

CONTROLLING HIS CRAVINGS!

Written by Throne

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

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

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

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Perry was feeling pretty good about himself. Marcus had been transferred to a different office and would no longer be around to torment him. The young white guy tried not to think about what

his Black co-worker had put him through. There had been all those times, in the men's room, after business hours, when Marcus bullied him and then began to demand sex. How often had they both been in one of the stalls, with Marcus seated, his pants around his ankles, and Perry kneeling, the big man's cock in his mouth? Or at a desk, with Perry kneeling underneath and swallowing spunk? But never again. No more of Marcus holding him by his full head of blond hair while he performed fellatio. Perry strolled down the city street, as dusk made the streetlights come on. The workday was done and this walk would help to clear his head.

He remembered that stunt Marcus had pulled. He intimidated Perry into acting out a scene in the break room, when it was just the two of them. The idea was for Perry to pretend he was pushing the other man to have sex with him. It seemed strange at the time, but Perry had simply credited it to Marcus wanting to play head games. He found out the real reason days later. What Perry hadn't known was that there was a hidden security camera in that area. The whole incident was recorded, with sound, and Marcus went to Human Resources to claim sexual harassment. After that, there was no way for Perry to accuse Marcus of anything. The white guy was in danger of losing his job. He had to hope he could keep Marcus from pushing his case any further, which resulted in Perry having to perform even more disgusting acts for him.

At least Perry had been able to keep his wife Belinda from finding out any of that. He had made sure to stop on the way home, to buy a coffee, so he could wash the smell of cum off his breath. He couldn't stand the thought of losing her. She was a complete

sex-bomb, with her jumbo jugs and otherwise trim figure. A short and unathletic guy like him was so lucky to have her. As he replayed all that in his mind, he noticed that he was entering a less than pleasant neighborhood. There were Black pedestrians giving him second looks. Well, Perry told himself, it would be good to go a bit further, so he could prove to himself that he hadn't developed a phobia from the terrible things Marcus had done to him.

There had been the days when Marcus took him into the supply room. The big man had made Perry open his shirt and drop his pants. Marcus took special pleasure in feeling him up, getting his hands all over his body. He had been quite expert at arousing Perry, against his will. Marcus would paw his privates and finger his nipples. He began to bring latex gloves, putting one on before he drove a blunt finger into Perry's rectum. Marcus had been thrilled, the first time he made his victim ejaculate, spurting his semen on the floor and forcing him to lap it up. Marcus had insisted that the smaller man had secretly enjoyed everything. The more of those encounters they had, the stronger became his insistence that his prey not only enjoyed it, but craved more.

"Get honest with yourself," Marcus had said. "You know you get off on being my bitch. Look at how hard your little dick is."

The Black man never relented, when it came to pointing out how small Perry's penis and testicles were. He loved to compare them to the whoppers between his own legs.

"You know you want what I'm packing, boy. Now get down on your knees and show some respect for this big black cock and these jumbo balls."

How Perry had hated having to use his mouth that way. Yet Marcus tried to turn that around, as well.

"I've had my bone sucked plenty of times," Marcus told him. "And I can tell when the girl or sissy or whoever is hungry for it. And you, Princess Pretty-Mouth, are starving for it. When you lap my big balls, it's like you can't get enough. Every time I shoot a load, you're in pantywaist paradise."

Marcus had sowed doubts in Perry's mind, made him question his sexuality. That had resulted in bedroom problems with Belinda. Now, Marcus' former plaything was going to prove to himself that he was wholly hetero. He turned a corner and saw the entrance to The Ebony Club. That was the place Marcus had always told him he should go to, if he wanted more dark meat. Perry would prove him wrong by simply going there, having one drink, ignoring the Black men who surrounded him, and walking out feeling vindicated and free. He would return home to Belinda as his old self, and get their sex life back on track. He couldn't wait.

