

An Old Flame's New Flame

By B. J. Blueboy

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

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By

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I hadn't seen Suzy in several years prior to that day I bumped into her in the supermarket. At first I didn't recognize her. She was older, but hotter in a risqué way. I mean, she was never a wallflower, but now she was almost flaunting herself. Her makeup was thick and heavy, and it looked like she had gotten implants and didn't want them to be a waste of money with the amount of cleavage she was showing. It also looked like she had been going to the gym. She was shapely and tight, and she looked like she appreciated guys looking at her. She really sucked it up when I told her how good she looked. I remember she once told me that I'd be sorry when we broke up, and I could tell she wanted to remind me of that, but she knew she didn't need to.

"When did you get out?" she asked me instead. She was talking about the short stay I just did in prison for a crime I did commit.

Short by prison standards was five years.

"About a week ago, but technically, I'm still in. I'm staying in a halfway house in the city."

"Oh, so you'll be needing a place to stay soon, right?"

"Soon enough, I guess. Why? Are you offering?"

She shrugged and asked for my number. I was only joking of course. I even laughed and articulated that, but she shrugged and deflected the conversation somewhat.

“What's the matter? You don't want me to have your number?”

“I'm fine with you having my number,” I assured her. “I just didn't want you to think, I was trying to take advantage of our past friendship.”

“Maybe I'm the one trying to take advantage of it,” she said rather slyly. “Besides, I think we were more than just friends. I mean, unless I'm remembering things differently than you are. We did do a lot of drugs, I guess, so my recollection could be off.”

I had to laugh at that, both things. We certainly were more than just friends, and we definitely did do a lot of drugs.

Anyway, I gave her my number, and she called right then to make certain I wasn't giving her a fake one. My cell phone going off made us both laugh. It was like back in the good old days when we were dating and she was always trying to catch me in a lie about something, anything actually.

“I'm not the one who should be lying about my phone number.” I told her as a friendly warning kind of, kindly reminding her we weren't really good for each other.

“What's the worry? You won't even call.”

“I'll call.”

“You won't call.”

I wanted to call. I hadn't been with a woman since I got out of prison, and I felt like Suzy might be a sure thing because of our past, but for some reason, I also felt like I shouldn't. She was

giving off a strange vibe. Something else was going on. I could always tell when Suzy was up to something.

“We should at least have dinner,” she said, and I honestly agreed with that much.

Dinner was a little more uncomfortable than I had anticipated.

Well, I mean, in actuality, I didn't expect to actually be doing dinner even if I did call, which I did. Even though we were an item back in the day, I'm not sure we ever went on an official date. We used to do drugs and fuck. Sometimes we would go to parties, do drugs with other people and fuck. By the end of our relationship, things got kinkier and crazier, and I started dealing and stuff, and that's how I ended up in prison.

I tried to get out of our dinner date by telling her I didn't have any money, but she said she didn't expect me to have any because of my having just gotten out of prison, but I couldn't help getting the feeling she didn't expect me too because that's how things started going near the end of our relationship. I was always broke and she started getting her act together and paying for everything. She started begging me to stop what I was doing before I got busted, but I didn't.

Anyway, she was really insistent, about this dinner date, so I finally ended up giving in even though something still felt off.

At dinner we mostly made small talk about the past until eventually and inevitably, the prison questions came up.

“So what was it like in there?” It always started out with a simple, almost silly question like that before it became more personal and more uncomfortable.

“I mean, it was prison.”

She looked around and kind of leaned in and whispered trying to keep things as low volume and private as possible. “Did anyone like... you know... like try anything on you?”

“What do you mean?” I asked, knowing exactly what she meant.

“You know... sexual stuff.”

“No, it wasn’t like that. That’s stuff they make up for tv and the movies.”

“You don’t have to lie to me.” She seemed a little frustrated at my reluctance to open up.

In fact, I did feel I had to lie. There’s something about telling a girl, especially one you were close to, close enough to almost marry, certain things. Some things, for some reason, seem even more emasculating when a pretty woman is involved than when they are happening to you and only stronger more masculine men are privy to the situations. It’s even more emasculating when the woman had considered you a real man once upon a time.

Besides, it looked like it mattered to Suzy a little more than she wanted to admit, just not in the way it might matter to some girls. Most girls would be turned off or disgusted at a guy’s weakness and submission to a stronger, more masculine man. Suzy looked like she was trying not to get off on whatever visuals her imagination was conjuring up. She was kind of squirming around in her seat and holding her hands tightly together like she was afraid she might start touching herself. She looked really disappointed at my insistence that nothing she imagined had happened to me inside did.

