

# ***In Remote Kawanda***

**by Throne**

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**IN REMOTE KAWANDA**

by Throne

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"Until now no one has known the location of Kawanda. Most people thought the place was just a legend. A lost city," Marlon Greenleaf lectured in his usual condescending tone. "But I have found someone who can take us there. I've also arranged -- at great expense, I might add -- for us to have a satellite uplink so I'll be able to stay in touch with my financial manager and make sure he's handling my fortune properly. I can't trust Wilkins to do anything on his own."

"You've certainly thought this all through," his wife Terri said meekly. She knew how he liked to be complimented and spoken to with deference.

"Of course I have," he snapped. "How do you think I became so wealthy in the first place?"

She wanted to remind him that he had inherited his fortune and then his money manager, Lester Wilkins, had doubled it through wise investments. But saying that wasn't an option with her arrogant preening husband. He had to get the credit for everything and perpetually bask in self-adulation.

"And once I get samples of the natural plant medicines the primitives of that country have concocted, I'll be so much wealthier. It's just a shame that I can't trust anyone else to do it. I certainly don't want to be bothered going to that remote place and dealing with the uneducated locals, but a financial genius like me has to do what he must."

He squared his narrow shoulders and lifted his weak chin, striking a pose. Though Marlon was short and slightly built, he carried himself like he was a heroic, self-made man. He fed his overinflated ego in other ways as well, with a huge wardrobe of expensive clothing, dining in fine restaurants, and driving a large showy car. One more way of externalizing his inner view of himself was to have Terri as his wife. She was a tall graceful blond who could have been a swimsuit model. Marlon saw her as one

more possession to be shown off and bragged about. Their sexual relationship was very one-sided, with him reaping all the benefits and her being left unsatisfied.

Wilkins made the plans for their travel. He could get them as far as the coast of Africa, after which their guide would take them inland on foot. The man who knew the way to Kawanda was Robert, a Black native of the place who had gone out to visit the world beyond their borders. He had carried healing plant medicine of the type Marlon was seeking, in case he needed it for himself. But when he encountered a researcher who was very sick, he generously used it on him and saved his life. That man had seen to it that Robert got a formal education, after which the native came and went from and to his own land. Then Marlon had heard the story and pressured Robert's benefactor into putting him in touch with the Kawandan. Marlon had gotten Robert framed for a crime he didn't commit and used that as leverage to offer him safe passage home, but only if he would serve as their guide to the hidden land and allow Marlon to acquire samples of the rare plants miraculous medicines. Now it was time to leave.

They met Robert at a private airfield. His court date was pending and he was free on his own recognizance. Marlon had arranged to have the three of them flown out of the country, so they could board a flight on a major airline in Mexico, where Robert's legal situation would not be an issue. It all went well, though Marlon treated the tall handsome Robert as if he was his personal servant. After the flight from Mexico, and a second one with a disreputable

pilot in a creaky old seaplane, they arrived at the small town from which they would trek to Kawanda. Marlon was overdressed in a laughable safari outfit. Terri had on a blouse that he insisted she keep half unbuttoned to show off her modest cleavage, and tight slacks that accentuated her shapely bottom and legs but were too restrictive and hot for the jungle. At least he had allowed her proper footwear. Robert was attired in a loose lightweight shirt and durable pants, along with sturdy boots, which made him the most appropriately prepared for their long walk. Marlon had brought a duffle bag full of spare clothes and some comfort items, and tasked Robert with bearing the heavy load. The Kawandan even had to carry the sophisticated communication device, which resembled a simple cellphone. Most important was the guide's knowledge of the terrain and how to travel safely through it.

They spent the first night in a shanty town, with Marlon grumbling about the spicy pork dishes that they had to eat and the absence of wine, all during their dinner at the place's single business, which combined hotel, restaurant, bar, trading post and mini-brothel. Before bed, Marlon had Terri on her knees to serve him sexually one last time before they went on, when Robert's presence would make such scenes awkward, if not impossible. She had to make her usual comments about the impressive size of his male equipment, of which he was rightly proud. It was the asset that was central to his self-image and she couldn't deny that it was well above average. Unfortunately, he was so sexually selfish that during intercourse she never gained any satisfaction from what he possessed.

