

Driven to Sissyhood!

**Written by Dex O'Donald
Concept by QoS Bookclub**

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

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1.

Patrick always seemed to call me on the road at the worst possible times. It was never during one of those long, endless drives between states, where the hours moved like snails across hot tarmac. He never called when I was getting sleepy behind the wheel, still four more hours before I could park it and catch some shut eye.

No, my boyfriend did not have a knack for *timing*. And that day in Texas, at rest stop 381, his timing was worse than ever.

“Oh fuck, not *now*, Patrick!” I moaned, clutching the vibrating iPhone in my hand.

“Who the fuck is it?” Diesel-Dick Donte grunted, gathering my vibrant red hair up into his calloused palm and using it as leverage to fuck the ever-living soul out of me.

“It’s - it’s my, *oh fuck*...it’s my boyfriend...” I whinnied, grinding my pale plump ass back against him.

“Yeah well tell your boyfriend you’re fucking *busy*...” Donte had me bent over a sink, face to the mirror, taking me there in the truck-stop bathroom. Diesel was bigger than I remembered, maybe it was because for the last year and a half the main dick I’d been riding was Patrick’s and, well, Patrick didn’t exactly measure up.

And that’s putting it kindly.

“Oh *fuck*, Diesel!” I moaned, tossing my ringing phone onto the crumpled pants lying on the floor. “You’re so fucking big baby oh my *GOD*...”

“Big Red,” he grunted from behind, “still my favorite piece of pit-stop pussy west of the Mississippi.”

“I’m gonna fucking *cum*,” I shook. His bear-paw palms came around from behind and grabbed onto my bouncing

knockers, pushing the milky flesh between his fingers, railing me harder...and harder... “OOOHHHH FUUUUCK!”

I lost myself on Diesel’s black cock there at rest top 381 in the middle of Texas. It rocked through my body so hard I nearly fell off the sink, and Diesel had to catch me by the tits. I barely registered his throbbing, uncut cock pulling out and pushing deep inside my throat...emptying his balls in my mouth, grunting like a wild animal the entire time.

“Thanks again, Red,” Diesel grinned, pulling up his pants. “We should do this again real soon...”

“I don’t think so, D,” I wiped the fresh cum from my lips, “this was our *goodbye* fuck, if you catch my drift. I gotta tone these truck-stop rendezvous down now that I’m living with my boyfriend.”

“Ha! Whatever you say, Red. You’re as frisky as they come out here on the road...besides, who’s to say he isn’t do the same damn thing back home? You said he runs a pub after all...”

“And good on him if he is getting some pussy on the side,” I stuffed my overflowing tits back into my bra and did my best to straighten them in the mirror. “I can’t blame him if he is...and I’m sure he doesn’t blame me. It’s a don’t ask don’t tell sort of thing, catch my drift?”

“Yeah, except I bet you got *lots* more tellin’ to do than little Patrick. That’s for *damn* sure.”

We finished dressing and left the bathroom one at a time. It was around 9pm and the stop was dead, not a whole lot of trucks which meant not a whole lot of truckers. I crossed the sprawling parking lot to my gorgeous, fiery red semitruck waiting for me on the north end. I climbed up into the cab and took a deep breath.

“Goddamn, D,” I whispered to myself, dialing Patrick’s number, “you know how to make a girl *ache*.”

Two rings later and Patrick’s chirpy voice answered the call.

“Samantha!” he sang. “How’s it going baby? You in for the night?”

“Nah, still got a bit of driving to do. I need to make it into Louisiana by midnight. Then I’ll catch some Z’s in the camper.”

“I hate when you have to drive so much at night! Get a coffee or something...where were you before when I called? I was at the bar with a bunch of the regulars, and they were hoping to give you a long distance *hello*!”

“Ain’t that sweet,” I checked my sideview, watching Diesel-D Donte do his bow-legged strut back to his 18-wheeler. “I was chatting with an old colleague...another trucker giving me some tips on a route I got coming up...”

“You and your mysterious trucker friends,” he laughed, “you’ll have to introduce me some day.”

“Can’t wait,” I laughed.

“Well I miss you like hell, Samantha...I miss our mornings together, but I’ll be honest, I *really* miss that body of yours...I want to bury my face in your tits until I drown!”

“Aw, Patrick the Poet. You have *such* a way with words, honey. And romantic, too.”

“I’d love it if you sent me a picture of your gorgeous pussy, Samantha...you know I love that curly red bush of yours...”

“I’ll see what I can do,” I pulled the waist band on my jeans out and gazed down at said curly red pubes and the thick, pink folds of my pussy below it. She looked like she’d gone ten rounds with Mike Tyson, and in a way, she had. “Maybe tomorrow. Let me freshen her up a bit.”

“I love you, Samantha,” he whispered.

“I love you, too.”

Patrick was a sweetheart. Maybe the only man in my entire life I'd ever stayed with consistently. You see, it's difficult for a full-time trucker to have a relationship. To have anything more than some hookups here and there in different cities and at different rest stops. And I'd been a trucker for, well hell, basically since I was old enough to drive.

My father taught me the trade. I was two days out of high school before he put me behind the wheel of his semi, teaching me every damn thing you needed to know. My father was a hard man - strong, confident, tough. It was because of him I made such good damn money right out the gates, and within a few months I had my very own big rig.

Big Red I called it, and she's been with me ever since.

Coming up as a young, female big rigger presented its own challenges. Mostly in the form of other truck drivers. I can't tell you how many times I walked into a truck stop and stopped traffic - literally. You got all these burly, big dudes shooting the shit and talking shop and then here comes this red head with big swinging tits and a fat, toned ass. How do you think they responded? It didn't help that I kept myself in great shape and had just about the prettiest pair of blue eyes you've ever seen.

I'm not bragging. It's the damn truth.

All I ever wear on the road is a pair of tight-fitting jeans and a black tank top. Half the time I don't even have a bra on, and why would I? I ain't driving no damn 12 hours with my girls all wrapped up. So what if it brings extra stairs at the gas ups, let the perverts stare, I say!

Coming up in the trucker scene had its advantages. There was no lack of men who wanted for me, and I learned pretty

damn fast the difference between the men who *wanted* me...and the men who could *handle* me. The pervs usually creamed their little jeans twenty seconds into a handjob - but the big dogs, like Diesel and Road Dog Randy, they knew how to handle a strong, curvy woman like me. It was those types of men I was attracted to.

But somewhere along the road, I fell for the total opposite. I fell for Patrick and his charm, his popularity at the bar he owned, his gorgeous face and dry wit. It didn't matter that he was shorter than what I liked, it didn't matter that he didn't have those tire-sized biceps I was used to seeing on men.

Patrick was a king in the small town we met in, and I'll never forget the first time we hung out.

I was back home getting standard maintenance done on Big Red, and a new bar had opened up in town called Patrick O'Brien's Irish Pub. I'll give you one guess as to who the owner was. I sidled up to the bar in my usual attire, Redneck Chic I liked to call it, and Patrick was on me like a Lot Lizard to a lonely trucker.

"Why haven't I seen you around before?" he asked, his pretty green eyes unsure where to look with my tits in his face.

"I'm not one to stay any place too long, sugar," I winked. "How about a bud and a shot of Jack?"

"You can have whatever you want," he said, "long as I'm the one buying."

"Ain't gonna fight you on that one, sugar."