Entering the club, he had to pause for his eyes to adjust to the dim light. He saw guys at the bar, swiveling on their stools to eyeball him. There was only one white person there, a young man who was short and slender, like himself. Except that fellow was standing between two Black drinkers, rubbing the thigh of one, while the other fondled white butt through tight slacks. Perry was repulsed. The youth had obviously come here seeking the

attention of Black men, something Perry would never do. Perry found a vacant seat and climbed up onto it. He ordered himself a mixed drink. The bartender gave him an evaluating look and went to mix it. When he returned, there was a pink paper umbrella in the glass. The drink was bright orange.

He leered at Perry and said, "A fruity drink for a white fruit."

Perry tensed up inside. He quickly took a sip, except the sip turned into emptying half the glass. The guy next to him put his big hand on Perry's forearm and said, "The next drink is on me, pretty boy."

"Oh, I'm only having one."

In a more serious tone, the man told him, "That would be rude. You're having two."

There was a stirring sensation all through Perry's system. He even felt it in his crotch. Of course, he realized, it had to be because this was a sexually charged situation. And Belinda had been giving him the cold shoulder in the bedroom, because of his recent failures to perform. He blamed his temporary impotence with her on how Marcus had been making him empty his balls in the supply room. There had been even more extreme happenings when they went down the freight elevator to the boiler room. The Black janitor, Garrett, had been happy to let them use the space, in exchange for a bottle, which Marcus made Perry buy for him. The older man had even goosed Perry and made fun of his penis dimensions. In that sub-basement was where Marcus went from demanding blowjobs to raping Perry's ass. For lube, he had used

some sort of industrial grease, provided by Garrett. Marcus had stretched out the foreplay through most of their lunch hour. Then he had buried his long thick tool up to his weighty balls, and proceeded to savage his boy-toy's anus, finally blasting his spunk into Perry's guts. To Perry's utter shame, he had squirted his own cream at the same time. The idea that he was somehow taking pleasure from it was driven deeper into his mind.

For the recipient of all that unwanted attention, the rest of the day had seemed endless. His poor rear exit hurt so much. He had to sit in his cubicle with Marcus' ejaculate leaking into his jockey shorts. He couldn't get comfortable. His shame was deep and persistent. It was like everyone else knew what had happened. Even though he was the victim, he felt crippling guilt.

Now, as he perched on a barstool in The Ebony, he experienced similar sensations. He had to prove to himself that he was no longer affected by his ordeal. An idea popped into his mind. It was so simple but so perfect. He would let his encounter with this Black man, and even with the others in the room, go a bit further. Then, when he walked out with his head held high, having shown that he had no interest in them treating him like Marcus had, he would need no other proof. He finished his drink. The guy next to him signaled the bartender for a refill, which came quickly. The Black man put his hand on Perry's thigh. No problem. It wasn't as if the white guy wanted to be touched. But he would no longer fear it. He could stop anytime he wished. When his dick registered telltale tingles, he almost laughed at how little influence that would have. He took a sip of his new drink. The buyer's hand moved higher, touching Perry's member through his trousers. Who cared? Did the persuasive way he was feeling up

his neighbor matter? Not when it could be stopped by Perry simply rising and strolling out the door.

An anonymous hand squeezed the side of Perry's rump. He looked back over his shoulder at another customer, who gave him a broad grin that exposed a gold tooth. Sure, let him have a moment of excitement. Wouldn't he be surprised when Perry exited the place without letting it go any further? He rubbed Perry's back. It felt nice. Perry congratulated himself on how well he was doing. He noticed his glass was empty but then a full replacement appeared, as if by magic. He saw the bartender take payment for it from the bills in front of the bottom-grabber. Perry raised his drink to the buyer and flashed him a coy smile. Let him think he was going to get something in exchange for his generosity. What was the harm in some innocent flirting, so long as he remained in control? Perry wondered what the men on either side of him had in their pants. Were they as well hung as Marcus? Wouldn't it be funny if one or both had even more to offer than that animal from the office? Marcus would sure feel bad if Perry found someone with more in the cock department than him. He boldly patted the one man's crotch, and then turned to do the same to the other. Whoa! They were both built like stud horses down there. Not that he was interested in any of that, beyond using it to confirm that his days of cock sucking and being ass fucked were behind him. Hey, a guy ramming his poop chute would be behind him. That was somehow amusing. He took a sip and laughed.

