

# *Clubbed!*

**by Throne**

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# ***Clubbed!***

**by Throne**

Melanie Day was a pear-shaped blond. She had a sweet face and an adequate bust, but where she really stood out was with her bottom. It was wide and protruding, thick and round, almost like a cartoon version of an ass. Personally, she was embarrassed by it. Her husband wasn't thrilled to be seen with her. He would have preferred someone slimmer. He was short and slightly built, though that wasn't what held him back from hooking up with his ideal type. It was his wretched personality that prevented Jason Day from getting any of those girls, so he ended up married to Melanie. Around the house he called her Big Butt, Wide Load,

and other insulting names. He used how self-conscious she was about her posterior to control her. His cruelty extended further than that. In fact, he was ready to make his meanest move yet, just for his own sadistic kicks.

"We're going out to a club, Lard Ass," he told her. "Get dressed up. Wear something that shows off that titanic tush of yours."

"Yes, Jason," she said meekly. "Can you tell me where we're going?"

"I told you. To a club. Now get moving."

She went to the bedroom and picked a dress that was a snug fit. He wanted her rump emphasized, so she would wear it, even though it made her uneasy. Once she was dressed, she applied make-up, using lipstick that was brick red, with a matte finish. Maybe if she made her lips pop, it would distract attention from her tugboat tail-end. He got into slacks his wife had just washed, and put on a sports jacket, over a nice shirt. His loafers were comfortable and would be easy to slip off when he got home. He liked to be barefoot when he made his wife give him one of the frequent blowjobs that he demanded. Jason inspected her and made another nasty remark about her rear end. Then he hustled her out to the car and they headed for the city. She wanted to ask why they were driving into what appeared to be an unsavory neighborhood. There were hookers on several corners, most of them Black. He pulled into an enclosed parking area and got out.

"Come on," he told Melanie. "Let's get inside."

She got out. "Are you sure this place is okay?"

"It's going to be fun," he said. "This is a mainly Black club. The Mumbo Jumbo Mambo or something like that. The deal is that Black guys go for huge butts like yours. So, I'm going to spend the evening watching them hit on you and you trying to say no to them."

"Jason, that's terrible. You can't do that to me."

"Shut up." He pointed to the entrance. "We'll go in together and then I'm cutting you lose. Can't wait to see the show you put on."

There was a doorman, who hit them up for a modest cover charge.

After they were past him, Jason said that they probably only required that payment from whites. He led her into the dimly lit interior, told her to mingle, and headed for the bar, where he ordered himself a stiff drink. His wife scanned the crowd. There were a disproportionate number of white females. They were all BBWs like her, so maybe she wouldn't be singled out too much.

But then two big men penned her in and steered her toward a small table.

"Hey," said one of them. "I'm Lucky."

"And I'm Dirk," said the other. "How come we've never seen you here before, pretty lady."

She was flattered to be referred to that way. But her nerves were still on edge. They offered her a drink and she accepted, hoping it would calm her down. Their server, a curvy Black gal, was

summoned. After the three of them were drinking together, Melanie glanced toward Jason. He was sitting at the bar, smirking at her, probably enjoying the awkward situation in which she found herself.

Melanie couldn't hold back. She told the two men everything about what Jason was doing to her, and was pleasantly surprised to find them sympathetic. They complimented her figure and said she was what they called a PAWG.

Lucky explained, "That stands for Phat-Assed White Girl."

Dirk saw she was confused and pointed out, "Phat, P-H-A-T, is a good thing. Like your husband told you, guys like us admire a big booty like yours. If he makes fun of it, like you said, he's an idiot."

She had never heard anyone talk about her husband like that. By reflex, she started to defend him, but then his mistreatment of her changed her mind.

Melanie told the men, "He really is a creep with me. It's just a shame that nobody can do anything about it."

"No?" Lucky stood up. He towered above her. "Let me invite him over here. Maybe we can help him see things our way."

"Oh, you shouldn't do that. He'll just get grumpy and take it out on me."

"Let us try," Dirk suggested. "We have a way of convincing folks. It's kind of our line of work."

The two men smiled at each other. Lucky went toward Jason.

Melanie watched. Her drink must have been pretty potent, because her usual fear of her spouse had retreated quite a bit. She was amused when Lucky clapped him hard on the back and nearly knocked him off his barstool. Then the powerful man hooked his arm through Jason's, to walk him across the room. It appeared that Jason didn't want to accompany him, but Lucky did something that made the other guy wince with pain, and then he was brought along easily.

