks you’re not much of a man.”

Ronny is shaking all over now. His face is ashen, and a flop sweat broke out on his forehead. “She said that?” he whispers.

“Don’t worry bout it none, girl,” Caleb said, reaching out and grabbing Ronny around the waist. Before he plants another kiss on Ronny, he said, “I’m sure I can find a use for you. Sissy white boys with tiny dicks are always in demand.”

The teen’s big tongue slides into Ronny’s mouth, and for a while, he sinks into Caleb’s thick muscular arms. Then he remembers why he came here and manages to push himself away from the horny black man. Ronny at once sees a growing tent in Caleb’s jockey shorts and gasps. *‘This is not me,’* the sissy thought. *‘I won’t let Caleb get to me like this.’*

“Will you stop it,” Ronny shouts. “I need your help.”

“Oh?” Caleb asks with a raised eyebrow.

“It’s Tyler, he raped Pam last night while she was sleeping. I need you to help me stop him,” Ronny blurts, feeling his face burn hotly.

“How do you know he fucked Pam?”

“I saw it,” Ronny said, shutting his eyes and bowing his head. Caleb suddenly laughs, and it stings Ronny because he hoped the black teen would feel the same outrage as he. “What’s so funny about Tyler raping Pam?”

“Oh, that’s not funny,” Caleb said with a scowl. “That’s fucked up. Tyler shouldn’t be touching another man’s pussy. But the thought of you peeking in there and watching with your little stiffy is funny. Pam was right, you’re not a man. No man would stand by watching another man rape his wife.”

Ronny finds it hard to meet Caleb’s eyes now, he’s shaking, crumbling under the scrutiny. An uncontrolled moan escapes his lips through hitching breaths.

“You’re right, I was weak,” Ronny mumbles, staring at the floor.

“No, you were your true self, Ronny,” Caleb said casually. “You’re a weak sissy white boy. What you did was true to form for people like you. You’ll always buckle when faced with being a man, cos you’re not.”

“Stop, please...”

Caleb leans forward with a wicked glint in his eyes. “Tell you what, I’ll make Tyler leave Mrs. E. alone if you suck my cock right now.”

With that, Caleb stands and drops his jockey shorts to reveal his mighty semi-hard black cock. Ronny’s eyes bulge at the sight of the powerful member. The thickness of it, the veins that squiggle here and there filled with hot blood. The perfect head moist at the piss slit already with some pre-cum. Those massive balls all hairy and manly hanging heavily beneath the enormous cock. The petite white male cowers at the sight of a real cock bringing a shaky hand to his forehead as if about to faint.

Ronny feels his dick stiffen, but he can’t stop it. Yet he’s determined not to give in to what this virus is doing to him and no doubt, Caleb. *‘This is all the viruses fault,’* Ronny thought, trying to understand what’s happening to him. *‘It’s making all of us act*

*this way.* Finding an ounce of strength, Ronny backs away toward the door.

“I’m not what you say I am,” he says with a quaking voice. “I won’t be blackmailed into getting you to help me. If you were a decent man, you’d do it anyway cos what Tyler did was wrong.”

Caleb laughs coldly, now stroking his cock. “And if you were a decent man, you would’ve stopped it when it was happening. Not peeping in and playing with your clit.”

Ronny doesn’t know how he did it, but he turns and runs out the room, shutting the door behind him with a loud bang.

“The offer is still open, gurrl,” Caleb shouts after him. “I’ll stop Tyler for you, but not until you embrace your true self. Your sissy self.”

The sound of Caleb’s deep manly voice laughing seems to vibrate through Ronny’s body. He shuts his eyes, breathing heavily, his little dick throbbing in hardness, and all he can picture is that black python between Caleb’s legs. Then, without even touching his dick, Ronny suddenly orgasms. The pleasure is so intense he collapses on the floor and spasms as if he’s having a convulsion.

The man ends lying on his back, staring at the ceiling, breathing heavily. He feels lightheaded, and a tingling swept from the back of his neck and across his face. The man can't believe it. He starts to cry.

*'I'll never be able to help Pam if I can't get my shit together,' Ronny thought with a grimace. 'Poor woman, having such a weakling for a husband.'*

\*\*\*\*\*

For the next week, nobody says anything about what's happening in the house. Tyler's carrying himself with a puffed chest and a high chin, Pam's given up on her husband altogether, Caleb is staying stoned, and Ronny is keeping to himself. Saturday progresses, and as usual, they eat their meal and settle in front of the TV to watch the latest updates on the pandemic. Caleb excuses himself and heads outside to smoke a joint blowing Ronny a little kiss as he leaves while the other two aren't looking.

Ronny is sitting on one side of the sofa, Pam in the middle and Tyler at the other end. They suddenly become aware of a now-familiar rhythm.

The woman on the TV is talking in that formal tone delivering the unwelcome news. “The CDC is now reporting the infection rate across the country is getting close to ninety- percent. While the flu-like symptoms may ease, the CDC is reporting that the virus is causing strange behavioral changes in the population...”

Ronny gazes across and sees Tyler has his big black cock sticking through his fly, and he’s jerking off. Pam is aware yet keeps her eyes on the screen. ‘*Behavioral changes, eh? No shit,*’ Ronny thought, wrinkling his nose at the black student’s blatant exhibitionism. Pam glares at Ronny as if to say, ‘do something.’

After a few minutes of this, Tyler said, “Mrs. E., can I use your panties again, please?”

Neither of them says anything, as usual, and Tyler repeats his question in a louder tone, without the ‘*please.*’ Pam stares at her husband with a deep frown and angry eyes, then she elbows the shrinking man.

Ronny takes a deep breath and clears his throat. “Um, T- Tyler, I know things are a bit weird at the moment, but please stop playing with your, err, ‘thing’ in front of my w-wife.”

The small male is shaking uncontrollably as Tyler rolls his eyes, but never stopped stroking that large magnificent cock.

“Then give me your panties instead, Ronny,” Tyler said coldly.

“What?” Pam shrieks.

“Um, he’s joking, dear,” Ronny said in a whiny voice. “Give me some fucking panties, or else I’m gonna cum all over your fucking sofa,” Tyler barks.

Pam stands in front of the men. Slowly, she undoes her jeans button, and they hear the zipper. Leaning forward, Pam bends and lowers her jeans and panties together in one fluid movement. Removing both, she leaves the jeans on the floor and passes Tyler her warm, moist panties.

“Thanks, Mrs. E.,” Tyler said with a smile and resumed jerking off as Pam sits between them.

Ronny puts his hand on her naked thigh. Seeing this, Tyler stops jerking off, and his hand mirrors Ronny’s on the other leg. It doesn’t stay there for long, and soon Tyler is gently stroking Pam’s delicate pussy lips. Tyler glances at Mrs. E’s face to see she has shut her eyes, and she’s softly biting her lip. Responding to the attention, her legs gradually spread, allowing Tyler’s fingers to dip



into her liquid channel. Tyler rubs her pussy slit bumping against her clit, and it's having a visible effect on Pam. The smell of her lubricating sex wafts to fill the room.

With the news report forgotten, Tyler rises and kneels in front of Pam's pussy, examining it closely. Ronny wonders if he should close the curtains to the street, yet somehow the risk adds to the taboo of the moment. He feels some movement and turns to see Pam scooting forward on the sofa, spreading her legs wider for their black border. With confidence, Tyler starts licking Pam's pussy. Instantly she moans, and a hand goes to her breasts, twisting a nipple through her bra and blouse.

Ronny sits immobile next to his wife as Tyler licks her to a moaning orgasm. They ignore him, and Tyler soon licks her to a second climax within a few minutes. Opening her eyes, Pam gently puts her hand on his forehead and pushes him away from her convulsing pussy enough for her to stand.

"Enough," she groans. "Stop it, Tyler. You're disgusting."

"You seemed to like it," Tyler said with a smirk.

"I'm going to bed now. Just leave me alone."

Pam heads toward the stairs, almost running. She wants to

get to her bedroom before she does something she'll regret. "You sure you don't want me to come with you," Tyler calls after her. "I could make you feel terrific." The woman doesn't answer. Tyler sighs and sits beside Ronny. He takes her wet panties and starts jerking off with them. "Damn, your wife's pussy tastes great," he says casually to Ronny, who's sitting there stunned. "I can't wait until she lets me fuck it."

"T-Tyler..." Ronny begins.

But the black nineteen-year-old suddenly grunts and his body stiffens. That magnificent cock starts shooting semen into Pam's panties. "*Ah ... God ... Ugh ... Yeah,*" Tyler moans loudly.

Ronny watches, pinching his lips together and shaking his head. He can feel a tightness in his chest as he watches Tyler makes sure every drop of jizz soaks into the panties. Tyler eventually stands and throws the soiled panties in Ronny's face. The white male quickly grabs them, but not before smelling the pungent odor of Tyler's semen with a waft of Pam's pussy.

"Here, since you're her husband, you can use them next," Tyler said then laughs. "You can go sloppy seconds in your wife's panties, you little bitch."

Then he puts his now soft cock back into his pants and leaves the room heading upstairs to his room. Ronny stares at the wet panties in his hand wide-eyed and his lips pressing together into a slight grimace. Just then, the woman's voice on the TV breaks through for the first time since before Tyler ate his wife's pussy in front of him.

“Authorities are warning that exaggerated libido and tendencies toward domination are part of the strange behaviors affecting some of the infected.”

Ronny stares blankly at the TV. “No shit, Sherlock,” he whispers.