Then I remembered something else about her. Even though she got really jealous if I looked at another girl or did anything she thought was flirtatious with any girl other than her during our time together, she used to get off on the idea of two guys getting it on and would go out of her way to make friends with gay guys.

If I called her out on it and threatened to make friends with some girls to make things even, she would get mad and tell me it's not the same thing. Often I would catch her watching gay porn even though she would lose her shit if she caught me watching straight porn. She would get jealous of the porn stars as if I had an actual chance with any, but pointed out it was ridiculous of me to get jealous of gay men which I wasn't anyway. It was just the point of the situation.

I have to admit that the fact that the gay stuff made her super horny, made me pretend not to realize she'd been watching it all day when night rolled around and we started going at it. But, that's exactly how I could tell. That shit really did make her super horny. I always tried to avoid catching her red handed so that I never had to confront her, knowing how good the night would be if I let it slide.

Anyway, just as I started recalling this about her, she hit me with another zinger.

“My boyfriend wants to meet you.”

“What?!”

“You heard me.”

“You have a boyfriend?”

“Yes, and he wants to meet you.”

“Why would your boyfriend want to meet me?”

“Because I told him about you.”

“What did you tell him?”

“You know... how we used to date, and break up, and date and break up like all the time, and how we almost got married, but you messed it up by going to prison like I warned you was going to happen if you didn't stop messing around doing illegal shit.”

“What? And now he's got a problem with me?”

“No, he doesn't have a problem with you. If he had a problem, you'd know it. He just wants to meet you because I told him I might let you move in with us. Well, move in with me, because it's really my place. He's hardly ever even there except when he's horny.”

“Well, you can tell him he doesn't have to worry about me moving in. I had no idea you even had a boyfriend.”

“You didn't think I would be with other guys in five years?”

“Of course, I knew you would be with other guys. I mean, look at you. They would wear you down even if you didn't want to be with any.”

That made her smile. “You still know what to say.”

“I just thought you might be between them or something.”

“Well, I have one, and he wants to meet you, so what should I tell him?”

“Tell him there's no reason because, I'm not going to be moving in.”

“Don't be like that. It could be a lot of fun. I mean not in the way it used to be, but in other ways.”

“What do you mean in other ways? What other ways?”

She shrugged and smirked suspiciously without making eye contact. “I don't know... just other ways. I mean unless they totally turned you out. That's what they call it, right?”

“What are you talking about?”

“You know in prison, when they make a hot young guy do stuff over and over until he likes it.”

“Who told you about that?”

“My boyfriend. He was inside for a while.”

“That happened to him?”

She laughed. “God no, but he did it to a few hot, young, white boys.”

“Your boyfriend's black?”

“Is that a problem?”

“No... Why would it be a problem?”

She studied me. “Maybe it's a good thing.”

“What do you mean? As long as you're happy, I guess it's a good thing.”

She smiled. “You should really think about moving in with us. You wouldn't have to pay rent or anything. We could work things out other ways.”

“What other ways?” Again with the “other ways.”

“We can figure it out after you move in.”

She couldn't look at me, and began smiling deviously which I thought was due to the expression I was sure my face was making.

A day before I was about to get out of the halfway house, this tall, muscular, black guy walked into my room. He was very scary, and I was immediately intimidated. I thought he was one of the other residents who had just gotten out of prison, and that he might remember me from prison and want what guys like him usually wanted when they would burst into my cell or drag me into theirs.

I literally forgot some of the faces of some of the guys, blanked them out of my head, or something, once I began to ride with this one guy who looked out for me and pretty much made all my decisions for me from that point on in exchange for my taking care of his needs sexually. At that point, I decided submitting to a dominant black convict was better than getting jumped all the time.

Anyway, this guy who burst into my halfway house room introduced himself by asking if I knew who he was, and when I said, “no.”, he said that we both had a mutual friend.

“Suzy?” I asked, things suddenly registering.

“That's right. I'm her bull daddy. She likes to call me her boyfriend, but she's my white slut in actuality, and that's the way we both like it, especially her, even though she won't admit it outright.”

At first, I thought he was trying to get a rise out of me by saying bizarre stuff, like a new boyfriend does to an old boyfriend when they feel threatened and want to fight. But it didn't take more than

a second for me to realize this guy wasn't threatened at all, especially not by me.