The next morning they got an early start. Marlon cringed at the sight of overgrown insects clinging to trees. He grumbled frequently about the heat, even though it was mild and there was little humidity. The first night he lay on a ground-cloth under a simple lean-to that Robert constructed. As the sun set and nocturnal creatures began their nightly activities, he shuddered at every unfamiliar animal sound. Terri observed his reactions silently. Robert had found his own space nearby.

Two days later they reached a circle of huts, inhabited by squat locals in cast-off clothes from the town. The natives were not accustomed to outsiders passing through and viewed Marlon and Terri with open curiosity. When one of the children tugged at Marlon's pantleg he kicked at the little boy. The adults moved toward him, anger written on their dark faces. Robert spoke to them in their own tongue, which he knew imperfectly but well enough to communicate. As he went on, supplementing his words with a vocabulary of gestures, they relaxed and then, looking at Marlon, laughed.

Afterwards, when Marlon demanded to know what Robert had told them, the guide said that he had conveyed that Marlon was a wealthy and important person in his own country, and that they were happy for him. That satisfied the white man but he made a point of saying that he wanted no more interaction with them. The trio spent that night in a hut the locals generously offered them, though Marlon found more to gripe about. As the sun came up they departed that last humble outpost of civilization, and made their way toward a range of mountains that appeared

impassable. Marlon questioned Robert about how they would deal with the obstacle.

"I will go home on the same path by which I left it," Robert said easily. "But in the opposite direction."

"Whatever," Marlon snapped, feeling he had been talked down to but not sure. He would keep using Robert until he didn't need him anymore.

He took the satellite phone to call Lester Wilkins. After being reassured that his money was safe and secure, Marlon took out some of his built-up frustration on his financial manager, who accepted it all placidly, as he had learned to do.

The following three days they continued on toward the mountains until they reached the foothills. That was when Marlon confronted Robert.

"Listen, you," he said tartly. "I thought we would be there by now. You must have miscalculated how long it would take to get where we're going."

"No, sir," Robert assured him. "It's just that we travelled a bit more slowly than I expected. One of us had trouble keeping the pace I tried to set."

"Oh." Marlon looked significantly at his wife. "Well, women can't keep up with men, now can they?"



"Something like that," the Black man answered noncommittally.

"So where the \*%@# us your precious Kawanda?"

"Very near to here. We must simply take advantage of a secret passage whose existence is not known to any outsiders."

"Where is that supposed to be?"

Robert gestured toward a narrow breach in a stony cliff directly in front of them. "It is right there. I will prepare torches for us to use in the caves."

Marlon stared at where he indicated but saw nothing to suggest a clear passage. After the torches were ready, the guide preceded the others, slipping carefully through a tight opening. He had to pull the duffel bag after him. The others followed.

Marlon told his wife, "You're lucky you're thin. If you had a big pair of jugs you might not fit." He laughed at his crude joke. "But you could still stand to lose a few more pounds, girl."

"Yes, dear," she responded to the familiar advice.

The entrance led to a wider passage. Before they lost the light filtering in, Robert lit a torch for each of them. They followed him as he confidently chose one path or the other every time there was a branching off. After one rest stop, necessitated by Marlon's

muttering about his sore feet, they continued on through descending tunnels. At last they came to what appeared to be a dead end, with a pool filling the low-ceilinged space.

"You idiot," Marlon complained. "Look what you've done. Led us to nowhere. I knew I shouldn't depend on a ... a... person like you."

Robert remained calm. He said, "Kawanda lies on the other side of that wall. We must simply swim a short distance underwater. This is the Purification Pool, and it is our tradition that those passing through it must be naked."

"Nonsense," Marlon objected. "I won't do that."

"Then you won't be welcomed by my people. That could prevent you from obtaining what you seek. You can leave your clothes here, along with your bag, and some of my brothers will retrieve them. Your phone is in a waterproof case, so I'll take it with me... since you might need it to call your man about how your fortune is faring."

"I'm not happy with this nonsense," Marlon stated, though he was already shedding his jacket and then unbuttoning his shirt. He scowled at his wife and said, "Go on, Terri. Get your ass naked."

