

DINKY DICK'S DINNER DATE DISASTER!

by Throne

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

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As they were waiting to be seated by the hostess, Laura leaned toward her date and said, "You look great in those tight slacks I made you buy, Dicky. There's nothing downstairs to make an unsightly bulge."

"Gee, honey," the short guy whined to his busty girlfriend. "I was hoping we could get through at least one date without you saying anything about my... you know."

"Your shortcoming? You being penis-challenged? The fact that you have the dick of a miniature-poodle puppy?"

He cringed and glanced nervously at the attractive woman who would take them to their table. "Could you at least lower your voice, Laura? I don't want anyone to hear."

"Oh, don't be such a party-pooper. You know I'm just teasing."

"That's what you keep telling me, but please don't do it when we're out in public."

"Sure thing. Not another word about your junior junk, including your teeny balls. My lips are sealed. No more references to that keychain-ornament you have instead of a full-size cock."

His bland face colored pinkly. He bit his lips. The hostess gave Laura a sly smile. Had she heard those nasty words? The couple were led to a table in the corner. They sat and were handed their menus. Dick breathed a sigh of relief, happy that there was no one at the adjacent table. He glanced over to the bar, where several drinkers were enjoying themselves and chatting with the female bartenders. He spotted Laura eyeing a tall and well-dressed Black man who was seated at an angle, giving her a better view of him. She was taking in the sight he presented.

"Hey," Dick said, his voice barely above a whisper. "Could you please focus on me and not that fellow with the cocktail?"

"Who? Lavar? He works with me. A rising junior executive. And from what my friend Margo said after she dated him, quite the stud. He's well-equipped for the bedroom, from what she told me. Unlike someone who's at this table."

Under the table, Dick tightened his small hands into fists. Laura waved at Lavar and he raised his drink to her, along with flashing a bright smile in her direction.

She returned her attention to Dick. "Aw, don't give me that pouty face. A guy who comes up short in the dingus department needs to try harder in other ways, like not letting it bother him when his date checks out a superior man. You don't want me to get up, say something loud about your limited penis dimensions, and then leave you so I can go join Lavar. Do you?"

"OMG, no. Please. I'd be humiliated in front of all these people."

"Well then, behave and don't give me any more attitude."

Chastened, he lowered his eyes and said, "Yes, dear. I'm sorry. Whatever you say."

"What I say is for you to unzip and take out that poor substitute for a proper tool.

"Huh? I can't do that."

"Why not. The lights aren't bright in here. Besides, your pecker is so small that no one is going to spot it. Now do as you're told, unless you want to be called out for having junior genitals and be left alone at this table."

Dick fumbled with his fly and got it down. He told her, "Okay, but only for a few seconds and then I'm going to put it back."

"No. It will be for as long as I say. I'm sitting close enough to reach it and, maybe if you're lucky, I'll even touch the tiny twig."

He huffed at her, "That would be a welcome change, after the way you haven't been letting me do anything in the bedroom."

"Hey, I told you the new rules. He who hasn't got anything worthwhile to stick into my pussy, has to use his mouth down there to earn that privilege."

"Darn it, honey. You know how I get when you cut me off."

"I know. You get so horny that you go home and play with Mister Minnow."

"Well..." He shook his head. "I only did that because of how you deny me. Plus, I've left it alone since then. And I'm sorry I slipped up and admitted to... to..."

"To pulling your pickle?" She chuckled. "Why don't you give the pickle a tickle right now, while we decide what to order?"

"I can't..."

"All right. Get it out of your pants and I'll supply some finger fun for the poor neglected baby. Or else..." She nodded toward Lavar.

Dick shivered but did as he was told. He tried to calculate the odds of anyone else being able to tell what they were doing. As soon as he freed his penis, Laura reached over and pinched it

between her thumb and first finger. After just a half dozen strokes
it was stiff.

"Feels like that worked," she told him. "Your super-sausage grew
to its full three inches. Stand back, girls. The stallion is looking
for a mare."

He gasped. "Be careful. Don't make me... you know... go all the
way."

