

Jamacian Me Want BBC!

By Brian Masters

Concept by Devin Dickie

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

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

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

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Please forgive me for the language in this story. I'll start out trying to use a Jamaican accent for the locals but I will definitely not

continue it because I'm just too lazy. So I ask your indulgence to imagine the locals speaking with that wonderful accent.

Part One

Well it's finally here, the vacation I've been planning for several months. We're going to Jamaica for an entire month! I promised my wife, Mary, we'd do it after the quarterly review was finished and the company was doing well enough to leave it in the hands of my board of directors. Mary has been bugging me for months to go to Jamaica, it's like she's obsessed with the place for some reason despite the fact neither of us have ever been. It took forever to get to this place and I couldn't be more proud. I started my company nearly ten years ago and have clawed and scraped for a decade till I reached the financial success I'd promised Mary all those years ago. I won't say we're filthy rich but we are certainly wealthy and can live in comfort for the rest of our lives.

As the plane touched down in Kingston I felt all the pressures of a corporate accountant wash away and knew this was going to be the life changing event I'd dreamed it would be for Mary and myself. We deserved this. A month away from everything we normally worried over would be great for our marriage.

Mary and I had been married nearly fifteen years and she was just as stunning as the day we met. She was built like a porn junkie's wet dream and I still can't believe she ever ended up with the likes of me, Delmont Keefer.

My wife is a tall woman who stands a few inches over me at five foot nine. She's got an enormous chest that's a stunning 46DD standing out with very little sign of sag despite the sheer weight of those beautiful breasts. Her behind is just as amazing and I tell her all the time she should be twerking in some rap video with

that perfect phat ass of hers. And those legs? Oh my god her legs are long and slender making everyone who sees her, man and woman alike, want them wrapped around them. Mary is a natural blonde and keeps her hair long and wavy like some supermodel you'd have a poster of on your wall. Her pert little nose, luscious full red lips, and smoldering blue eyes finish the perfect painting that is my gorgeous wife.

I guess you could say that I stand in complete contrast to her stunning beauty as I'm not exactly the leading man type. I'm five foot five and very thin. From behind I'm told I look like a teenage girl cause the only defining feature on me is what Mary calls my bubble butt. I wear my black hair a bit long simply because I want to stand out in the world of finance despite the fact that some men have told me I look like a woman from a distance. I've never been very athletic, preferring a good book over a workout, so I guess you could say I'm not exactly a tough guy. Hey I got the beauty queen so screw you. She's even ok with my issues downstairs. Ok, I'm not very big in the dick department but I do alright. Four and a half inches is average isn't it?

Anyway after we hailed a cab I tipped the boy who'd carried our bags and we were off to the resort in a car that smelled distinctly like marijuana. Not that I'm a prude or anything but I simply feel only lowlife's 'smoke on the reefer' as the kids say. I may put a call in to the driver's boss about this.

Or maybe I'd report him for the way he seems to be hitting on my wife. This driver, named Winston, got awfully comfortable with Mary right from the get go. He kept talking about clubs she should 'check out' and great places for 'De lovely ladies to dance mon'.

Luckily I'm an evolved, modern man who is above baring his fangs at the competition.

When we reached the hotel I really started getting mad at the driver because he was obviously fawning over my wife right in front of me. I was just about to say something when Mary said, "Delly be a dear and get the luggage while I give Winston here a nice tip."

First of all, I hate being called Delly and she knows that very well. And second, I was shocked at her insistence that I remove the luggage from the trunk of the car and put it on a luggage cart. What the hell? She was tipping this asshole twenty dollars for doing nothing! And did I see him slip her his card?

Before I had a chance to say anything Winston was back in the car and driving away, Mary was headed for the main desk, and I was left struggling with the bags. By the time I caught up with her at the check in desk she was giggling over something the muscular black man behind the desk had said to her.

"Oh there you are Delly, Maurice here was just saying the funniest thing about the size of...oh well it doesn't matter. You wouldn't think it was very funny. Anyway Maurice was just telling me about some great local clubs we should look into. He says the touristy stuff is very boring and we really need to see the real Jamaica with the locals." Mary said smiling at the man behind the counter.

"Um yeah that sounds great," I said, "But how about we get checked in? I'm pretty tired from the trip."

Mary looked at me like I'd just kicked a puppy. She was embarrassed, I could tell. What the hell?

“Pardon my rude hubby Maurice; he's lacking in social skills.” She said.

“No worries pretty lady, Maurice gon take good care of you.” The large black man said as he handed her the card key for our room. Before I knew it Mary was walking away toward the elevator and this guy Maurice was smirking at me like the cat who ate the canary.

I said, “You can just send our bags up to our room then Maurice.” And this bastard had the gaul to say, “Oh no mon, we don't do dat here mon. You best hurry so you can keep up wit your fine ass woman.”

I was so angry I was too shocked to speak. Not that it mattered, the bastard had turned his back on me and was flirting with another white woman ignoring me completely. I struggled with the luggage and caught up with Mary at the elevator.

“Honestly Del, what's wrong with you? How could you embarrass me in front of Maurice like that? He's such a gentleman and you're acting like a rude American. You'd better be nicer to the people here so I can learn more about the local culture.” Mary scolded me.

Part Two

Upon the recommendation of the rude cab driver Mary and I went out to a club well off the normal tourist routes. It was a dive that looked like a storage shed someone had turned into a bar. We were the only white people there and the crowd looked at me with obvious disgust while treating Mary like a celebrity. I wanted to leave from the moment we entered the place but Mary insisted I get into the spirit of this vacation so I sat quietly sipping my beer

while she looked around at the crowd of people with excitement in her eyes.

“Wow, there are some very handsome men in this bar,” My wife said, “I could get used to this kind of scenery.”

“Honestly Mary what’s gotten into you? These men are all black and they look like uneducated workmen.”

She responded with, “That’s very offensive and racist Del and it makes me sick to hear it. Don’t you speak like that ever again! Besides you could learn a thing or two from these studs, look how confident and in control they all are. I’ll bet none of them have the kind of trouble you have in the bedroom.”

I was shocked and quickly said, “Mary that’s not fair, I try my best to please you but you’re just so beautiful that I have trouble controlling myself!”

“Oh bullshit!” Mary said laughing. “You’ve never had any control over that tiny thing you call a penis. Honestly if I had known how, ‘underendowed’ you were I might never have married you despite the money. Even if you didn’t shoot your little dribbles of watery splooge after one or two pumps you’d still never satisfy me with that little dingle of yours.”

“Please don’t say things like that Mary, you make me feel terrible. It really hurts my feelings and makes me feel like less of a man when you talk like that.” I said with tears rising in my eyes.

“Oh shit, here come the waterworks again!” Mary said. “I swear you’re more the woman in this marriage than I am. Maybe you should be the one wearing panties and dresses if you’re going to cry and whine like a little bitch.”

I was just about to respond when a shadow fell across our table. Looking up I saw the tallest, blackest, most muscular man I'd ever seen before smiling down at my wife.

“Hello pretty lady, may I have this dance?” He said in a voice like an avalanche rolling down a mountain.

Mary looked up and said, “Oh my! Why yes you may.” Before taking his hand and standing up.

“Wait a minute here!” I said in what I thought was a manly and tough voice. “That’s my wife and we’re in the middle of a conversation.” I started to get up but the man was standing in such a way as to block my movements with his foot behind the leg of my chair preventing me from moving it backward. I was stuck sitting there like a fool.

“Don’t worry little boy, I’ll be very nice to the pretty lady. You just sit here and guard her purse like a good hubby.” The man said without looking at me, his eyes focused on Mary the entire time.

Mary looked at me with a sneer and said, “What did I tell you about embarrassing me Delly? Behave yourself and mind your manners.”