### **Chapter 3**

*‘Dear Diary,*

*I’m losing control of the situation with Tyler, and I feel so ashamed. The other night he ate Pam’s pussy in front of me, and I still did nothing but get a boner. I’m not like this, I know it. Yet I feel helpless and powerless to stop what’s going on. I’m so afraid. Caleb won’t help me unless I do unspeakably disgusting things to*

*him. He admitted to changing my boxers to women's panties.  
What a creep.*

*The CDC is saying we must stay in quarantine for the foreseeable future. They told me to keep taking the pills, but I honestly don't see how they're helping. My body is now bald all over except my head. I don't need to shave my face any more than once a week now. My skin is changing, becoming softer and smoother, and my voice seems to have changed too. Worst of all, it looks like I'm growing tits. What the fuck is this virus?*

*I just want to pack a bag, get in the car, and make a run for it.  
But now armed soldiers are patrolling our streets constantly...'*

\*\*\*\*\*

The sudden sound of automatic gunfire makes Ronny jump and his heart race. He stands, leaving his diary entry and goes to the window to see soldiers running but to what he doesn't know. Realizing he'll get a better view from the living room. The man dashes out of his office and down the stairs. Pam,

Tyler, and Caleb are standing there, already watching the scene outside silently.

“What’s going on?” Ronny asks, going to stand beside Caleb.

“One of the neighbors tried to escape,” he said softly. “The soldiers fired on their car. I think the woman is dead.”

Pam turns to Ronny. “It’s the Simpsons, at number twenty. The soldiers shot Barbara by the looks of it.”

Ronny crosses his arms as if forming a barrier to the scenes outside. A Humvee drives by with a loudspeaker on it with a male voice warning people to stay in their homes.

The chilling voice said, “We do have permission from the Governor to fire upon those willfully breaking the quarantine.”

Ronny’s limbs feel shaky, things seem to be moving too quickly to process. Suddenly, the Simpson’s front door opens, and a redheaded woman runs out with a shotgun screaming. The

soldiers open fire on her, and she soon drops to the lawn in a pool of blood.

**“AHHHHHHHHH,”** Pam screams and grabs Tyler, who hugs her close.

Caleb wraps his arm around Ronny, saying, “Don’t worry, I won’t let them hurt you, gurrl.”

Ronny groans and shrugs free from the huge black man. “I’m not your girl,” he said with a sneer. “Take your hands off me.”

Caleb just smirks and waves with a shrug to placate Ronny. Pam is crying, and as Ronny stares at the bloody scene outside, he realizes the woman with the shotgun was Barbara Simpson.

“Hey, that’s Barbara on the lawn,” he said to Pam. “So, who’s the woman in the car. I thought there was only Barbara and Sam over there.”

With a sniffle, Pam gazes out the window and nods. “Yep, that is Barbara. I don’t know who the other woman is. They have two

sons in college, one of them did make it home before the lockdown.”

“How do you know?”

“I spoke to her on the phone a while ago.”

Tyler points. “Look,” he said. “In the doorway to their house is a guy.”

“Oh my God,” Pam groans with a shiver. “That’s Robert, their youngest son.”

“Do you think the woman might’ve been a girlfriend or something?” Ronny asks.

Pam shrugs. As the three are staring at Robert, Caleb said,

“That ain’t no girlfriend. That lady is a dude.”

Pam and Ronny gasp simultaneously because, at the car, the soldiers had pulled the dead body out. The redheaded wig had fallen off to reveal the identity to be Dave Simpson, Barbara’s husband.

“He was dressed as a woman?” Ronny said, feeling dizzy. “Why would he dress as a woman?”

Pam shivers. “God only knows. They have been saying this virus is causing strange behaviors. Could that be why?”

Tyler suddenly laughs coldly. Turning to Ronny, he said, “How about you, little Ronny, been having any cravings for ladies clothes lately.”

“Ah...” Ronny begins.

“Don’t be silly,” Pam snaps. “Ronny isn’t like that.”

Ronny sighs, avoiding eye contact with the three now staring at him.

“You look pale,” Caleb said with a smirk. “Are you OK?” “***Of course, I’m not OK,***” Ronny shouts. “My neighbors just got killed for leaving their fucking house. How can I be OK after that?”

Caleb again puts his arm around Ronny and draws him in close. “Don’t worry, gurrl. Come see me, I’ll make you feel better.”

Again, Ronny wrestles himself free of the big man, and he goes to stand by another window away from the others and gazes out.



“Everyone in the street is watching this,” he said. “Look, you can see them all in their windows.”

Sure enough, all eyes are on the scene in the street. The soldiers have efficiently bagged both bodies and put them into the back of a truck that just recently arrived. Pam’s phone rings and she answers it.

“Oh, hi, Jenny...” she said to a woman who lives down the street. “Yeah, the soldiers just shot Dave and Barbara Simpson for trying to leave. I’m not kidding, they’re both dead. Poor Robert is now home all alone, now having to deal with this. I’m just beside myself. We saw the whole thing...”

Ronny feels sick and decides he can’t watch anymore and goes back to his office to lie down. The image of Dave Simpson in a dress is playing over and over in his mind. *‘I’m wearing panties,’* he thought. *‘Is that the start? Will I be wearing a dress soon too?’* He has full body tremors now as he holds himself tightly curled into a ball on the bed. There’s a bang from downstairs, and it makes Ronny flinch. He can’t stop thinking about Dave in a dress and how he’s heading in that direction. Ronny doesn’t know what to do and feels the situation is trapping him into a path the man can’t control. He just wants to scream. Eventually, feeling mentally and emotionally exhausted, Ronny falls asleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

In the middle of the night, someone pushing his shoulder, forcefully wakes Ronny. In the dim light from the hall, he sees the masculine shape of his nineteen-year-old border, Tyler, standing over him naked. The next thing Ronny gets is the smell of sex, pungent and musky emanating from Tyler's body, especially his groin.

“W-What the fuck, Tyler?” Ronny mumbles as he sits up, rubbing his eyes.

“Ronny? Ronny, I'm done,” Tyler said. “Mrs. E. wants you.” “What have you done?” Ronny asks in a whiny voice.

“I fucked Mrs. E's brains out,” Ronny said, “I must've cum

like five times. God, your wife, is a horny bitch.”

Ronny swallows hard. “You fucked Pam?”

“Did I ever. I'm surprised you didn't hear us. Mrs. E. told me your little pecker never made her cum. So, I showed her what a real

man's cock could do. Let's just say she really enjoyed herself on a cock for the first time in years."

Ronny gasps. "Tyler, Pam's my wife. What were you thinking?"

"If you were a man, you would have made me stop by now," Tyler said with a sneer. "But we know what you are, don't we?"

"I, ah..."

"Mrs. E. wants you, so you better get in there," Tyler said before turning and leaving the office.

Ronny climbs out of bed and heads to the master bedroom. He gasps when he sees Pam lying on the bed. She's covered in sweat, her hair is a mess, and she has hickeys all over her body. The smell of sex in the room is overpowering, and Ronny knows he's never fucked her like this in his life.

"Are you happy now?" Pam asks as Ronny standing at the end of the bed staring at her sweaty naked form.

She doesn't move, she doesn't try to cover up. The dejected husband sees her nipples harden. Tyler's potent sperm oozes out of her swollen, red pussy lips and seeps onto the sheet below. All the while, she just stares at her husband with those blazing green eyes.

"Pam, I..."

"You're so pathetic," Pam said, shaking her head. "You deserve this."

Ronny's face reddens, and his lips suddenly flatten. However, somewhere deep in his confused mind, a tiny uncontrolled corner of his brain is feeling excited.

"You said..."

"You could've stopped this," Pam said coldly. "You could've reclaimed your manhood. But you're not a man. I don't know what you are really."

“You kicked me out,” Ronny whines. “How was I supposed to reclaim anything when you pushed me away?”

Pam sneers at him. “You’re a fucking wimp. I asked you repeatedly to stop Tyler, and because you didn’t, this is what happened.”

“Did he rape you?” Ronny asks, thinking of the night he watched Tyler do that very thing while Pam was asleep.

“No, I let him do it,” Pam said, her face reddening. “To teach you a lesson.”

“A lesson?”

“Yes, and it’s not over. I want you to clean my pussy with your mouth. I want you to taste Tyler’s cum. Every time he fucks me from now on, your punishment will be to lick me clean.”

Ronny gasps. “No, no, I can’t. That’s gross.”

“If you don’t do it willingly,” Pam said coldly. “I’ll get Tyler here to make you do it. I’m sure he’ll enjoy kicking your ass in front of me.”

The thought of the big black man assaulting him sends a shiver through Ronny’s body. ‘*God, I truly am a wimp,*’ he thought. With a shaking body, he climbs onto the bed and crawls between Pam’s legs. His mouth goes to her messy, sloppy pussy, and his lips clamp on her. Ronny sucks lightly, greeted by a mouthful of their mingled juices. The feel of it on his tongue makes his body shiver with sudden sexual arousal. Ronny swallows and savors the tangy taste. The potency of the semen is similar to truffle oil in its intensity. Darting his tongue into her well-fucked cunt ferociously, he wants to lick out all she has to offer as quickly as he can. Soon his lower face is soaking with juices, and he keeps sucking, licking, and swallowing everything she can give. Ronny’s small dick is as hard as steel and leaking pre-cum madly as he eats the product of his border’s balls from his wife’s cunt.

“You like the taste of jizz, eh?” Pam asks with a smirk. “Don’t,” he said. “This is hard enough already.”

He thought his brain is going to break, hearing her talk like this.

“You really are pathetic, Ronny.”

Ronny lifts his head from her pussy. “Yes, I know.”