Patrick poured the beer and we did a shot together. He sat down next to me at his bar, and he didn't move again for the rest of the night.

"You're a truck driver you say?"

"Going on fifteen years now," I winked.

“Like hell! You don’t look like no truck driver...dancer maybe, a model probably. But a truck driver? Like hell you say!”

We talked into the night, long after the bar was closed, and there was no doubt about it; his charm and his wit had an effect on me. I liked being around him, and maybe it was because he was so different from every other man I’d spent time with in my life. On the road you meet and sometimes fuck the biggest, baddest, toughest guys around. Patrick wasn’t any of those things...he was just Patrick, and Patrick was enough.

I liked him so much that I was able to look past his short comings in the bedroom. And I do mean short. The first time I saw Patrick naked I about pissed myself from laughing so hard.

“What’s so funny, Samantha?”

“I’m sorry, sugar, I just don’t think I’ve ever seen one so *little* before! *Hehehe*, oh my!”

“Wow. You don’t mince words do you?”

“Don’t see the point,” I said, grabbing his rigid little pecker in my hand, covering all 4.5 inches of it and pinching. “Now you gonna stand there and drip or you gonna show me what you’re made of?”

“Get on your back...”

Patrick’s equipment might not have been much, but the good Lord blessed him with a mouth to munch rug with. My God, that boy could lick it so good I’d shiver for minutes afterwards...and the best part was, sex never *hurt* with Patrick. Getting him off was easy as a route from Atlanta to D.C. Some of the truckers I’d been with in the past could leave me sore *for days*...not that I minded all that much. But even if he wasn’t what I was used to in the sack, it didn’t matter. I’m not a shallow

person, and I had very real feelings for Patrick...and like I said, the boy could *lick it* I mean *Goddamn!*

And so, our love began. Anytime I had off from the road I spent with him, either at his bar or back at one of our apartments. I'd tell him tales of the road, of dangerous men and close calls. He'd tell me about the latest drunk he'd thrown out of his bar. Conversation was easy, and I loved being around him.

After we moved in, I cut way back on my roadside rendezvous. It just didn't feel right fucking strange men behind his back anymore, or at least not as often as I was doing it. Granted, it's hard to turn down some Diesel Dick when your routes align. Sometimes it's *too easy*, especially when you know your needs are going to be more than managed. I'm sure Patrick would forgive me for catching a dick here and there.

My phone vibrated in my lap, knocking me out of memory lane and back into the cab of my semi.

A text from Diesel.

Diesel-D: *Just like the good old days, Red. Thanks again for the good time. And if I don't see you...something to remember me by!*

A moment later a picture arrived below the text: his gargantuan, slouching cock. Inky black and uncut, a single vein the size of Patrick's entire dick ran up the center, stopping just shy of his chocolatey hood. You could just see the tip of his caramel head, a single bead of cum still warm there.

I admired the photo for a moment before saving it to my *hidden photos* folder and deleting Diesel-D Donte's number out of my phone for good. I was going to be a good girl from now on and be true to my Patrick...I considered the photo no more than a parting gift.

A parting gift I would mostly likely get myself off to at my next destination.

When I got home from that trip Patrick was as excited as ever to see me. He wanted to know all about St. Louis and Arkansas, Texas and the bayou. It was cute the way he'd rush me whenever I got back from a long trip, like a lost little puppy with separation anxiety. Like he hadn't seen anyone else in all the time I was gone, even though he *owned* a damn bar.

That night when we got in the sack, it was pretty clear that Patrick hadn't been having any of his own secret little rendezvous.

"Jeez, I'm sorry, Samantha...it's just been a while you know? I didn't mean to cum so fast..."

"That's ok, sugar," I said, running my fingers through his soft blonde hair and pushing him, "you can still go down on me."

"Oh baby you know I - *HMPH!*"

I shoved his face between my thighs, fists gripping those boyish locks of hair. I rubbed that red patch he loves so much right against his nose while I fed him my throbbing clit. His tongue moved with that expert precision I'd grown to love, rhythmic and eager, always listening to my breathing.

"Oh *sugar*," I moaned, "you are just *too sweet...mmmm*, that's it. *Eat it...*" I slapped my soaked cunt against his chin, the wetness audible and thick. I gripped his head like a tire iron and didn't allow him to come up for air, grinding slow and steadfast into his adorable little face.

As Patrick found his rhythm I closed my eyes, throwing my head back and squirming on the bed. My mind went to two nights prior...to Diesel-D and truck stop 381...the way he'd bent me over right there in the bathroom...

“Oh fuck, sugar...it’s so good, baby...”

I glanced to my right at the side table beside the bed. I palmed the back of Patrick’s head with one hand and used the other to snatch my phone. Without really thinking about what I was doing, I navigated over to the hidden pictures...to Donte...

“Oooohhhh,” I whined, thighs shaking. *“Fuck yes, Patrick.”*

I stared at Donte’s piece, terrifying and erotic. I thought of the way his cum tasted in my mouth, the way my cunt spread to its limit to accommodate him...the rough, no-nonsense way he handled me when he wanted it.

Patrick brought me closer every passing moment, his deft tongue and fingers working me over, just the way I liked it, constant and unrelenting.

I didn’t expect to cum like I did. The force of the orgasm rocked my core, and even as my eyes rolled back Patrick never stopped. He worked me past the point of no return, my mouth open and wailing.

“Ohhhhh fuck, Patrick! OHHH FUCK YES!”

I lay there with my eyes closed, reeling from the aftershock of my orgasm. It didn’t even occur to me that somewhere along the way I’d dropped my phone, sending it tumbling to the floor.

When I opened my eyes, Patrick was no longer between my legs. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, naked and deflated, staring at a phone screen in his hand.

My phone.

Even from that awkward angle I could see exactly what he was looking at.

“Who is this, Samantha?” he asked, voice quivering. “Is this an old boyfriend or something?”

I crawled to where he sat, wrapping my freckled arms around his chest and kissing his neck softly. “Oh, sugar. Don’t go getting worked up *about that*. Just an old flame I used to see on the road once in a while...haven’t seen him in ages.”

“Why do you still have the picture?” he was dumbfounded, his green eyes wouldn’t look away from the monstrosity on the screen. “Why look at it when we’re fucking?”

“Just being a little kinky is all, sugar,” I ran my plump lips across the skin of his shoulder, kissing as I went. “You know I like to get *weird* sometimes...You were working it *so good* that old Diesel-D popped into my head and I just had to have a look...”

“Diesel-D? Is that his name? Why do you call him that?”

“I think you’re seeing why we call him that...”

“We?”

“Truckers, sugar. My fellow road warriors. Everybody from Florida to Idaho knows Diesel-D. Most guys know him cus they’ve showered with him, as happens on the road...and trust me, sugar. You come within twenty feet of *that thing* and you’re gonna notice. Sissy or not!”

“It’s so...*huge*. I can’t compare to this...you’ve had sex with Diesel-D before?”

“A few times...” I pushed my massive, undulating breasts against his back, making sure my taut nipples ran against his skin.

“Do you still see him from time to time?”

“What do you mean, baby?”

“I mean do you still...you know...”

“Fuck?”

“Yeah...”

“Would that bother you?”

“What do you mean?” he looked away from the black hog for the first time and caught my dreamy blue eyes. “Would it *bother* me? Of course it would bother me!”

“I’m just asking, sugar. I didn’t know you to be the jealous type...”