With that they were off to the dance floor while I sat there in stunned silence watching. The second they reached the floor the music slowed down and the big brute pulled my Mary in close, pressing her substantial breasts into his massive chest. As he turned her in their sultry dance I saw both of his hands on her ass squeezing and fondling her ample cheeks like a savage. The dress Mary wore left little to the imagination and I noticed no discernable panty line. My god she was wearing a thong under

that silky, thin dress. He might as well have been grabbing her bare ass!

They danced like longtime lovers whispering in each other's ears and laughing at some private joke. I was boiling with anger but every time I tried to get up and go after them an uncontrollable fear overtook me and forced me to stay in my seat. I was terrified of that black thug. As I watched him maul my wife a strange thing began to happen to me. I found myself becoming aroused by the sight of my wife with this muscular stranger. I was instantly ashamed of the erection poking against my pants and tried to maintain my anger instead of thinking about it.

The two of them danced together for nearly forty five minutes while I sat there like an idiot watching. The brute was holding Mary so close his crotch was pressed against hers in a very provocative way. From where I was sitting I could swear Mary was grinding her crotch into his, practically humping him on the dancefloor. It was obvious to everyone in the club that she was my wife since they were all locals and we were the only white couple in the place. What made it worse was the way people laughed and pointed at me as I sat there literally watching Mary's purse as she was groped on the dancefloor by this hulking black man. I know I looked like a wimp since I did nothing to stop my humiliation for fear of provoking the much larger man.

Finally they made their way back to the table and sat down smiling at each other and covered in a glossy sheen of sweat. I have to admit they looked amazing together in the way they had already become so relaxed around one another. I started to say something to Mary but the two of them were huddled close together whispering in what seemed a very intimate conversation.

I was really getting pissed by this time and stood up to confront my mischievous wife and this rude thug when the man looked over at me and said, “Oh yeah I forgot you were here boy, run and get us a couple of drinks this wild woman has worked up a powerful thirst in me.”

I couldn't believe the cheek! “Now see here!” I said. “That's my wife you're talking about and I've about had enough of this behavior! Come on Mary, let's go!”

Mary looked at me as if she just noticed I was there and said, “Oh Del behave yourself. Stop trying to ruin my fun. God I'm so tired of you always being so damned insecure. I mean just because you fail to measure up in the bedroom don't bring your issues out in public with you.” Then she laughed as she realized exactly what she'd just said out loud.

I was shocked and shouted, “Mary! What the hell is wrong with you?”

“Oops!” She replied. “Was that a bit too far? Well Delly you have to just man up and admit your shortcomings, after all we're all friends here aren't we?”

“Friends!” I shouted. “I don't even know this man's name and he's been dry humping you all night!”

Mary giggled like a school girl but before she could say anything the man said, “My name is Albert but you can call me Sir. Now you'd better run along and get those drinks little Dilly before you make me angry.”

Mary snort laughed at the intentional mangling of her nickname for me and smiled up at me in anticipation of my reaction. I knew this was a seminal moment in our marriage. I knew I had to stand

up for myself as well as for my wife. I stared at the black man with the most dangerous look I could muster daring him to back up his words.

And he turned his back to me and continued talking to Mary. The son of a bitch didn't see me as a threat at all. Mary's eyes sparkled as she listened to what he whispered in her ear, then she waited a beat to see what I would do. I simply stood there like a fool too afraid to say more or to do anything. Mary's gaze turned to disgust and she turned away from me to focus on the man who'd emasculated me in her eyes.

I stood there nervously for another couple of seconds then slinked away to the bar with my tail between my legs. I ordered a couple of local beers and paid for them to the laughs and jeers of the locals at the bar.

Upon returning to the table Albert motioned with a wave of his hand for me to set the drinks down then ignored me once again. I sat down across from them and watched as they caressed each other's faces, held hands, laughed and flirted like lovers while completely ignoring my presence. After a while they finished their drinks and the black bastard snapped his fingers at me to order another round. This happened several more times that night as Mary and Albert talked then danced then talked then danced for hours on end. Finally the bar gave the last call and I was relieved to finally be able to take my wife away from here to talk some sense into her.

The two of them stood up and with barely a glance at me Albert said, "Hey boy, go hail us a taxi."

Mary giggled again and said, "Oh Albert I never knew men could be so assertive. I just love how you take command of a situation."

I couldn't believe her! She was basically treating me like a doormat right in front of this complete stranger and praising him for making it happen.

I made my way outside and after several failed attempts began to think these lazy people didn't want to pick up a fair and do their jobs. Mary and Albert exited the club to find me standing there making another futile attempt to flag down a taxi.

Albert said, "Damn boy can't you even do this right? Mary sweetheart, you were right about this sad little white boy, he ain't got no balls at all."

And with that he whistled louder than I'd ever heard and a cab pulled up immediately in response. Mary tisked at me and said, "Honestly how hard is it to hail a cab? I swear Delly, or should I say Dilly, you really are an embarrassment."

Mary and Albert climbed into the back seat of the cab and before I could get in Albert closed the door. The window was down and he leaned out a bit before saying to me, "Naw boy, you ain't gon come wit us, you find your own way. I and I will take care of dis lovely lady." It irritated me the way his damn accent got stronger the more he'd had to drink.

Before I could protest the cab sped off to the sound of Mary's hearty laughter leaving me standing on the street with my mouth hanging open. I was unable to get another taxi to stop of course so I had to start walking. The crowd outside the club saw me off with hysterical laughter, taunts, and rude names as they'd seen clearly what had occurred and knew that thug had just made off with my wife.

It took me more than an hour to walk back to the hotel and I was an exhausted, sweaty mess by the time I arrived. The scene I walked in on made my heart skip a beat when I opened the hotel room door.

Part Two

“Hey boy! Bout time you got here, grab me another beer from de fridge, I can’t get up right now.” Albert said to me from the bed as I walked into the room. The bastard was sitting on the edge of the bed with my Mary sitting right next to him and she was, she was, oh god she was giving him a handjob right there in front of me.

“Mary what the fuck is going on?” I asked with what I’m afraid to say is a very high pitched squeak to my voice.

“Oh Dilly stop being such a prude and get Albert his beer. If you’re a good boy maybe he’ll let you stay here instead of making you find somewhere else to spend the night.” My wife said with a slightly drunken slur to her voice. Not that alcohol could be blamed in any way, since Mary had been acting like a slut all night with this man.

I started to move toward them not really sure what I was going to do when I was stunned silent in my tracks. The sight before me was too unreal to believe but there it was in all its horrid glory. Albert’s cock. I’d never seen anything like it, not even in the porn I loved to look at. His cock was enormous. It stood up from his lap almost a full foot in length and was thicker around than my wrist. There was a thick vein running up it’s length that I’m ashamed to say was about the same width as my own small penis. The man was circumcised so the huge, round head of his cock was fully visible and it had to be the same size as a ripe plum. There was a steady stream of clear liquid leaking from the piss slit and I was

amazed that his precum was more voluminous than my actual spend.

Contrasting that monster, midnight black cock was Mary's dainty pink hand sliding up and down the length. The difference in color was captivating and I swallowed hard when I noticed she couldn't close her hand around the sheer girth of this man's cock. A sparkle caught my eye and I realized it was Mary's wedding ring, the symbol of our love and devotion, riding up and down another man's cock on her slim finger.

Albert was smiling at me with a look of victory and contempt as he reached around my wife and began to fondle her breasts. I've always loved Mary's tits and found them to be her most striking feature so the sight of this animal molesting them drove me into a silent rage. But I just stood there gaping at the two of them unable to move an inch. I felt like such a fool. My initial instinct was to man up and leave the room never to see that cheating bitch again but something kept me frozen in place. I love my wife. It's that simple. I adore and worship her so I simply allowed this obscene act to play out in front of me with tears building up in my eyes.