She laughs. “All these years, and it took another man to show me what a useless male I married,” she said coldly. “I’m sorry, Pam.”

“This makes you a cuckold now.”

“*No, please, don’t do this again.*”

“OK, but you have to make a stand,” Pam said with a bigger smirk. “You’ll have to stand up to Tyler and make him stop. Until you do that, Tyler can fuck me as many times as he wants because he’s now the man of the house.”

‘*Oh God,*’ Ronny thought as he feels Pam orgasm on his tongue, forcing a massive clot of semen into his mouth. ‘*Maybe it’s time I asked Caleb to help me again.*’

\*\*\*\*\*

“You want me to stop Tyler fucking your wife?” Caleb asks wide-eyed, then he breaks into a deep rumbling laugh that vibrates through Ronny’s body, making the white male shiver.

“Shhhh, keep it down. It’s not funny,” Ronny said, feeling his face burn. “This virus is fucking everything up.”

They're standing in Caleb's room the day after Ronny did the most humiliating thing he's ever done in his life. Lick another man's semen out of his wife's pussy. The thought of it fills Ronny with shame.

"Dawg, you can't save your marriage now. Just accept it. Once a white woman like Pam gets a taste for black cock, she'll never go back to your clitty white boy dick."

"How do you know that?"

Caleb's smirk grows wider. "Let's just say I'm talking from personal experience," he said.

"Please, I can't stop him alone," Ronny whines his eyes filling with tears,

"Alright, alright, don't get your panties in a twist," Caleb said, waving his hand dismissively. "I'll help you if you do something for me."



Ronny blows loudly out from pursed lips. “I’m not sucking your penis, Caleb,” he said with his hands on his hips. “There’s too much of that nonsense going on around here as there is.”

“OK, dawg, you’re not ready for that, I get it. How about this, let me give you a makeover.”

“A what?” Ronny asks with a frown. “Let me give you a makeover.”

The look on Caleb’s face is dangerous, and Ronny feels unsure what to do as he thought this was the last thing the big offensive guard would ask him.

“Since when does someone like you do makeovers?” Ronny asks with a bemused grin.

“What? Just cos I’m a big guy doesn’t mean I can’t do anything nice,” Caleb said with a downturned mouth. “When you grow up with four sisters, you learn things.”

Ronny stares at the big black man to see if he's joking, and after a tense silence, it seems clear Caleb is sincere.

“OK, I'll do it, but only if you make Tyler stop bothering Pam.”

Caleb nods and then goes to his closet and pulls out a suitcase. He turns to Ronny and says, “Take your clothes off. All of them.”

“You never said anything about...”

“Do you want my help or not,” the big man barks. Ronny sighs and slips off his t-shirt, then drops his sweatpants to reveal white cotton panties with pink flowers on them.

Caleb glances up and sees the panties and smirks. “So, you're still wearing the panties I gave you?”

The near-naked man shrugs. “What choice do I have?”

“You could've always asked me for your boy underpants back.”

Ronny frowns. “Since when?”

“Since from the day I took them. I find it interesting you just chose to keep wearing women’s panties.”

“Can we just get this over with?” Ronny said as Caleb laughs.

“Move your arms from your chest.” Ronny sighs and drops his arms, and Caleb chuckles. “You got little titties now.”

The words make Ronny’s face go red. “Stop it. I haven’t. I, ah, am just putting on weight, and I’m getting some manboobs.”

The big black man shakes his head. “They look more like women’s breasts, not manboobs. Your package looks smaller too. Not that it was ever big. Has your dick shrunk some?”

“How the fuck should I know?” Ronny yells with hard eyes.

“Chill, Ronny, I think it’s cute how this virus is changing you.” Caleb pulls a bra out of his case. “Here, put this on, it’ll help you feel better.”

As Ronny takes the black sports bra and stares at it, he asks, “Do you think this is what happened to Dave Simpson?”

“Who?”

“Dave Simpson...” Caleb stares at him blankly. Ronny sighs deeply. “The guy who was shot outside our house yesterday who was wearing women’s clothes.”

“Oh, him,” Caleb said, scratching his chin. “Maybe, this virus is fucking with all of us. But why does it have to be all bad?”

Maybe this virus gives you an excuse to try something new. You might find you like it.”

Ronny puts on the bra the way he has seen Pam do it many times. The material covers his little breasts nicely, and he has to admit he doesn’t mind it.

“OK, what’s next?”

Caleb pulls some black pantyhose out of his case. “Put these on,” he said, handing them to Ronny.

“Where the hell did you get all this stuff?”

“I ordered it online.”

Ronny nods. He has noticed out of all of them, Caleb has been getting the most parcels delivered. “OK, but why were you ordering them? None of this stuff would fit you.”

“Who said I was ordering them for me?”

Ronny grimaces, he crosses his arms over his chest as a flush crept across his face. “You were buying this stuff for me?”

“I don’t know. I never really thought of it,” Caleb said with a shrug. “I just knew I had to buy it. Weird, eh? Now here we are, and it all makes sense.”

The panty wearing man feels a tingling sweep up the back of his neck and across his face. His chest goes tight, as his cheeks burn hot. He wants to fight this as none of it makes sense. The changes to his body and personality, the way Caleb, Pam, and Tyler just seem to accept everything that's happening to him as standard.

“Go on, put on your pantyhose like a good gurl,” Caleb said lightly.

With a bowed head and flushed face, Ronny removes the pantyhose from the packet, sits on the bed, and puts one foot at a time into the pantyhose. After he has each leg straight, he gently pulls them up and over his panties. With a little adjusting here and there, Ronny soon has the pantyhose straight and sheer against his smooth legs. Caleb watches it all with a satisfied smile.

“You're a natural at this,” he compliments.

“What's next?” Ronny asks, rolling his eyes.

The big black man turns and removes a dress from his wardrobe, it has a plastic bag over it. It's red, the skirt is not long, and the garment is sleeveless. He takes it out of the bag and hands it to Ronny. With a sigh, Ronny puts it over his head, slipping his arms into the proper holes, and the dress falls over him.

“Turn around, and I’ll zip you up,” Caleb said with a glint of excitement in his eyes. Then he says, “Spin for me. Let me look at you.” Ronny twirls, feeling a little giddy. The skirt flares showing some leg, and the big black man groans with pleasure. “Damn, you’re prettier than Mrs. E.”

“Oh, stop it,” Ronny said demurely. “I look silly. Like a man in a dress usually does.”

“OK, sit in that chair,” Caleb said, pointing to the one near his desk. “Time to do your makeup.”

Caleb decides to block out Ronny’s eyebrows. It’s a simple enough but a time-consuming process using Pritt-Stick and foundation. The really skillful part is drawing on Ronny’s new eyebrows. Caleb does an excellent job of penciling on the thin, feminine arches.

“You know, if you waxed your eyebrows, I wouldn’t have to go to all this trouble,” Caleb said.

“Don’t get ideas in your head that this is going to be a regular thing,” Ronny grumbles.

The big black man is leaning close as he works on Ronny. The man can smell his musky odor, and for some reason, it makes Ronny feel safe. As the makeover progresses, Caleb asks, “Have you ever dressed as a woman before?”

“When I was a kid, we used to play dress ups,” Ronny said softly. “I used to dress in mom’s clothes. She thought it was cute. But it’s not something I ever thought of doing as an adult.”

“Not even as a teen? Did you try on your mom’s panties to see how they feel or look?”

Ronny sighs. He doesn’t want to answer, but there’s something about Caleb that’s compelling him. “Yes, and my sisters too.”

“Did they feel good? Did you jerk off in them? Sniff the crotches?”

“Caleb, most boys do that, right?”

The big black man smiles mysteriously. Caleb gives Ronny full foundation, even brushing his ears. Caleb carefully and expertly



applies the rest of Ronny's makeup. The question still hangs in the air, and Ronny remembers Caleb telling him about four sisters.

"What about you?" he asks the man he uses the brush. "You had a mom and sisters. Didn't you do the same?"

"I can honestly say the idea never occurred to me," Caleb said. "I was more interested in football."

"I find that hard to believe."

"Believe what you want," Caleb snaps. "Now, what kind of eye makeup do you want?"

"I always like that smoky look Pam uses when we go out. Can you do that?"

Caleb nods and does a fantastic job on Ronny's eyes. He also applies blush. The power of contouring makes Ronny's face, and especially his nose (which is quite slim anyway), appear a lot more feminine. It really changes the shape of Ronny's face. The lipstick

and gloss are a sensual shade of red. The big man steps back and admires his work.

“That looks good,” he said with a smile. “Let me see it,” Ronny asks.

“When I’m finished.” Caleb goes to his case and pulls out a box and opens it. In it is a long blonde-haired wig with curls and body. He goes to Ronny and puts the wig on him and makes some final adjustments. He opens a draw on his desk and pulls out a bottle of nail polish. “OK, hold your hands out,” he orders, and very quickly coats all ten nails in a similar red to the dress and lipstick. “Blow on them, so the nail polish dries.”

As Ronny does, Caleb pulls another box from his wardrobe, and, from it, he removes a pair of black stilettos. Ronny’s eyes bulge as he knows these are not cheap shoes.

“You expect me to wear heels too?”

“The makeover has to be complete,” Caleb mumbles.

“Why is this so important to you?” Ronny asks with a frown. “Stop frowning, you’ll ruin your makeup,” the black teen barks.

“Answer the question then. Why is dressing me in women’s clothes so important to you? You’ve been buying all this junk for weeks now for this day. Making me wear panties too. I just want to know why?”