“I’m not...I’m not *jealous*, I’m just a little...”

“Intimidated?”

“I’m fine...”

“Come on, sugar. Don’t be like that. You know I love you. I mean hell, Diesel-D sure as hell never made me cum like that!”

It was a lie, but I felt like he needed to hear it just then.

“Really?”

“Really real, sugar. Now would you stop? Why you staring at that big old black dong instead of the babe you got in your bed? You a closet sissy or something?” I joked.

I thought that settled it. We fell asleep in each other’s arms that night and I didn’t hear another word about it until about two weeks out of my next route. He brought it up over beers at the pub, and it was obvious he couldn’t shake the image of Diesel-D’s giant piston all up in the love of his life’s guts.

“So are you friendly with Diesel-D?” he pried. “Like if you see him at a truck stop do you guys stop and chat? Have a beer?”

“Are you on about this again? Lord almighty, honey. You need to let this go...”

“I’m serious, Samantha! I feel like I suddenly know so little about you...about your past!”

“What about it?”

“What you’re like on the road! Who you’ve been with! I feel like you’re a different person when you’re out there. Someone I don’t know as well as I should...”

“What do you want to know, sugar? How many men I’ve slept with before you?”

“I don’t know...maybe? Probably not. Not if they’re all as big as Horse Cock Diesel-Dick or whatever the hell you call him!”

“No one is as big as Diesel,” I chuckled. “Though some have come close...”

“Ugh,” he took a long swallow of his Bud. “That’s what I’m talking about. Comments like that. You have all these secrets...this big, grand past I know nothing about!”

“And you don’t want to know, sugar! Trust me!” I sat up and took him by the hand, squeezing it hard as I could. “Would you listen to me for a second, Patrick? Look, *you’re* right. I *am* different when I’m out on the road. Helluva’ lot different than I am with you...but that’s because *I gotta be*, sugar. Do you have any idea what it’s like being a female that looks *this damn good*, out on the road for weeks at a time, surrounded by horny, sometimes violent, always hard alpha males? I can’t show weakness in front of them, honey. I can’t be vulnerable around them like I can with you...so yes, I *am* different out there. But the real me is the one here with you, shooting the shit and making love.”

Patrick seemed unfazed by my plea of reason, and somehow, I knew what was going to come out of his mouth before he said it.

“I wanna go,” he crossed his arms. “I wanna go with you on the next run. I’m going.”

“You’re what?”

“I’m coming with you, Samantha! OK? I wanna see this other side of you...I wanna see the famous Big Red in action,

alright? We'll ride together, you can show me what being a trucker is all about. And then I'll truly know you - *both* sides."

"What about the bar? How you gonna make money, baby?"

"I've got staff. They know the place. I'll leave the keys with them for a few weeks while the two of us reconnect. Find each other."

"I don't think you know what you're asking, baby," I said, shaking my head. "Life on the road ain't for everybody...and you might see a part of me you don't like."

"Impossible," he said defiantly. "I love you."

"You haven't seen me at the end of a 14-hour drive, hungry and hungover. You haven't seen me tear a man to shreds with my words for staring at my chest a little too long...you think you know what you're getting into, sugar. You ain't got no idea."

"If you love me, if you *trust* me...if you *know* me, Samantha, you will let me come with you this time. And you don't have to dumb it down for me. I don't want the edited version. I want the R rated fucking hardcore shit, OK? Shock me. Go ahead you have my *full* permission!"

I sat there staring at the man I loved, shaking my head back and forth. I couldn't believe what he was asking...and furthermore, I couldn't believe I was actually considering it.

"If we do this, if I let you come out on the road with me...we're gonna have to get a few things straight right off the bat."

"Such as?"

"Such as it's my way or the highway. Literally. I don't have time to fuck around, Patrick. Not out there. If I say we're moving, we move. If I say we're staying, we stay. And any ifs ands or buts and you're liable to find your skinny ass stranded in the damn desert. Am I clear?"

“Wow,” he looked at me with a slow smirk, “I can already see the famous Big Red coming out. Are you like this all the time on the road? Because if you are I am *sold*. You can take your frustrations out on me *anytime you want*, love...”

“Ha. Ha. Ha,” I rolled my eyes. “But I’m being serious, Patrick. Are you sure you’re ready for this? Once we leave, there’s no going back...”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way, Samantha.”

“There’s only one way, remember? The highway. And come next Wednesday morning, your ass will be on it.”

2.

“Traffic jam coming up, I’m gonna be on the brakes. You keep that hungry little mouth of yours *right there...*” I squeezed my thighs around Patrick’s head, trapping him against my soaked cunt, bringing the big rig to a slow, steady halt on I-75.

Once I was sure we weren’t going anywhere, I used two hands to hold his face in place, grinding. The waist of my jeans ended up around my ankles, and I realized that if the traffic jam let up suddenly it’d be damn hard to get that clutch in gear.

“Oh, Patrick I’m cumming...*oh...*” I put my palm to the roof of the cab and my ass came up out of the seat. If the car next to me had looked up and over, they’d have seen a foxy redhead cooing like a damn ghost. Patrick didn’t stop until I yanked him from between my legs.

“You like?” he smiled; his chin wet with it.

“*Mhmm,*” I giggled. “Having you along for the ride ain’t so bad after all I guess!”

“Don’t speak *too soon*. Its been 48 hours...you still need to let me prove myself.”

“And just how are you going to do that?” I rolled my window down and lit an obligatory after-sex cig.

“You are going to test me. Right? I want to see whatever it is about this life that you think I can’t handle...and then I’m going to show you that I *can* handle it. Because I can handle *you*. The love of my life. Got it?”

“I like your mouth better when it’s against my pussy I think.”

“I bet you do.”

The traffic broke up and we were on our way again. It was no sleep till El Paso, and I informed Patrick that if I caught him napping there’d be hell to pay. Six hours passed, which for me

was no more than a blink. But I could sense some restlessness in Patrick, I could feel the time moving slow for him. I sensed vulnerability. Weakness.

There we were not even three days into a two-week jaunt and the travel time was already wearing on him.

I don't know if I was annoyed or just bored, or both. But I saw an opportunity to get under his skin a little bit, and I took it.

"Scoot closer, sugar," I said, eyes never leaving the road. "I wanna touch you."

Patrick scootched in the passenger seat, and I reached my arm across the center console. My hand wiggled its way past the waistband of his sweats and found his sweaty little dick sleeping below. I cupped it easily in my palm, mushing it like a tiny piece of gum.

"Oh that feels *good*," he gasped, moving even closer in his seat.

"Does it?" I smiled, feeling it grow ever so slightly. "Gosh, Patrick it just fits so perfect in my little hand, doesn't it? So much easier to handle than some of the other guys I've been with on the road..."

"You've done this with other guys before?" he asked, heated but not rejecting my touch.

"Oh sure...I mean, one time Diesel-D broke down on the highway and I had to give him a ride to town. Do you have any idea how hard it is to steer two big rigs at once? I mean, you saw it. I couldn't even get my hand around it..."

"Fuck," he grunted. Patrick was like warm stone in my palm, hard enough to penetrate glass. "Why are you telling me this?"

"You seemed interested," I began to jerk him off. "Like right now I can tell you're gonna cum soon...if I keep going."