"Look, I don't know what she told you, but our thing ended a long time ago and all we did the other night was have dinner together."

"Relax, relax, you got this all wrong. Suzy needs a boy like you around. I have no problem with that. I just want to have a little chat with you to make sure you care as much about her as she does about you."

"Well, I mean, we went out a long time so of course I care about her, but I would never want to mess up whatever it is you and she have going on."

"That's very nice of you," he snickered. "Some people might even call it sweet. Suzy said you could be a sweetie even though you fucked up the thing you had going with her."

"Excuse me?"

"Suzy says you fucked up the thing you had going with her by going to prison."

"Well, I mean, I guess that was part of what messed us up."

"So you think there was more to it than that?"

"I mean, I don't think it was just my going to prison."

"I agree, I don't think things would have gone any better if you hadn't gone to prison. You probably would have broken up anyway since neither of you understood each other at that time in your lives."

I didn't say anything. I was a little confused, but more so, I was too intimidated to contradict him even if I did disagree which I wasn't sure that I actually did.

“So did you go to prison to see how much you liked cock, or just to take a break from Suzy? How many cocks did you end up sucking in there, anyway? How many fucked that tight white ass of yours?”

“None, I told Suzy nothing like that ever hap...”

Before I could finish, the hardest slap I ever felt in my life by the largest open hand palm to ever strike me landed smack across my face! The slap lifted me up off my feet and sent me flying across the room and into the wall!

Suzy's bull daddy stomped across the room and stood over me furiously stabbing an accusatory finger at me in the air. I hadn't been this terrified of another man since my first night in prison.

“If you ever lie to me again, boy, so help me God! You know what? Don't even tell me. Let me figure it out for myself. I can always tell how many cocks a white boy has sucked by the way he sucks mine.”

He unzipped his pants and pulled out his junk. It was the biggest, veiniest, black monster I had ever seen in my life, and this was counting the ones I had seen in prison. I swear it even had muscles in it.

He grabbed a fistful of my hair and dragged me to it and kind of planted my head on it. It forced my mouth wide open, and he began thrusting his hips, fucking my mouth while holding my head by my hair and stabbing my throat. His long sword was like

steel, growing harder and larger and making me gag as he continued to face fuck me.

“I'm not feeling any magic, boy.” He sounded very angry which terrified me, and I immediately began sucking him off, slurping and twirling my tongue around his swelling, throbbing meat, the way I had been taught to do by the black convicts in prison. This wasn't so much consciously decided on since it had become an almost instinctive reaction.

“There it is! That's what I'm talking about! Good boy! See? Things don't have to be bad between us. When my slut told me she had an ex boyfriend who had been in prison, and he was also a pretty little white boy, I knew we were going to like each other immediately.”

He let go of my hair, and I slid off his cock and onto the ground by the lubrication of my drool. I was limp like a rag doll, out of breath, gasping for air and trying to catch my breath. He stripped off his clothes, walked over to the bed and flopped on it on his back with hands behind his head. His cock had grown stiff and hard from my sucking, and it was pointing to the sky.

“Well..? Get the fuck over here. I want the whole nine yards, cock, balls, asshole. Suzy told me how much you liked to eat her asshole. I know that hot ass probably had an asshole that tasted a lot sweeter than my black, musky, hairy one is going to taste, but I'm sure you got past that in prison just like you got past sucking on the black cocks, didn't you?”

I just kind of stared dumbly. I was in some kind of zone, not wanting to answer.

“I said, you want to suck my cock and tongue my asshole, don’t you, boy?” His raised, angry voice brought me around. I quickly nodded.

He smiled. “That a boy!”

He pointed at his engorged erection and curled a finger at me. I went to him. I took his fat cock in my mouth and sucked on it with loud slurping sounds while looking at him submissively. I wasn’t sure if he was one of those guys who wanted eye contact when he was having his dick sucked, but when he smiled and patted my head, I relaxed and concentrated on the job at hand, figuring I was giving it to him the way he liked.

“Don’t rush now, boy. Take your time. Let me see how well you were taught to serve your black masters.”

I knew what he wanted because I had in fact been prison trained. I started out with light kisses all up and down his hard shaft. Then I started licking and lapping it from base to head. I took the spongy, fat, purple head in my mouth and teased the slit with the tip of my tongue until precum oozed out. Then I worked on his hairy balls, licking and sucking those too.

When he turned on his side and lifted his leg, I knew to bury my face in his musky ass crack and tongue his hairy, nasty shithole deeply.