At that moment Albert snapped his fingers at me and said, "Hey wimp, get me a fucking beer. Are you deaf or stupid?"

This was it! This was my moment. I could save face, reclaim my wife, and restore my honor all in one moment. I would leap forward, grab this smug bastard by the throat, and beat the shit out of him showing Mary that I was a real man after all. Yes! That's exactly what I'd do.

Well, it's exactly what a real man would do isn't it? But not me. No, I proved to Mary that this man's opinion of me was correct. I lowered my eyes to the floor and said, "Yes Sir" before moving to

the fridge and taking out a cold beer for him. I opened the beer and walked the couple of feet to the bed in absolute shame and humiliation as my wife snickered and snorted her amusement and her lover chuckled at me as if he knew this was exactly how it would all play out.

I was burning in shame as I handed Albert his beer, the only sound in the room was the wet slapping sound of my dear wife stroking that monster of a cock right in front of me. Albert took a swallow of his beer and grinned up at me as he leaned back to enjoy his handjob.

“Strip” was the one word command he gave me. I must have looked like a fish out of water as my mouth kept opening and closing without making a sound. Mary giggled and said, “Oh Albert you’re so bad. You’ll embarrass the poor little thing.”

Albert laughed once acknowledging that was the whole point. I said, “Please don’t make me do that Sir. You’re getting everything you want here, there’s no point in degrading me even further.”

Mary actually looked annoyed at me as she said, “Don’t you dare ruin this for me Dilly! You better do everything Albert tells you to or you might piss him off. And believe me you don’t want to piss him off.”

Albert smiled at me as my wife continued to stroke his massive cock. I was beginning to weep openly now with tears running down my cheeks as I begged this man with my eyes to please not humiliate me further.

I should have known better than to think I’d find any sympathy as the black thug’s smile left his face and he looked at me with

murder in his eyes. “You aren’t thinking of disobeying me, are you white boy?” He asked me.

I stammered out some weak assed response then slowly began to slip out of my clothes. Before long I was standing in front of my wife and her new lover in just my underwear, my body covered in goosebumps despite the hot tropical weather. I was shaking in shame with fresh tears rolling down my face.

Mary looked at me and laughed, “Jesus, look at him! You were right Albert, he is a sissy wimp! I guess your theory about white boys is true, they’re all just simpering, useless, sissies around superior black men.”

“It’s just nature at work.” Albert replied. “Just look at his tiny body. If you saw him from the neck down you’d swear he was a woman. He’s all pink and hairless like a little girl. But now I want you to see the full comparison and understand what you’ve been suffering with for so long my dear. Drop the shorts snowflake!”

The last was of course directed at me and with a loud sob I pulled my tighty whities down and kicked them away. Albert burst out laughing and Mary joined him shortly after.

“What the hell is that thing?” The black man said between bouts of laughter. “I knew it would be inferior but I had no idea they came in such miniature sizes!”

Mary was giggling as she said, “My god I had no idea how tiny it really was until I saw what a cock was supposed to look like. That thing can’t even be called a cock, it’s not in the same universe as a real man’s cock. It’s more like a nub or an oversized clit. How the hell have I wasted so much time with that pathetic thing?”

I was too ashamed to speak so I just stood there blushing from head to toe and shaking in degradation. The two of them had a good time laughing and making fun of my penis, calling it every humiliating name they could come up with, but finally settling on “Dilly’s Dinky”.

Albert moaned as Mary continued to pump his cock now using both hands to pleasure him. He then pointed at the chair in the corner of the room and said, “Sit your ass down and keep quiet white boy. If you make a sound I’ll throw your ass out of this room exactly the way you are now. But if you’re a good little sissy wimp you can stay and watch how a real man treats a lovely lady like your wife.”

I looked back and forth between the two of them, and seeing no compassion at all, I sat down in complete defeat and shame.

Albert stood up and pulled Mary to her feet before him. They began kissing passionately as if I wasn’t in the room at all, their hands exploring each other's bodies like newlyweds. The wet sounds of their kissing and their soft moans soon filled the room and a strange thing began happening to me. My penis began to stiffen. I was actually becoming aroused by this strange man molesting my wife.

Part Three

It was like watching an erotic scene in a movie as Albert and my wife removed each other’s clothing. They went at each other like animals while I sat there and watched in horror. They groped each other while moaning and panting like a couple of horny teenagers after prom. All the while Albert kept his eyes on mine as if daring me to say or do anything to stop him. And me? I just sat there in fear watching this man take my wife and make her his. For her

part, Mary was not only a willing participant, she was manic in her desperation to fuck this man she'd met a few mere hours ago.

When they were both completely naked Albert placed his hands on Mary's shoulders and none too gently pushed her to her knees.

I watched in sick fascination as my beautiful wife took this muscular black stranger's cock between her perfect lips and began sucking him in earnest. She moaned and slurped on his tool mewling like a kitten the entire time with no sign of regretting the pain she was inflicting on me.

Albert said, "Damn boy your wife sucks a mean dick! She has a natural talent for black cock. Just look at the way she's devouring my dick. I'll bet she never goes after your tiny nub like this."

Fresh tears poured from my eyes as I tried to look away but the erotic magnetism the two of them exuded forced me to continue watching my own cuckolding. Albert had his hand on the back of Mary's head and he was using her mouth to jack himself off at his own pace. Mary gulped and gagged, whimpered and moaned, slobbered and suckled for all she was worth as this masterful black thug abused her in ways I'd never dreamed. Mary was not herself as she allowed this man to degrade her in such a misogynistic way. She would never allow me to do anything like this as she found blowjobs to be demeaning to women. Ha! Obviously that was a lie! She certainly didn't seem to mind it if the cock was huge and black!

The rough blowjob went on for nearly forty five minutes as my own penis became uncomfortably rigid and I wanted nothing more than to stroke myself off for the sheer relief of it but I would not give this bastard the satisfaction of knowing how turned on I was.

I should have known better than to think I could hide such a thing as Albert said, “It looks like your sissy hubby is a bit of a faggot too the way he’s watching you swallow my cock Mary my love.”

Mary pulled her mouth from the giant black cock with an audible popping sound and said, “I told you before I thought he was a bit of a swish just from the way he behaved and the type of porn he looks at.”

Albert laughed and pulled Mary to her feet before throwing her on her back in the middle of the king sized bed. Mary’s last statement was still buzzing in my head as I tried to figure out when and why she’d had a chance to talk about my porn habits with Albert. Also, how did she even know what kind of porn I liked? I was feeling very uneasy about things but was also still too frightened to move or to speak up. I simply sat there as they moved on to the next phase of my cuckolding.

Albert moved Mary so that I was able to see everything they were doing as he straddled her body and moved himself up to her chest. He slid his massive cock between her heaving breasts then took both of her hands and placed them on her tits forcing her to squeeze them together against his dick. He began sawing his tool between those tits I loved so much soiling them and spoiling them for me forever. Mary moaned and giggled as his plum sized cock head popped out from between her twin mounds with each thrust and soon they began a rhythmic dance where Albert fucked Mary’s tits and she used her mouth to catch his cock head for a quick suck and lick with every forward push of the black man’s hips.

“Look closely white boy! Just watch what your wife will do for me that she will never do for you. She’s my woman now, body and

soul, so you better get used to the new world order. Just look at your tiny pecker trying to act like a real dick as you watch your wife give herself to a real man. You are truly pathetic Dilly!” The cruel man taunted me as he defiled my wife.

The two lovers were soon covered with a sheen of sweat which added extra lubrication to their unholy actions and made for a much easier and more erotic tit fuck for the awful thug. He was grinning as he plowed my lovely wife’s tits with his filthy black cock acting like the animal I knew him to be.