Caleb freezes, he closes his eyes tightly as some internal struggle takes place. “Look, Ronny, you want my help, then this is the price,” he growls. “Now shut up and put the shoes on. Then stand over there by the door.”

After he has the shoes on, Ronny said, “I wanna see what I look like.”

“In a minute. How does it feel?”

The man dressed as a woman shrugs and said, “Weird, I guess.”

Caleb grabs a Canon SLR digital camera and starts taking pictures. “Smile for the camera, gurl,” he shouts. “Now, give me a sexy look...”

This goes on for around fifteen minutes as Caleb makes Ronny pose in unusual ways. Eventually, the big man puts the camera

down. He pulls open his wardrobe door to reveal a full-length mirror on the inside.

“OK, you can look at yourself now,” he said to Ronny as he goes and sits at his desk and plugs a USB cable into his camera.

Ronny stands staring at himself dressed as a blonde-haired woman. What strikes him is there are no masculine features at all. With Caleb’s perfect application of makeup and the clothes and wig, he looks just like a woman. It takes his breath away.

Suddenly, Pam’s voice calls from downstairs. “Ronny, where are you?”

He spins and stares at Caleb, not knowing what to do. Caleb smirks and said, “You better answer her.”

“I’m with Caleb,” Ronny shouts.

“Can you come down here, I need you,” Pam calls.

To Caleb, he whispers harshly, “What the fuck am I gonna do? I can’t go downstairs looking like this.”

“Take the wig and dress off and put your clothes over the rest,” Caleb suggests.

“And the makeup?”

“In the case is some makeup remover wipes.” Ronny shouts, “I’ll be down in a minute, honey.”

## **Chapter 4**

“What took you so long,” Pam asks with her arms crossed and a stern gaze.

“I, ah, um, sorry, Honey,” Ronny said, shifting uncomfortably. “I was helping Caleb with some of his, err, schoolwork.”

She suddenly sees his red fingernails and gasps. “Why have you got fingernail polish on?”

He glances at his hands. The man had forgotten entirely about them. “I, um, was just mucking around. I found some in the bathroom.”

“Mucking around?”

“Pam, I get fucking bored,” Ronny shouts at her, his face turning red. “We’ve been stuck in this fucking house for months now, and I’m bored. You’ve shut me out of your life, so all I’ve got is my work and whatever else I can think of to pass some fucking time.”

“Alright, alright, I’m sorry I asked,” Pam said, snootily turning her back to him.

Ronny sighs. It pains him to see his wife acting so strangely. He put it down to the lockdown and the way the men in the house have been behaving. Now he’s starting to see this virus is changing her too. The man’s heart sinks as he now feels certain Pam lied to him from the start. She locked him out of the bedroom, claiming it was to protect herself from the men in the house. Maybe all this time, she was worried about how the virus might affect her too. Ronny sees it clearly now.

“So, what’s the big emergency that couldn’t wait until I was finished with Caleb?” Ronny asks to change the subject.

“I want to know when you’re gonna talk to Tyler,” she said.

“I’m working on it,” he said. “Caleb’s gonna help me, so we can hopefully get through to him.”

She spins to face him again. “You have to stop him now,” Pam said with a pale face.

“Why?”

“*He... He, ah... You just have to,*” Pam yells.

“Just keep your door locked,” Ronny said softly. He senses

something is on her mind. Maybe something happened between her and Tyler he didn’t know about. “Stay in your room and keep the door locked.”

“What about dinner?”

“I’ll cook dinner and bring you up some food,” Ronny said, going to her side and putting his arm around her. “You just stay locked in our room, so Tyler can’t touch you.”

“Maybe you should move the lock to the hall side and lock me inside,” Pam said with tears in her eyes. “There’s a padlock in the garage. That way, Tyler won’t be able to get to me, and I...”

There it is, now Ronny knows Pam’s desire for Tyler is probably as strong as the teen’s for her. She’s asking him to lock her in her room so she can’t give into it.

“What happened to Tyler being the man of the house now?” Ronny asks her coldly. “You said you were gonna let Tyler have sex with you whenever he wanted.”

Pam blushes. “I, ah, changed my mind,” she said with a quivering chin.

“Why?”



She closes her eyes and shakes her head. “Can you just do what I ask for a change, Ronny? Stop being such a fucking wimp and help your god damn wife,” Pam shouts.

“OK, OK, I can do that if you really want me to,” Ronny said, squeezing her tight with his arm.

Pam starts crying. “Oh, Ronny, I’m sorry. I’ve been such a bitch to you.”

“It’s not you, it’s the virus. It’s fucking with all of us.”

“I’m scared about what we’re all becoming. Lock me away, please, so I don’t...”

Ronny hugs her close. “Don’t worry, Pam. I’ll take care of you, no matter what.”

She kisses him deeply, the first in a long time. “OK, I’ll leave it to you. I’m going to my room. Will you come up and move the bolt to lock me in?”

“Yeah, I’ll go get my tools and be right up.” Ronny watches Pam leave the kitchen and head upstairs. He calls to her, “Are you sure this is what you want?”

Pam turns and nods. He sighs profoundly, feeling sadness for his wife. Beginning to see just how things could get out of control, just like at the Simpson’s. Ronny vows to do his best to keep this household together. No matter what it takes, he promises himself he’ll get Pam and the boys through this disaster. He heads to the garage to get the tools he’ll need to move the lock.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Dear Diary,*

*Things are just getting weirder and weirder. I’ve just locked Pam in her room because she’s afraid of Tyler. She’s worried she’ll fuck his brains out willingly if things go on. I’m not silly, I know she wants that big black cock more than anything in her life. Then there’s Caleb, who just made me dress up as a woman! I mean, what the fuck is wrong with that boy? In all honesty, I actually looked good dressed up like that, and it made me hard. But I didn’t tell Caleb that because I didn’t want to give him that satisfaction. Now I’m going to have to ask him to help me keep*

*Tyler in line. God knows what he'll want for that. Why do I feel like my life is accelerating out of control to where I'll succumb to Caleb and his fat black cock?*

*Outside there's even more soldiers and police now. I heard gunshots down the street after I finished working on the door to Pam's bedroom. Still, it was too far away, so I didn't see anything out the window apart from police cars rushing by. I don't know how long I can last in this house. It's been nearly six months since we first went into lockdown, and there's no promise it'll soon end. The economy is dead, and my web design work has dried up. All I can think of is Caleb's cock or Tyler fucking Pam and then making me eat her pussy after. I'm going insane, I know it. Ronny.*

\*\*\*\*\*

That night at dinner, there's a tense silence between the three men as they eat the rations the military had given them. This tension is nothing new, it's pretty standard these days from the fact they've been stuck in the house for nearly six months.

Sure, they can talk to others on the internet, but that only inflames each one's need for personal intimacy. Eventually, Tyler can't take it anymore.

“Why have you locked Pam in her room?” he asks Ronny with a deep sneer.

Ronny swallows hard. “Ah, she asked me to. It's just until things settle down again,” he said in a weak high-pitched voice.

Suddenly, Tyler slams his fist on the table, making all the plates and cutlery jump with a clang. Caleb and Ronny's head snaps back as they stare at Tyler wide-eyed.

“Chill, dude,” Caleb said more as a warning than friendly banter.

There's a cold sweat on Tyler's forehead as his eyes glance from Ronny to Caleb. The teen's eyes are dark, and his face is hard. It sends a shiver of fear and something else through little Ronnie. When his dick starts getting hard, he knows what the something else was, and feels shame.

“You chill, asshole. I need a woman to keep me calm, or else I’m gonna do something you’ll all regret,” Tyler barks. “Let her out of her room, Ronny.”

Ronny goes to speak, but Caleb cuts him off with a wave of his hand. “Look, dawg, if Pam wants to be locked in her room, then we gotta respect her wishes.”

“I need a woman,” Tyler growls through gritted teeth.

“I’ve got an idea,” Caleb said, pulling his phone out. After fiddling with the screen for a moment, he passes it to Tyler, who stares at it. “What if we had this around, would that help you keep your shit together?”

“Yeah, she’s hot. But how...” Tyler stops as he realizes he’s looking at a picture of Ronny dressed as a woman. He peers over the top of the phone and smiles. The grin makes Ronny tremble, and his stomach drops. “OK, I’ll accept Mrs. E. locked in her room if you dress like this all the time.”

He passes the phone to Ronny, who takes it with a trembling hand. The white man gasps at once when he sees the picture.

Before Ronny can disagree, Caleb said, “If it helps protect your wife from Tyler’s unwanted advances, then as her husband, you should do it.”

“But... But...” is all Ronny can manage. He’s already thinking about Dave Simpson again.

“Yeah, seeing a woman around will keep me calm,” Tyler said with a nod. “Only, I’m not calling her Ronny.”

Caleb smiles. “How about Rhonda?”

“Rhonda. I like it. So, it’s agreed. Ronny will become Rhonda on a full-time basis.”

Ronny gasps. “HEY! Don’t I get a say in this?”

Tyler suddenly frowns deeply, his forehead crinkling with menace. “Do you want me to kick down Pam’s door and fuck her until I fill every hole with multiple loads of cum?”

Ronny grimaces. “No.”

“Then become Rhonda and save her.”

Caleb pats Ronny on the shoulder. “I can help you. Come to my room in the morning, and I’ll help you dress. Just think of this as something you’re doing for Pam.”

Ronny collapses in his chair, expelling a big breath. “It looks like I’ve got no choice.”

Both black men agree.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next morning, Ronny is having second thoughts as he stands at the door of the bathroom where Caleb is waiting for him.

“Oh no, you’re not gonna chicken out on me now,” the big teen said with a grin.