Robert told her kindly, "There will be clothes for us on the other side."

They all stripped. Marlon didn't like being naked in front of Robert, but at least he had his enviable prick to show off. As it turned out, however, Robert was equally well endowed. Terri impulsively took the guide's hand and allowed him to lead her into the chilly water of the pool. They ducked down and vanished. Marlon cursed out loud before following. The distance was very short. When they came up on the other side they were in a lush hidden valley, its sloping sides covered in verdant plant life before turning into nearly vertical cliffs. There was a steep mountain barrier separating this place from the world Marlon's party had left behind. They saw spread out before them farms and animal pens, along with long low structures with thatched walls and roofs. Interspersed among those were many ancient stone buildings of one and two stories, which truly earned Kawanda the name of 'lost city'.

"This place is a paradise," Terri enthused.

Marlon sighed theatrically. Someone spotted them and called into one of the longhouses, after which others emerged and the word of Robert's return, with new arrivals, was passed along. Tall fit men and women, their dark skin free of any blemishes, approached them. The men wore loin-cloths and the women had wraparound skirts and bib-like tops that barely covered their breasts. Robert spoke to them in the language they shared. He said something to one of the women and indicated the unclothed bodies of himself and his companions. She hurried away, presumably to fetch them some covering. Then an older man stepped forward. He and Robert each thumped a fist against their

own chests, before they began to speak. The woman who had left returned. She handed a loincloth to Robert, who didn't make any effort to don it. Then she gave a skirt and top to Terri, who admired the craft that had gone into making them and the intricate beadwork on the top. The white woman held up the bib-style piece and nodded approvingly. Marlon waited impatiently until he was given the final item. It was a loincloth but smaller than what Robert held. He put it around his middle and struggled to get it tied. One of the women came to him and motioned that she could do it. He grumpily waved her away and continued to try until he got it clumsily knotted. It barely reached the end of his dangling penis and he tugged it down with displeasure and little success. There was limited covering in the back as well.

Robert turned away from the obvious authority figure to who he had been speaking. "I told him that you are interested in our healing plants and medicines."

"Damn right I am. Those things can make me millions from any major pharmaceutical company. Hell, billions before I'm done."

"I told him that as well. He says he will give you what you wish for but first you must live with us for a short time and partake of them yourself. As you might say in your words, they will make a new person of you." He turned his attention to Terri. "And the women will share some special varieties with you, to show their respect for your beauty."

"Oh, I'm flattered. And I suppose there are no side effects or anything."

Marlon barked at her, "Don't worry about it. Just let them do anything they want to you. I'll get extra healthy and you'll never have a pimple or whatever the result is."

"Yes, darling," she answered obediently.

"Hey," Marlon wanted to know. "When do I get my real clothes back? I don't want to wander around in this diaper the whole time I'm here."

"Ah," said Robert. "As soon as you have accepted our hospitality for a few days, your belongings will be brought from the caves."

"That's just stupid," he grouched, "but all right."

Two of the women walked Terri away, admiring her pale skin and golden hair. They pantomimed how much they liked her looks. With smiles and pointing, she let them know that the feeling was mutual. They grinned at her compliments. Marlon watched them vanish into one of the buildings and shook his head.

"So," Robert said cheerfully, "our leader Cha," he indicted the older man with a nod, "would like you to sample our powerful plant cures immediately."

"What does he think I need to be cured of?" Marlon wanted to know.

"Only your --" He finished with some multisyllabic word in his own tongue. "What you might call your... male aggressiveness."

"I thought a bunch of jungle dwellers like them would appreciate some machismo."

"It is complicated. Based on our philosophy. But the results will help you to fit in with us."

Marlon huffed. "I'll go along with it. But let's not drag this on for too long."

"Only for as long as it must be," Robert said inscrutably.

So they went into a smaller building with Cha, where they found an aged woman who was already boiling leaves in small pot over a wood fire. She had some sort of paste in a bowl and mixed the water from the leaves with it, stirring everything together. At least, Marlon decided, it smelled palatable. She held the bowl out to him and indicated how he should scoop some up with two fingers.

"Jeez," he said irritably. "That's unsanitary. Don't you even have spoons here?"