Lucky sat Jason on the last seat at their table, then retook his own spot. He said, "My new friend Jason said he wants to buy a round for the table."

Dirk said, "Thanks, Jason." He reached out and seemed to shake the new arrival's hand, but something he did made Jason grit his teeth in agony.

Drinks were ordered and came, to be paid for by Jason. Lucky reminded him to tip the waitress generously, which he did under duress.

"We'll just have this one and then leave, boys," Jason stated firmly.

Lucky glared at him, because he didn't like being addressed that way. Then his expression softened. "You need to stay, little buddy. My friend and I have bonded with this lovely girl of yours. We want her to have a real nice night out, with her loving husband."

His voice was superficially pleasant but there was something in his tone that told Jason to agree. He did, and Melanie reacted with surprise but also satisfaction. She sat back and took another sip of her drink. Jason needed some liquid courage, so he took a swallow of his as well.

"Now here's the thing," Lucky told him. "We want to make sure Melanie is getting all the loving she deserves. How about we check your equipment, boy..." He paused to let his use of that term sink in. "... by doing a sort of comparison test. Don't worry. It can be private like. I'll start off. Just give me a second to get the old sugar cane out of my pants." He did something out of sight and then said to Melanie, "How does what I've got compare to your man's tool?"

"You mean his penis?" she said, a bit tipsily. She glanced at what he was exposing, where it couldn't be seen by anyone not at the table. Her eyes went wide. "Oh my!" she exclaimed. "That's a lot bigger than what Jason has."

"Whoa," said Dirk. He fiddled under the table. "How about mine?"

"Gosh," said Melanie, staring again. "You've got him beat, too. By a lot."

"Hey," objected Jason. "I didn't agree to anything like this."

Lucky put a friendly hand on Jason's shoulder and there was another one of those moments when something not easily



detected caused the husband to grunt from being hurt. "Come on, Jason. Be a sport. Show us the goods. It's just for fun. You came here tonight to have your own kind of fun. Now you can try some of ours."

Jason reluctantly freed his penis. The two Black men peeked out what he was displaying.

"Holy crap," Lucky said. "Is that all there is?"

"That's not a cock," Dirk decided. "It's more like a thumb."

"Melanie," Lucky told the blond, "you got shortchanged. He makes fun of your fine ass, when all he has down there is a pea pod."

Dirk said, "Or maybe a pale Brussels sprout. But it's a lot less than you deserve, Melanie."

Lucky pointed out to the visiting couple. "You see those white gals scattered around the room? Notice how they're all what you call full-figured. They come here because they know us brothers think they're right-on like fillet-mignon."

"They're sweet like wine but go to your head like whiskey. Any of those girls that want it can get BBC when they come here," observed Dirk. "That's Big Black Cock. So could you, Melanie."

"Well, I'm married and all," she reminded them.

"And all what?" Lucky challenged. "There's private rooms upstairs. I'm sure Jason would be happy to pay for one. All of us could go up there and me and Dirk could prove how much we respect and love girls like you."

Jason started to rise and then remembered that his willy was still out. He sat back down abruptly, put it back in his pants, and said, "I've heard enough. Melanie, we're going to leave."

It might have been her drink, or hearing her husband bossed around, or else having his manhood insulted, that made her feel empowered. Probably it was all three of those things. Whatever the reason, she said, "I'd like to stay. Tell these friendly men that you'd be happy to pay for a room upstairs."

Her husband put on a stern expression, but when he saw his wife's companions eyeing him critically, he backed down. "Okay. But just to take a look. I don't want any hanky-panky."

"No, Sir," seconded Lucky.

"Whatever you say, boss," agreed Dirk, with a hint of a plantation accent.

They told the waitress what they wanted. She had picked up the vibe at the table and said, "Maybe I can join you. My shift is over soon."

"Sounds good, Neesha," said Lucky. "I'm sure Jason here would like to get to know you better."

Jason checked out the Black woman, who was dressed in a sleeveless top and short skirt. She was busty and had an ass even bigger than his wife's. There was some side-boob showing through the armholes of her top. He could smell perspiration. Her hair was worn short and natural. Ginormous hoop earrings reached almost to her shoulders. She repelled him but he knew better than to say anything.