"If I do that, how are you going to be able to take care of me when
we get back to my place? Hmmm? Will you finally eat the pink
taco? Play the pink harmonica? Eat the bearded clam?"

Dick gagged a bit at what she had said. Laura let go of the
embarrassment between his legs but told him not to put it away.
She said they should decide what they wanted to eat. He had lost
his appetite, at least for food, but went along with her suggestion,
rather than risk his date doing anything extreme, like she had
threatened. He selected something light that shouldn't bother his
suddenly delicate tummy. She decided on something heartier.
The waitress came to take their order. She was carrying a glass of
white wine.

Laura asked the server, "Am I getting a complimentary drink?"

"No. It's from that good-looking guy at the bar." Laura gave
Lavar a long-distance toast, which he returned happily.

The waitress smirked at Dick and how he had been stung. She
wrote down what they wanted and left to place their orders.

Dick was more annoyed than ever. "That was awfully forward of Lamar," he complained.

"It's Lavar," his date corrected. "He and I have been chatting at work a lot. He's just being nice. The rules about employees getting into relationships are very relaxed in our office. I could go out with him and it wouldn't be a problem. Heck, I could jump into bed with Lavar tonight and there would be no repercussions in our workplace. Considering that you still won't agree to do any lady-licking, he might be just the alternative I need to finish this night."

"All right," Dick said desperately, keeping his voice low. "I'll do it."

"Do what, sweetie?" she said, her words sugarcoated as she feigned ignorance.

"I'll do that disgusting thing you want from me."

"Don't refer to it like that. Let me hear you say what it is."

"I'll... perform cunnilingus."

"No need to sound so clinical. Call it something like regular folks would."

He thought for a moment, plainly not happy about her demand.

"I'll eat your pussy."

"Will you take your time? Lick it like you love it? Get your tongue deep inside? Suck on the little pink pearl?"

"Yes. All right. May we please not talk about it anymore?"

"I wonder if Lavar likes to dine at The Y? Not that he'd have to, if he's hung like Margo says. Want to hear how she described his Dark Meat Special?"

"Good grief, no." He shook his head. "Can we just change the topic?"

"No need to be a bitch-boy, just because you have a half-pint prick."

He drew into himself. Laura took a sip from her glass, which reminded him that Lavar had sent her the drink. There were long moments of uneasy silence between them, though only he was uncomfortable. It was a relief for Dick when their food arrived.

He picked at his plate, while she tucked into hers with gusto. After the meal, he just wanted to hide his exposed member and leave. Laura insisted on ordering dessert. When he said he didn't want any, she turned devilish.

"I'll order something for you. In fact, it'll be several somethings." The waitress was hearing how she talked down to him and how he accepted it with only a mumble.

She chose three big rich items. When they arrived, Laura told their server they were all for Dick.

"Go on, Dicky. Get fueled up for later. Maybe you'll get lucky and need all that sugar for energy. Or you might only get an additional dessert in bed, if you know what I mean." The waitress snickered. "Now chow down, lover boy, if you don't want me to go and get to know Lavar better."

Dick was defeated. He unhappily ate all three heavy servings of cake, pie and ice cream. By the end, his stomach wanted to rebel. He appeared queasy. To add insult to injury, Laura got up and went to the bar anyway, to talk to her co-worker for several minutes. They shared a laugh about something. Lavar got out his phone and she did a few things with it, including taking a selfie of the two of them.

When she got back to the table, Dick was fuming. She joked that she needed Lavar as a back-up, in case Dick wasn't equal to satisfying her. To his surprise, she got that two-finger hold on him again.

"Whoa," she commented. "Someone got hard again awfully fast. I think maybe you liked seeing me flirt with Lavar. You might be one of those perverts who wants his woman to have a better man to take care of her needs. I'll bet you get off on me putting my number into his phone, Dicky."

He sullenly insisted, "Or maybe I'm aroused because you haven't been taking care of me in that department."

"I'm not the one who doesn't have what it takes," she reminded him. For emphasis, she pulled back her shoulders and thrust out her impressive bust. "These bodacious tatas carry a lot more

weight than that phallic failure of yours. Now let me drive you back to my place, and you can have a chance to redeem yourself. You have my permission to put away your midget meat."