"Of course," Robert replied. "But this ceremony requires you to use your bare hand, to connect you with those who participated many ages ago, when their lives were less... sophisticated."

"I'd say they're still damned unsophisticated," he said with derisive snort. Even so, he gathered up some of the stuff and reluctantly put it into his mouth.

Robert and Chan eyed each other and exchanged the slightest of nods. Marlon didn't notice. A sense of soothing lassitude was washing through his system. The old woman gave him a wide smile. He noticed that she had perfect teeth and pink gums. This stuff was going to make him unimaginably rich.

Over the next few days they kept serving him the paste, along with other mixtures she prepared. The servings made him tingle all over. He even felt sexual need building up, but credited that to his lack of access to Terri and her accommodating mouth. Whenever the soothing effects of what he was being fed subsided, he asked for his male clothes back. Even to him his tone began to sound pleading. But they continued to postpone that. He thought he saw some of the children running around with cloth hats made from his safari suit, but that didn't make sense. Then he noticed that under the loincloth he had no public hair. What the hell were those natural drugs doing to him? Even so, he couldn't quite summon the willpower to protest.

At the end of their first week in Kawanda he finally saw Terri again. OMG, she had gained at least twenty pounds, with much of

it going to her bust, hips, bottom and thighs. He voiced his displeasure but she just smiled. And she had the phone. When he demanded weakly that she give it to him, she said she had been in contact with 'that nice Lester Wilkins' and everything was fine. Though Marlon didn't approve of her new look, after not having sexual release for a while he was nevertheless stimulated by it. Plus he was still having trouble asserting himself. So when she sweetly requested that he give her a foot rub, he complied. Terri lay back and luxuriated in how he massaged her feet. One of the women came in with a bowl, from which Terri drank some sort of red slush, greedily consuming it. That was followed by a feast-for-one, consisting of savory roast pork, baked potatoes topped with something creamy, and piles of vegetables. She changed to a sitting position, which necessitated Marlon getting down on the floor to continue his job, and happily gobbled it all down. Then followed a large serving of something that appeared starchy and smelled sweet. There was enough for a half dozen people but she finished it all herself. Marlon, as if in a trance, never stopped massaging her smooth feet. When she was done her impressive dessert she lazily told him he could kiss her toes. What? That was crazy. And yet he did it, lingering over them. When she'd had enough, his wife waved him away, and he left with his eyes on the ground and his cock throbbing insistently.

In the days that followed, Marlon noticed more changes in himself. His hair was lengthening at an unnatural rate. His voice sounded higher. His nipples became very sensitive and appeared to be rising on small cushions of fatty tissue. Worst of all -- and he kept telling himself that this must be an illusion -- his penis



and testicles seemed to be shrinking. Maybe it was just because there was no longer any hair on them. Or because his belly and thighs had become fuller. He checked his bottom with both hands and that was expanding too. So his genitals probably appeared to be diminishing only because other parts had grown a bit.

The Kawandans began to point at him and snicker. Women would flick at his loincloth. He desperately wished he could retrieve his male clothes. Men eyed him in ways he found unsettling. One of them came up to him, clamped a powerful hand on the back of his neck, and inserted a thick finger into his mouth, pumping it back and forth while other men chattered incomprehensibly and guffawed. Most unnervingly, his male parts continued to dwindle. Marlon asked Robert if he could see Terri again. Why was he asking instead of demanding? What sort of unwanted effect was his steady intake of the plants having on him? The former guide made him wait two days, without giving a reason.

When Marlon went to see his bride he got a fresh shock. She had added a considerable number of new pounds. Her face was rounded, with a second chin, breasts like two cantaloupes, buttocks equivalent to the hemispheres of a beachball. Formerly flat, her belly had begun to protrude. She was sitting in a chair built to accommodate her new nether dimensions. As Marlon stood there gaping at her, trying to find the words to lambast her for becoming so huge, one of the Black women came in bearing a wide deep bowl of beef and vegetables made into a flavorful stew. This time there was a spoon. But when the native girl went to use

it, Terri held up a staying hand. She pointed at Marlon and indicated that he should feed her. The wife even used a few words in Kawandan and clearly understood when she was answered the same way. He stepped up, accepted the bowl and utensil, and began wordlessly to feed her. After about a third of the large serving was gone, she licked her lips and told him to stop for a few minutes.