But there was no way I could get Diesel off with just a hand. Once we got to town, I let him take me in the back of the cab...I'll never forget the way he came inside me. I used to be on birth control, you know. And I'd let the guys just *blast away* in me *all the time...*"

"UGH!" he squealed. "FUCK!"

I felt it hot and sticky on my fingers, making an absolute mess in his sweatpants. I pulled my hand out and wiped it along his pantleg.

"Fuck," he said again, "I need a paper towel or something!"

"Glovebox..."

"What was that, Samantha?" I could hear the hurt in his voice but couldn't help but chuckle watching him try and pat the mess out of his sweats.

"What was what?" I played coy.

"Ummm, you know what? Talking about your old flings while you're jerking me off?"

"Didn't seem to slow you down none..."

"That's not the point!"

"Isn't it though?"

Patrick fell silent, unsure of himself as he basked in the strange afterglow of his orgasm. Sure, I'd fucked with his head a little. So what? I was bored...if he couldn't take a little gentle ribbing there was no way he was going to make it a few weeks on the road with me. Maybe a little rough play was just what he needed to break his road cherry.

"There's an old rest stop about forty-five down the road," I said, "we can shower up there and get some rest."

Trucker's Delight was one of my favorite stops in the country, it had everything a road warrior needed. Hot showers, laundry, a little kitchen to cook stovetop. Hell, they even had a

little movie theatre in the back - wasn't no more than a room with a big screen, but I'll be damned if they weren't always playing some classics. I remember once they had that old Spielberg yarn "Duel" on - I always love that movie. I gave Ronnie Roadster some head during the climactic scene where the truck goes over the cliff. He was hollering right along with that damn semi!

Those were the days.

I parked Big Red in the lot and Patrick and I walked into Trucker's Delight right around 11 pm that night. The place was buzzing. Burly, big men stomping around, loading up their snack caches and catching up on tales from the road. I recognized a good bit of them as old acquaintances, but only a few as *old buddies*. All eyes were on me and Patrick the moment we stepped in, and it felt like the right time to get some space from each other.

"Go on and take your bag to the showers," I told him, "Make sure you wash up real good. Who knows when we'll be stopping again. When you're done meet me out here and we'll load up on some supplies."

"Are they private showers?" he asked, nervous.

"What difference does it make, sugar?"

"Oh, nothing I guess...nothing at all..."

"Good. Now go wash up. See you soon."

I watched him amble off through the crowd of truckers, head down, posture slouched. For a split second I didn't recognize him as the man I loved. Standing beside all those giants seemed to make him smaller than I remembered, even though I'd spent the last three days in his company.

"Better perk up, kiddo," I sighed, watching him go. "Or it's gonna be a long trip."

I made my way back to the women's showers and as usual, I had the place to myself. I stripped naked and took my time, lathering my body up until every inch of my pink and pale skin was coated in white bubbles. If this had been a normal trip, one without Patrick, I might have just used the men's showers to catch some good conversation or to call some pervert out on staring too long. But I wasn't prepared to do that in front of the boyfriend...not yet anyway.

I finished up and toweled off, changed into one of my patented white tank tops and a fresh pair of jeans. My nipples were hard as marbles, and I wasn't wearing a bra. Part of me, I guess, wanted to see how Patrick would react when he saw that my fat, round nipples were poking through the shirt in front of so many other guys.

As I made my way back through the convenient store, I drew too many stares to count.

I looked around the place for Patrick; everywhere you turned there were groups of truckers talking or sitting around munching down hotdogs. I was starting to think maybe Patrick had high-tailed it back to the rig, that maybe he'd gotten spooked by all the overt masculinity in the place, but then I spotted him...cornered by three of my oldest road warrior compadres.

"Are you no good dogs picking on my man?" I snarked with a smile, sliding in next to Patrick. The three barbarous big riggers shifted their snarky eyes from Patrick to my fresh body.

"Big Red," Tobias grinned, "man its been a minute, ain't it?"

"Lookin' just as damned delicious as ever, I see," Lamar ran a red tongue over his thick ebony lips and felt me up with his eyes.

“This little man right here was just talking *crazy*,” Samson scratched his scruffy black beard, “he was sayin’ that his *girlfriend* is a trucker by the name of Samantha...I said surely you ain’t talkin’ about Big Red, the hottest and baddest bitch out on the road.”

“Believe it, Samson, you old dog,” I put an arm around Patrick’s waist and squeezed him - he was stiff as a board and not saying much. “Patrick here is making an honest woman out of me.”

“Is that so?” Lamar’s knowing eyes.

The three lumbering black truckers dwarfed Patrick and me. The confusion on their face gave me some concern - the total disbelief that I would be with someone like Patrick was off-putting. Was he really so underwhelming? I didn’t think so...but the sheer size difference between my boyfriend and my old flames was noticeable, and though I tried to push the thought away it came at me like Ferrari in a passing lane - *is Patrick man enough for you, Samantha?*

“We met yah little man here in the showers,” Tobias chuckled deep, “he looked out of place, if yah know what I mean...”

“Don’t tell me these dumb lugs were picking on you in the damn shower, Patrick?” I smiled at my boyfriend, but the discomfort on his face wouldn’t ease. “You can’t let em’ push you around!”

Patrick stood there silent, almost awkwardly so.

“Patty here has got *wandering eyes*,” Lamar grinned. “Actin’ like he ain’t never seen a black man naked before.”

“Actin’ like he ain’t never seen a dick bigger than a cigarette bud is more like it,” Tobias laughed.

“Can’t blame him though,” Samson added, “if you been carrying around a pet worm your whole life, you gonna be scared the first time you see a python!”

“*Hahahaha,*” the men laughed in unison, their deep, reverberating chuckles the loudest thing in the convenient store. I almost laughed along with them, momentarily forgetting that it was my damn boyfriend they were making fun of.

I looked at Patrick, waiting, *hoping* for him to speak up and defend himself. At least crack a joke back...but there was nothing. His face was getting paler by the second, and I could not believe what I was seeing in him.

Cowardice.

“Say Big Red, you sure all your needs are being met?” Lamar went on. “Because if lil’ Patty here isn’t *measuring up* you could always go for a ride in my rig. For old times sake?”

“Shit she ain’t going for a ride in your dusty ass rig,” Tobias grinned, “everybody knows Big Red always liked my semi the best...”

“Yeah well your *semi* is still about eight times bigger than Patrick’s whole rig,” Samson’s uncontrollable laugh started up.

“HAHAHAHA!”

I nudged Patrick in the ribs. Nothing.

“If you get tired of hauling peanuts across the country, you give me a call Big Red,” Lamar said. “I could use some help with all this black steel they got me hauling all over the damn place.”

“Is it peanuts you’re hauling, Red? Or is it baby shrimp?”

“HAHAHAHA!”

Patrick seemed to be shrinking before my eyes.

“Shit she be better off with a payload full of magnifying glasses at this point if you catch my drift!”

“*HAHAHAHAHA!*”

“Alright you knuckle heads,” I shook my head, “don’t you three got anything better to do than stand here grinning like idiots? Go on and kick rocks!”

“Good seein’ yah again, Red,” Tobias nodded.

“Hope to see you down the road,” Samson grinned.

“Don’t let Patty here get himself into trouble on this route,” Lamar said, “not everyone is cut out for life on the road.”

The giants dispersed and I turned to my petrified boyfriend.

“What the hell has gotten into you?” I asked. “You just gonna stand there and let those guys pick on you like that?”