He moaned and groaned and complimented me the way a dominant alpha male compliments a submissive sex slave doing a good job.

“Good boy, mmm... such a good white boy. You learned some mad skills in prison, white boy! Glad to see you didn't waste your time in there.”

Finally, he climbed off the bed, patting it to let me know he wanted me face down on my stomach. I got into the most common position I was used to getting into in prison, and he climbed on top off my back and pushed his huge cock between my ass cheeks, stopping the thick bulbous head right at the entrance to my hole to let me know it was there.

“I am going to fuck your ass pussy hard now, slut. I am going to fuck you the way I fuck girls, your girl even, and I'm going to fuck you until you cum. Then I'm going to cum in your boy cunt.”

And that's what he did. He pushed the head of his cock slowly into my anus making my shit chute slowly stretch to accommodate him. It had been a long time since I felt pain from a cock, but his was large enough to make me feel some. He wasn't trying to do that, of course. He was just making my body submit, and my mind had given up trying to resist submitting to being dominated a long time ago. I knew it would be pointless to try with this guy. After, I came on the bed, he came in my ass. He then pulled out and had me suck his cock clean. I unintentionally gave him another erection so this time he skull fucked me again, this time using only my mouth, so he could keep his cock clean.

When he was all done, he made me stand at attention with my hands behind my back military style. He took out a small device that I recognized as a male chastity device. He fastened it onto my little limp penis and the tiny cage was so small, it even felt tight on my tiny cock in my flaccid state. It had a lock and key. He put the key to the lock on a chain, and then he put the chain around his neck.

“This is so you don't mess up your relationship with Suzy again. It's going to be a whole different type of relationship this time

around, and I'll be there to guide it so you don't have to worry. From now on, you'll only be cumming at my discretion, and trust me, you're going to have to earn the privilege. I find a male chastity device is a good motivational tool for getting a white boy's mind straight. We're going to turn you into a well disciplined, responsible cuckold and sissy slave."

He pulled on his pants and stepped into his shoes. He tossed me his tank top and told me to put it on. He was huge, monstrously muscular and tall, and I was short and scrawny so the tank top fit me like a dress.

"That's in case we bump into anyone on the way out. We don't need you attracting attention by running around the hall naked. You have anything important here you need to take with you?"

"What are you talking about? Where are we going?"

"Tell you what, we'll take your phone and wallet and leave everything else." He shoved both items into the pockets of his pants. "You'll be needing a whole new wardrobe anyway."

"I can't just leave. I have another day to go here. I'll be a fugitive if I leave now."

"Don't worry, when I'm done with you, no one will recognize you. We'll keep you an indoor sissy slave until we figure out a different look for you, so even if cops are snooping around outside the house, they won't spot you, and recognize you, not as a fugitive anyway."

He lifted me like I was a toddler and flipped me up over his shoulder like I was a bag of potatoes or fertilizer or something. Then, he carried me out of the halfway house. It was night, and no one was around even though there was supposed to be a

watchman on duty. I was torn between wanting to get caught before Suzy's bull could get me out of there and not wanting to because of the shame of people discovering what this man had done to me and intended to do to me again and again I could only assume even though I was still curious as to the specifics.

Suzy's bull made me ride back to her place in the trunk of his car. He was going to let me ride up front, but when I wouldn't stop pleading with him to take me back to the halfway house so I wouldn't become a fugitive, he pulled the car over to the side of the road, yanked his tank top off my body and tore it into pieces so he could gag me with some of it and tie my hands behind my back with the rest.

Then he opened the trunk of his car and stuffed me inside. The ride was long and at one point exceptionally bumpy. The next time the trunk was opened, we were inside a garage.

"Now, I'm going to take this rag out of your mouth and if you say one word I'm going to sew your lips together with needle and thread. For the time being, you'll only speak when spoken to, and you'll respond back with simple phrases like 'yes, sir' and 'yes, master', when you're talking to me. Understand?"

I nodded.

"You've been spoken to so you can respond back appropriately now."

"Yes, er... master..?"

"Is that a question?"

“Yes, master... I mean, no, master... I mean, I understand, master.”

“Good. Prison taught you how to respect your betters.” He smiled. Then he untied my wrists and put a dog collar around my neck and attached a leash to it.

“I am going to let you walk upright, but whenever we stop, I want you to immediately get down on your knees, understand, slave boy?”

“Yes, master.”