Dirk said, "You can send a bottle and some mixer up, too. With three glasses. If you stop by, bring a glass for yourself."

She laughed. "Sounds like a party." With her hand on the back of Jason's neck, massaging it, she told the white customer, "I'll take your charge card now. You can tip me in cash."

He didn't like any of that but mumbled something that sounded like agreement. She accepted his card and went away with it. Five minutes later she was back, with a slip of paper that had a room number on it.

Neesha told them, "You've got Room #3 for the rest of the night. Hope I see you all later." Instead of returning the card to Jason, she made a point of giving it to Melanie.

Even though he hated to part with money, Jason left a generous tip. Everyone headed for the stairs that led to the second floor.

Lucky went first, with Jason following and wearing a frown. Melanie was next. Dirk made sure to be behind her, so that his face was level with her rolling buns as they ascended. He shook his head and blew out air through pursed lips.

To himself he said, "Sweet mama, prize pumpkins."

The room was modest, with chairs and small tables. It was dominated by a large bed. Jason eyed that last furnishing uneasily.

Lucky declared, "Now Jason, since you lost the size contest, you have to strip down... boy."

When the reluctant man hesitated, Dirk said, "Let me help you."

He got him out of his jacket, at the same time accidentally-on-purpose hurting him enough that Jason was suddenly eager to cooperate. He undressed the rest of the way by himself. Neesha showed up with the bottle and glasses. She saw Jason in the buff, threw back her head, and laughed.

"Sweet rainbow after the rain," she nearly shouted. "That's the smallest pecker I've ever seen. Ain't no bigger than a hummingbird. HAW!"

Jason blushed bright pink and tried to hide his genitals, but Lucky reached out and slapped his hand away. The naked man could only cringe and tremble with shame. His wife snickered at his embarrassment. Years of resentment welled up from her core. She was too angry to think ahead. All that mattered was giving him some payback in the current moments. They gave Neesha his clothes. The Black woman chortled as she left with them.

Lucky decided, "You need to show your wife that all that trash you been talking to her don't mean a thing. How are you going to do

that? What would convince her you're sorry and will never do it again?"

Melanie boldly said, "He can kiss my ass, since that's what he's spent so much time dissing."

The Black men laughed. Dirk said, "Sounds like a plan. You heard the lady, chump. Lift up her dress and get to kissing."

"I can't kiss her fat ass," Jason protested.

"You can kiss that," said Lucky, "or my fist is going to kiss your face."

The threat might not be serious, but Jason was too much of a coward to test it. He got behind his wife. Dirk urged him to show proper respect by getting down on his knees. As much as he didn't want to demean himself that way, Jason was outnumbered and outclassed. Being nude didn't help. He assumed the position.

His hands went to the hem of his wife's dress. He raised it and was confronted with her double-wide but shapely sitter, covered by thin panties that were stretched tight over the expanse of pink flesh. Jason gagged slightly, puckered up, and pressed his lips to one bulging hemisphere and then the other.

Melanie tittered. She surprised her spouse by saying, "How about some right in the middle? How about a whole bunch there? Come on, lover. With such a tiny dick, you'll have to learn to be good with your mouth. Maybe I should turn around and let you kiss what's there. And lick it. And give me an orgasm for a change, which you've never done before."

"Whoops!" said Dirk. "The truth comes out at last. Small prick equals no climaxes. Wife is unhappy, Needs hubby to learn to eat pussy."

Jason could barely keep up, with everything happening so quickly. He pressed his face into the valley between her massive cheeks, grateful that her panties provided a barrier. He felt swallowed up by that crevice of warm flesh. There was a loamy smell where his nose ended up.

"You know," Lucky said casually, "that might work better if you lost your undies, vanilla mama."

She told him, "I like the way you think." The booze was making her giddy.

Melanie pulled down her panties, baring that exceptional ass. Now Jason didn't have anything between himself and what waited in the depths. He whimpered as Dirk gave his ear a yank.

The Black man tormenting him wanted to know, "What's holding you back, fool? You always made your wife kiss ass, even if it was just in a manner of speaking. Now it's time for you to pay her back, except you'll be smooching butt for real. Get your lips on that rosebud and give it some love."

Jason sobbed. His former facade of toughness was gone. He was like the gimp who gets bullied and can't fight back. These brutes were abusing him at will. He pushed his face into his wife's double-bubble butt. It was hard to draw a breath with his nose

and mouth wedged in there. He pursed his lips and pressed them to her tight nether opening.