"Listen up, boy," said the man who had first purchased him a drink. "They got a backroom here, where we can have some private time."

"Yeah," added the one who had bought the most recent concoction. "Why don't we go where it's nice and quiet?"

Perry saw this as an opportunity to settle the matter of his own preferences with finality. If he could be alone with two long thick cocks, attached to tall powerful Black men, and not do anything about it, no one could ever question his true orientation. He felt giddy at the prospect of the ultimate victory that was in his grasp. He petted one of those heavy hard-ons and then the other, before getting unsteadily off his seat. He drained his glass. The two men held his arms to help him keep his balance. He leaned against one and stole a feel of his tube-stake. He would sure show Marcus what was what. A sense memory of Marcus' fat glans in his mouth struck him. He formed his lips into an 'O', as if that cock knob was actually pressing down on his tongue. Perry felt terrific. Even his previously abused asshole felt great. He laughed.

His new friends made sure he got to the back room without falling down. Sure, it was just those two drinks -- or three? -- making him remember with a strange fondness how it had been with Marcus in the lavatory. Now he got his hands on one guy's belt and undid it. The other was doing the same thing for himself. A moment later there were two long cocks dangling. Perry sank to his knees, to give himself one more test of his willpower. He even reached out with both hands and ended up with a BBC in each. He wished Marcus could see how well he was doing, going only so far but no further, demonstrating his exceptional self-control. Why, he could even stroke those sausages and get them hard, which he did. How about that? Perry gave one a light kiss and did the same for the other. Sorry, fellows, that's as far as I go. Well,

maybe just a few quick licks. Damn but he had powerful memories of all those nasty sessions with Marcus. He lapped at one cock while pumping the other.

He didn't know how it happened, but all at once Perry had his lips sealed around a cock, right behind the head, and was sucking furiously. He made sure to keep the other stiff. It struck him that what he needed to do was give head to one of them -- okay, to both -- and then never do it again. That was the best way to say goodbye to his ugly past with Marcus. Perry moaned. He murmured words of encouragement to the two figures standing over him.

"Don't talk too much, sissy," said one. "Use that mouth for what it's meant for."

"Yeah," agreed the other. "Less talk and more sucking. I know your type. Act all straight but can't stop thinking about tasting cocks."

"Right," agreed the other. "Probably even got a girlfriend."

"Or a wife. Just as a cover-up for your real self."

Perry freed his mouth long enough to say, "I have a gorgeous wife. With big tits. I'm going home after this to have sex with her."

"Sure, you are, pansy. Now get back to getting down."

The kneeling young man went back and forth between those impressive shafts and swollen heads. One of them blasted into his

mouth and he swallowed greedily. Then the other unloaded down his throat. He took it happily. Perry was dimly aware of the door opening and other men entering. He stayed where he was. His fingers, with a will of their own, unbuttoned his shirt. He rolled onto his back, so he could open his pants and lower them, along with his shorts. Three new arrivals were leering down at him. Out came a trio of heavy-duty donges. Perry salivated like one of Pavlov's dogs. He drooled for more cock, which they were happy to provide for him. This time he sat on the edge of the steel-frame bed, with its thin mattress and single sheet, its flattened pillow, and showed how deeply he could swallow a prick, like Marcus had taught him to do.

"Damn," said one of the waiting men. "Look what this fag has between his girly legs. It nothing but a sprout."

"Truth," said the other recent arrival. "My little nephew got more than that."

"You know," said one of the men he had already finished, "when a guy ain't got it down there, it can make him turn to sucking big ones, like to make up for it."

"Right. All that psychology crap."

Perry barely heard them. After this, he would never have to doubt his desires again. Being able to be the center of attention in such an orgiastic scene and then just say no thanks to ever doing anything like that again, would cement his position in the Straight Men's Club. He would be a card-carrying member of Straights Are Us. No sissy behavior for him... after a few more of those

irresistible Black driveshafts. Drive that shaft up my ass. Hey, why didn't any of these fellows want to take him from behind? Marcus had been so fond of that. Perry got further onto the bed, on his knees, with his tail end elevated. He gave his hips an inviting wag. It would be so sweet to feel his ass stretched by an invading cock once more. To be ridden hard. One last time and then never again.