As he started to lead me from the garage through the door leading into the main part of the house, my heart started pounding. I knew to expect Suzy, but I wasn't sure what else was waiting for me.

As we entered the living room, Suzy rose from the sofa and ran to us, hugging her bull and, apparently, my new master, kissing him passionately and pulling his cock out of his pants to stroke it right in front of me as well as in front of her guests. I had conflicted emotions about watching her stroke the massive cock I was just made to suck and just had up my asshole violating me. I should have felt sick to my stomach, but I think I was trying to resist getting turned on by her and it together.

Her guests consisted of two more couples, black men with white women, and God help me if I didn't know both of the women. They were friends of Suzy's and mine who I had dated back in high school before I decided Suzy was the one. I mean, that's at least what I thought back then.

If you thought being emasculated in front of one attractive ex girlfriend was humiliating, imagine being naked, except for a male

chastity cage and on the leash of a superior black man in front of three ex girlfriends who used to think you were a man.

“Why are you still standing, sissy?”

I immediately dropped to my knees. Everyone laughed in the room laughed, including Suzy who I could tell felt embarrassed for me by the way she was shyly covering her face and only occasionally making eye contact.

“Happy Anniversary, baby, this is going to be your anniversary present for us having been together for one full year. We have to get its mind right and get it in shape, but I'm sure that will be a lot of fun for all of us.”

“I'm so happy you changed your mind about moving in with us,” Suzy said to me. First she acted all surprised. Then she hugged me, kissed the top of my head and patted it like I was a dog.

I wanted to tell her I wasn't here of my own free will, but when I looked at her bull, he just kind of glared back at me reading my mind so I said nothing. I just stared at the floor. I figured she must know my situation even better than I did anyway after further consideration.

“Oh, yeah, after a little getting to know you session, he was practically begging me to let him come stay with us. Isn't that right, sissy?”

He tugged my leash to let me know he was talking to me. It brought me out of another zone I had drifted into. One look from him told me exactly how I better answer without any coaching at all.

“Yes, master...” Suzy's girlfriends, my other exes, loved hearing me call him master. One of them clapped and the other squealed in delight.

“Did he do all the stuff you said he would do?” Suzy wanted to know. Suddenly, I felt a little betrayed and humiliated by her, which also began turning me on no matter how hard I tried to fight it. She was still stroking that big black cock that dominated me. She kept glancing at it and then at my face as she was doing it. She looked like she was trying to suppress a smirk.

“Tell everyone what your faggy little sissy ass did that made master want to rescue you from that awful halfway house they were keeping you all sexually repressed in, slut.”

I felt my face flush hot with red shame, but a tug on my leash and a stern scowl warned me to answer.

“I sucked master's cock, and then he fucked my ass.”

The guys laughed at my emasculated submissiveness, and the girls clapped and squealed in delight which seemed to have become their new thing that I didn't remember from back when I had known them.

“You should have waited and made him do it here so we could watch.”

“I am sure it will be happy to give many repeat performances, but I did promise it that we would fix it up so no law enforcement personnel could recognize it if they came calling.”

He held out the leash to Suzy. “Think you could handle that? I mean, you did go to beauty school.”

Suzy laughed. “What if he doesn't want to?”

“It,” Suzy's Bull corrected. “What if ‘it’ doesn’t want to?, and ‘it’ only wants whatever we want? Isn’t that right, sissy?”

“Yes, master.”

“If for some reason you think it’s being less cooperative than a sissy slave should be, try this...”

He reached below my chastity device and grabbed my tiny dangling testicles and squeezed. I screamed out while the couples laughed. Only Suzy seemed sympathetic to my pain, biting her lip with concern. Her bull was too intent on his lesson to laugh and could only smile with contentment at my cooperation.

“Tell my slut what you want, sissy.”

“I only want what you want,” I screamed out.

“You try it,” Suzy's Bull told her.

“I don’t know,” Suzy said, unsure.

“Go on, now,” he insisted. “If you’re going to own a slave, you have to know how to train it. Since whatever you own belongs to me as well, any badly trained slave is a reflection on the both of us.” Then as a joke he added, “We don’t want it peeing on the carpet if we leave it home alone on occasion, do we?”

“I guess not,” Suzy laughed. She grabbed my nuts and squeezed. It was hard, but not so hard I couldn’t stand it and certainly not as hard as her bull had just done.

I screamed out anyway, trying to appease, but her bull shook his head in disappointment. He glared at me as if I had tried to insult his intelligence by faking my discomfort level.