Melanie crowed, "He's doing it, guys. My asshole of a husband is kissing my asshole."

Dirk gave the sore ear a twist. Everyone heard Jason's muffled yelp. The Black man ordered, "Get some tongue into your kissing. French that tight little backdoor. See how deep you can go with your taster."

The hapless husband gagged as he did what he was told. His wife pushed back on him. He was nearly smothered. They kept him as his odious task while she finished her drink and a new one was poured. She was liberated and in the mood to celebrate.

Lucky quietly suggested, "If you want a different kind of fun, me and Dirk would be happy to give you what that lame husband can't."

"You mean... good sex?"

"That's right, sweets. Just say the word and we'll give it to you like you've never had before. I'm guessing you've never had a king-size cock up in you."

"No," she confirmed. "Jason was my first man. I never had anything to compare him with. After seeing what you two are packing, while we were downstairs, I want what I've been missing."

She stepped away from Jason. His face was red and slick with sweat. He took several deep breaths to revive himself. What he saw was his wife undressing the rest of the way. The Black men admired her curvy figure and pale complexion. She took a sip from her refilled glass and laid back on the bed.

"Who's first?" she wanted to know.

"Who's first," Dirk said, "is Jason. You're not used to having anything as huge as what we got in you, so he's going to get you wet and relaxed down there... with his mouth."

Her spouse reflexively said, "I don't do that. It's disgusting."

Dirk slapped him upside the head. "You do what you're told, loser. With that nowhere dick, you need to learn to eat twat to keep your woman happy. Now get to licking."

The Black man clamped his broad hand on the back of Jason's neck and steered him onto the bed, getting his face within inches of Melanie's plump mound. He shoved the white man's mouth against that moist slit.

"Go on," the eager woman said. "Make yourself useful in bed for a change."

Jason hated the fishy smell of her sex. He licked up and down, getting his first taste. He had always felt masterful when he made his wife suck him off. Now he was experiencing what she had undergone, being used like a lowly sex worker. He made retching sounds as he lapped her. She told him to pay special attention to



her clitoris, which he did without balking. Not until his lower face was smeared with her juices did Dirk grab him by the hair and tug him away. Jason had to stand against the wall, hands at his sides, like a naughty schoolboy.

Lucky hastily shed his clothes. He was not only well hung, but also very fit. His appearance made Jason aware of his own out-of-shape body. The naked husband wanted to flee, but how could he, with his clothes gone? In the pockets of his trousers were his wallet and keys. He was helpless. Lucky got on the bed alongside Melanie. She gripped his flaccid penis and stroked it into an impressive erection. There were thick veins decorating its length and the head swelled out at the top. He touched the side of her pretty face. She closed her eyes and parted her lips. He kissed her, at first lightly, and then with full tongue penetration. She nibbled on his thick lips and moaned. He got onto his knees between her full thighs and aimed his organ at her waiting furrow.

"Do it," she told him. "Make me feel like a woman for a change."

He smiled down at her and entered slowly. She gasped.

"OMG. It's so different from Jason's little dick. You're filling me up so much."

"There's still a few more inches to come."

"Give it to me," she cried, sounding very different than her former meek self.

He gave. And gave. And gave. Melanie's big ass squirmed and she murmured nonstop, in synch with his manly thrusts. The neglected wife had an orgasm. Five minutes later she had another. They were loud and wet. During her third climax, Lucky let himself go and emptied his sizable balls into her. The pair on the bed froze for several suspended moments and then relaxed.

"That was incredible," she said after a long exhalation.

"I'm glad," he told her. "But I left a big mess down there. A regular milkshake."

"I can clean up."

"Or we can have Jason do it." When she didn't seem to comprehend, he added, "The same way he got you ready."

"With his mouth?" Her pretty face lit up with sadistic glee. In a singsong voice, she called, "Jason dear, I have something for you. I hope you have a good appetite because there's a lot of it."

"You heard her," Dirk reinforced. "Time to get down to business."

"I can't do that. Not that."

Dirk punched him in the gut. When Jason bent forward, the skilled man grabbed his unprotected scrotum from behind. He applied pressure. His victim wailed.

"You know," Dirk informed him, "I can keep this up all day. It's just that there might be some permanent damage if I close my

hand much more. Do you want that or do you want to go downtown for some fine dining?"

