

HOW TO MAKE A SLUT

by Throne

Marty had gone to meet up with the Jay Stars a week before. They were a sort of club, consisting of Black guys who had a yen for white women. He had found out about them online, and how they could reduce a woman to a sex-crazed slut. That was exactly the transformation he wanted made to his wife Belinda. He envisioned what it would be like to have her constantly hungry for his cock, wherever he wanted to stick it. She was a willing sex partner already, but he wanted more-more-more. The thought of her being unable to say no drove him wild. Seeing her become shamefully sluttish would be fantastic. He couldn't wait to use and abuse her to his heart's delight. The idea of such a female, with her sweet face, curvy figure, and especially those huge tits that he loved so much, being made over into his wanton trampy property was his dream come true.

He concocted an excuse about having to drive into the city to pick up a legal document for a merger that his company was about to make. Saying that they could go to lunch at a swanky restaurant afterward, he coaxed Belinda to ride along with him. He was pleased when she agreed at once. He had already dropped off the drug that would be given to her. It would cause whatever those thugs did to his wife to become hardwired into her brain. They had been instructed to keep telling her how much she was loving all of it, which would make her lust for more of the same afterwards, with no way to reverse what had been done to her mind.

The scheming husband remembered what he had said to Mojo, the head of the Jay Stars. "Now listen to me. I don't want you and your friends to make any dumb-ass mistakes. If you screw this up, I won't get what I want, and I'll have to dump Belinda. She'll probably end up hooking on the streets, after that. But I intend to have her all to myself, on her knees, literally and figuratively, begging me to give her my cock."

That confident Black man had simply said, "Don't worry, little brother."

Mojo was tall and slender, though muscular. His dark face was dominated by high cheekbones and full lips. He wore his hair naturally, in a two-inch Afro, and sported a small beard on his chin. Marty found him imposing but was used to handling others when he was wheeling and dealing in his work. He didn't like Black men, though it gave him an extra thrill to think that they would be the ones enacting Belinda's downfall.

On the morning that he was going to put his plan into action, she had on sleeveless top and tight slacks, that showed off her hot figure to the max. As he drove them into the city, he glanced sideways to watch her glorious jugs jiggle, unrestrained by a bra. Those Jay Stars were going to go nuts for her and ravish her the way he wanted them to. After that, of course, he would insist that she get extensively cleaned up, inside and out. Still, it was worth having her defiled by guys who he didn't like, for a payoff that would last endlessly.

"This is the place," he said as he pulled into an unpaved parking area alongside the shabby building that was their clubhouse.

"Come on in with me. I don't want to leave you sitting in the car, not in a neighborhood full of those people."

"Sure, honey," she said pleasantly, her voice as melodious as ever.
"Whatever you say."

They hurried to the door, which he had arranged to have left unlocked. Behind it, there was a small space with nothing in it, before a second door led to the main quarters. This time he had to knock. He figured that there was some sort of contraband on the premises, that they didn't want anyone other than those they were selling it to seeing. Mojo let them in and gave a curt nod.

"All right," Marty said. "Let's do it. Make her take the drug."

Belinda didn't react. Mojo did nothing. Marty started to speak again, but the tall man grabbed him and hustled him away from the entrance. Several other of the Stars crowded around the white guy. His wrists were seized. Fingers held onto his longish hair and pulled back his head. Someone forced his jaws apart. Mojo took a familiar glass vial of yellow fluid and held it over Marty's open mouth. Belinda's husband tried to say something to her.

She smirked at him and said, "Change of plans, dearest. These gentlemen contacted me and we had a nice talk. Turns out that I know someone who is a former member of their group, and still highly thought of. You remember Trace."

He pictured the handsome Black man who Belinda had known during her wild years as a single girl. They had run into each

other one time, while she was with Marty, and it was obvious that there was still chemistry between her and Trace.

Mojo opened the vial and handed it to Belinda. She gleefully poured the contents into Marty's waiting mouth. He tasted bitterness and then it ran down the back of his throat. Whoever was holding his mouth forced it shut. His wife pinched his nose.