Dick was relieved to get his penis out of sight. He gave his charge card to their server. Laura made sure he added a generous tip to the bill. She gave Lavar a longing glance and then they left. Back at her apartment, her date was feeling the ill effects of that triple dessert. She reminded him that he had agreed to use his mouth on her snatch, putting it in crude terms and delighting in how that added to his upset. Laura made him undress first, in her living room, then sent him into the bedroom. She followed a few minutes later. While he was naked and she remained clothed, she wantonly embraced him and drove her tongue into his mouth.

Her fingers teased his nipples, adding to his already high excitement. Then she made him lie on his back on the bed. Laura did a striptease for him. She knelt over his crotch with her pussy inches above the shrimpy straining organ.

"Are you ready for me to sit on your face?" she asked her nauseated date.

"Can't we just have regular sex instead?"

"Going back on your word?" she wanted to know. "Fine. I'll compromise. We can do both. First, I allow your tinkle-toy into my twat." She reached down, held his member with those familiar two-fingers, and eased down onto it. Then she commenced playing with his receptive nipples.

He gasped. "Please, Laura, you're getting me overexcited. I don't want to finish right away."

She squirmed her bottom around like a lap dancer, wet her fingertips, and resumed playing with his nips. "I never said I would take my time. If you're going to be a premature ejaculator, along with having no technique and owning the smallest pecker I've ever encountered, that's not my problem."

He moaned loudly and twitched his hips. Dick squirted out the semen he'd been saving up while she denied him sex and he forwent masturbation. She dismounted and stretched out alongside him.

"Okay, Licky Dicky," she announced cheerfully. "Time for you to uphold your half of the deal. Get down there and apply some tongue action. Make me have some spontaneous sexual combustion. It'll be the first time I got an orgasm from you."

"But, I can't. You're all messy down there."

"He who makes the mess cleans it up... with his mouth. Get going or head for the door, never to return."

Dick choked but moved to where she wanted him. He got his face directly in front of her split peach, which was oozing cream.

When he licked, he found out how awful it tasted. At the same time, everything she had ordered for him at the end of their meal interacted with his revulsion. His stomach churned, making what he was doing twice as unpleasant. She kept him down there for a long time, making him pause whenever she approached a climax.

He had to lick and suck until he was convinced that he had extracted every drop of his ejaculate.

"Now stay down there, where you belong," she told him. "I have to make a quick phone call. You can give my kitty some butterfly kisses and listen in on what I'm saying." She hit a preset number.

"Hey, Lavar. It's Laura. How about if you come over to my crib and show me how much better a rooster can take care of me than the capon I have here now? Chicken Little failed and now I need what he can't give me." She listened for a few seconds and then chortled at whatever Lavar had said. "See you soon, big guy."

"This is unthinkable," Dick said in a panic. "I'm going to leave."

"That might be a problem," she pointed out. "After you came to bed before me, I put your clothes in a suitcase in the hall closet, locked the luggage, and hid the key."

"My wallet and keys and everything are in my pants."

"Boo-hoo," she taunted. "Unless you plan to walk home in the altogether, just settle down and wait for your replacement to get here, which should be real soon."

"May I at least rinse out my mouth?"

"No, you may not," she said with finality. "You need to get used to the taste of twat... and spunk. You're such a kinky freak."

"I'm not into any of this," he told her, his voice close to cracking.

"You're into whatever I say you're into. Now, we're going to find out how you like seeing your girlfriend get slammed by a well-hung, Black super-stud. I'm sure I'll be thanking Margo on Monday morning for telling me about Lavar."

Dick curled up into a ball and lay on his side. All too soon, the doorbell rang and Laura, wearing only a skimpy robe, rushed to answer it. He heard her speaking to Lavar and the big man's deep answering voice. They appeared in the bedroom shortly, glasses of red wine in hand.

Laura demanded, "Go on, Dicky. Show Lavar why you're never going to get any sex from me ever again, unless it's when you're slurping my snatch. Roll onto your back like a good boy, and let him see what you don't have enough of."