“You better squeeze those little raisins a lot harder than that, slut. Otherwise, I'm liable to take this sissy back to the halfway house right now and leave it there.”

And then as a special warning to me, he added, “Maybe, I'll even wait a couple days, just long enough for it to be brought back to prison for violating its parole, get it some nice, new titty implants to take with it maybe, too.”

Before his threat could register, Suzy started squeezing with what had to be all her might because the pain was excruciating and almost made me pass out. I saw colors and screamed at the top of my lungs.

“That a girl!” Suzy's Bull sounded proud which encouraged Suzy to squeeze even harder. They kissed passionately while she continued to squeeze. I continued to scream and felt as though my head would pop off.

“You better tell this girl what you want, sissy, or I don't think she's going to let go.”

“I want whatever you want, Goddess!” I screamed out in agony. Suzy laughed and let go.

“See, how respectful these white sissies become when you discipline them for their own good. I didn't even tell it to address you in that way. That's natural sissy instinct brought out by a dominant hand.”

Suzy gushed in her bull's pride. Her bull gave me a couple swats on my naked ass, and I, for some strange reason, also felt a twinge of pride in their pleasure at my submission, and my having given them a natural response to their discipline lesson.

“Now, you and your friends bring this sissy into your bedroom and fix it up so us guys want to fuck it even more than we want to fuck any of you.”

Suzy and her friends had a great time feminizing me. They argued over what lipstick went with my complexion, and debated the pros and cons concerning piercing my ears as opposed to clip-on earrings whereas Suzy decided that at no point from here on will I not be wearing earrings of some type so there were no cons against piercing, which went for my nipples as well and maybe even for my cock head so she could lead me around by it with a chain instead of my neck leash if she could get master to go for it.

At one point Suzy took out this super short black leather mini skirt and asked me if I remembered it. I told her I did.

“Remember you used to make me wear it with no underwear so you could get up in my junk when the mood struck you.”

“Up in your junk?” I was stunned by her terminology and almost dared to laugh until I quickly surmised how serious she was. I suddenly turned on serious mode too. “I don’t recall making you not wear underwear. I thought you liked doing that to turn me on.”

“Is that the way they made you suck cocks in prison? They didn’t really make you? You just did it to turn them on?”

“I didn... er...”

“You ‘did... n... er..’?” Suzy glared. “Were you just about to lie to us? Do I have to call Daddy in here?”

I was going to correct myself and say, “I was just going to say, it wasn’t like that.” Instead, I just shook my head that she didn’t have to call her bull into the room.

“So, do you spit or swallow?”

Shame made me hesitate to answer, but I knew better than to wait too long. “They usually expect me to swallow.”

“Ooo!” Her friends giggled in unison. One of them added, “That’s so gross! How are you going to get a real man to respect you if you just do whatever they want, especially nasty stuff like that?”

Her other friend add, “I hope they bought you nice presents for your considerations, or at least flowers or something, ha, ha.”

As they teased me about being respected, Suzy turned me in the chair toward the mirror of her vanity so I could get a glimpse of my reflection and see how they had fixed me up. I realized upon seeing myself that any kind of respect was probably something that would never come my way again.

I looked like a cross between a slutty Barbie doll hooker and a clown with all the overpainted, heavy makeup that they had applied to my face. They had even made my super red lips sort of heart shaped, glued super long and thick eyelashes to my lids and added a beauty mark to one of my cheeks.

“Bat those pretty eyelashes for us,” one of them commanded, so I did.

“Once your hair grows longer, I can start giving you some fancy, girlie hair styles, but for now this Goldilocks wig should do the trick.” Suzy was pinning the wig into place with Bobbi pins as she explained.

“Also, just to show you I don’t hold grudges, I’m going to let you wear underwear under your new leather skirt.” She pulled a pair of red lacy panties out of a drawer and had me stand and lift one leg after the other so she could put them on me and work them up my legs.

“Your dress is so tight and short that these should really get you some attention from the fellas when you bend over to pick things up. I’ll be dropping a lot of things, so you’re going to get a lot of chances to show off. Just remember to keep your legs straight when you bend over to pick things up so your skirt rides up your sissy fanny even more than normally.”

She took out a red lacy bra that matched my panties and had me put my arms through it so she could fasten it behind my back as she explained more of her expectations to me, “Sometimes, the bulls like us girls to walk around topless for them, but I think this will look a lot sexier on you since you don’t have anything much to show off when you’re topless just yet.”