"Now swallow it all down, husband dearest. It's good for you. After all, you wanted me to drink it. Didn't you?"

He pleaded with his eyes as he involuntarily ingested the drug. According to the shady seller who had supplied it to him, it would begin to work in minutes, with the effect lasting for eight hours.

That would have given Mojo and his goons plenty of time to perform all the nasty acts on Belinda that Marty had requested.

She stepped close enough that her boobs were pressing against her husband's chest. "This is the last time you're going to want my jugs, baby. After these men are done with you, what you'll long for will be very different." She laughed, turned away, and strolled out the door.

"Time to get started," Mojo told him. "First off, you have to strip, so we can see what we have to play with. Then we'll get busy, because it'll take time to cover everything on your wish list."

"No, wait," he said desperately. "This is all wrong. You can't do it to me. Not me."

"Hey, dog, we got our orders from Trace. He used to have my position around this place, before he went and opened that gym, the one that turned into a whole chain of them. Now lose the clothes, or one of my boys will have to cut them off you."

Marty saw the glint of a knife blade and immediately began to unbutton his expensive shirt. He heard several of his watchers chuckling at him.

"You're going to get off on this," Mojo told him. "All if it."

Marty remembered that suggestions like that would become a permanent part of his thinking. Anonymous hands pawed his ass. Mojo stepped back to let his victim finish shedding his clothes. Marty couldn't help noticing the impressive bulge in the front of the big man's pants.

Mojo spotted where he was looking and said, "You're hungry for my big Black cock, boy. Can't wait to get your lips around it."

Marty found himself unable to disagree. The drug prevented it. His mind was a blank slate, waiting for new desires to be inscribed on it. He finished removing his shirt. No one tried to restrain him. He was already unable to assert his own will. He was given a chair to sit on while he removed his shoes and socks. Then he stood again, to undo his designer slacks and lose them. His discarded clothes were taken away. He stood there in just his brand-name, pastel blue, briefs. It was impossible to ignore how small his package was, compared to Mojo's, and those of the other Blacks. The idea that he wanted all that dark meat was stuck in

his head. Mojo reinforced it with several repetitions. Marty found himself salivating.

"Of course, even though you can't resist what's between our legs, when you suck Black cock, you'll hate doing it. Thinking about it all the time but disgusted with yourself when you get some." The leader turned to one of his lieutenants and said, "Keep him going, Dejean."

This one was as tall as Mojo, but considerably heavier, with a shaved head and a patch of hair under his protruding lower lip. He got close to Marty and patted the victim's crotch.

"Having my hands on you makes you hot, bitch," he said forcefully. "It gets your dick hard."

Marty felt faint. He also felt something else. When he glanced down, he was startled to see the crotch of his shorts tented by an erection.

"It don't look like you're packing much, honky. Peel down those fancy undies so we can all see."

With his volition gone, Marty did as he was told. The onlookers saw his erection, smaller than average, and guffawed. Disparaging comments flew at him from all directions.

"That ain't no cock. That's a baby dick."

"My middle finger is bigger."

"No girl would ever want that thing."

"You must be so 'shamed of not having a proper tool."

"Hardly no hair down there, neither."

He cringed under their words, the insults driving into his open and vulnerable unconscious. He wanted to hide his genitals but a few words from Dejean made that undoable. The formerly proud man stood there shivering with shame. His tormentors closed in on him. Dark hands ran over his naked form. A thick finger probed between his butt cheeks. Like a vise, a large hand closed over his balls and squeezed them until he whimpered. The entire time, he had to listen to words he didn't want to hear.

"You're such a fag."

"A sissy like you can't get too much of this."

"Being groped is like heaven to you, but it makes you ashamed so bad that it hurts."

"You even ask for more of it."

His head spun. He said, the words coming haltingly, "Please don't stop. Keep manhandling me."

"What's that you say, homo?"

"I love what you're doing. But... but it's... so wrong. I'm such a pervert."

"Pervert with a tiny pecker. Women would just laugh at what's between your legs."

"You need to make men happy, to feel like you're worth anything at all."