Caleb grabs his arm and pulls him through the door into the bathroom, shutting the door and locking it. “You said you’d do this for Mrs. E. Besides, I think you like it.”

The 'it' was something that haunted Ronny since he was a teenager, maybe even before that. He knows deep down he wanted to experience being a woman. Somehow, this virus has brought all this to the surface again.

“Now strip while I get your clothes ready.”

At this point, it seems Caleb's more excited about this adventure than Ronny. As the bathroom door swings closed, Ronny strips to his red panties. He watches himself in the mirror as each piece of clothing's removed. Then, almost naked, he examines himself more closely, trying to imagine who this woman 'Rhonda' is going to be like.

He shrugs his shoulders, flexes his muscles slightly, noticing his nipples move as he did so. The man absentmindedly pinched one and brings it to hardness. His nipples are overly sensitive now ever since the virus started changing his body. His panties are snug, and he can clearly see the outline of his cock and balls. Turning to view his profile, Ronny decides he has a nice ass atop his well-shaped legs.



Caleb is suddenly back with some clothes. “Preening?” he asks with a grin. “Here, start with the pantyhose, but don’t get attached to them. I think some nice patterned nylons will look better.”

Ronny opens the package and removes the pantyhose, pausing to feel the texture. Caleb watches and smiles. As Ronny slips on the stockings, he sees the glint in Caleb’s eye.

“You’ve been waiting for this day for a while now, haven’t you?” Ronny asks.

“Damn straight.”

Caleb kneels in front of Ronny and smooths the stockings from the ankle to the thigh. The feel of the black teen’s large hands sliding over the nylon on his legs, the press of the panty top against his cock causes Ronny’s dick to swell. Caleb stares at the little tent, the hard dick bulging against the thin panties and sheer pantyhose. The teen can clearly see the balls separated by the seam of the stockings, the shaft pressing to the side, the flair of the head. The teen touches his face to the head and kisses it lightly.

“Judging by the cute swell of your clit, I think you’ve been waiting for this day, too,” Caleb said and laughs.

Though Ronny has a small dick, in Caleb’s view, it’s perfectly shaped. Caleb pulls the front of the pantyhose and panties down to examine Ronny’s dick. The shaft is very straight with a prominent blue vein down the side. He starts to lick it, loving feeling the vein bulge and pulse as his tongue caresses the small member. The shafts crowned with a large head that gives Ronny’s dick a mushroom appearance. What Caleb enjoys the most is just how hard it is. It truly feels like iron wrapped in warm skin.

“Caleb, this wasn’t part of the deal,” Ronny moans.

Caleb rubs his cheek against the small dick and balls. “But Rhonda, you can’t dress with this big clit sticking out. It’ll ruin the line.” Caleb talks to the tiny boner pointing like a little red rocket in front of his nose. “Oh, poor baby, you’re so pale and white. Let Daddy kiss that pretty pink head of yours.”

The teen grabs the shaft, brings it to his lips, and kisses the end. He holds the tip to his lips, and French-kisses it several times, licking the point of his tongue into the pee hole. Caleb’s soon rewarded with drops of pre-cum oozing out to meet his tongue.

The teen tightens his grip on the dicklette watching the head turn a darker shade as he squeezes the blood-engorged shaft. The blue vein swells, and Caleb licks it then sucks the dick into his mouth.

Ronny groans and gives in to the pleasure. He holds Caleb's head and pumps his dick into the black teen's mouth as the offensive guard expertly sucks and tongues the shaft. The big man's fingers work the shaft back and forth, jacking Ronny off into his mouth. The teen pushes his hand beneath his waistband and starts jerking off in time to the dicklette fucking his mouth. Ronny can hear voices in the distance, but it's too late to stop. He feels his juices begin to boil. He moans and fucks the black bull's face harder. Caleb let his tongue work its magic and quickly brings Ronny to a shattering climax. The teen feels the clitty-dick pulse in his fingers and sucks and drinks as the jizz spurts into his mouth. Caleb jerks his cock rapidly, achieving orgasm too, blowing his load onto the bathroom tiles.

“Now, don't you feel better?” Caleb said as he stuffs Ronny's now limp dick back into the panties, then pulls them up along with the pantyhose. “One day, you'll return the favor.”

Caleb stands, stuffs his monster cock back into his pants, then retrieves a lacy black bra which he slips onto the sissy. Ronny shivers with excitement as he snaps the bra in place. The bra has padding in the cups, and Ronny can feel the structure of the bra

pushing against his sensitive nipples. “I thought you liked my boobs the way they were,” he asks, as he gazes down at the C-cups.

“I do, but Tyler is a boob man, and he needs something to stare at. Any bigger would look fake, though. Look in the mirror, this thing actually gives you a little bit of cleavage.”

Ronny turns to the mirror and leans forward slightly, amazed at how sexy he feels in bra and pantyhose. Marveling that indeed this bra manages to push his small breasts enough to give a hint of rounded flesh.

“Here ya go, Rhonda, you’re going to like this.” Caleb pulls a black dress from behind some other dresses. “Slip this on.”

Ronny wiggles into the dress, feeling it cling to his body. He feels as if he’s wrapped in black Saranwrap. The dress fit perfectly. It has a long slit up one side: no sleeves, a high neck, and a heart-shaped opening in the bodice. The point of the heart accentuates the newly formed C-cup breasts that the bra forced up.

“Here. Step into these shoes.” Caleb slid a pair of low heeled, black, open shoes onto his feet. “Move around a little bit now. Let’s see how this is going to work.”

Ronny steps haltingly back and forth in front of the mirror. Wobbling on the low heels, he looked rather ungainly, yet he’s clearly going to be striking in this outfit. He moves his leg and watches as the slit on the dress opens to reveal some pantyhose-covered thigh.

“Goddam, Rhonda. You do have a nice pair of legs. Let’s see how that ass looks.”

Caleb turns the sissy to view a profile. His ass bulges seductively, and his chest has a gentle curve with his small firm breasts. Ronny’s clit is again throbbing and pushes out at the material. “Oh shit, gurrl. You like it when big daddy dresses you, eh?”

All in all, even without makeup, Ronny has become a very sexy woman. He can hardly hold his excitement.

“OK, time to get your makeup on,” Caleb said, pulling a chair out. “Sit, Rhonda. Let’s get you ready for your first day as the woman of the house.”

“Nothing too heavy,” Ronny said. “I’m not going out on the town, just do enough.”

“You got it.” Ronny suddenly gasps and sits forward. “What now?” Caleb asks, rolling his eyes.

“What about Pam? I don’t want her to see me like this,” Ronny whines. “I have to bring her meals three times a day, and she’ll probably want other things too.”

“OK. OK, don’t get your panties in a bunch,” Caleb said with a grin. “Give me the key to Pam’s room, and I’ll take her what she needs. You know you can trust me with her, I’m not Tyler.”

“Are you sure? What if she asks to see me?”

“Then, you do what you did yesterday, remove the makeup, and put your male clothes over the female ones.”

Ronny sinks back in his chair. “OK, alright, let’s do this.”

After Caleb applies the makeup and wig expertly, Ronny (now as Rhonda) heads downstairs to prepare breakfast.

\*\*\*\*\*

Half an hour later, Tyler enters the kitchen wearing black boxers and nothing else. He sees Rhonda pouring some coffee, and the beauty of the woman makes his eyes and cock bulge.

“Morning, Rhonda, you’re looking fine today,” he said as he sits at the table.

“Thanks, Tyler,” she said, placing the cup in front of him. “What do you want today, we have some eggs or cornflakes.”

“How much milk do we have left?”

“Enough. The delivery of our next food is tomorrow, so there’s enough for cereal today.”

Tyler places his hand on Rhonda’s butt and squeezes. “Give me some cornflakes then,” he said. “If we run out of milk, and you need some, I know where I can get some.”

The black teen winks. Rhonda sighs, she wasn’t expecting him to be so sexual toward her, but to keep Pam safe, she figures a little groping, and innuendo won’t hurt. The blonde sissy cooks some eggs on toast and pours some coffee just as Caleb enters.

“Caleb, honey, be a dear and run this upstairs to our guest,” Rhonda said sweetly.

“Yes, ma’am,” Caleb said, taking the tray and heading back upstairs. “Cook me some eggs too, Rhonda. I like mine scrambled.”

“You got it, Hun.”



Not long after, all three are sitting and eating breakfast. The tension has eased a lot now, as both black men chat about nothing much. It even feels a bit like before the lockdown and quarantine began, it seems normal. Rhonda can't help thinking if only she appeared sooner, things might not have gotten so out of control.

“I read on the government website they think they'll be able to lift the quarantine in another month,” Tyler said, refilling his bowl with more cornflakes.

“God, I hope so,” Caleb said with a sigh. “No offense, but I'll be moving out when we can get outta here. I never wanna see any of you again.”

“I feel ya,” Tyler said with a chuckle. “Maybe you and Rhonda could shack up?”

The men laugh, Rhonda just smiles.

“What ya say, Rhonda?” Caleb said with mischief. “Wanna come live with big daddy?”

Rhonda feels her cheeks burn and hopes the makeup is hiding her red face. “Don’t be silly, boys,” Rhonda said. “You know I’m spoken for. Speaking of which, how was she this morning?”

“Didn’t say much. Mrs. E. asked where you were, though. I told her I was helping so you could fix the meals and do the housework.”

Tyler laughs. “Not a very liberated woman, are you Rhonda?”

Rhonda rolls her eyes. “Maybe that’s what I’ll do when quarantine ends,” she said with some spite. “Become liberated.”