He called out petulantly, "Who's going to screw my butt? I need it. Right away."

"Holy shit," said the guy whose turn it was. "If the sissy dude wants his tailpipe jammed, that's what I'm going to do for him." Wearing a lascivious grin, he got onto the bed behind Perry. "Get ready to bite that pillow, boy. I'm about to put the meat into the oven."

With only spit as lubricant, he pressed against the white guy's rear entrance. The thick head of his member pushed past Perry's tight ring. The blond youth whimpered but was soon crooning. He shoved back to meet each deep thrust. He was already thinking about the other cock waiting to enter his tunnel of love. Two more horny drinkers crowded into the room. They must have been too impatient to wait and began stroking their cocks. Perry took a load up his fundament. The next anal invader had plenty of spilled semen to facilitate his entry and the vigorous humping he did. Perry threw back his head. His little pecker spit cream onto the grey sheet. The Black battering ram up is butt flooded his guts with white sauce. As soon as that man had vacated the bed, the pair of masturbators sprayed the back of Perry's shirt with their

output. There was still cream on his chin and now two fresh helpings in his bowels.

The enormity of what he had been doing, for however long he had been there, rushed in on him. Damn. Matters had gotten out of hand. He was seized by crushing shame. How had he let himself fall so far back into the reality that Marcus had created for him? He rolled off the bed, got to his feet, and pulled up his pants. He fastened his shirt, leaving one cuff undone, and sloppily tucked it back in. Cum dribbled from his rectum and into his shorts. It had soaked through his shirt. He stood there swaying, with multiple Black men laughing at his predicament.

"Sissy smells like the point man in a circle jerk."

"He got that new perfume, Eu de Cock Cream."

Perry lowered his head, clutched his roiling stomach, and fled the scene of his sexual crimes. He stumbled out onto the dark street. Curious passersby gave him disapproving looks. He flagged down a cab but the driver refused him entry.

"Man, you stink like a hamper full of dirty laundry in a whorehouse," the driver told him before driving away.

Perry was reduced to taking a long walk back to the office. He went into the parking garage where his car waited. A security man approached him, frowning at his bedraggled state, until he recognized the familiar face. He touched the brim of his cap and let Perry pass without comment, afterward shaking his head in disapproval. Perry drove home slowly, fearful of being stopped

after all that alcohol, and also needing time to get his thoughts organized. He had to slip past Belinda and head straight for the shower. And brush his teeth. Plus, use plenty of mouthwash. His happy reunion with his wife would have to wait a while longer. He entered the house quietly.

Belinda called out from the den. "Perry, get in here."

"I need a minute."

"No, you don't. Let me see you -- NOW!"

He would have to improvise some story. As he entered the den, he got a double shock. His stunning wife had on a gauzy nightie that let her nipples and the wide pink halos around them show through. And standing next to her was Marcus.

She ordered her husband, "Sit down. Not on the furniture. On that bare spot on the floor, where there's no carpet. You're a mess."

"I can explain," he said desperately, though there was no explanation in his disordered mind.

"No need," she told him.

Marcus joined in with, "I showed her the paperwork about how you came on to me, to try to get sex."

"That never happened. I mean, not the way it looks like."

Belinda said, "The way it looks exactly like. But that's not the main issue here, Perry."

"I followed you to The Ebony Club, boy," said Marcus. "Because I was worried and wanted to keep you out of trouble, with your secret lust for big Black men. I got there too late. You had already gone into some kind of passion-pit room and all the guys with you wouldn't let me in. But one of them recorded the entire thing and put it online. I didn't want to show your lovely wife, but figured it was best if the truth finally came out."

"But... but..."

Belinda said, "I saw the whole disgusting performance. It was sickening, the way you begged to be used."