Mary turned her head to look at me as Albert teased me with his awful words and a smile slipped across her face making her glow with the beauty I’d fallen for all those years ago. But that smile wasn’t for me. It was meant to humiliate me further as she said, “Oh Silly Dilly you look so precious there in all your glory. Does it make my little man angry to see the big bad black man play with his toys? Don’t worry Dilly you won’t ever touch my perfect tits again so there’s no need to be jealous, they belong to Albert now.”

Albert laughed and said, “I love it when you tease the sissy my darling. You make me so damn hot!”

With that he moved off my wife and gripping her hips lifted her into position on her hands and knees. He moved behind her and when they were both facing me he quickly slipped his massive cock into my wife’s soaking wet pussy. She screamed out in pleasure at the fullness provided by the huge organ and her eyes flew open wide. She stared right into my eyes as the black man began fucking her in earnest, a constant barrage of wordless sounds of intense arousal bursting from her mouth. She screamed out in ecstasy with every forward thrust from the animal behind her.

While Mary was incapable of speech, Albert talked non stop degrading me further with every word.

“Look at her white boy! Look at your beautiful wife as she’s pleased by a real man. Look into her eyes and see the true bliss she could never get from you. She’s my woman now, mine! I own this pussy! I control this pussy! And by extension I own and control you white boy! Look how pathetic you are just sitting there with your tiny pink erection watching a far superior man take what was once yours! You sicken me snowflake! You’re not a man at all, you’re a sissy faggot!”

He went on and on like this the entire time he fucked my wife making me feel smaller than I’d ever felt. I was completely distraught as I sat there like a useless wimp allowing this to happen. I felt any trace of manhood escaping from me with each savage thrust of the black man’s weapon. For it was a weapon, stabbing away my marriage vows, my manhood, my self esteem, and any confidence I’d ever had in my ability to satisfy my darling wife. I felt myself becoming the sissy Albert said I was.

I watched the contrasting colors of their sweat soaked bodies riding for over an hour as Mary screamed out orgasm after orgasm, shattering the last vestiges of her fidelity to me.

Then it happened. As Mary looked directly into my eyes, Albert shouted out, “I’m cumming! I’m filling your wife’s cheating pussy with my superior seed!”

Mary yelled, “Yes, fuck yes! Fill me up you wonderful black bastard! Fuck your cum deep inside me! Show this worthless sissy how a real man breeds his bitch!”

I never even touched myself. Something about Mary's filthy words or the way she looked into my soul as Albert came inside her. I just don't know how it happened but I came at the same time. It was the greatest orgasm of my entire life and it felt like it was crippling me in its intensity. Three quick bursts of watery jizz squirted from my undersized penis and dribbled against my leg. It looked pathetic I'm certain but it felt amazing!

Mary was too busy being owned by black cock to notice but Albert gave me a knowing, amused glare as he filled my wife to near bursting with his massive load. How was I so certain it was a massive load? Oh I'd find out soon enough.

Part Four

Mary collapsed on the bed and Albert lay down next to her confident in his manipulation of the situation. He'd just fucked my wife silly right in front of me and was behaving as though it was perfectly natural to have his way with a married woman while her husband sat subdued in the same room. I was humiliated beyond belief but also relieved that it was finally over and this horrid man would be leaving us alone to try and repair the damage Mary had done to our marriage.

Mary looked over at me and smiled before saying, "Oh my god Dilly! Did you squirt your meager little load while you watched me get royally fucked? Did that really just happen? Were you turned on watching a real man fuck me senseless?"

Albert laughed and said, "Oh that's exactly what happened my dear. I told you your hubby was a perverted little sissy fag didn't I? He's typical of all white men in that way. As soon as you told me about his predilection for interracial porn and cuckold comics I knew he lived for the chance to see his wife get blacked."

“Well you were certainly right about that darling. Just look at the little sissy sitting there in his own mess. I can’t help wondering if it was seeing me naked, seeing you fuck me, or just the sight of your impressive black cock that made him squirt?” Mary said with a sneer in my direction.

I’d finally had enough and I stood up to confront them both, “Now wait just a minute! I’ve had more than I can take from both of you! This has gone far enough! Do you want a divorce Mary? Is that it? Are you throwing away our marriage for this man you just met?”

Mary began laughing and Albert joined right in. Mary had trouble speaking due to her laughter but her message came across loud and clear. “Oh Delmont you poor deluded sap! I didn’t just meet Albert, we’ve known each other for months! We met on one of your cuckold blogs and have been chatting, emailing, and exchanging pics for nearly half a year now. Finding out about your perverted need to be a sissy cuckold was the best thing to ever happen to me! Divorce? No Silly Dilly I don’t want a divorce, I want what I deserve, a well hung black lover who is a real man, and a sissy cuckold hubby to keep me living the style I’ve grown accustomed to over the years. You’re going to be our little sissy pet from now on Dilly, isn’t that lovely?”

As the two of them laughed at me I tried to wrap my head around everything she’d said. Now I understood how he knew about my porn collection and why they seemed so familiar with each other from the start. This had all been a setup and I’d walked into it just like those clueless husbands in the stories and comics I’d looked at on sites like Devin Dickie’s.

“But, I never...I mean I don’t...You can’t just...I’m leaving! That’s it! This is ridiculous Mary! If you think I’ll just roll over and allow you to take advantage of me like this you’re crazy! I do have some pride left after all, and I won’t...” I never got to finish what I was saying as Albert lept from the bed and grabbed my left ear between his fingers forcing me to my knees in front of him.

“Now, now sissy you’d better behave yourself. I won’t have you speak to my woman that way. Now say you’re sorry to my sweet Mary.” Albert said.

“Are you nuts? I won’t do it.” I shouted.

Albert gave a slight twist to my ear and I cried out in pain. The sound I made was definitely not the sound a real man would make and actually sounded like a little girl. You could say I squeaked.

“Alright, alright! I’m sorry Mary! I’m sorry!” I said almost in tears again.

Mary laughed and clapped her hands as she said, “Oh Albert I just love how manly you are. You certainly know how to treat a sissy. Just look how quickly he obeys his superior.”

Albert kept me on my knees with his now soft cock just inches from my face. I could smell the musk of my wife’s pussy as well as his thick cum wafting from the massive tool. Even after sex his cock was still huge, more than twice the size of mine when it’s hard. And for the life of me I couldn’t stop staring at it, something that did not go unnoticed by Mary and Albert.

“Listen faggot,” Albert started, “We’ve made copies of all your porn from your hard drive as well as the pics and vids from your phone. Oh yes we know all about your private fashion shows when Mary is away from the house. We’ve seen the evidence of you

dressing in her lingerie and parading around the room pretending to be a sissy girl. I particularly enjoy the ones where you fuck your tight little butthole with that big black dildo you keep hidden in your closet while wearing Mary's nightie. Very good stuff."

I was choking in humiliation and shock as I listened to this man tear my life apart.

"We have copies of it all so listen to me closely boy. You'll do everything we tell you to do from now on without hesitation or all of it gets released to your friends and family. I'm sure your father the Army colonel would love to see what his son gets up to. Mary and I are simply trying to help you become the sissy you've always wanted to be, isn't that right Mary?" My wife nodded with a special gleam in her eye and a smile on her face as Albert continued laying out my future. "Now before we get too far into what's expected of you I think a little housekeeping is in order. You see, your lovely wife is lying there with her pussy full of a real man's cum and it's probably very uncomfortable for her. So to prove that you understand the way things are around here, I'm going to need to see you clean her up for me. I know you understand what that entails."

I felt sick to my stomach as the reality of the situation began to sink in. My wife, my Mary had set me up. She'd plotted against me with this dominant black stud and had set a trap to force me into a situation I'd fantasized about for years. Fantasy was one thing but being faced with my own cuckolding and sissification was an entirely different matter. I was terrified and disgusted and just wanted to go home and forget this nightmare had ever happened.