"Get on your knees, Mary."

That wasn't his name. Or was it? These weren't his feelings. Were they?

"You been a secret sissy all along," Mojo hissed into his ear, while fingering one of Marty's receptive nipples. "You don't want no woman. That red hot wife of yours leaves you cold."

The white man trembled with pleasure, at the same time that he wanted to reject what was being done to him. His legs grew weak. His knees buckled. He dropped down, putting his face level with the groins of all those men. Their enviable bulges stared him in the face.

"Go on ahead," Dejean encouraged. "Get some of those Black billy-clubs out where you can see and touch them. You know you want to. It's been on your mind a long time. Do it, Mary."

With unsteady hands, Marty fumbled open Mojo's belt, opened his jeans, and lowered his fly. He yanked down the pants, taking the underwear with them, far enough to reveal what waited beneath. The chocolate-colored cock was even longer and thicker than he had estimated, with a heavy head. He reached for it,

trying unsuccessfully to hold back. His fingers lightly held its warm length. At Mojo's command, he stroked it into full stiffness.

The thing was a monster. It scared him but he was practically drooling over it. Self-loathing stabbed at him.

"Get started," Dejean urged. "That's the cock of your dreams, girl. Lick it. Lap up that drop of clear stuff that's leaking out the end. You're a tramp for a tool like that. It's so much bigger and better than that pale joke you got down there. You don't even qualify as a man. Maybe we better get you some panties."

Marty obediently used his tongue on the end of Mojo's desirable rod. He tasted the bead of fluid and smelled the muskiness of his crotch.

Mojo told him, "Get the knob in your mouth, queer. You got to feel it on your tongue. Don't make me wait."

The kneeling figure stretched his jaws. He brought his head forward. The end of Mojo's organ was so big, it touched the roof of his mouth and pressed down on his tongue at the same time.

Dejean told him, "Suck it, loser," so that was what he did.

Further orders had him running his tongue around the wide corona and teasing the sensitive frenum. Mojo moaned and Marty felt a sense of fulfillment. Remembering how he made Belinda service his own penis, he began to bob his head without being told to. He dimly recalled that the drug could make someone improvise and expand on what they were made to do.

He kept lavishing attention of that king-size scepter, murmuring contentedly to himself as he did it.

Seeing that Marty was enjoying it without the accompanying negative emotions, Mojo reminded him, "You have to have all the Black sausage you can gobble, but you know how disgusting it is to do that. Look at you, on your knees before one of your Black Masters, eating him like a real whore would. Next thing you know, you'll be licking my balls and loving it. And hating it. And loving it."

Marty reluctantly took his mouth off the rigid cock. He gave it a parting lick under the knob. Then he ducked down and tilted his head back, so he could tongue those massive balls, moaning and gurgling as he did it.

"What you want the most," Mojo informed him, "is to make me bust my nut. You want the inside of your sissy mouth hosed by my cream. You want to taste it and gulp it down. You won't be able to stand it if you don't get fed my sauce, even though doing it will make you even more of a piece of trash."

The naked man sobbed. He was so confused. That bar of flesh was the center of his world. He needed to empty Mojo's gonads and savor their contents. With that thought obsessing him, he fastened his mouth over the head once more and stroked the shaft with both hands. It was glorious to be possessed by that manly organ. At the same time, he was demeaning himself beyond belief. The compulsions that had been put into his head won out. He sucked furiously and rubbed vigorously. Mojo grunted. His hips gave a jerk. Semen spurted from his cock and flooded

Marty's mouth. He gagged it down, grateful and repulsed simultaneously. The taste was terrible and yet his mind turned it into the flavor of ambrosia. He was doomed to be a cocksucker.

After enjoying his blowjob totally, Mojo withdrew. Marty leaned forward, mewling at his loss.

Dejean took his leader's place. He undid his pants himself. What he bared was slightly shorter than Mojo's pride and joy, but thicker. Marty gawked at it with his jaw dropped.

"Yo," Dejean barked at him. "My Johnson ain't going to suck itself. Get to getting, queer-queen."