Terri asked, as if nothing unusual had transpired, "How are you doing, sweetheart?"

He stood there mutely. When he found his voice, high and wispy now, he told her, "Something is terribly wrong. Look at us and how we've been changed. We have to get out of here."

Terri snapped her fingers and pointed to the food. He dutifully fed her another half dozen mouthfuls before she again halted him. "The thing is," she began, "I've been talking to Robert and he's given me a lot of information about what's going on here. You see, my arrival fulfilled a prophecy about the coming of a fertility goddess. That's why they're feeding me so well, because I have to look right for my new role." She put a hand under one oversize breast to give it a jiggle. "What do you think?"

"You... you're becoming enormous. It looks... different... but strangely appealing. I mean..."

She chuckled. "Admit it. You like the new me. Go on. Sit on one of those killer thighs and rub your big cock against it."

"Um... You see... There's a problem with that."

"Whatever do you mean?" she inquired, all innocence.

"My cock. It's... I think they..."

"Is something amiss with that supersize schlong of yours, darling? The one you've always had me sucking more often than getting it into my pussy? And when you were in me it always came close to giving me an orgasm though never quite got me there? Because you always put your needs first?"

"Really? You're saying...?"

"Just pull that loincloth aside and give your Big Momma a peek. Let's see what prize is behind the curtain. But first give me some more of that stew. I am just famished all the time."

He spooned her mouth full several more times before she permitted him to stop again. Then she let him set the bowl on a low table. Next she had him take several steps back to give her a better view.

"Okay," she announced. "Time for the big unveiling. Let's have it, super stud."

His soft beardless cheeks flushed bright pink as he pulled the material out of the way. "Please," he whispered. "Can I just cover it back up?"

"What's the hurry? Afraid I won't like your big... or medium... or small... tool? Whoa. What are you down to? Like two inches soft? Take a ride on my chubby leg and let's see if we can get you pumped up to a respectable size. Go on, lover."

He straddled her thick thigh and humped against it, sniffing as he did. The reaction was immediate, with him becoming erect in seconds. But the size increase left much to be desired. She had him dismount and retreat again.

"Jeez Louise," she said, squinting. "That baby bugger jumped up from two inches to -- what? -- three at the most? That little dingus could never satisfy any woman. Feed me the rest of my delicious meal and then I'll feed you something. I'm sure that an alternative method of stimulation will allow you to please me, like you never did in the past."

"Alternative? You mean... oral sex?"

"I mean eating my pussy."

"But I never did that. And I never will," he squeaked indignantly. "It's disgusting. Real men don't eat twat."

"Yeah, well you hardly qualify as a real man with that mini-dick and those swelling chest-warmers. I saw side-boob when you turned away at an angle. What is your bust up to? An A-cup?"

He whimpered and threw a forearm modestly across his swelling chest. "Please, don't talk about my... bosoms."

"Why shouldn't I? All the woman are gabbing about how cute they are. And the men are very aware of them too, along with that sexy bottom of yours. You should be less concerned with the ladies than the men. From what I hear, the guys think you'd be a special treat."

"Nooooo," he wailed.

"Yesssss," she hissed back at him. "So you had better treat this local fertility goddess politely and do whatever she desires, if you want even a slim chance of me taking your side. So I'll just inch my big butt forward and get my snatch where you can reach it with your mouth. Come on, Marlon. Or should I call you Marion? Yeah, that makes more sense now. On your knees, Marion, and worship at the altar of my split mound."

Realizing the hopelessness of his situation, he sank to his knees and shuffled forward on them until he was close enough to inhale the feminine musk that came from between her fleshy thighs. She spread her knees further to give him easy access, grabbed his hair, which was now shoulder length, and pulled him in until his lower face was mashed against her pubes. He whimpered and grimaced,

but stuck out his tongue and licked. Marlon had watched enough lesbian porn to know how it was done. He had especially liked the scenes in which the girl being licked gave instructions to the one going down on her. Now he was the one providing pleasure and his bride was the one issuing commands.