Jason held out for a very short time. He surrendered and Dirk gave him a hard slap on the rear. The defeated man resumed his previous position. This time, his wife's slot was oozing cream. He made a strangled sound but got started, gathering a generous helping of spunk on his tongue and forcing himself to gag it down. He had to do that many more times. She laid there and purred with contented pleasure, both from what he was doing and what she knew it was doing to him. A guy like Jason was nothing without his pride, even if it was unearned.

At last, he was permitted to stop. Dirk told him, "Take a break, little man. There'll be a second helping soon enough." He got naked and asked Melanie to get onto her hands and knees. "Just let me get all up against that super-booty. You know what they say. The bigger the cushion, the better the pushin'."

She was loose and wet enough by then that he slipped his enormous cock in easily. Jason cringed. He couldn't believe he was seeing his wife used by those men, that she was enjoying it so much, and that it pointed out how inferior his own performance had always been. Along with all that, he was going to have to eat her out again, after this one pumped her full.

"That's right," Dirk said, as if sharing that last thought. "I'm gonna bust my nut. Not right now. But after a while." His short sentences were timed to match the jerks of his hips. "It gonna happen. I'm gonna unload. Jay got to eat it. Got to eat it all."

The effect of his slow steady penetrations was incendiary. Melanie wanted more of the fire it ignited inside her. She curled her hands into fists and met his piledriver movements with jerks of her wide fleshy hips.

Her voice was breathy as she said, "Jason, you're never getting inside my pussy again. Maybe you can learn to jerk yourself off as good as you eat me. Maybe I'll let you shoot your jism on the outside of my puss and then lick that up, too."

The words ended as Dirk stepped up his tempo. He drove her to one impactful climax and then allowed himself to refill her with spunk. Jason, sobbing uncontrollably, got his mouth on her snatch again, to repeat his unthinkably humiliating clean-up duty. By the end, his lips and chin were painted with male ejaculate. As he remained there, he thought everything was over, but then Neesha arrived, glass in hand.

"Hope I'm not too late," she said cheerily. She asked Melanie, "How's Mister Short Stuff doing with his mouth? It's got to be better than when he uses his dinky dingle."

Melanie laughed. "He's not bad. I'm sure he'll improve with practice."

Lucky volunteered, "He's going to get plenty of that. We're going to send him home as a new man. Or something almost a man." To Jason he said, "We'll get your address from your wallet. Once we know where you live, you got to keep this sexy lady of yours happy, if you don't want us to show up some night. When she says to jump, you do it. When she says she's got a pussy itch that

needs to be scratched, you do that, too... lickity-split. Know what I mean?"

"Yes, Sir."

Dirk cut in with, "And if you don't do a good job, we got another position you can fill. This club is always looking for a good men's room attendant. I don't think I have to tell you what that involves."

Jason's face blanched. He nodded. "I'll give my wife everything she wants."

Neesha took over with, "Right now, you can give me some something-something." She asked Melanie, "Mind if I get down there, alongside you?"

"Be my guest. You can critique my husband's new skills. Give him some pointers."

As the big Black woman began to undress, she told Jason, "I just worked a long shift. It's gonna be kind of stanky down in jungle town."

He saw her triangle of kinky pubic hair, split by protruding rippled lips. His stomach lurched. Naked, she stretched out next to his wife and spread her thick but well-made legs.

"Hop to it, boy," she commanded. "My business ain't gonna lick itself."

With everyone looking on, the cuckolded man once again suffered the mortification of being an oral slave to a woman. He was going to be doing more of the same at home, without any reciprocation from his wife. Neesha was sweaty and overdue for washing down there. He lapped at her for twenty minutes, as she gave instructions, interspersed with insults. Somewhere around the half hour mark, he triggered her orgasm. It was extremely juicy.

"I'm a gusher," she confirmed.

Jason was exhausted. He begged, "May I please go home now?"

"Not yet." Lucky sneered at him. "There's one more thing we got to do, to make sure you don't forget the lessons you been getting." He dragged Jason off the bed and put him on his knees. "You got two more cleaning assignments."

There was dried cum all over Lucky's enviable cock. The thing was like a Billy club. Jason couldn't process the idea of having to use his mouth there. It was too much.

"I'm not a faggot," he protested.

"You're whatever we say you are, boy. Now open wide, and put it inside."