Shuddering with shame, Dick put himself where she wanted. At her insistence, he spread his legs wide.

Lavar howled with laughter. "What's that? It looks like a prize you'd get in a box of cereal. I go to a gym and see a lot of cocks in the shower, but that one sets the record for all-time smallest."

"Which is why," Laura explained, "I need something full-sized inside me. From what Margo told me, you're the man for the job."

"That darn Margo," he said. "Always bragging about me to you other girls. I better show you the goods, so you'll know she wasn't lying."

"Please do. Dicky there, on the bed, wants to see it too. He's one of those weirdos whose turn-on is watching his girl taken over by someone better."

"I've run into a few of those," Lavar stated. "They can get pretty far out. Does this one like to suck big sticks, too?"

"I don't know," she admitted, "but I've had my suspicions. He always acts kind of faggish."

"Let's give him a test." He snapped at Dick, "Get on the floor, on your knees, sissy. You can take Mr. Johnson out of my pants and get him primed for this lovely lady with the titanic tits. I know already that doing it is going to be the best part of your night."

"I can't," he said, barely audible. "I'm not like that."

"Isn't he cute?" Lavar snickered. "Pretending that we have to force him to do what he secretly craved all along. I can accomodate him." Suddenly he was yelling at Dick. "Get down on your knees, Candy Ass, and take out my tool. If it's not in your hands in one minute and on your tongue in two, I might just have to shove it up your pansy butt."

Dick squealed and scrambled to get off the bed. Naked and kneeling in front of Lavar, he undid the tall man's belt. Everyone could see how well the front of those pants were packed, with a long bulge that ran partway down the leg.

Lavar said to Laura, "Lose that robe and get over here, bitch. I want to swap spit while your gay friend polishes my pole."

She took a deep breath. "Yes, SIR." Laura shrugged off the robe and let it fall to the floor.

Dick goggled at her magnificent twins, decorated with dark nipples. He opened the standing figure's pants and lowered his fly. The naked stunner came to her new guest and he embraced her. Their lips met. They shared a deep passionate kiss. Dick lowered Lavar's slacks and shorts enough to expose his tight pubic hair and the root of his member. It was so thick. As he kept pushing down the garments, he was astounded by how there seemed to be no end to the shaft. At last, he bared the thick head.

When his kneeling victim didn't do anything right away, Lavar let go of Laura and stepped back. He told Dick, "You're supposed to be working on my Big Boy, not gawking at it." Lavar wrapped his fingers around the base of his cock and used it to slap Dick across both sides of his face, several times. Then he shoved the head against Dick's lips. "Now do what you were born to do, Hot Lips."

In shock, Dick opened his mouth wide. He took that fat knob into it and sucked hard. All at once, Lavar's cock was growing... and growing... and growing. Laura ogled it. She gave its length a few pumps with her petite white hand, while Dick continued to adore the end.

After a few minutes of that, while Dick's hetero status came into question, even in his own mind, Lavar let him stop. The confident Black man declared, "Time to give Miss Laura what she hasn't been getting. You stay where you are, Dicky, and you'll have a clear view of some deep drilling."

"Yes, Sir," Dick whispered respectfully, his eyes going back and forth between Laura's gravity-defying knockers, and Lavar's expectations-exceeding endowment.

Laura willingly put herself on her back, on the mattress, thighs apart. Lavar shed the rest of what he had been wearing. He pulled his boxer shorts over Dick's head and told him to hold the fly open, so he could peep at what was happening, like a naughty voyeur. As Dick did that, he couldn't avoid inhaling the funky musk left on the inside of the underwear by Lavar's three-piece set. He saw that killer cock poised at the entrance to his girlfriend's pussy, and then being eased into it an inch at a time, while she purred and writhed. At last, Lavar was buried all the way. He set up a slow in-out rhythm that made the recipient of his largess sigh. Her moist, pink, nether-lips were stretched wide by his invading weapon. She wrapped her legs around him and answered his thrusts with perfectly-timed jerks of her hips. Dick had to witness several sessions of lovemaking, each ending with a seismic orgasm for Laura, while Lavar effortlessly withheld his own finish. Dick saw her assume the doggy position and then get on her back again, so she could put her ankles on those dark muscular shoulders. Not until she had been well satisfied three times, and her body was sheened with perspiration, did the expert lover permit himself to finish, which triggered a fourth climax for Laura.