"They got me drunk, honey. I didn't know what I was doing."

She shook her head. "Forget it, Perry. As of right now, you're cut off from sex with me. My first reaction was to get a divorce, but Marcus talked me out of it. He offered to help and, frankly, now that I've seen the real you and how you've been cheating on me for who knows how long, I feel justified in turning to him for... comfort."

"You mean... sex?"

"Yes. A woman has needs. You've never been any good at fulfilling mine, with your miniature pecker. Now I'll be able to have a full sex life."

"You'll be filled up," Marcus assured her.

She turned to him with open arms. He embraced her and they kissed, hard and deeply, like their lives depended on it. Her pillowy tits were pressed hotly against his broad chest. He openly pawed her desirable rear end. Perry shuddered. Their lips finally separated.

"Now we're going to the bedroom," Belinda went on. "And you're coming with us. I want you to see what a real man can do for me."

"And to get a look at what you can't have anymore," Marcus contributed.

Perry, smelling of semen, followed them in a daze. They made him get naked and stand off to the side. He had to watch as they undressed each other. Now, that cock he was so intimately familiar with filled his wife's hands. Soon they were on the bed, enjoying extended foreplay and then animated noisy sex. Belinda's words stung Perry.

"It's so fantastic to have your monster cock inside me, Marcus. Perry's is like something from a shrimp cocktail, pale pink and way too small."

"I'm on the job, girl," Marcus assured her. "Whenever you need it."

"I have a lot of wasted time with Perry to make up for," she responded, now panting from the railing he was giving her. "So, let's say for about a year... at least."

Marcus laughed. "No worries. I got it covered."

"You got it covered. And filled. And stretched. And touched deeper than my loser husband's dinky dick could ever reach." She sneered at Perry. "Isn't that right, queer boy?"

"Uh..." He sniffled. "Yes, dear."

For almost an hour, the pair on the bed went at it. Belinda made sounds Perry had never heard. She climaxed three times. During her last orgasm, Marcus let himself go and emptied his balls inside her.

"Just one more thing, Perry," the Black man said, after he was lying alongside a sated Belinda. "We figured the only way to manage your addiction to Black cock was to give it to you in controlled amounts. I've had some experience with sissies like you and volunteered to help. You know, I'm really liberal about sexual preferences and all."

"And," Belinda interjected, "he's not a liar on that subject, like you."

"Now, dear," Marcus soothed. "The poor guy needs us to understand. I've been on his side all along. Let's begin the next stage of his recovery right now."

Perry didn't understand. "What do you mean?"

"Get up on the bed, between my feet," Marcus told him with authority. "I know it's pretty soon after you played cock-queen at that sex party, but this is the best thing for you. Now get your mouth on my tool and make it stand up again. We all know you want that. I'm here for you, little buddy. Licking the mess of my stick and then guzzling a load of cream will calm you right down, so you won't go hunting for other guys to give it to you."

"And just so he knows I still care about him," said Belinda, "and want us to still have some sexual contact, after he does you, he can eat my pussy. He never did that before, because he said it was nauseating, but it will be a good part of his therapy. Plus, Marcus, you and I will get cleaned up at the same time as we're being gotten off."

They both laughed. Belinda watched avidly as her husband sucked the big black cock that had just plumbed her depths, right there on their marital bed. Then she thoroughly enjoyed having him lap her snatch, and listening to him gag down more of Marcus' plentiful cream, mixed with her own juices. The next year... or more... was going to be beneficial for all of them.

Perry slurped busily at his wife's messy kitty. He suffered the pangs of ultimate humiliation. How was he going to get any sexual relief? Would it only be from have the Black man invade his back entrance? Would he come to crave it. Might he even be forced to beg for ass fucking? Marcus could control Perry's cravings with ease. He had him in a trap that was inescapable. What would be left of Perry's masculinity in twelve months... or longer? He dreaded even thinking about it, yet the future filled his mind. He sucked the Black sexpert's spunk out of Belinda,

while Marcus locked lips with her once more and freely fondled her glorious globes, his dark fingers sinking into their pale softness.