Mary leaned back on the bed and spread her legs wide before saying, “C’mon little sissy, clean Mommy’s pussy so Daddy can fuck her again!”

I started to object or to run from the room but Albert’s grip on my ear increased just a touch letting me know he would not tolerate any defiance from me. I began to sob again which made both of them laugh. I looked to Mary for help but she was too far gone at this point, too far down the rabbit hole of cuckolding me, too far enamoured with this thug to go against his wishes. Or were they her wishes?

I slowly crawled up onto the bed as Albert released me. He slapped my bare ass hard as I made my way between Mary’s legs causing me to squeal again which brought more laughter from my tormentors.

I could smell my wife’s gash long before I reached it and realized she hadn’t showered since we’d left the States yesterday morning. Was it only a day ago? She smelled like body odor, cum, stale piss, and fucking. I was repulsed. I’d never enjoyed eating pussy as I never cared for the smell or taste and I knew this would be far worse than anything I’d ever experienced.

Albert moved up to lay next to Mary and they both watched in amusement as I tentatively stuck my tongue out and took a swipe of my wife’s soaking wet pussy. The taste was indescribable in its nastiness. There was a slimy texture and a heavy taste of salt and sweat. I cleaned the outside of her cunt thoroughly as I was stalling in fear of having to dig inside for Albert’s load. The two lovers were kissing each other gently and laughing at my predicament as I did my best not to be sick. Mary had never believed in shaving or even trimming herself down there so she

had a rather heavy bush of dark curly hair that trapped the fluids, taste, and smell in tight. It seemed to take hours to clean the tangled mess of hair and I choked down dozens of stray curlies in my effort.

When I could stall no longer Albert slapped the back of my head and said, “I’m getting horny sissy so I want my lady to be clean before I fuck her again. You’d better get busy or I’ll decide one of your holes will do the job.”

Mary laughed at that and said, “Oh I hope I get to see that soon darling!”

That scared the hell out of me so without hesitation I dove straight in and extended my tongue fully up into my wife’s well fucked hole. As soon as I parted her lips with my tongue a huge glob of semen rushed out and filled my mouth. I gagged and choked and almost spit it out but one look into Albert’s eyes changed my mind so I dutifully swallowed the horrid mess.

After several mouthfuls of the black man’s cum I settled down and got used to the taste. I have to admit it wasn’t that bad at all. I started thinking, maybe I really am one of those BBC sissies I’d read about.

When Albert felt Mary was clean enough he made me stand up beside the bed so he could give me more instructions.

“Now bitch I want you to go to the bathroom and take a hot shower. You’ll find a nice new, pink lady’s razor on the sink for you. I want you to shave off what little body hair you have. Everything from the eyebrows down. I like my sissies to be smooth to the touch. When you’ve finished that you’ll also find nail polish and a very lovely feminine smelling lotion on the sink.

Paint your finger and toenails then rub the lotion all over your body so you smell sweet for us. When you've finished all that you may come back out here for more detailed orders."

I sniffed back tears as I looked to Mary for any kindness but saw only dedication to her new man. So with my head down and free flowing tears running down my cheeks, I made the slow trek to the bathroom to complete the orders of what was obviously a far superior man.

Part Five

I tried to stall as long as possible but I really didn't have much body hair to begin with so I was out of the shower, lotioned up, and wearing nail polish before I even had time to register the nightmare scenario being played out. I wrapped myself tightly in an oversized towel and slowly opened the bathroom door. Mary and Albert were still naked and lying on the bed making out like horny teenagers. Albert was mauling Mary's huge tits and she was slowly stroking his semi-hard cock. I moved quietly into the bedroom and tried my best to become invisible but Albert saw me and broke off the kiss with my wife.

"Get over here in the light white boy! Let's see how you look." He commanded. Mary leaned back in the bed and they both watched me as Albert kept fondling one of Mary's tits and she kept right on stroking his huge cock.

I moved to the foot of the bed on shaking legs and was discouraged when my own wife said, "Drop the towel sissy, you have nothing to hide from us."

I let the towel fall to the floor and the laughter began immediately. "Oh my goodness! He really does look like a girl Albert, you were

so right about him. He's so cute! Just look at him blushing! Oh my his skin is so smooth and it just glistens with that lovely lotion. And those nails! Oh Dilly show us your pretty fingers and toes!"

I held out my hands with my fingernails out toward them both then carefully lifted each foot, one at a time, to show off my painted nails. The bright, almost fluorescent, pink screamed out slut to anyone looking. I was completely humiliated but still unable to defend myself in any way.

"Come here and stand next to me sissy," Albert ordered me. So I moved to the side of the bed and stood there nervously as he extended his thick meaty hand and moved it between my legs. The shock of it all made me clench my thighs together and I began to take a step back when the black man shouted, "Don't you dare move bitch!"

Mary giggled as I yelped in horror and stood still waiting for the next command. Albert glared at me for a second as if daring me to move but I was frozen with fear. As he moved his hand back toward my crotch he told me to spread my legs open for him. I moved my feet about shoulder length apart and the crude thug reached in and began fondling my balls.

"Yes, yes, this is how I like my white boys, nice and smooth. Your tiny package isn't really a set of cock and balls at all is it boy? No, what you've got here is a clitty and a set of ovaries. You might as well be a girl you soft, pink, hairless sissy faggot." The black man commented to the amusement of my once faithful wife.

He gave my balls a final squeeze as if to signify my status in the room then let go and reached into the drawer in the bedside table and handed me a small, pink bag with a bow on it. Mary clapped

in glee as she said, “Open your present Dilly, I picked it out myself!”

With fear in my heart I slowly opened the bag and pulled out a frilly, pink nightie with matching ruffled panties. The tears started again and I almost wailed in sorrow over what I knew was to come.

“Look Albert the sissy loves our gift so much he’s crying tears of joy!” Mary said with a smile.

Albert answered, “I knew the little bitch would love it but I need to see it on to get the full picture. Put it on now sissy. Right now.”

I gulped hard and looked again to my wife for assistance but found only amusement in her eyes. She was loving this far too much. I never knew she could be so cruel. Did she hate me?

“Please don’t make me do this.” I begged. “Please just stop now and leave me alone. I can’t stand any more humiliation.”

“Oh you’ll stand so much more before we’re through. Don’t you understand yet? You belong to us little sissy. We are simply making your dreams come true. Your wife gets the satisfaction of fulfilling, hardcore sex with a real man packing a massive cock, and you get to be the crossdressing sissy of your fantasies. It’s a win-win situation for you both. I just love making a couple as happy as I’ll be making you. That’s my reward in all of this, well that and the hot, nasty sex with your beautiful wife.” Albert explained.

I was sobbing as I stepped into the pink panties but an erotic chill ran up my spine as I felt the silky texture of the garment slide up my legs and wrap snugly around my ass and crotch. My little

pecker became stiff right away from the feeling of luxurious splendor I felt on my smooth skin.

Mary and Albert began laughing as they saw the tiny bulge in the skin tight panties and Mary said, “Well it’s not a camel toe, it looks more like a mosquito bite to me.”

Albert laughed and said, “Please your nipples are bigger than that thing, it’s a disgrace! I’m still not convinced we should let the sissy keep it.”

Before I could even register the meaning of that statement, Mary said, “Oh now Albert we talked about this, all the literature says you should let your sissy keep his tiny balls and itty bitty penis so they always stay horny and frustrated. It makes them so much more obedient. Besides, we can always lock the pesky little nuisance away.”

The both had a good chuckle from that while I began shaking in fear for the safety of my sex organs.