I did not like the use of the word “yet” when she described me having something to show off that might replace an embarrassing bra, but Suzy had yet an even bigger surprise for me that kind of pushed that worry to the backburner. “Remember when you used to put your pathetic little cock in my butt, and I told you I didn’t like it, because I guess I thought it was big at the time, and I said I wished I had one so I could put it in your butt.”

I was going to dispute her “stealth anal assault accusation” like I feebly tried to do the “forced no underwear accusation”, but I knew better. I just let her vent as she went to her closet and pulled out the biggest strap on harness that I had ever seen in my life. The dildo attached to it was even bigger than her bull daddy's real

cock. The sight of the size of the contraption made my asshole twitch and tense up.

“It was the biggest one I could find. I wanted to find one even bigger than Daddy so I could stand out from the guys and help keep you loosened up for them in between their visits. I am so much looser now than I used to be just from real cocks. Ironically, I probably wouldn’t even feel your pathetic little cock in my ass or my pussy if I did respect you enough to let you put it anywhere in me ever again. Unfortunately, the black bulls wouldn’t like that at all. I have “black only” holes now, cuck boy. But that doesn’t mean we can’t have a meaningful relationship that’s based on things other than normal sex like vaginal penetration and stuff. Normal intercourse may be over for you as the penetrator, but that doesn’t mean that you can’t be a recipient and that I can’t be one of the people to help keep you lose for real men. We don’t want you going back to being a tighty whitey after all the time those considerate black convicts put into stretching you out in prison.”

Her giggly friends each took one of my hands that now had painted fake nails on all ten fingers. They stood me up and helped me step into high heel shoes that were difficult to walk in.

“Well, let’s go see what the guys think, ladies...” Then as an afterthought, she looked straight at me and added, “And sissies.”

When Suzy took me out to the guys, they were more than happy with the work she and her friends had done on me. They even had a bit of an argument over who was going to have me first. It made me flash back to prison when these two blacks bulls had a knife fight over who had claims on my boy cunt a couple days into my

sentence because they had both taken my ass on the same day without the other one knowing.

One of the guards who had to deal with the situation started calling me Helen of Troy. He used to like explaining his interpretation of history to me with a shit-eating grin on his face. “She started a big war with her pussy too.”

He was one of those guys who thought he was smart because he could read a little and didn't realize he misinterpreted almost every concept intended by the author of anything written. I am not sure he even knew Helen of Troy was more than probably a fabricated character, but, at that time, the idea of being compared to some queen that warriors lusted after made me nauseous.

Presently, though, in front of Suzy, her bull, and her guests, the memory was making my tiny junk unwittingly swell up in its tiny confining cage, and the effect was not going unnoticed.

“Oh, my God, look at your cuckold's tiny junk trying to break out of his tiny cage. I think he's getting turned on being our submissive slave boy.”

“Why wouldn't it?” Suzy said. “It's about to get spit grilled by two of the largest, hardest black cocks in the state.”

I felt a bit of anxiousness that I couldn't decipher from being dread or anticipation. Suzy was curled up next to my new master, her daddy, once again stroking his cock as she prepared to watch the show.

“We should let it out of its cage,” she said to master, but she was really asking permission. “It would be so hot watching its little thingy bounce around while its ass gets jack hammered.”

“It's your cuck boy and slave. You can do whatever you want to it.”

Suzy took the necklace with key from around her bull's neck, hopped over to me and unlocked my cock cage. My little member was so eager and excited, the cage practically shot off. It was as if I had no control over my own body. It was mortifying.

“Oh, look,” one of her giggly friends yelled out, pointing and calling attention to my manhood. “It thinks it's a real one.”

Everyone laughed. I should have been more embarrassed, but I was too worked up. Suzy floated back to master, put the chain and key around his neck, sunk in next to him, and started stroking his cock again.

One of the bulls grabbed my wrists and pulled my hands behind my back. “I am going to fuck your ass while you suck his cock,” he said nodding at the other bull.

“Then we're going to spin you around so you can suck the stink off my cock while he fucks your ass, and we're going to keep spinning you until our cocks are spic and span clean and your ass pussy is a creamy gaping mess.”

He jammed his cock into my ass and my hips were thrust forward.

He thrust in so hard and dry, my asshole felt like it was tearing open, but the effect it had on me was the opposite of what a painful ass fucking should cause. My cock twitched and danced on display for the entire room to see. It was clearly enjoying itself even if I was trying not to.

“Oh, my God, he likes it!”