"Get your tongue inside," Terri sighed. "Now suck my love button. That's a good serving girl. I'm going to have you feed me all my meals. Give me foot rubs. Anoint my body with scented oils. And I'll put you on a steady diet of the pink taco. Yeah. Do more of that. Be good and afterwards I'll play with your new tits. Get you all excited. But not let you finish. It'll be just like old times but with our positions switched." She let him continue with what he was doing for a while. "Now concentrate on my clit until I c... c... cum. OH YES!"

Several days later, when Marlon again had the flavor of his wife on his lips and tongue, Robert came to see him. "My oh my," said the Black man. "The Great White Treasure Hunter isn't so great anymore, is he? You honestly thought you could come here and steal what is ours? Tsk, tsk, tsk."

"Please," the transforming man squeaked. "This is all so bizarre. My wife's breasts have ballooned up to the size of basketballs. And look at me. My penis is down to almost nothing under this loincloth. You have to change me back. I can't stay like this."

"Of course you can."

"Listen. Let me call Wilkins. I'll arrange for a huge payment to be made to you. More money than this forsaken place has ever seen. All right?"

"Oh, your wife has been in touch with Lester already. She explained what's happening and mentioned that before she left home she put him in line to inherit everything that's hers."

"Nothing is hers. Everything is my name."

"But after you're gone for a few years, it automatically goes to her. Isn't that what's in your will?"

"Yes. I did that on the advice of my lawyers in case I was ever temporarily incapacitated. But what good is it to her while she's stuck here?"

"No good. But she doesn't want to go back. She'd like Lester to have it all, because he was so kind to her, and they both had to put up with you."

"Why would she want to stay here?"

"Why not? She's being treated like a queen, pampered all the time. And she tells me that she loves the idea of you being her serving girl."

"I can't do that. And she even made me... you know... use my mouth on her... in a sexual way."

Robert laughed. "So I heard. It sounds like she loves having you do that."

"But that's not enough for Terri. She said she wants more, after years of me being... um... less rewarding than she wanted. How can she get that here? What would qualify as 'more'?"

"Convenient that you should ask. As our fertility goddess she is required to have a -- what's the word? -- robust sex life. And one of our men, Bama, will provide her with that. He's been away on a ritual quest, but he'll be back any day now. And once Terri has attained her full goddess weight, which will also be very soon, they may become mated." He leaned in to add confidentially, "And I guarantee that Bama will give her everything she desires and more. Much more."

Marlon looked sick. He took a deep breath, which made his breasts, now the size of oranges and still growing, rise and fall invitingly. Robert gave them a good long look.

"This isn't possible," Marlon insisted feebly. "I'm a rich man."

"You'll soon have more to concern yourself about than all that money. You see, once Terri becomes the Bride of Bama, you will be the plaything of anyone who wishes to have you, besides just her and him. She doesn't want to ever leave Kawanda, and you have no choice but to stay."



Robert reached out to lightly tweak Marlon's nipples and toy with them. The changing man gasped and writhed. He moaned and bucked his hips in a frenzy of arousal. His loincloth fell off and what remained of his once proud cock bobbed up and down, reduced to less than two slender inches, with balls proportionately tiny.

"Pleeeeeease," he whined. "At least do something to help me finish."

"Oh," Robert said with feigned concern. "Didn't anyone tell you? After your dick gets that small, it can be stimulated and even get hard, in its limited way. And the rest of you will be very receptive to being touched. You'll eventually beg to be handled, and especially to have your chest played with. But emptying your little balls is nearly impossible. There's one method that might work, but I don't think you'd like it. At least not now. Still, after a while you'll likely be pleading for it. Going around wagging that round bottom at every man here." He laughed. "But now I hear the ceremonial horn being blown. Bama is back. You should go to your wife. She may want her attendant present for what is about to happen."