"Yes," Marty said robotically. "Suck. Cock." He made a sad sound but then contradicted that by massaging his second target into a raging erection. "Suck," he repeated, this time stretching out the sibilant 'S' sound.

He fell on his new prize with gusto, even though his stomach wanted to expel the seed that had already entered it. When Marty got the business end of Dejean's monster into his mouth, it stretched his cheeks out comically. Several of the Jay Stars chortled at the sight, which added to Marty's degradation. Despite that, he struggled with the more-than-a-mouthful, to do for this one what he had for the first. His eyes darted from side to side, taking in the sight of more Black cocks waiting to be worshipped, his appetite and disgust growing in tandem. His fingers couldn't come close to encircling Dejean's girth, but he did the best he could, making sure to keep a thumb on the receptive seam that ran along the underside. The heavy man's belly hung

over Marty's head. His powerful hands grabbed long hair and didn't let go. Marty pumped him spiritedly and was rewarded with a gusher of the white stuff, which he greedily gulped down, while suffering pangs of guilt for doing it, and for how much he enjoyed it.

After that, there were many more Jay Star members whose members needed to be serviced. Marty's tongue was coated with sperm over and over. His tummy was filled with it. His need for more did not abate. Each black bull assured him that he no longer lusted for females, that his wife was not the object of his desire, that he preferred big Black cocks.

"Okay," Mojo declared, hours after the ordeal had begun. "That drug done its job. From here on in, whenever Mary so much as sniffs some Black cock in range, she'll go into heat for it, and not be satisfied until she's had her some." He laughed derisively at the still kneeling male. Marty gazed up at him pathetically, with cum on his chin, but then his expression turned eager, and he licked his chops with renewed vigor. He was hooked on Black cock. Mojo went on, "There's crap we haven't done to him, but now that his programming has been set into motion, any Black dude doing him will have the same effect. However Mary gets done, it'll become part of his menu of what he has to have more of. Whatever he learns will go into his trick-bag."

When Belinda reappeared, her husband was dressed again, though his clothes were disheveled. His hair was mussed and there was spunk on his lower face. He couldn't stop smelling and tasting it. She sneered at him.

"They gave you quite a workout, Marty. Or should I say Mary? That's the name I told them to get you used to answering to." She chuckled. "Ready to go home, Mary?"

He stared at her irresistible tits and registered nothing. He tried to remember being in bed with her, and the mental image he sought was replaced by one of him lavishing attention on the cocks of Mojo, Dejean, and so many other Jay Stars. He didn't want to leave the gang's clubhouse. Nevertheless, still compelled to obey whatever orders he was given, he meekly followed his wife to the car, got in on the passenger side, and mechanically fastened his seatbelt.

She wanted to know, "Did you have a good time?"

He answered numbly, "I couldn't help myself."

"You sucked every hunk of Black meat in sight?"

"I did."

"And you'll take as much more of it as you can get?"

"I..." He blinked. "I will." Marty sniffled.

"Don't be sad. This is your new life. You know, the one you intended for me. Remember how you wanted to have me become your cock holster? Your cock-socket?"

"Yes," he said, his voice piteous to hear.

"Except I added that instruction to make you hate what you had to have. Love it and despise it at the same time." She rocked with silent laughter. "Let's get you home," she said cheerily. "Your day of sex isn't over yet, Mary."

"But I don't want..." He focused longingly on her massive bust but his libido remained limp, unlike how his dick had acted in the presence of Black manhood. The truth that his own penis was inadequate echoed in his head.

They reached the house. Belinda casually mentioned that she would be having him sign it over to her, along with all of their other mutual assets. "I've made arrangements for you to be replaced at work by one of your assistants. You'll still have an income from your stock holdings. Or rather, I'll have an income from them, since they'll soon be mine. You're going to be penniless, Mary."

"Yes, dear," he answered woodenly. His thoughts were elsewhere.

As they entered the house, someone was waiting for them. It was a tall broad-shouldered Black man.

Marty gasped. "Trace."

"Yep. Now that your preferences have changed, I'm taking your place in the bedroom."