“You gonna burn your bra?” Tyler asks, laughing harder. Caleb said, “Not when I’m paying for them, you won’t.” “Oh, you boys,” Rhonda said, shaking her head. “Whatever am I gonna do with you.”

“I could think of a few things,” Tyler said darkly.

“Me too,” Caleb adds.

\*\*\*\*\*

A few nights later, Rhonda is doing some ironing listening to

some music while Caleb is lying on the sofa staring into his phone. She's dressed in a pink mini skirt, and a white blouse, her bra is visible under the material. Tyler enters the room and stares at Rhonda.

“Hey Rhonda, how about a dance?” he asks with a grin.

“No, go right...” Rhonda begins, only Caleb silences her.

“I think she'd love it,” the offensive guard said.

Rhonda freezes. Tyler extends a hand. “Thanks. You do look fabulous tonight, Rhonda.”

The sissy hesitates. “Go ahead Rhonda, I'll just sit and watch,” Caleb said with a grin. “She's just a little shy, self-conscious about dancing.”

The handsome black teen leads her out in front of the TV. The next song plays, and it's a fast/pop song, so Rhonda doesn't have to worry about following. Also, the loud music and distance between them negated any attempt at conversation.

As the song progresses, Rhonda begins enjoying shaking her body. She finds it very arousing knowing Tyler is watching every move she makes. The sissy feels his hand glide across her body whenever they're close. The music stops, and Rhonda turns

toward the ironing board to escape. She feels somewhat humiliated by this.

“How about one more? I really feel like dancing,” Tyler said as he grabs Rhonda’s hand.

Rhonda sees Caleb staring, he’s grinning wildly. The next song on her playlist starts. Rhonda turns and smiles at Tyler.

“OK. One more, then I have to finish the ironing.”

Another fast song and Rhonda danced at her sexiest to date. She sees Tyler’s eyes savor the views of her leg as she thrust it out through the slit in the miniskirt. The sissy notices Tyler often staring at her chest, trying to visualize her breasts. Caleb was right, Tyler is a boob man. The music ends, Tyler grabs Rhonda in a final spin, holding her close for a few seconds, so she feels his semi-hard cock pressing against her. Then Tyler, let go.

“Thanks for that,” he said sweetly. Then a dark shadow falls over the teen’s face. “Now, give me your panties.”

Rhonda gasps. “What? Tyler, I thought we were past all this nonsense.”

“I want your panties. I promise I’ll return them to you.”

Caleb is laughing loudly, his deep chuckles booming through the room. “You better give them to him, Rhonda,” he said and laughs again. “You know what happens if you don’t.”

Rhonda sighs, grabbing the pink panties under her skirt by the elastic and pulls them down. Once she’s stepped out of them, the sissy hands them to Tyler, who instantaneously puts them to his nose and sniffs deeply.

“Mmm, I’m gonna enjoy these tonight,” he said dreamily. “Good night, Rhonda.”

With that, Tyler leaves a bewildered sissy and a laughing offensive guard to go jerk off.

Rhonda turns sharply on Caleb, and snaps, “I thought you said me dressing like this would end all that crap?”

The big black man shrugs. “How did I know Tyler would fall in love with you, Rhonda? I don’t blame him, you’re hot. Hotter than Pam for sure.”

“Oh, stop it. If me dressing like this is only going to make everything go back to where it was, then I’m out.”

Caleb nods. “That’s your choice. But tell me something. Would you prefer Tyler raping your wife every day, or him jerking off in your panties?”

“What if it leads to him raping me?” Rhonda barks, her legs plated wide, chin high, and nostrils flaring.

“Better you than Pam, I guess.”

Heat flushes through Rhonda’s body at the callous remark, and so she turns and heads upstairs, stomping loudly on the steps.

## **Chapter 5**

*Dear Diary,*

*I don't know how it's come to this. Now I'm Rhonda, a woman, or at least in appearance. I agreed to do this to appease these two horny bulls in the house. But now Tyler's lust seems to be pointing at me, and I don't know what to do. Do I let both these guys use me sexually to protect Pam? Oh, my poor wife, she's a shell of her former self. Depression is hitting her hard, and I'm worried she might hurt herself. The CDC has sent me some antidepressants for her. I think I need them too. I can't shake the feeling something is going to happen that we'll all regret if quarantine doesn't break soon. Rhonda.*

\*\*\*\*\*

On the six-month anniversary of when the lockdown began, Rhonda turns off the TV and heads up to the office to go to bed. It had been another day of fitting in housework and preparing the meals, while she spent some time working a new job she had recently picked up. The sissy feels tired, but the news the quarantine may soon end is making her feel happier. When she enters her office, she finds Tyler sitting at the desk, staring at the PC screen.

“Tyler? Is something up?” Rhonda asks, getting ready to hand him her panties. It’s become a thing.

The black man spins in the office chair and smiles at Rhonda. “I’ve just been looking at your work,” he said lightly. “You’re an excellent web designer, Rhonda.”

She smiles too. “Thanks. I’m so glad I got that job. I was getting so bored. How are your studies going?”

Tyler shrugs. “So-so, I’m so pent up I find it hard to concentrate. Law texts don’t help either. Endless pages of boring words that send you to sleep.”

Rhonda giggles and sits on the end of the bed. “I bet. Is something up, though? I’m really bushed and want to go to bed.”

“Can I be honest with you about something?” “Sure,” Rhonda said.

“I’m bisexual,” Tyler blurts.



A sudden hope fills Rhonda's chest. "Maybe you and Caleb could..."

"No, no, I'm not a full-on fag." Tyler screws his face as if he just sucked a lemon. "I'm only turned on by tranny porn and transsexuals. You know. Shemale. Chicks with dicks. Ladyboys. Anything else makes me want to vomit."

Rhonda flinches at this reference. She's never thought of herself as a transvestite or transsexual or even bisexual. This is going further and faster than Rhonda predicted. On the one hand, she's reveling in Tyler's attention and compliments since she began to dress permanently as a woman. She had even gotten excited than she ever imagined when she sometimes felt the man's hard black cock pressing into her when they brushed against each other. On the other hand, Rhonda's frightened at the prospect that this is probably leading somewhere she's never been.

Tyler stands and settles in next to Rhonda on the bed. The slit on Rhonda's dress exposes most of her leg. She shivers as she feels Tyler's bare leg now pressing against it. Tyler drops his hand onto Rhonda's thigh.

The black teen slowly rubs the warm thigh. “You know I know a couple of women who’d envy you these legs. I couldn’t say I’d blame them. They feel exceptional.”

Rhonda’s clit starts to get hard. “Thanks, good genes, I guess.”

She doesn’t know what to say or what to do. The sissy glances down at Tyler’s lap and sees the big cock outlined in the short pant leg. The outline reaches almost to the cuff. Tyler’s hand works slowly up the inside of Rhonda’s thigh and is now rubbing next to his balls. The black bull seems to be avoiding actually touching Rhonda’s balls or clit, both of which are throbbing. Then Tyler withdraws his hand, moves it to Rhonda’s hair. As he strokes the shoulder-length blonde tresses, he includes caresses of the neck.

“You have beautiful hair,” Tyler whispers hotly. “I’m glad you stopped wearing those awful wigs. Your real hair is so sexy. You’re incredibly lucky. Do you like this? You feel tense. Just relax.”

Rhonda sighs. “Yeah, that feels good. Especially on the neck. I like that.”

With that encouragement, Tyler begins an affectionate massage of Rhonda's neck. Then with his other hand, he takes Rhonda's hand. Tyler softly but firmly pulls Rhonda's hand onto the bulge in the cotton shorts, then presses. Another shiver of excitement. Rhonda squeezes the cock. It's hard and hot.

The sissy grabs the cock through the material and gently strokes it. She gazes down and watches her nail polished hand, rubbing the lump in the shorts. She watches as he pulls back, and the pant leg draws back. Rhonda sees the tip of Tyler's cock peek out from beneath the material. He did this a few times, each time exposing more of the purplish/brown cockhead. Then when the head's in full view, the sissy moves her fingers over to touch the naked skin. Rhonda rubs the flared head along the ridge, then down to the piss hole, feeling the slick pre-cum, and rubbing it around the end of the shaft.

The sissy moves her fingers down the length of the shaft, drawing it out from beneath the cotton shorts. She's seen it before and knows it's enormous, just like Caleb. It's hard but doesn't have the same feeling that her clit has in the same state. This cock feels softer, more like a big sausage or hot dog. That's the nature of penis size. Tiny dicks get really hard, monster cocks grow erect enough, but often not like a small one. Tyler suddenly draws aside the leg of his shorts, completely freeing the warm shaft and the balls beneath.

Then as Rhonda lifts the thick meat to better view the balls, she feels Tyler's hand return to the inside of her thigh. This time the hand works its way under the dress then continues to the hard clit. Rhonda spread her legs and enjoys the feel of the panties rubbing against her clit, the feel of the hand pressing against the small shaft. She peers at Tyler's balls. A huge wrinkled sack that moves up and down as Rhonda strokes the cock. The sissy slides her hand down to feel the balls, she cups them in her hand, lifting them slightly, feeling their weight. Then her hand returns to stroking the shaft.

Rhonda glances at Caleb's face. The teen sits quietly, clearly enjoying the show, and he has a hand inside his shirt. Rhonda knows he's pinching his nipples. As Rhonda bends forward to enjoy the sight of this cock in her hand, she feels Tyler's hand still caressing her neck. He's fondling her blonde locks, but now also gently pressing Rhonda closer to the black cock.

"Go ahead, Rhonda, get next to it. Touch it. Touch it with your tongue," Tyler whispers.