Staggering along in a daze, his breasts bouncing under the bib top he wore, backside swishing though he didn't want it to, he headed toward Terri's quarters. She was no longer there and one of the women directed him to a stone building that would now be her temple. She truly had gained the rank of goddess. When he got there she was lounging on a divan, leaning against plush pillows. Terri had attained the proper dimensions for her status. Her

breasts were like watermelons, her stomach bulged in a way that was somehow attractive, she had flaring hips, a titanic rear end, well-upholstered thighs, and thick but shapely calves. In spite of himself he was drawn to her. His tiny dick poked out and his miniscule balls were drawn up tight. His hairless body, so soft and bearing grapefruit-sized boobs and a protruding jouncing butt, was more female than male. She had a tray of small cakes near her and, without being told to, he fed them to her one by one. He was close enough for her to reach out and playfully tweak his nipple, continuing to do it as he moaned and mewled while still feeding her. He desperately needed to have some relief for his unemptied balls.

Just then he heard movement behind him and Terri's eyes widened. Marlon glanced back to see a tall muscular Black man filling the doorway. He strode across the room and yanked off his loincloth, revealing a cock that would have put the white guy's to shame even before it was reduced. Terri gave her husband's nip a final pinch and waved him aside. Bama approached her and she grabbed his hanging organ. With a few strokes she had the dark length standing up. The giant turned toward Marlon, grabbed him by his narrow shoulders, and forced him down onto his knees. Bama gripped his shaft at the bottom and used it to slap Marlon's face. Left, right, left, right. It didn't hurt much but the humiliation was incalculable. A large drop of clear fluid appeared at the tip. Bama wiped it under the white man's nose.

Then Bama returned his attention to Terri. He went to her and got onto the divan, between her legs. She purred happily as he

pressed the head of his organ against her moistness. When he shoved the knob inside she moaned happily. As he fed her more of his girthy pole, her husband could only stay where he was, on his knees, body hairless, dressed in female garb. He had to watch as Bama buried himself to the hilt and ravished a very willing Terri. She cried out repeatedly, demeaned her spouse's past performances, and pledged herself to Bama. Terri enjoyed two quaking climaxes. The pair on the divan having sex was like a god and goddess making love. It went on and on while Marlon quietly sobbed. At last they exploded into simultaneous orgasms. After a minute they relaxed into each others' arms. Finally Bama withdrew and rose.

He went to Marlon and grabbed him by the hair, to tow him, yelping and thrashing, to Terri. Bama shoved the helpless victim's face against her messy pubes. He growled something at him.

Terri, who had become adept at the language, translated, "He wants you to clean me up down there. It's your way of showing you accept that I'm his now. I'd do it right away if I were you, and make a good job of it, if you don't want to get slapped with a lot more than just that magnificent cock of his."

Marlon saw the thick semen oozing from his wife's slit. Her nether lips were thickly coated with it. He gagged and, with Bama's hard eyes on him, began to lap up the disgusting cream. Terri laughed. Bama grunted his approval and sat alongside her to deliver several deep kisses. Marlon did such a good job that she experienced another, though much milder, finish. When she

declared the job to be done, Bama hauled Marlon to his feet and ripped off the few pieces of clothing he wore. He jabbered something at his prey.

Terri explained, "He says you have to stay naked from now on. That will tell everyone that you have become public property and they can do anything they wish with you. You're officially the town slut. And it's their civic duty to take advantage of you. Kind of makes the fertility process work better."

Bama shoved him toward the door and used one wide foot to kick him outside. There was a crowd that had been listening to his wife commit adultery. Now they closed in around him, leering down at his naked figure. A tall woman caught his ear and twisted it. She led him along, squealing and flapping his arms, and into a hut. Three other females followed. She sat on a chair and inched her bottom forward so that her pussy was at the edge of the seat. Someone else pushed on the backs of his knees and his legs buckled. He inched forward until his face was nearly touching her musky center of femininity. It was no mystery what was expected. He got started licking and sucking, probing and slurping. She moaned and wriggled until he brought her to a noisy climax. As soon as she was done another took her place. After years of never doing that for his wife, he would now be available to every woman here.