Belinda went to him with her arms open. They embraced and exchanged passionate kisses. Marty was stabbed by jealousy. Along with that, he was drawn erotically to Trace.

The Black man smiled at him and said, "I can see it on your face, Mary. You want what's in my pants. That's going to be mostly for Belinda, but she agreed that we should give you some, to finish getting you addicted to it. Also, there's something that she asked the dudes from Jay Star to leave doing to me. I'm going to pop your cherry, girl." In response to Marty's look of incomprehension, he clarified, "I'm going to shove my ramrod up your poop chute."

The defeated husband appeared to want to go in two directions at once. He came forward on weak legs, putting himself within easy reach of Trace. The gloating man rubbed his knee between Marty's thighs, which almost made the recipient on that attention swoon.

"I thought so," Trace said. "Pure fag, through and through. Go to your bedroom and strip, Mary. And in case you haven't guessed, I'll be moving in and we'll find somewhere else for you to sleep. Somewhere close to our bedroom, because you'll be my fluffer and have clean-up duty on my cock."

"But no pussy for you," Belinda assured her spouse. "Never again. You'll just get to watch Trace enjoying that."

The happy couple gave Marty time to strip. They found him on his knees, making his mouth available. While Trace fondled Belinda's outstanding knockers, she helped him undress, exposing a prizewinning cock and get it hard. There were thick veins all along its considerable length. Trace used it to slap Marty's face, side to side, in slow motion. The converted husband stuck his

tongue out, trying to taste that tempting treat, even as he was berating himself wordlessly, for wanting it so much that it made his balls throb.

"All right," Trace told him. "Onto the bed, on your elbows and knees. Ass up and ready to be entered."

Marty assumed the position. He had to witness his wife lovingly massaging Trace's weapon, before the Black man knelt behind Marty. Belinda rubbed some lubricant onto the dark knob. Trace gripped Marty's buttocks and pulled them apart with his thumbs. He bumped the lubed end of his tool against the waiting rosebud. As he slowly applied pressure, that thick knob stretched Marty wide enough for Trace to enter, which he did. With only the end inside, he paused, to allow Marty to stop panting.

Trace wanted to know, "Would you like me to stop now, Mary? To leave your cute ass alone?"

"No," Marty moaned. "Please don't stop. Rape my hole."

"Well, that's pretty clear." He winked at Belinda. "Time to break in your sissy husband."

"And add to his reprogramming," she contributed.

The Black man slowly sank the rest of his drill inside, until he was buried up to his balls. Belinda leaned in to give her new bedmate a congratulatory kiss. Then she got out of the way, so Trace could begin pumping in earnest, which he did with relish. Marty threw back his head. The noises he made said he was in ecstasy. What

was on his face confirmed that he was suffering the pangs of utter shame. Belinda put herself where her husband could see her observing his deflowerment. She gave him a lopsided smile as his penis, which he now totally believed was too small to please any woman, got stiff. He didn't want to react that way to losing his anal virginity, yet his readjusted mind was in control. Trace screwed him long and hard. Marty cried out in a high voice. The Black stallion roared in a much lower one. Belinda's husband shot his load onto the sheet. The masterful man drained his stones into his conflicted partner's bowels.

"Jeez," Belinda enthused. "You came together. That's so cool."

"You and me will be doing it all the time, woman."

"Except with the difference that you'll make me finish more than once, before you let yourself go."

Trace laughed, his dark face breaking out with a wide smile. "I'll make sure both of you get plenty of what I've got. And I have some bros who will be happy to come around and supply Mary with extra helpings of big Black cock."

"Wow," Belinda said with a sigh. "It's going to be perfect around here. Isn't it, Mary?"

Marty collapsed onto his belly. He pouted. When Trace got up and gave his recent partner another view of that amazing cock, Marty perked up.

The unmanly husband licked his lips and rubbed them together. "Yes, dear," he told his wife. "Perfect." Still, they could detect a note of regret in his voice, from the mortification of having cum from being butt-banged. That pairing of responses was going to be taking place frequently, from that day forth.