Rhonda doesn't resist, she knows she wants to feel the cock on her face, in her mouth. The sissy allows him to push her head next to the cock. Rhonda moves her hand back to the balls, and she sees

Tyler's hand wrap around the thick cock then rub the warm shaft against her cheek. Tyler rubs the firm meat all around Rhonda's face, then rubs the head against his closed lips. Rhonda can feel the slippery pre-cum as the tip slides across her lips.

“Lick it, Rhonda. Give it a nice kiss.”

The sissy sticks her tongue out, licks gingerly on the very end, feels the piss hole with her tongue. She licks around the head, gaining confidence and enthusiasm. Tyler's hand drops away from the shaft, and Rhonda opens her mouth and swallows the head. She licks around the head while holding her mouth still, her lips locked just over the high crown of Tyler's cockhead. The sissy feels Tyler move very slightly, ever so slightly fucking her mouth. The transsexual woman goes down further on the shaft but gags when she has only half of it inside.

“That's OK, Rhonda. Just suck the end. Just lick and suck, you're doing great. Squeeze my cock while you suck it, OK, Rhonda.  
*Mmmmmm.*”

Rhonda feels Tyler's hands on her head now, running fingers through her hair. She works the thick shaft in and out of her mouth, swirling her tongue around feeling the flared cockhead, probing the pee hole. Her jaws are getting tired. She pulls her face

off the black cock and rubs the wet shaft around her face again. Tyler's hands are still on Rhonda's head, and now he pulls her up. Suddenly Tyler's kissing the sissy. Without a thought, Rhonda returns the kiss, sucks the tongue that Tyler sends into her mouth. Returning the tongue favor to Tyler with great enthusiasm.

“I wanna fuck you. I wanna fuck that beautiful ass of yours. I wanna feel those fabulous legs over my shoulders,” Tyler moans into Rhonda's ear.

Rhonda knew all along it would come to this, ever since Tyler began substituting her panties for Pam's. She trembles and just can't seem to speak. Strangely, the sissy isn't really afraid of anal sex (Pam has used a strap-on on Ronny before), just of finding out she likes having a man fuck her. Tyler doesn't wait for an answer, he lifts Rhonda to her feet and begins undressing her. Rhonda doesn't resist. She just allows Tyler to control and direct her now. With an alacrity that bespoke much experience at this, Tyler soon has Rhonda naked and on the bed. Tyler shed his shorts and sweatshirt and lies next to Rhonda.

He pulls Rhonda close, stroking her back and ass. She feels the warmth of Tyler's body as her clit pressed into him with his big black cock pushing back. The sissy reaches between them, finds the hard shaft, and begins stroking it, rubbing it against her belly. Tyler resumes kissing Rhonda. Almost straight away, the two are

feverishly tonguing each other's mouth. He takes Rhonda's clit, pulls it to his own cock, then holds both in his hand and squeezes them together. Rhonda's clit feels the pulsating black cock. Tyler continues rubbing her clit against his cock for a while as they kiss.

The alpha man rolls over on top of Rhonda. The sissy glances down her belly and sees Tyler's mammoth black cock on top of her clit and lower abdomen. Tyler rocks back and forth, rubbing his cock on top of Rhonda as she watches in excitement. He watches as Tyler's cockhead covers with pre-cum, lubricating it. The sissy tenses with anticipation and anxiety as Tyler lifts her legs to gain access to her asshole.

Rhonda feels Tyler's finger rubbing pre-cum and spit around her asshole and then it slides inside. Tyler slides his finger in and out a few times, as he does this, he strokes Rhonda's clit. Then the black teen brings his large cock in to replace the finger. With gentle firm prods, Tyler presses against the puckered hole. The head of his cock slowly spreads the opening a little more with each push. Rhonda tries to push her anus into the cock, anxious to feel it inside of her.

The shemale winces as the cockhead finally gains entry. Tyler pauses to let the sphincter adjust and then presses in a little more of his big black cock. The cock soon moves more easily. Tyler

begins slowly fucking Rhonda and, at the same time, stroking her clit.

“You like it, Rhonda? You like my big black cock in your sweet ass?” Tyler moans.

*“Oh, God, yes. Oh, shit it feels so big,”* Rhonda groans

“That’s cos you’ve got the tightest pussy I ever fucked, and the hardest clit. Shit, your clitty is like a rock.”

*“Fuck me. I wanna be fucked.”*

Tyler can feel Rhonda’s asshole tighten around his veiny cock. He presses deeper on each stroke, so he’s soon burying the full length of his nine-inch cock in Rhonda’s asshole. He rubs some of the sissy’s pre-cum on the shaft of his cock, then begins fucking faster. Looking down at Rhonda beneath him, even without her dress, she still looks gorgeous. Her makeup is still quite good, her shoulder-length blonde hair, delicate features, and this is the first cock she’s ever had. Tyler’s in heaven.



Once Tyler adds the pre-cum lube and buries all his cock in Rhonda's asshole, the sissy starts to feel really good. She can feel the thick shaft as it moves in and out of her belly, she can feel the huge balls slap against her butt. The sissy likes it. No, she loves it. Tyler can feel himself getting close to climaxing. He strokes Rhonda's clit expertly, trying to get the sissy to orgasm close to the same time as he. He knows that's the best to shoot his hot load into her asshole while jerking her stiff clit to ejaculate at the same time.

“Are you close, Rhonda? Do you feel it? Feel my cock ramming you. Are you ready to cum, baby?”

*“Do it. Do it harder. Yes, I'm close, jack me off, fuck me, fuck me, fuck my pussy.”*

Tyler can't wait any longer. His balls ache and his cock throbs as he rams into Rhonda's asshole. *“Oh, God. I'm cumming. God, fuck, yeah,”* Tyler groans and buries his cock deep into the sissy's belly as he feels the jizz bursting forth.

Feeling the semen filling the sissy's bowels and dribble out over his balls, Tyler strokes Rhonda's clit hoping for a mutual climax from his partner. When Rhonda feels the sudden warmth in his

belly as the juices fill her stomach, her body responds. When Tyler's finished ejaculating, Rhonda's clit spews forth a jet of sperm shooting several feet into the air.

*"Yes. Yes. Oh yes. Shit, yes,"* Rhonda yells as she continues to spurt from the sinewy clit.

Tyler marvels as wad after wad of jizz blasts from the clit in his hand. With each burst, Rhonda rams her ass back, forcing Tyler's cock deeper into her belly. Tyler starts to pull out.

*"No, wait. Leave your cock inside me. I wanna feel it in me a little longer,"* Rhonda moans.

Tyler tries to hold his cock in, tries to keep it hard, but it's soon soft and slides out of the slippery hole that's now stretched wide by the furious fucking. The teen rolls off Rhonda and the bed. Standing with his big cock hanging so heavily covered in shit and jizz, he gestures to her.

*"Clean my cock with your mouth, Rhonda. Come on, lick it clean."*

Rhonda screws her nose. “Ew, no way,” she groans.

Tyler shakes his head. “You’re a sissy. A cock worshiper and this is what girls like you do. So, come on...”

Rhonda gazes at Tyler’s shit and jizz stained cock and grimaces.

“Clean that superior cock with your mouth, bitch boy,” he shouts. “Make sure everything is clean, even my balls, taint, and asshole.”

On hands and knees that are shaky, they barely support Rhonda’s weight; she crawls over and takes Tyler’s cock into her mouth. The sissy sucks Tyler’s soft cock down, licking around the shaft, cleaning the shit off it, tonguing the bull’s ass, taint, and balls getting all the remnants of sweat, shit, and semen off it. This has to be the most difficult part of the entire escapade so far. The taste is far from pleasant, the shit especially makes Rhonda gag. She never dreamed she’d have anal sex with a man, but to go ass-to-mouth is even more than Rhonda could imagine.

Eventually, Tyler pulls away and heads for the door. “See you in the morning, Rhonda,” he said, pulling it shut behind him.

Rhonda lies back on the bed and jerks off again. She soon orgasms so hard she sees stars. Then the sissy promptly falls asleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Dear Diary,*

*It's been two weeks since Tyler first fucked me. Since then, it's nearly every night he fills my asshole with his cum. I can't believe what a slut I've been. It's strange, but Caleb hasn't been pressing me for sex as I thought he would now I'm Rhonda. But Tyler is insatiable. I feel like I have that cock in my mouth several times a day too. The good news is I can now do my own hair and makeup, I've really got the hang of it. Quarantine drags on, Pam is barely speaking to me through the door. I did go in there the other day as Ronny, and she seems OK. The pills must be working. I don't know, maybe for the first time, I think we can make it. Hopefully, not much longer to go. All I can think about now is a big black cock. Rhonda.*

\*\*\*\*\*

A day later, After Rhonda finishes the housework, she goes upstairs to begin her web design work. The sissy hears a noise from the master bedroom and goes over to find it unlocked.

She opens the door saying, “Pam, are you OK?”

What she sees takes her breath away as the colossal offensive guard, Caleb, is fucking Pam up the asshole. His cock is huge, Rhonda knows this already because he’s seen it a few times now. However, to see it like this kind of takes her breath away. Caleb pulls his black cock out of her asshole, leaving the biggest gaping hole Rhonda’s ever seen in her life. Jizz dribbles out, running down Pam’s taint and pussy.

He slaps her butt cheek and said, “Hey, Pam, see what I did to your husband.”

Pam turns and stares at Rhonda. Her eyes glazed over and hair a mess. You’d think she was a junkie the way she looked, and maybe she is, only her drug is this big black cock.