“What was I supposed to do?” he whispered. “You should have heard what they were saying in the showers...I do not like those guys *at all*...”

“They play rough, Patrick. They’re truckers for Christ’s sake! You can’t just stand there and take it - you need to stick up for yourself!”

“I don’t really want to talk about it,” he whined. “I’m going to go grab some snacks for the road. You want anything?”

“I don’t need a damn thing except for you to find your nuts! Next time I introduce you to some friends of mine you better get it together, Patrick!”

He didn’t respond to me, he turned tail and headed for the snack section. I watched him go, noticing his slouched posture, his defeated body language. It was a side of him I’d never really seen before; at his bar he was *the man*. Everybody knew him and he knew everyone. He could be loud and charismatic, charming and funny...but right now he was just a wimp, and I didn’t care much to look at him as he sauntered away.

I was walking over to grab a pack of cigs at the checkout counter when suddenly I felt a hand at my elbow. I turned to

look - Lamar. He put a finger over his lips and motioned for me to follow him. I glanced back briefly to check on Patrick but couldn't find him.

Lamar took me back to the beer coolers, where we ducked inside behind giant rows of Yuengling and Heineken. It was cold in there, and Lamar stood close to me, taking me by the shoulders.

“What the hell is this all about?” I asked, exasperated. “If you think I’m going to blow you here in the beer cooler like that time in Philly you are sorely mistaken, Lamar! I told you I’m an honest woman now and - “

“You might be an honest woman now, Big Red, but you sure as hell ain’t dating no *honest man*...matter of fact, I don’t think you could call him honest *or* a man.”

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?”

“What? You ain’t notice? Do I gotta spell this out for you girl?”

“Notice what?”

“Not sure how to tell you this, Big Red...but I think you might be dating a bona fide *sissy*.”

“Oh kick rocks you big black bastard!”

“I ain’t kidding, Red. I’m telling you I’ve seen it before and damnit if I ain’t seeing it again. You should have seen the way he was staring at my Johnson in the showers. Like his eyes was glued to it. Like he was seeing a damn whale in the wild for the first time!”

“You’re fucking with me...”

“Do I sound like I’m fucking with you? He turned his back after we started laughing at his tiny dick, but I don’t think it was *just* because he was embarrassed. I think that tiny little white

thing got hard, Red. Like a stale goddamn French fry at the bottom of the bag!”

“You’re putting me on Lamar! Sounds like you’re just jealous I ain’t gonna blow you back here in these coolers while he’s out buying snacks...”

“Sure about that, Red?” Lamar pulled me close, until the front of his jeans pushed up against the middle of my tummy. I felt Old Reliable there, that overgrown tree trunk he called a cock. “Cus if that little thing is all you been getting...I bet you’d damn near *beg* me to pull it out right now.”

I swallowed, staring up at him. It was *moving* against me.

“I’m gonna tell you this one time, Red...You ain’t doing that boy *any* favors by not knowing.”

“Not knowing what?” I uttered.

“Not knowing if he’s a damn sissy or not! You need to test him, Red. Test him *hard*. Push him to his damn limits. You need to know...and *he* needs to know. Otherwise his whole life, and your little relationship is a damn lie!”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I swayed on my feet.

“Don’t you? You’re one of the hardest bitches I ever met, Red. And that boy’s masculinity is about as big as that toothpick between his legs. How the hell you ain’t seen it by now is beyond me, but what I do know is that these pussy ass white boys need a strong woman to pull that sissy fag out of them...you could do it, Red. And you’d be doing that boy a damn *favor*.”

His hands fell from my shoulders and cascaded across the front of my tits. His giant, calloused palms engulfed them from underneath, and he squeezed hard enough to draw a high gasp from me.

“You know I’m not fucking with you,” he said low, the thing in his pants now a club against my ribs. “Now how about a quick fuck, for old times sake? Your sissy little boyfriend doesn’t need to - “

“I *can’t!*” I sighed, heavy and disappointed, pushing myself from his grasp. “I’m sorry, Lamar...I want to, but I can’t...”

“Why not?”

“Because I’ve got a boyfriend now, and I need to be a good woman to him! He isn’t what you say he is...”

“No? Do you actually believe what you’re saying? Because I can hear the doubt in your voice, Red...hear it clear as your little boyfriend’s heartbeat in the showers.”

“I’ve gotta go, Lamar...it was good to see you, take care...”

By the time I found Patrick he was back at the rig, waiting with his snacks and ready to get the hell out of there.

“Why are you so cold?” he asked, taking me by the hand as I saddled up behind the wheel.

I looked over at him, and for a moment I didn’t recognize him. He looked like a feeble young boy, not at all the suave bartender I’d fallen in love with. I searched his face; cute as ever. Just my type of boyish good looks...but that skinny-fat body of his, and the certain inadequacy below his clothes...it was like I couldn’t unsee it. Even the way he held my hand was like a little girl waiting to cross the road.

“How was your shower?” I asked, plugging my key into the ignition, and firing Big Red up.

“It was...fine. Why do you ask?”

“What’d you think of the guys?” I flipped my blinker on and put her in drive. “*Big fellas*, ain’t they?”

“They’re certainly large...”

“*Large*. Hmm. In what way, Patty?”

“What do you mean in what way? Every way. And what’s with the Patty? You know I hate that nickname...” He let go of my hand and cuddled up against the passenger door. He looked like his feelings were hurt, like he might cry.

Who the hell is this sitting beside me right now? I asked myself. *And what happened to my confident, sure man?*

“You go ahead and get some sleep, Patty” I told him, my eyes narrowing on the dark highway before me, “you’re gonna need it. Tomorrow the *real* tests of the road begin.”

“Tests?” he asked.

“Like I said, Patty. Close your pretty little eyes and get some rest. You’re gonna need it.”

3.

We pulled into the parking lot of Jane's Diner and Creamery around 11am the next day. Jane's was a legendary trucker diner, had been for close to four decades. If you were passing through the Florida/Mississippi border you sure as hell made sure you stopped for the steak and eggs, or my favorite, the Trucker's Delight.

"Is everything OK?" Patrick asked me as we walked across the sprawling parking lot that led to the little diner. "You haven't said much since last night..."

"I'm fine, Patty. Just hungry as a horse...hope you brought your appetite."

The front door dinged when we entered and a few heads turned, but most of the guys in the joint kept their faces to their food. I spotted some old flings and friends, but I had other things on my mind that morning - I had work that needed to get done.

Patty and I were seated in the middle of the restaurant at a two-top.

I was wearing the smallest white t-shirt I owned that day. My heavy tits filled it out so much that the damn thing pulled up from my tummy, becoming basically just a glorified bra. I sure as hell wasn't wearing no bra either, so the t-shirt was like a two in one. Across the front it said, "*More Than You Can Handle*", with my stiff nipples standing like bookends beside the letters. Usually, I wore it out to bars when I was feeling frisky, like either I wanted to get laid or I wanted to shut some idiot meathead down when he started hitting on me.

But that day I wore it to distract Patrick. I needed him distracted, unfocused, weak.

“You sure dressed light today, babe,” Patrick said, shifting in his seat and staring at my chest. “Don’t think I’ve ever seen you wear a shirt like that before...”

“This old thing? I wear it on the road *all the time*...you wouldn’t believe the looks I get.”

“I bet I could,” he glanced around the restaurant. “Feel like I’m looking at them right now.”