Albert snapped his fingers and motioned for me to continue so I slipped the nightie over my head and stood before them feeling like a fool. Both my wife and her lover oohed and awed over my new look and agreed there would be much more coming for me in the way of feminization. I was shaking in fear but also in arousal as the silk of the panties rubbed against the sensitive head of my penis and the nightie slid across my nipples making them stand out painfully. I knew I looked quite a sight dressed like a sissy with obvious signs of my own sexual heat showing under my feminine underwear.

Mary’s stroking and their combined humiliation of me worked magic on Albert’s cock and it now stood up straight and tall. Mary

moved her head down and began licking the massive tool as Albert said, “Now little sissy, move back to your chair and watch the grownups have their fun. But don’t you dare touch your itty bitty clitty or you’ll make me very angry. Just sit and watch and maybe you’ll learn something.”

I sat back down on the chair in the corner as a new show of depravity began on the king size bed.

Part Six

A week has passed since we arrived on this god forsaken island and my life has gone drastically downhill with every passing day.

My wife, my beautiful wife, has become a person I hardly recognize any longer. It’s as though she’s waited her entire life to release this inner slut into the world and I inadvertently gave her the means to do so. I had no idea the woman I fell in love with could be so cruel and heartless toward me and the most shameful part is that I love her too much to do anything about it. Instead I’ve accepted the role she’s placed me into and am doing all I can to prove my love and devotion to her on every level.

Today I’m dressed as I’ve been dressing all week, like a perverted sissy whore. I’m wearing my light blue panties, my white knee high stockings, a sky blue camisole over a water filled bra that matches my panties. The bra gives the illusion of actual breasts and it jiggles and wobbles with every move I make, a fact that amuses my wife and her ‘friends’ immensely. I’m perched on a pair of white, four inch, stiletto heels that I’ve finally learned to walk in correctly. On this particular day, I’m a blonde, wearing a shoulder length wavy wig that frames my face in a very natural way showing off the expertly painted on makeup that’s become my daily routine. My lips stand out in a ‘fuck me’ red color that leaves

little to the imagination and my eyes are shadowed in a pale blue that matches my outfit. I look like a whore. A very convincing, sissy, white boy whore. Oh you'd never mistake me for a real woman, my wife makes sure of that since she wants everyone who sees me to see a sissy freak.

I'm strutting around our suite serving drinks to the bevy of well hung, muscular, black men that fill the room. Oh yes, we've moved into a very expensive suite at Albert's command and have hosted this party of revolving guests for the past three or four days. An assortment of white women and black men are practically living here in this orgy like atmosphere and they all torment me in equal measure, sometimes the women are worse than the men. Mary is loving the arrangement as she's become quite the cock whore but I'm feeling less and less like the man I once thought myself to be with every cock I allow inside of my 'holes'.

A quick slap on my ass brings me back from my daydream and a very large black man tells me to put down the tray of drinks and take care of his 'raging hardon'. I'm so tired, my jaws ache all the time. My poor abused lips and tongue feel like lead in my mouth and the huge plug in my ass hurts like crazy every time I move. But it's the damned cage on my clit that hurts the most as it's so small it confines my tiny member and won't allow me a sissy stiffy. The constant flow of E.D. pills Albert feeds me keeps me in a constant state of arousal so my tiny clitty is constantly straining against its plastic prison.

I look over at the man who smacked my ass and smile like I've been taught. "Thank you Daddy" I say to the oaf as I drop to my knees between his meaty thighs. This man is enormous, and I'm

not just talking about his cock. He easily weighs four hundred pounds and smells like there are places on his body he hasn't been able to wash in years.

The fat man laughs and says, "Damn, that Albert always comes through with the white faggots. There's nothing I love more than seeing a white boy brought low like this, crawling and begging to suck on my dirty cock. Especially when I know his lovely wife is in the next room having a train run on her ass."

A man in the chair next to him high fives him as he lights up a joint. The room is filled with ganja smoke and I'm getting a contact high from it all. I lean in and take the huge cock in my hand lifting it to my lips. The weight of it amazes me and I have to take a close look to see just how big it is. It's massive. I swear it weighs a full pound and is thicker than my wrist. It has a light, chunky, sheen of white smegma covering the head and I can tell that under the uncut foreskin I'll find more of the nasty dick cheese hiding. The smell is almost more than I can stand and I fight back a gag of revulsion. I know better than to show my disgust or word will reach Albert and I'll be punished again.

I give the cock head a passionate kiss as I've been taught and start licking the huge, bulbous knob. As I take my time licking and kissing the vulgar man's cock head his tool begins to become erect and I'm genuinely frightened of its full size. I've heard of foot long cocks before but have never seen one up close. Lucky me, now I get to handle one.

The man settles back in his seat and sips his beer as he looks down at me with an amused glint in his eye. I've found most of these black men love the idea of a white boy servicing them in this way. As the cock I'm worshiping grows to its full size the entire

head is revealed and I see the mess I'll be cleaning up for the first time. I can't imagine this man has seen a shower in weeks. Licking off this cheese is the most disgusting task I can imagine and as I swallow each lumpy mouthful my eyes water more and more. I clean the cock quickly so as to lessen my discomfort and begin to suckle the head like a nursing calf at a cow's teat.

I have to use both hands to stroke the massive cock since there's no way I can fit it in my mouth but as I begin to slide my dainty hands along the shaft I hear the voice of my tormentor and master from across the room.

“Hey now sissy, I told you about using your hands! Do you need another reminder? Maybe I need to warm up that silky smooth ass of yours with my belt? No? Then do your job the right way and swallow that cock!” Albert is a cruel taskmaster.

To the amusement of the room I put my hands behind my back and began bobbing my head up and down on the huge black cock.

The skin feels velvety and smooth against my tongue and the heady flavor makes my head spin as I swallow several mouthfuls of precum. With each passing moment I'm able to move my mouth further down the length of a real man's cock and the men in the room start taking bets on how much of it I can swallow.

I try to ignore the rude comments and the betting going on around me but when I hear Albert chime in my heart freezes in my chest. “I'll bet my sissy can go balls deep on that elephant trunk between Tiny's legs!”

A cheer rises from the crowd and money begins to exchange hands as I shiver in fear. Albert leans in close to me and says, “Don't you dare let me down boy, don't you fucking dare.”

The man who's name I now know is Tiny laughs and says, "No matter what the sissy does, I'm going to be a winner here tonight."

Which brings a new round of laughter from the crowd.

The guests all grab another round of drinks and settle in around me as they watch the action start to heat up. I simply can't believe what's happened to me as I envision myself here on my knees trying to deepthroat a massive black cock while a group of strangers watch and place wagers on my success. Humiliation is too small a word to describe my feelings.

Unbeknownst to me, my wife and her current partner, curious about the uproar in the main room had come out of the bedroom to watch the show. I couldn't see them from my angle but I heard my Mary shout, "You better not fuck this up Dilly or Albert will get pissed! You know he still wants to remove your little nuts. Better not cost him any money or I won't be able to talk him out of it this time."

The partygoers all laughed uproariously and began taking more bets as to how long I'd get to keep my testicles. I was shaking in fear, sobbing, and trying to concentrate on my job all at the same time.

I begin to sweat from the effort as I lower my face into Tiny's crotch another inch making the room both cheer and jeer depending on the person's bet. The head of the huge cock is blocking my throat and I'm barely able to take in air through my nose to keep from passing out. I'm swallowing constantly to keep from gagging and to keep the copious amount of saliva and precum from drooling out. Albert doesn't like sloppy blowjobs so I've learned to keep things neat and tidy.

I feel a strange hand caressing my ass then a pair of fingers sliding into my crack and grasping the flat end of the plug and pulling on it gently. “Hey no cheating!” I hear Albert say. Then another voice says, “It’s not cheating! If the sissy can handle swallowing that much cock, then it can do it while getting fucked by this plug.”