He rolled off her and inquired, "Was that better than what Susie Small there was giving you?"

"Better is hardly a strong enough word," she told him, "but yes, a thousand times."

"I see he's still got wood."

Dick checked his penis. He hadn't realized he had remained stiff. How could such a thing happen, after he had just watched that girl, who he achingly desired, be willingly ravished?

"It's hard to tell, with his tinkle being so tiny even when it's rigid, but you're right," said Laura. "No-dick Dicky gets off on being cuckolded."

"That means he's also into cleaning up all the cream that you got filled with... using his tongue," concluded Lavar.

"Really?" Laura sounded shocked but then her reaction turned into happy amazement. "That's something I'd love to see... and feel."

"Whatever you say, girl." Lavar gave her a burning kiss. "While I get these lips, Dicky takes the downtown ones."

Sick to his stomach, from the trio of desserts, having had to lap his own spunk out of Laura, and now because he was about to do the same with the greater deposit made by Lavar, Dick nevertheless got his face up close to Laura's leaking slot. Her labia had darkened and swollen from the slamming they had been given. Dick whimpered and scooped up a generous tongue-full of semen, mixed with her climactic juices. He took the mixture into his mouth and forced himself to swallow it. While Lavar locked lips

with Laura and fondled her oversized boobs, Dick was restricted to slurping her well-filled and well-used furrow, consuming what the other man had left there. It was quite a while before he was done. In the final seconds, Laura even had a bonus climax, though it was minor compared to the ones Lavar had given her.

"There's just one more job for Dicky to do," Lavar said with certainty. "A final clean-up before he's done."

Laura had to think for only a few seconds before the truth hit her.

"Oh, wow. You're going to make him lick all that slime off your rod?"

"I'm not going to make him do anything," Lavar assured her. "The little fruit wants to get his mouth back where he loves to have it.

Don't you, boy?"

"I... I'm not sure," Dick answered honestly. Why was he still erect?

"You know," Lavar told him, "that it's what you've had a secret need for, going way back. Be honest with yourself, wuss."

"I just don't know."

Despite those words, Dick got into the bay of Lavar's long dark legs. He dipped his head down and unhurriedly took a first lick and then a few more. Laura propped herself up on one elbow to watch this major step in his loss of manhood. To her pleased surprise, the BBC rose once more. Lavar instructed Dick to lap his balls and the beaten and sexually-confused one did that too. He

lavished endless attention on those weighty symbols of maleness, while his girlfriend -- or she who had once been that -- observed it all with glee. In the end, while Dick had the head of Lavar's cock capped by his mouth, and Laura stroked the girthy shaft in slow motion, there was another volcanic eruption of white lava, directly onto the waiting tongue. Dick gulped it down greedily.

After the happy couple was once more relaxing, with Dick lying silently between them, Lavar declared, "This is how it's going to be from now on. I'm going to get all the pussy I want, and Laura will have as much Black cock as she can take and then some more.

Dicky gets to watch us go at it, and he becomes our regular lick-it-all-up boy. Isn't that right, faggot?"

"Y... yeah... yes, Sir," Dick stammered.

"And," Lavar went on, "the chump is going to have all his twisted dreams fulfilled. Hell, I might even get some of my buddies together so he can have a feast of Black cocks. But right now, he's going to be just for the two of us, to use and abuse however we feel like. If he gets out of line, I'll put him over my lap and spank his lily-white ass until its bright red."

"I can't wait to see that," enthused Laura.

"Hold on, girl," Lavar cautioned. "He only gets his sitter tanned if he misbehaves... even if he does it on purpose to earn a punishment."

Everyone knew there would be spankings in Dick's future, one way or the other. And there would be plenty more happening to him, along with that discipline.