The server came over and took our order, this cute little blonde girl that couldn’t have been more than twenty years old.

“I need a big glass of water, darling,” I told her, “Biggest you got. Filled to the tippy top. And then for breakfast I’m having the steak and eggs, cold beer on the side.”

“Got it,” she said, “and for you?”

Patrick looked up to order, but I interrupted.

“He’s going to have the famous Trucker’s Delight. It’s the boys’ first time and I want him to remember it.”

“Sure thing,” she winked at me, giving my petite body a once over.

“What in the heck is a Trucker’s Delight?” Patrick asked once the girl was gone.

“You’ll see soon enough...but there’s only one way to eat the Trucker’s Delight, Patty. And there can’t be any cheating. You gotta do it the right way. House rules!”

“Whatever that means is fine with me so as long as it tastes good.”

“You’re going to *love* it.”

The server brought our drinks; two big jugs of water and my beer. I pulled my water to the edge of the table, right in front of me, the bottom of the glass almost hanging over.

“That man over there keeps looking at you,” Patrick nodded, “at your 3 O’clock.”

He was talking about Hammerhead Harold of course, who'd been staring at me since we stepped foot in the diner. Harold was a long, lanky older man with skin the color of deep midnight and a great afro that flecked over with spots of grey. I could see him out of my periphery, smacking his lips together and molesting me with his eyes.

"That's Hammerhead. Nothing to worry about there, he's polite enough."

"What kind of name is Hammerhead?"

"The tip of his cock is *huge*, it curves way out on the mushroom tip...sort of looks like a hammerhead shark..."

Patrick choked on his water, needing a moment to regain his composure.

"And how do *you* know that?" he asked.

"I'll give you one guess, Patty..."

"Jesus," he set his water down. "I guess I had no idea that you were so promiscuous out on the road before we met..."

"The road can be a lonely place, Patty. That's why I'm glad you're here...we're going to have so much fun together."

Patrick was staring at Harold, no doubt imagining all the terrible things the man had done to me.

"I said he was polite enough," I tilted my head, "but if you keep gawking at him, you might bring out his rough side. And I assure you baby, you don't want to see that."

"Have you seen it? His...rough side?"

"More than once..."

"Oh God..."

"AH! The food!"

The cute blonde waitress set my steak and eggs down in front of me, and the Trucker's Delight down in front of Patrick.

The second her hands were free she snatched up Patrick's silverware and walked away with a wink.

"Ice cream?" Patrick stared at the sweet monstrosity. "For breakfast?"

The Trucker's Delight was an old joke amongst the vets, and it certainly wasn't on Jane's regular menu. You had to know, and the person you were ordering it for had to have no clue...everyone in the diner saw her bring it over, and now there were about thirty truckers, Harold included, stifling their laughter as my boyfriend stared at it with the fear of God in his eyes.

"How am I supposed to eat this without silverware?"

In a glass bowl were two giant scoops of chocolate ice cream and jutting straight up from between them was what can only be described as a massive, phallic piece of fudge. White, heavy cream dripped down from the top and glazed the entire sugary shaft.

"You don't need silverware," I smiled, "it's house rules. You've gotta take it down with your mouth. And remember - no hands allowed!"

"I don't know, Samantha," his face flushed pink, realizing exactly what was in front of him. "I'm not so hungry after all...maybe I'll just have some snacks in the truck later..."

"Like hell you are, Patty! We ordered it, the cook took the time to make it, and we're sure as hell paying for it! Now...be a good boy and get to licking."

Patrick looked at me from across the table, chocolate cock partially blocking his face.

"Eat it right now, Patrick...before all the cream melts."

"Everyone's looking over here...I don't want to..."

“You can eat your breakfast, or I can leave your ass here in Mississippi...your choice...”

He frowned at me, his eyebrows narrowing. Bringing his face closer, he stuck out a timid tongue and gave the edge of it one long lick, the cream dripping into his mouth.

The stifled chuckles around us were hard to miss.

“How’s it taste, baby?” I asked.

“Good, I guess...” he licked again, and this time I had trouble keeping it together.

“You sure are good at that, Patty,” I admired him, “but I can’t say I’m surprised...you’re so good at oral, I’m sure that extends beyond just eating pussy.”

He paused, his tongue whipping over the tip of the chocolate fudge.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” he asked.

“Just keep licking baby, it’s melting...”

I could hear the other patrons behind me, whispering...

That boy sure knows what he’s doing...

Looks like he’s had lots of practice...

I’ll give him something to lick up...

Hahahaha...

Patrick dipped his head down, tracing a line of cream along the shaft with his tongue until his greedy mouth came to the ice-cream balls. He slurped and sipped at them, practically kissing the sugar off the top.

Hahahaha...

Wow he’s going to town...

Don’t forget the balls...

Hahahaha...

I glanced to my right and saw Hammerhead Harold quietly guffawing along with everyone else. I winked at him, and he tilted his head to me.

I grabbed my big glass of water, the one I hadn't taken so much of a sip of yet, and quite tragically and accidentally spilled the entire thing across my little white t-shirt.

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "I've made a mess!"

Patrick looked up from his feast, the thick black fudge-cock starting to bend at the middle and hang against his face. His eyes went wide and he sucked air.

"Samantha! Your shirt! Cover up!"

I looked down. The little white t had absorbed every drop it could, but it just wasn't enough. Everything from the tops of my breasts to the wide pink of my areolas was exposed beneath the thin garment. Excess water dripped off my nipples, my tummy was slick with it all.

"My spare is out in the truck," I sighed. "What the heck am I going to do now?"

"Samantha, you need to cover! Everyone is staring!"

"Don't let me ruin your Trucker's Delight, baby," I plead, "go on and keep eating...I'll just get a towel from the waitress."

"But Samantha I can see you - "

"Just keep eating, OK? And not another word!"

Patrick's eyes never left my soaked, exposed chest as his little tongue went back to lapping up the cream. I grabbed some napkins from the dispenser and dabbed at my drenched knockers, shaking my shoulders back and forth and getting as much motion in them as I could.

"Ginger tits," a deep voice came from over us. "Its been too long."

Patrick and I looked up at Hammerhead Harold, towering above and with eyes only for the mess on my shirt.

“Can I get you a towel or, better yet, help you change out of that shirt?”

Patrick sat there dumbfounded, white cream dribbling off his chin.

“How have you been Hammer?” I smiled up at him, straightening my posture and really sending my tits out.

“Always better when I’m looking at you...I got *lots* of memories coming back to me at this very moment.”

“Funny,” I licked my lips, “I was thinking the same thing.”

“You remember that time in Georgia I picked you up on the side of the road? You’d been stranded for hours.”

“How could I forget? It took us three hours to get to town and you kept me *occupied*, to say the least...”

Patrick cleared his throat, using a napkin to wipe his face clean of the chocolate ice cream. “I think I’m full...I don’t want anymore...”

“You ate a lot,” I said to Patrick while winking at Harold, “your appetite for chocolate is bigger than I expected...now I want you to be a good boy and go get cleaned up in the bathroom. And make sure you *go pee* before we head out, I don’t want to stop again for a few hours.”

Patrick’s eyes shifted from me to the lanky black stranger, and I could tell he was nervous to leave me alone with him. My shirt was so wet that you could see the red freckles on the tops of my tits, just before my pink areolas started.