“Are you wearing women’s clothes?” Pam shouts wide-eyed. “I, ah...”

“I told ya I could turn him,” Caleb said with a grin. “Took care of Tyler and him in one go.”

“What do you mean?” Pam asks wearily.

“Tyler’s been fucking your husband, babe. They’re regular peas in a pod nowadays.”

Pam laughs coldly. “I didn’t think you could do it, but you did.”

“Anything for you, babe.”

Rhonda is listening to this stunned. “But Caleb, you’re gay?” he said softly.

“Gay?” The big black man laughs. “In your dreams, sweet pea. I’ve been fucking Pam for the last two years. This fucking quarantine has been a real pain in the ass, so I’ve been working on you so I can get back to plowing that sweet pussy again.”

Rhonda’s hand goes to her mouth. “No, it can’t be,” she mumbles.

“Oh, hey, Ronny, err, Rhonda, you’re just in time,” Pam mumbles.

Rhonda watches Caleb wipe the shit off his big black cock feeling as if she wants to kill the man. “In time for what?” the sissy asks meekly.

“I need a clean up here. Caleb’s been fucking me all day. So, I’m full of his cum,” she said wearily.

“I’m not doing it,” Rhonda said, eyes bulging.

“Shut the fuck up,” Pam said coldly. “Do as you’re told, bitch, or get the fuck out and never come back.”

That stings Rhonda as she didn’t want to lose Pam. “I, um...”

“Take those stupid clothes off and get over here and do your duty,” Pam said curtly.

So, with a sigh, the sissy began to undress draping her dress, bra, pantyhose, and pink panties over a chair until she’s naked.

“Aww, look at that little dicklette. It’s like a little boy’s cock, or a big clit,” Caleb said and laughs, making Ronny blush.

“Useless is what it is,” Pam said as she rolls over onto her back, spreading her jizz filled cunt for Ronny. “Come on, clean me, cucky. Taste a real man’s cum.”

Caleb snickers. “Oh, he’s been tasting that every day for a few weeks now.”

Ronny kisses Pam’s stomach, making her slap him in the side of the head hard. “Your job is to clean me, and nothing else. Only Caleb gets to kiss me now.”

“But, Pam, I’ve done all this to protect you,” Ronny whines.

She suddenly grabs the top of his head and forces it into her smelly cunt. He had no choice, so he licks and sucks her messy pussy. He had done this before when Tyler had fucked her and again, he feels humiliated by the deed.



She purrs, pushing his face deeper into her cunt. “You like the smell of my well fucked cunt, don’t you, bitch boy?”

Ronny has to admit Caleb’s jizz tastes excellent, and his little dick is as hard as it can be. There’s a lot of sperm inside her cunt, and he sucks it out of her ass too. Pam moans, getting off on the workings of Ronny’s tongue, and she climaxes hard, squirting a pissy tasting fluid into the sissy’s mouth followed by more of Caleb’s jizz.

“That’s the taste of a real man, not a small dick sissy fag, like you,” she chides between her moans that just make Ronny more excited.

After about thirty minutes, Pam pushes him off and tells him to stand so she can take a look at him. “Those tablets have really done an excellent job on you, sissy bitch,” she said.

“What tablets?” Ronny asks wide-eyed.

“The tablets you got for the virus,” she said with a smirk. “They were hormone tablets. Female hormone tablets to be precise. You really do look like a girl with a little tiny dick now.”

Caleb comes in with a can of beer. “You two done reuniting?” he asks with a grin.

Pam nods. “Yes, I think Ronny understands his place now. Don’t you, dear.”

Ronny nods numbly. “You both tricked me into all of this,” he said softly.

The sissy’s world is breaking now. The one person in his life he thought he could trust turned out to be a liar and an adulterer. That person is his wife.

Pam and Caleb laugh. “Oh, you love being a sissy slut, so stop feeling sorry for yourself and embrace the real you,” Pam said.

Suddenly, Tyler enters the room. “What’s all the shouting about up here?”

“Oh, nothing, dawg,” Caleb said, lying back on the bed next to Pam. “Rhonda is just having a little hissy fit about her life.”

Tyler is staring at the naked sissy. “Why aren’t you dressed, Rhonda?”

Ronny glances between all three. “Fuck you all,” he said, scooping up his clothes. “If you think I’m gonna be your sissy maid and sex toy, then you can all go get fucked.”

Pam laughs coldly. “Where are you gonna go? We’re all stuck here in the house.”

Ronny suddenly pushes past Tyler and runs to his room. He throws his clothes on the bed and gets some sweatpants and a t-shirt and dresses. After he has runners on, the sissy briskly walks downstairs and toward the front door.

Tyler hears him going down the stairs and comes to the top to see what Ronny is doing. The black man gasps when he realizes where Ronny is going. “Stop, Ronny, don’t be stupid...” he shouts.

It’s too late, though, and Ronny opens the front door and runs outside.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ronny runs out onto the street, shouting, “*Shoot me, I’m infected. Shoot me, I’m infected...*”

He gets to the middle of the street and spins around, waiting for the soldiers to interact with him, to shoot him for breaking quarantine. His heart is racing, and his body fills with heat.

Everything he did to try to get everyone through the quarantine, and it turns out they were treating him like a fool. Using him to play their nasty games on. His wife cheating on him for some time now. All of it bursting forth from his soul in this craven act of self-destruction. He spins and spins.

“*I’m infected. I’m infected,*” Ronny shouts.

Then, as the dizziness overtakes him, Ronny falls to his hands and knees, sobbing loudly.

“*I’m infected,*” he whispers with his eyes shut tight, crying.

Yet no bullets come. No sirens sound. No soldiers shout at him to go back inside the house. Slowly he opens his eyes, lifts his head, and stares up the street to see no one.

“What the fuck?” he whispers.

He glances over to the house to see Pam, Tyler, and Caleb, watching from the verandah. There’s a look of anguish on Pam’s face as she too waits for the soldiers to open fire on her sissy husband. Now Ronny hears the crunching of gravel as footsteps sound behind him. He closes his eyes again, waiting for his death

“*I’m infected, stay back,*” he shouts, his body trembling.

“Yeah, we all are,” a male voice said coldly from behind. “So what?”

Ronny decides to climb to his feet, and he turns to see Robert Simpson standing there, staring back with a deep frown.

“Robbie?”

“Mr. Evans, nice to see you,” the tall, athletic blond man said.

“The soldiers are gone.”

“What? How?”

Robert shrugs. “They pulled out during the night. I think the quarantine is over.”

“They haven’t said anything on the TV about it,” Ronny said, scratching his head.

“Yeah, but where are they then? You should be dead now, just like...” Robert turns away.

“I’m sorry, Robbie. We saw what happened. I tried to phone your house, but you never answered.”

Robbie glances at the three in the doorway. “So, I’m guessing this virus was as rough on you as it was on my family.”

Ronny glances at his house too. “Yeah, they turned me into a sissy slut. Is that what happened to your dad?”

“Something like that,” Robbie said, staring at the ground. “What happened was pretty fucked up, I don’t wanna talk about it.”

“Do you think it was the virus?”

“Maybe, some of it, but I’ve been reading online something about the pills they’ve been giving everyone was the probable cause of why...”

“Yes, Pam said something about that,” Ronny said, feeling a rush of adrenalin. “She said my pills were female hormones.

So, the pills they took affected them too. Made them hypersexual?”

“Yes, well, that’s what they’re saying on the internet.”

Ronny blows out a breath and shakes his head. “Fuck. That means the gov did this on purpose.”

“So, what now?” Robert asks.

“Have you stopped taking the pills?”

Robert nods.

“Do you mind if I stay over at your place for a while,” Ronny asks with a smile. “Things have gotten a bit heavy at home.” “Sure, but what about them?” Robert said, nodding toward the house.

Pam suddenly shouts, “Come back, Ronny. Before a cop shoots you, silly man.”

“Fuck them,” Ronny said, taking Robert’s arm and leading him toward the Simpson’s house. “Let them stew in their own filth for a while.”

“But you haven’t got any clothes,” Robert said with a frown. “Maybe you should go pack a bag.”



“I can wear your mom’s clothes if you like. We could have an enjoyable time while we wait for everyone to realize the quarantine is over.”

“You’d do that?” Robert asks as they move over the front lawn.

“Why not. These pills have turned me into a sissy cumslut. Might as well enjoy it while it lasts. Are you up for it?”

“Fuck yeah,” Robert said and smiles. “I’m so sick of jerking off into mom’s panties.”

Ronny laughs. “You sound just like Tyler,” he said. “*RONNY ... RONNY...*” Pam shouts.

“*Come back, Rhonda, I need you,*” Tyler shouts.

Robert frowns at Ronny. “Rhonda?” he asks, raising an eyebrow.

“It’s my sissy name. You can call me that if you like,” Ronny said with a smile.

“OK, Rhonda, let’s go inside and fuck. I gotta big cock. I hope you can handle it.”

“Oh, I can, let’s go.”

After they enter the Simpson's house, Ronny turns and has one final look at the three standing on the porch across the street. They stare back with forlorn looks on their faces. Ronny suddenly flips them the bird and then closes the door on their exasperated faces. The sissy laughs as he then turns and takes Robert into his arms, and they kiss deeply.

## **Epilogue**

*'Dear Diary,*

*All work and no cock make Rhonda a very sad girl. All work and no cock make Rhonda a very sad girl. All work and no cock make Rhonda a very sad girl. All work and no cock make Rhonda a very sad girl. All work and no cock make Rhonda a very sad girl. All work and no cock make Rhonda a very sad girl...'*

***The End.***