Albert laughed out his agreement and I got the feeling he didn’t really care if I won or lost his bet since he’d be happy with punishing me either way. The stranger behind me pulled the plug out in one swift motion causing me to scream in pain around the cock in my throat. With no warning at all he shoved it back in and began fucking me in earnest with the oversized rubber plug, pulling it all the way out then shoving it back in over and over again.

The pain was intense and my poor asshole felt like it was being ripped to shreds but I knew better than to stop what I was doing. I howled in agony with each insertion of the plug but still managed to go down another inch on Tiny’s ironically named cock.

I heard several of the women saying things like, “You’d never catch me doing anything like that!” or “My god look at the size of that plug! That bitch’s asshole is going to be ruined!” and “Only a weak ass white boy would willingly humiliate itself like that.

That’s why I’m black cock only, black men are real men.”

The constant removal and insertion of the plug was causing air to be forced into my asshole and the most embarrassing farting sounds were constantly escaping my stretched out opening, which of course caused more laughter from the horrible people in the crowd.

I quickly discovered that with each forward thrust of the plug I was able to force more of Tiny’s cock down my throat and soon

built up a rhythm. Each painful plugging enabled me to capture another half inch of black cock and I could now see Tiny's pubes only an inch or two from my nose. My eyes watered terribly, my nose was running with what I'm certain was Tiny's precum, my jaw had cracked several times making me pray it wasn't coming out of joint, but still I pressed on for fear of angering my wife's lover.

A chant of "Suck Sissy Suck" was quickly taken up by the peanut gallery from both sides of the betting pool and I felt a strange sense of pride at being able to accomplish something I got the feeling few had ever been able.

With one mighty shove the man behind me planted the plug firmly into my ass and then slapped it hard enough to shove me forward. I screamed in pain but felt my nose crush against Tiny's pelvis as the last inch of his mighty cock filled my mouth. And the crowd went wild! The cheers were deafening as I impaled myself on this fat black man's cock. Through all the voices I was able to hear my lovely Mary cheering the loudest and laughing at what a spectacle I made of myself.

For a moment I actually forgot why I was forcing this huge tube of black man meat down my throat but Tiny quickly reminded me as he grabbed both my ears and pulled my face tightly into his crotch. I felt his balls tighten against my chin and a torrent of hot cum began gushing down my throat directly into my stomach. I never even tasted it as it bypassed my mouth entirely on it's way into my digestive tract. Another hot protein meal as Albert would say.

Tiny held me in place as money changed hands, high fives were doled out, and everyone had a good laugh at my expense. When he

finally released me I leaned back and marveled at how long it took for the cock to dislodge from my throat. It must have looked like a magic trick to everyone in the room.

I fell back onto the floor coughing and weeping while trying to blink away the tears in my eyes. I was devastated by my shame and humiliation knowing my wife had witnessed the entire ordeal.

As I tried to collect myself the party went back to full swing with people dancing, drinking, getting high and fooling around. I felt a nudge against my ass cheek and looked up to see Albert kicking at me with his big calloused foot.

“That’s enough of a break sissy snowflake, back to work. There are thirsty people here who need more drinks.”

I almost broke at that moment. I was nothing but a slave to this horrid man and my wife not only allowed it, she encouraged it. I watched her smirk at me then take the hand of her latest fuck buddy and go back to the bedroom as if I didn’t exist at all. Did I get angry? Did I balk at this treatment? Did I tell Albert to go fuck himself? No, of course not. That’s not how white boys behave around their superiors. Instead I said, “Yes Sir” and dragged myself to my feet, picked up my serving tray, and made my way to the kitchenette to make more drinks.

Part Seven

We’re nearing the end of our month here in Jamaica and I’m concerned about what happens next for Mary and I. I haven’t left these rooms in weeks but I’m exhausted and more than ready to go back to the States. Mary and Albert have gone on many glorious excursions across the island and have been wined and dined in the best restaurants all on my credit cards while I stay

here and keep myself 'pretty' for Albert and his friends. There's no maid service in this suite as I'm tasked with keeping it clean. Albert bought me a comically bad French Maid's outfit for my cleaning duties and I wear it every morning to scrub the toilets and floors, make up the beds, and pick up all the garbage the constant partying accumulates. Mary thinks it's hysterical that a white boy who owns his own successful company works as a maid for a bunch of black workmen.

Today Mary and Albert are off exploring the island while I'm left here to entertain anyone who stops by. As luck would have it three local women have decided to pay a visit after hearing from Albert that his sissy needs a proper education in the fine art of eating ass.

I'd just finished cleaning up from last night's party when there was a knock at the door. I opened it to find three rather large black women swaying back and forth in the doorway. They had obviously been drinking and getting high from the look and smell of them and they barged past me into the room before I had a chance to say a word.

The women all laughed at the silly uniform I was wearing and noticed immediately I had no underwear to cover my tiny penis in its plastic cage. The black and white ruffled skirt I wore did not come down far enough to cover my shame so the ladies got a good laugh at my expense.

I said, "Um, hello. How may I serve you today my far superior Mistresses?" I knew better than to forget what Albert had taught me and I even curtsied when I spoke.

The biggest of the women and obviously the queen of the group stepped forward and grabbed my caged clitty giving it a savage

twist. She held me up with her strong forearm as my natural inclination was to collapse from the pain.

She looked me in the eye and said, “We’re here for a little refreshing sissy boy.”

The woman next to her leaned in and said, “Yeah white boy it’s hotter than Satan’s taint out there and I can feel the sweat running down my ass crack.”

The evil woman twisting my package said, “Our Albert said we can stop by for a quick cleanup from his white boy before we go shopping. Albert always loans us his property, he’s a good man.”

I was so confused, and the sharp pain wasn’t helping in the least. I tried to speak but couldn’t make a sound as the huge woman pulled me over to the couch, sat down, and pushed me to my knees in front of her. The other two women sat on either side of her and they all looked at me with disdain as I knelt there wondering what came next.

I had time to look over these Amazons as they got comfortable on the couch and was stunned by the sheer amount of curvy black flesh on display. Each woman wore skin tight halter tops with floral designs, hip hugger skirts of matching colors, and sandals. Nothing more. No underwear could be seen traced against the ultra tight material of their clothing. And each one of them bulged out around the seams. They all looked like they belonged in a Devin Dickie comic with their huge asses and chests. The amount of cellulite was appalling and captivating at the same time.

I could smell the body odor and fishy scent of an unwashed pussy from each of them and started to worry about what they had in store for me. I didn’t have to wait long to find out.

“Here’s the problem white boy.” The largest woman said. “It be hot as hell on dis island and beautiful women like us be gettin sweaty and stanky wit all de walkin around. So our Albert he say we can get refreshed in dis here room from his sissy boy. You understan me boy?”

I really am stupid some times and the proof is in what I said next. “Yes of course Ma’am. You can certainly use our shower to refresh yourselves.”

The laughter was sudden and loud making me feel like an idiot for not understanding. It honestly didn’t dawn on me until the big woman stood up and looked down on me what was actually being asked here.

“Oh you silly bitch! Albert be right about you! You is stupid as hell white boy. You is gonna clean us wit dat nice pink tongue in that stupid white face of yours.”

With that she pulled up her skirt to reveal two things. First, I was right about them not wearing underwear. Second, the nastiest, hairiest, smelliest snatch I’d ever imagined. The wave of stink hit me like a fist in the face and I almost gagged. My eyes watered from the stench and the foul woman said, “Look ladies! Dis sissy love my coochie so much, he cryin!”

They all laughed as the woman pulled my head into her swampy snatch with her thick, meaty hand. There was actually an audible wet slapping sound as my face made contact with the nasty cunt of this horrible black woman.