“Go, Patrick. *Now...*”

Patrick got up reluctantly, nodding briefly at Harold before turning to go look for the restroom.

As soon as he was out of earshot, I took Harold by the hand and pulled him down to the seat beside me.

“Say there, Harold old buddy...I got a favor to ask you...”

“Anything for you Ginger...you know I can’t say no when you got your titties out...”

I told him just what it was that I wanted, and a moment later Harold was on his way to the men’s room. I sat there waiting for my shirt to dry, letting every last trucker in the place get enough spank bank material to last them till Alaska.

My phone vibrated. A text from my old pal Harold, who was still listed in my phone as **Hammerhead Huge Cock**.

It was a single picture, an overhead view looking down into a stall. Patrick was sitting on the toilet, his shriveled little dick spraying a thin stream of urine into the bowl. He didn’t appear to realize his picture was being taken.

A moment later a text came through beneath the embarrassing photo: *Only had to tell him twice to sit. I said urinals were for men ONLY. LOL.*

I grinned down into the phone screen, near laughter, but at the same time a little discouraged. It was only the beginning of what I had in store for Patrick, and already he was struggling. If he’d just tell me no and mean it, just once...if he’d stick up for himself when other guys hit on his girl...if he did *anything*, I might have been inclined to go easier on him. But so far, he was just a welcome mat...a wimpy little welcome mat.

“Your friend Harold was not very nice at all,” Patrick pointed out once we were back on the road. His legs seemed to be getting closer together, like they could cross at any moment. “He was extremely rude to me in the bathroom...and made a remark about your, er, your tits...”

“Did he now?” I raised my eyebrows. “And did you say something back? Did you tell him not to talk about your girlfriend that way?”

“Um...something like that, I guess...Would it have killed you to go change your shirt instead of letting every pervert in that diner stare at your tits?”

“I think you were getting just as many eyes as I was Mr. Delight,” I grinned. “You *really* attacked that thing.”

“It was good I guess...”

“Matter of fact, Patrick, you were slopping that down so well I got a little jealous,” I reached across the cab and found a handful of his hair, pulling him over. “So if you’re not too full from your cock and balls Sunday, maybe you can give mama a little action...I must admit I got a little worked up seeing another old flame of mine again...”

“Samantha that guy was an asshole- “

I got his cute little face down into my thighs and began to grind...I checked the rearview mirror and saw Harold’s rig riding closely behind. When he went to pass me, I pulled my shirt up all the way, letting every bit of my giant freckled jugs hang free and loose.

Patrick tried to raise his head when Harold blared the horn, but I squeezed my thighs together and kept him in his place.

4.

Patrick was getting grumpy.

We were coming up on a week on the road, and other than the brief hand job I'd given him a few days prior, the poor boy had gotten zero action. Meanwhile I was shoving his face between my legs every chance I got, never letting up until I'd cum at least twice in his mouth. It was better to keep him on edge, keep his mind in that pre-nut delirium that men seemed to suffer so easily from.

"I think I know what will cheer you up," I said to him that afternoon as we barreled down I-70 headed for Utah.

"Sex?" he said with hope in his voice. "A blowjob?"

"Baby I told you I'm just not in the mood right now, OK?"

"But you are *in the mood*, just not the mood for my dick?"

"Correct."

"Sheesh...you're really something else when you're out here on the road, Sam..."

"Like I was saying," I smiled devilishly, "I've got just the thing to cheer you up...we're ahead of schedule by a day so I thought we'd take some time and stop off in the city for a few...*touchups*."

"Touchups?"

"Well your fingernails are overgrown for one. I mean, I don't even want to imagine what those dainty little toes of yours look like right now."

"OK?"

"We're going for a mani/pedi, sugar. It's time to touch up those nails!"

"You're kidding..."

"Do I look like I am?"

“But...babe, *you* don't even get those things done. I've never seen you wear nail polish in my life!”

“I didn't say I was getting one...”

“So why the hell am I then?”

“Don't you think it'll nice, baby? You've got such...*little* features...I think some grooming could really bring out the best in you.”

“I'd rather go see a movie or something with the time...or better yet - get a hotel room! I'm not going into a nail salon with my girlfriend to get my nails done while she waits. No way, no how!”

I parked the truck on the outskirts of Denver, and we were in a nail salon by noon that day. The place reeked like a toxic cocktail from hell. No wonder I hadn't come in years. But it was a special occasion, round 2 of Patrick's ever-failing gauntlet of tests, and I would suck it up just to see how far I could push him.

Patrick sat in a salon chair, his hands perched out to the sides and his feet elevated below. Three different women in white face masks worked at his digits with steady precision, ignoring his reluctant pleas altogether.

“Why are we doing *colored* polish, Samantha?” he whined. “Are you trying to get me bullied at these rest stops?”

“Now why would someone bully you, Patty?” I sat beside him, swilling a glass of wine the technicians had poured me. “It's not like you're some coward, right? If they say something rude to you...just say something back...”

“That's not even the point,” he grew more dejected by the moment, watching the girls lather the pink polish onto his fingernails. “Why *pink*? Why any color at all, babe?”

“It’s just for fun...besides, you didn’t really put up too much of a fight. Not like I had to *drag* you in here...maybe you *wanted* to see what it was like to...to...”

“To what?”

“Feel pretty?”

The nail technicians giggled together, like a couple of birds at dawn.

“Don’t your little toes just look *precious*,” I grinned, watching Patrick wiggle his hot pink nails. “How’s it feel baby?”

“I feel *so stupid*...” he groaned. “And my nails...my God...” he rolled them into his palm, a sad attempt to hide the vibrant color there. “Can we go back to the rig now? I think I’d like to take a nap.”

“Nonsense,” I said, taking him by the hand and leading him out onto the sidewalk. “We’re just getting started. Your new look isn’t even close to finished!”

“My new look?”

We walked down the block to a tattoo parlor on the corner. Patrick argued with me for ten minutes before I could get him to just sit down in the damn chair and consider it. The tattoo artist helping us, this sexy brunette named Robin, watched us argue with a sly smirk on her face. She had full, colorful tat sleeves along her arms, and this crazy, black-lined star pattern going across the top of her juicy tits.

I think in the end, Patrick just didn’t want to look weak in front of two sexy women...not realizing that by giving in, he was doing just that.

“Fine I’ll look at some designs but I’m not promising anything,” he said, attempting to hide his new nails from Robin, albeit feebly.

“You know what I like, babe?” I slid my arm around him, feeling how nervous he was. “I like card tattoos. You know? Like playing cards? There are some really cool ones...”

“Jack of Diamonds,” Robin suggested, shooting me a look. “Or King of Hearts...”

“Joker tattoos are cool,” I added, “but you’re no fool right baby?”

“Like an Ace of Spades?” Patrick suggested, hopeful and possibly open to the idea.

“Hmmm,” I feigned concentration, “I’m not so sure you’re an Ace of Spades kind of guy...maybe something a little less edgy...”

“You know what tattoo I do real well?” Robin perked up, the corners of her mouth straining.

“What’s that, beautiful?” I asked as if I had no idea what she was about to say.

“The Queen of Spades,” Robin sucked her lips in, stifling herself. “Def the Queen of Spades for your boyfriend I think...”

Patrick stared at Robin and I as we attempted to suppress outright laughter.

“What the heck is so funny?” he asked confused.

“Nothing’s funny, baby,” I said, “I just think we’ve found the perfect tattoo for you!”