Jason's hands trembled as he took hold of Lucky's cock. Seemingly with a life of its own, it grew to its fullest dimension. Melanie watched avidly as her spouse fitted his lips around the fat head, which he could barely accommodate. The Black man shoved in further. His human receptacle gagged but took it.

"Whoa," said Lucky. "Hardly no gag reflex. Yo, Melanie. You sure this fool ain't been a secret fag all along? Maybe that's the real reason he don't get off on all the junk in your trunk."

Lucky gripped Jason's skull with both hands and began to rape his mouth... and throat. It made the kneeling figure feel like less than a person. He existed only as an object for the well-endowed man to stick his cock and empty his balls into. Jason tried to form words but his tongue was flattened against the floor of his mouth. He choked and made piteous sounds. Lucky scowled down at him. With a grunt, the dominant male let himself shoot his load.

"Day-am," Lucky said. "Nuttled right down his throat." He withdrew partway and milked the last generous gobs out onto Jason's tongue. The disgraced husband made heaving sounds and brought some cream up from his stomach, into his mouth. Lucky leered at him and said, "It's gonna feel funny when you try to swallow for a few days. Something to remember me by."

"And me too," said Dirk, "once my man Lucky lets me get in there and do my thing."

They slapped hands, like tag-team wrestlers ready to trade places. All too soon for Jason, the second Big Black Cock was against his revulsed lips. It was like a belaying-pin club. He sniveled, then broke down and cried, tears streaming down his flushed cheeks. He made wordless pleading sounds, disconnected syllables that he was too upset to string together properly. Dirk squeezed his prey's jaws, forcing them to open wide. He tilted back Jason's

head. Then Dirk gathered up a big blob of spit and launched it into the white guy's mouth.

"Shut up," Dirk snarled, using the voice he usually reserved for difficult people he dealt with in his specialized line of work. "I'm a-gonna fuck your face good, boy."

Suiting his actions to those words, he crammed himself into Jason's mouth, making some of the previously deposited spunk squish out around his lips. He pumped him mercilessly, wanting to make sure that the last step in the once arrogant man's destruction did its job. Jason's eyes were wild as his mouth was used like a pussy or an asshole. He nearly swooned several times, before Dirk relented long enough for him to snatch a breath or two. It went on until Jason was afraid his mind would snap. Only then, as he teetered on the brink of a nervous collapse, did Dirk withdraw far enough that only the knob was in, and let his semen fly. With his cock relocated, the entire load flooded Dirk's mouth. He glugged some of it down. More overflowed onto his chin. Dirk made him suck clean his slimy cockhead. If Jason hadn't been fully broken before, he certainly was now.

"Here's what's going to happen," Lucky stated to Jason. "You're going to come back here every week on this same night, until we tell you otherwise. Melanie can stay downstairs, drink, and have the brothers flocking around her. They'll be gentlemen, after we put the word out that she's under our protection. If she prefers, she can come upstairs, where you'll be getting regular refreshers in what you learned tonight. In fact, I think you'll be a butt boy, too. Some of the kinkier customers can pretend they're convicts with white cellmates, who they turn into their personal sluts. I



know you'd be real convincing in that role, all squealing and making noises like a pig. Meanwhile, I'll give your wife my number. If I get any bad reports from her, you'll be filling that position in the lavatory. There are some games that are worse to play than the prison one. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir," Jason croaked. His throat felt like it had been fisted, which wasn't far from the truth. "I won't give you any reason to come to our address."

Melanie said, "But I might. In the middle of the week, I could need some of that Black Magic you two did. That voodoo that you do so well."

They all laughed. Neesha showed up with Jason's clothes. The sleeves of his shirt and legs of his trousers had been cut off really short, so he looked ridiculous after he got dressed. His wife took possession of his wallet and keys. She told him that his charge card and driving privileges were revoked, as of that minute. He could ride public transportation to his office job. If she felt generous, she might give him lunch money.

"Or I might just pack your lunches," she told him. "How do you think you'd like a cheese sandwich, with liquid soap instead of mayonnaise on it? And red-hot peppers on the side. Plus, a big portion of cold bacon grease for dessert. I'm friends with Joanie where you work. You remember her. The chubby girl you're always talking trash about. I'm sure she'll be delighted to be your lunch monitor, and make sure you finish every last bit. In fact, I might invite her over to our place, so you can apologize for your bad attitude and do something with your mouth other than

dissing her. It's going to be SO much fun being married to you,  
Jason, from this day forward."

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