“Did you think I was lying?” master asked Suzy with a laugh.

“These cock boys, especially the white ones, just can't help themselves.”

“It's just that when I dated this cuck, he was such a ladies' man.”

“Now, he's a lady man,” master laughed. Suzy didn't. There was a new kind of disgust and disrespect to her vibe. It was one thing to hear about your ex being a pathetic, white, cock slave to superior, black cocks, but it was another to actually see him in action without any plausible deniability. She was fixated on the show, almost angrily.

“You know what this faggot needs? Tits. That way there's something to grab onto when you're doing its ass pussy doggy style.” That came from the bull jack hammering me from behind.

“We should do that!” Suzy said to master. “Give it titties. I was thinking about that when we were fixing it up for you guys.”

“Like I said, it's your slave. Whatever turns you on. You know I like when you're turned on.”

I was down on all fours getting it from behind by one huge fat black cock stretching out my butthole and making me feel like I had to take a huge constipated shit that just kept getting shoved back up inside of me. From the front, the other bull's massive monster stretched out my mouth and made me gag with a balls deep throat fucking. His balls slapped off my chin like a well skilled boxer's speed bag as he held onto my ears and skull fucked me rapid fire, making me gag and choke. I don't know how much potent black seed I swallowed, nor how much was pumped into my ass. This would be routine for all of my several spin arounds as well as all my next sessions which went on until daybreak. Suzy even got to try out her strap on, and she let each of her friends try it out too. If prison had left even a shred of masculinity in me, it was all being stripped out of me now in front of all my ex girlfriends with their help.

That was months ago. Since then Suzy decided titties were the way to go. She started pumping me full of hormones which in addition to spreading fat to my breasts also spread it to my fanny to give me that ghetto-booty bubble-butt look. I still wear a chastity cage, but I don't actually need it since the hormones have made me floppier than a freshly boiled noodle.

Sometimes Suzy likes to take me out of my cage just to bat it around for a laugh. She especially likes to do this in front of guests, especially after everyone's had a few to drink. She'll call me out from wherever I happen to be doing my daily chores, one of her many daily assignments to keep me busy and add to her and her bull's domination of me. I am usually wearing my required maid's outfit as well during these events.

“You've been working too hard, cuck. Why don't you take a break?”

If I don't want to take a break because I know what she's up to, I get a licking with the cane or the paddle for being ungrateful. Sometimes, the guests even get to take a crack at me. And then she's going to do what she was going to do anyway, only it's done with a humiliating, painful spanking in addition to any other humiliation.

When I go along with it to get it over with, it usually goes something like this depending on what her choice of entertainment happens to be.

“You've been such a good cuckold slave boy. How would you like to get out of your cage for a little relief?”

I've stopped answering because it's pointless. Suzy usually has me out of the cage before I even finishing answering, and she's going to do what she wants to do no matter what I say. First, she insists I take care of myself because she certainly isn't going to jerk off a cuckold, sissy, or slave, and even more certainly isn't going to jerk off someone who's all three. Meanwhile, she's explaining to our guests, "When, he's a really good cuck boy, I allow him a little supervised masturbation because I'm such a generous mistress and slave owner." Then to me, she'll ask, "I am generous, aren't I, cuck boy?"

"You're very generous, Mistress," I'll answer, knowing the flogging I'll get if I don't answer appropriately, all the while tugging away on my limp, floppy noodle to the jeers and snickers of my audience which I try to blank out of my mind in the hopes that maybe that distraction is what's keeping me limp instead of the hormones that have been pumped into me.

Sometimes a sympathetic female will lend a hand or even a mouth to no avail. It just makes the situation even more humiliating and more shameful. But the most embarrassing moment always comes when a male member of the audience, usually black, and usually extremely well hung asks if he can try something. The first time, it wasn't rehearsed so the spontaneity added to the joke, but it seems to never get old to Suzy and her audience of like-minded friends no matter how many times they see it.

Of course the bull is never denied my ass pussy, especially not by Suzy who welcomes the added visual to her entertainment. I have no idea how or why it happens, but when he shoves his big black cock into my ass pussy, I usually get an undeniable full erection, small as it may be in my case. And it's not a phantom erection like

amputees get for a missing limb either as all the guests can unfortunately see it too.

“Well look at that, the sissy's clit does respond. You just have to be man enough to bring it out in her, ha, ha.”

It's hard to deny what you are after a spectacle like that. I have become a complete humiliation and pain slut as well as a cuckold sissy slave.

THE END