After they were done with him, the last woman hollered out the door. Two men rushed in. They grabbed him under the arms and half carried him outside, to the hut opposite. As soon as he was in

there, surrounded by chattering men, all of them removed their loincloths. Marlon was confronted with a collection of long, thick, dark cocks. The nearest man grabbed his wrist and put Marlon's hand on his considerable length. The naked white captive curled his fingers around it, as far as they would reach, and tugged it to rigidity. He shifted his position until he was where he needed to be, sat up on his haunches, and got his lips over the end and behind the head. Marlon used his tongue to flick at it and swirl around its widest part. He knew what worked best. Of course he did, after the countless times he had made his bride do the same for him. This role reversal was pure hell for him. He was straight. He didn't perform such debasing acts. Marlon wanted to empty his own balls, not those of this roomful of horny Black men.

He went from cock to cock, using his hands and mouth on each one, licking balls and murmuring seductively in his voice that he could no longer pitch below a girly trill. He took load after load of salty ejaculate and gagged it all down. Jugs of wine appeared and the event turned into a party for everyone except him. He had cream running out of his mouth and landing on his wobbling breasts. Marlon lost track of how many men he had sucked off. He thought some of them might have come back for seconds. It was just his bad luck that they would be so potent. He guessed those natural medicinal substances could work both ways if combined correctly. Somehow he got through it and crawled outside, where a mixed crowd stood and mocked him. He felt so helpless, not being able to understand more than the commands he was given most frequently.

That was when he remembered what Robert had said earlier, about how needy Marlon would become and how there was only one method that could possibly gain him relief. He saw the guide coming toward him then. Marlon waved to get his attention; he forced himself to stand and turn, showing off his backside. The confused and overstimulated white man shook his bottom. Was there no depth to which he would not descend? He found out when he parted his bottom cheeks with his hands, bleated plaintively, and got down on his hands and knees, offering himself. Robert chortled and went to him. With everyone watching, the Black man knelt behind the one who had tried to manipulate and use him, and pawed his tail. Marlon felt the end of a stiff cock bumping against his virgin tightness.

Robert asked, "Do you want me inside you? Do you want to be used like a boy-girl?"

"Yes," Marlon moaned in defeat.

"Louder."

"YES."

"Now I'll ask again in our language, so everyone knows what is happening, that you want to be entered. You can answer in the same tongue."

Robert rattled off the question in Kawandan. Marlon responded with the single syllable that conveyed assent. As he did, Robert jammed himself into him. Marlon howled but, as the conquering man began to pump, experienced a change from pain to something close to pleasure. If this went on long enough, he might actually be able to spurt with his diminished dick. He begged Robert to slam him harder, faster. Even though the onlookers couldn't understand his words, the imploring way he spoke them made his request clear. The vindictive man was happy to comply. He ravaged Marlon's ass. As Robert unloaded inside him, Marlon reached his own finale. Semen dribbled out of his miniaturized pecker. He wept from relief but, at the same time, knew that this would never be enough. He would require it again and again to alleviate the pressure of wanting, yet would remain only partially fulfilled, and very soon have to have more. He pictured himself approaching any man he could find, eyeing him coyly, sinking suggestively to his knees and hoping that, if he was wanton enough with his hands and mouth, the Black Kawandan would deign to take him from behind. As he was admitting to himself the terrible plight into which he had been put, he looked up.

Coming toward him was Bama, all glistening Black skin and rippling muscles. Next to him, with the big man's arm possessively around her plump shoulders, was Terri. Her ginormous boobs were in constant motion as she walked, rolling with every step. That full belly bobbed up and down. Her wide hips swayed and chubby thighs rubbed together.

"Hello, Marion," she said gleefully, leaning down toward him, heavy breasts hanging temptingly like overripe fruit. "So nice to see you enjoying yourself. I'm glad it won't be only me having a lovely time now that we're here to stay. I hope you won't obsess over the fact that you've lost your wife, your fortune, your cock, and your masculinity. I would be SO sad to have to think, every day and night, that you were suffering from being reduced to a living sex doll for all these fine folks. But we can talk about it later when they bring you around to feed me, and give me a rubdown, and be there to serve when Bama screws me senseless. I'm sure we'll find lots for you to do for us."

Her amused laughter rang in his ears as she strolled away with the new man in her life. He watched her double-wide bottom until they turned a corner. Marlon got painfully to his feet. His rump hole was so sore, he had a belly full of cum, and he would be spending a very long time as a no-cocked, voluptuously shaped, sex slave.