True to my training I began to lick and suck away all the slimy fluid soaking the woman’s thick thatch of curly hair. I licked and sucked for all I was worth for several minutes before she felt my

efforts had done the job. The nameless woman pushed me to the floor and said, “Next!” before planting her fat ass back on the couch.

I was made to superficially clean the surface of all three sweaty, swampy, smelly snatches until my face smelled like three day old fish. My makeup was smeared and my wig had cunt juice sticking the hairs together by the time I finished.

Finished. What a fool I was to use that word. The big woman stood up and said, “Now little white boy you need to learn a valuable lesson. But we need to see what we’re working with here. I’m gonna need you to lift up that skirt so we can see what’s trapped in that little plastic cage.”

I said, “Yes Ma’am” and stood up in front of them. I lifted my skirt and it was obvious from the size of my cage just how small my clitty was. Their laughter was like a knife cutting through me as they pointed and said things like, “What the hell is that thing? I heard rumors about white boys being inferior but oh my god that isn’t even funny.” and “Dat little pink nub is a dick? No way in hell. Dat look smaller dan my own clit!” and “No wonder Albert and de boys be takin care of dis sissy’s woman. He ain’t got no pecker at all!”

I blushed from head to toe as they made fun of me and laughed at my misfortune. I’d always thought my penis was average sized until I came to this horrid island. I now wondered if all white men looked like this and if all black men looked like Albert and his friends. Maybe everything Albert said about the Black New World Order was true. Maybe Black Men were truly superior and we white boys were supposed to become sissies for black cock.

The large woman said, “Now you listen close boy. My asshole be itchin from all de sweat. You gonna clean me real nice or I goan tell Albert you a disobedient little white slut.”

My stomach lurched at the thought and I began to sweat as the women laughed at me. The big woman said, “Now you come give Molly dat nice pink tongue and make me feel nice and clean.”

Well at least I had a name to place to the nasty woman before me. She moved herself around and bent over to push her ample ass in my face. I actually heard the sticky sound of her cheeks pulling apart as she bent over and it made my insides roll in disgust. When Molly pulled her skirt up I was faced with a huge amount of black skin with an indescribable stench coming off of it.

I saw from the corner of my eye one of the other women opened Albert’s laptop and began typing in an address but I was soon distracted by the wobbling flesh in front of me.

“Get dat pretty face between my cheeks boy.” Molly ordered as she reached back and pulled her ass cheeks apart.

I felt tears running down my cheeks and wondered how many times I’d cried since coming here. I steeled myself from the smell and taste assault I was sure was coming and plunged in face first into this fat, smelly, black woman’s ass.

Molly gave commands every couple of seconds so I knew exactly how she wanted her ass treated. I began by licking long and slow up the entire length of her crack with my tongue laid out flat and wide. The bitter salty taste filled my head and I tried to ignore the earthy flavor of dank asshole. The women started talking about shopping and where they would have lunch as I slaved away licking the sweat and god knows what else from Molly’s ass crack.

I was now lower than I'd ever been as I imagined my wife out on the town having a wonderful time as I ate the filthy ass of this fat stranger.

Molly let go of her ass cheeks and they slapped against my face trapping me in the rank confines of her fetid ass. I was dressed as a sissy maid, in a suite I'd paid for, licking a stranger's ass and wondering how anyone could be so pathetic.

"Now do the inside you skank ass bitch." Molly instructed.

I steeled myself for the onslaught of flavor before stiffening my tongue and plunging in for the most disgusting thing I'd ever done. The inside of her asshole felt like warm butter on my sensitive tongue but the similarity stopped there. The taste was awful. I know what I was tasting but I refuse to acknowledge it.

I licked and licked for all I was worth in fear of them telling Albert I was not obedient. Molly started to grind her ass onto my face in a humping motion and I could hear her breathing deepen and she began to moan. Oh god the woman was about to cum from having her asshole licked!

The massive cellulite of her ass cheeks slapped against my face over and over as she rode me toward an orgasm. The conversation stopped as the women watched their friend explode all over my face and hair. She was a squirter and I was soon soaked with her spend.

The exhausted woman climbed off my face, turned toward me and spit directly into my open mouth.

"You really are a disgusting fucking whore white boy. No wonder your wife has no respect for you." She said before collapsing on the couch.

I performed the same service for the other two women until my face was sore and my mouth tasted like a toilet. I feared I would never feel clean again. I was ignored as the women put themselves together and made their way to the door. They stopped in the foyer and began giggling while whispering to each other.

I was shocked beyond words as they all pulled up their skirts, squatted down on their haunches, and began to piss all over the floor. The triple stream of hot liquid began to pool under their sandals as the women laughed at the foul act. I could smell the piss from across the room as I watched the puddle expand to cover the entire tiled foyer.

The women left the suite laughing at their cruel joke and left me there to clean up their mess. It never occurred to me to look back at the laptop until I heard the laughter. The women had set it up to capture my humiliating ass eating lesson, and it still streamed my torment as it was pointed directly at me as I knelt down and began to mop up the puddle of steaming piss.

“That’s a good white bitch!” I heard Albert say. I was shocked and jumped as I turned to the sound. There on the screen was my wife and her lover watching my humiliation. They were live streaming the whole thing and I stupidly thought no one would know about this latest degradation.

I heard my wife’s laughter as I began cleaning up the fat, black women’s piss from the floor. She said, “What a pathetic fucking wimp!” Before Albert cut the connection and I began to cry like the little sissy I had become.

Part Eight

Home. That word should make me happy but instead it fills me with dread. Oh I'm home alright, Mary's home, Albert's home, my prison. The black bastard who'd claimed my wife came home with us. Mary insisted. He had no job, no money, no care in the world.

He had everything he needed though. He owned me. He had enough video and photo evidence to ruin me a thousand times over and he used it to lay his claim over every part of my life.

The changes to my home were massive. Albert and Mary would share the master bedroom of course and I would be relegated to a very small guest room down the hall from them. My new room was remodeled to resemble the room of a preteen girl with pink being the primary color. A frilly, canopy twin bed would be my new resting place. The walls were painted pink and covered with posters of male pop stars, unicorns, and cartoon princesses. There was a makeup table with a full length mirror for me to make myself presentable. An array of stuffed animals and dolls littered the room along with coloring books and a plastic tea set.

Every room now had a pink chair front and center that would be my perch any time I was there with my owners. The chairs came equipped with a real life replica of Albert's cock and I was to sit firmly on it in every room. It became a favorite pastime of Mary to have me fetch things for her. She'd snap her fingers and say, "Sissy, get me a pen," and I'd have to pull my ass off the massive dildo, cross the room to about six inches away from her, pick up a pen she could easily reach herself, hand it to her, and then sink my swollen asshole back on the rubber invader to await further orders.

There was a chain and collar in the bathroom. I was to be attached to it each morning so I could clean my wife and her lover before

they showered. BEFORE they showered. If Albert thought my attitude the night before was lacking, I was made to hold his cock in my mouth as he took his morning shit, which was most mornings. I learned to hate the bathroom

The kitchen had my feeding bowls on the floor. I was fed table scraps from Mary and Albert which I ate like a dog on the floor between his feet. If I was lucky he didn't sweeten my breakfast with his cum.

There is no way to convey the horror of my life at home but you get the idea. Albert was the Master of the house, Mary was its Mistress, and I was nothing. I lived to serve them. I still do. What?

Did you think I'd come to my senses and run away? Do you understand me at all? This is how it should be for white boys like me. The black man is superior. We live to serve. I'm proud to see my wife take a black lover. I'm proud. My tiny useless penis is nothing and deserves to be locked away so I can't spoil the world with inferior seed.

Mary is pregnant. I'm told I'll be the nanny. At least I'll feel useful.

THE END