Patrick puzzled over the stencil Robin drew up. It was straight out of a deck of Bicycle cards, and while he stared at it Robin and I exchanged looks of hilarity. I couldn’t believe he was actually considering it - ignorant or not of the cards meaning, he just kept letting me push him around...push him further...

“Where are we going to put it?” he asked.

“There’s really only *one* place I would suggest,” Robin giggled.

“I trust your judgement *totally*, Robin...”

We cackled together like witches over a potion as Patrick rolled over onto his stomach, lifting his shirt, exposing his lower back.

“Leave that bandage on for another eight hours,” Robin told him when she finished. “You two can have a grand reveal back at the big rig.” The sexy tattoo artist winked at me, and for a moment I thought about telling Patrick to scram so I could pull Robin into the back room and have her all to myself.

But there was still work to be done.

“I hate to run over our time with you, Robin...but I was wondering if you could show us some of your piercing options?”

“Absolutely,” she grinned.

“Piercing? What? Oh hell no, Samantha!” Patrick’s eyes were wide with anger, his head shaking back and forth quick and definitive.

“What’s the big deal?” I asked surprised.

“Are you kidding me! What the hell do I need pierced? My lower back is already stinging like *crazy*...”

“You’re not scared, are you?” Robin reached out and ran her palm along the back of my boyfriend’s hand. It was soft and sensual, and I gave her a brief look to let her know we were on the same page. “You did so good with the tat...it looks *so* good on you, by the way...I think a few piercings could really spice your look up, could make you really...sexy...”

“I agree,” I put my hands on Patrick’s shoulders, squeezing firm. “I think Robin and I *both* would love to see you with some accessories...”

“Piercings are hot,” Robin added, “the same way your girlfriend is hot...”

“Mmm, thanks sweetie...”

“Maybe when we’re done we could...”

“Fool around?” I whispered it delicately in Patrick’s ear and he melted right there in the chair.

He looked back and forth from my heaving breasts to the ink across Robin’s cleavage. Sweat was visible on his forehead.

“I guess one or two couldn’t hurt?” Patrick said.

Robin fell on him with gun and needle, and to say I got wet watching her handle Patrick the way she did would be an understatement.

“AH!” Patrick screamed.

“OW!”

“OH!”

“FUCK! OW!”

“WHAT THE!”

“UGH!”

“AH!”

No matter his protests, no matter how much he begged, Patrick was never able to stop her...never able to make me speak up and end it. He griped and whined and cried, but there was a look in Robin’s eyes, this possession, and she ran through him like a strong wind in a wheat field.

When she backed up to admire her work, I got to see the finished product for the first time. Patrick was leaning back in the parlor chair, cold sweat covering his shirtless frame. He had three piercings in each ear, sparkly shiny beads ranging from pink to purple to gold. His lower lip was threaded twice with two silver loops, and below that were two labret piercings: shiny pink carats. A hot pink barbell ran through this septum.

A hanging black spade at his belly button, feminine and small.

And on his chest, both nipples pierced through with little silver hearts.

“Just need to add the finishing touch,” Robin removed a chain off her work bench and brought the ends to either of the two hearts hanging from Patty’s nipples. When she was done, the chain hung across his chest like a perfect swinging bridge between pudgy brown areolas.

“It hurts,” Patrick panted. “Do I look stupid?”

Robin tried to answer but something like a snort escaped. The moment I heard it I began to lose control, laughing when I shouldn’t - and that fact making me laugh that much harder.

“Hehehehe,” Robin let loose.

“Hahaha,” I followed.

And then - *HAHAHAHA! HAHAHAHA! OHHHH! HAHAHAHA!*

Patrick stood gingerly from the chair, grimacing as the chain on his nipples hung low. He turned to face the body mirror behind the parlor chair.

“Oh no,” he bemoaned, “oh my God what the fuck!”

HAHAHAHA! HAHAHAHA!

“Don’t be so hard on yourself, honey!” I struggled to keep composure. “It looks sexy on you...”

“And with that *new tattoo*,” Robin broke apart again.

Patrick searched every inch of himself in the mirror. From his newly colored nails to the loops in his lips, to the bandage taped to his lower back. I think it hit him all at once that he suddenly looked *very* different from the man he woke up as that day...and it stifled him into this shell-shocked silence that seemed to make it even easier to push him around.

“Say, Robin...I feel like there’s still something missing,” I tapped my chin, staring at my emasculated boyfriend.

“Really, Samantha? Whatever could that be?”

“Well, the top half of him is well enough I guess...but you know what I’ve always found sexy?”

“What’s that?”

“Guys who aren’t afraid to adorn their, er, *nether regions* with certain types of jewelry...”

“You mean like a Prince Albert?”

“That’s *exactly* what I mean...”

There was fear painted across his face when he sat back down in the chair, but the shock of seeing himself so transformed had made him lethargic. He barely protested when we yanked his shorts down - only offered a quiet mumble when the underwear came to his knees.

“*My my*,” Robin giggled again, “I don’t really have much to work with here do I?”

“Oh come on, Robin! There’s got to be *something* you can do! You’re the professional after all.”

“But it’s just *so small*, hahaha. It’s like...fucking tiny hahaha.”

“Hahaha, I know. Imagine what I’ve had to deal with in the bedroom!”

Patrick’s eyes filled with horror as he listened to us belittle him.

“It’s like a fucking thimble on top of a nail,” Robin went on. “Jesus I’ll need my tweezers for this one hahaha!”

“Hahahaha!”

Patrick tried standing suddenly.

“Where do you think you’re going?” I said, grabbing the chain between his nipples and twisting.

“AH!” he screamed.

“Sit back down right this instant, Patty! Robin has been so kind with her time today, we are not going to be so disrespectful!”

“Please,” he grimaced, “not my dick...please just leave it, I can’t do this...”

“What do you think Robin?” I ignored my boyfriend. “Is there *anything* you can do with this little thing.”

Robin scrunched her cute little nose and thought about it for a moment. She reached a finger out and flicked Patrick’s limp little worm. It had grown quite hairy on the road, and his bush of pubic hair all but engulfed the entire pink thing.

“I think there’s only one piece I can put on it, given its just *so fucking small...*”

“Well we trust your judgement, Robin. Don’t we honey?”

Patrick shook his head no, speechless.

Robin left the room and returned a few minutes later with an unopened box in her hand. She set it down on her workbench while she got her tools together for the job.

The box read **STAINLESS STEEL PA LOCK - PRINCE ALBERT LOCKED CHASITY PIERCING.**

I took it upon myself to pull the contraption out of the box - black and cool to the touch, it was heavier than I expected.

“What do you think, baby?” I held it up for him to see. “I know it’s a bit gaudy and all but we don’t have too many options with your size.”

“Not too many at all,” Robin agreed, her eyes focused on the instrument she was readying for Patrick. “Installing that cock cage on your penis is going to be my greatest achievement...”

“Cock what?” Patrick’s voice was hoarse.

“It’s OK, baby...just sit back and relax, *everything* will be OK I promise...”

“But I don’t want to wear it...I don’t want my dick pierced...”

“Shhh...”

“Now hold still, Patricia - I mean Patrick,” Robin turned to him, “this is going to hurt more than a little bit...”

She took hold of his hairy little inch worm between a pair of shiny metal tweezers.

“It’s just *so fucking little*...”

The instrument swooped in.

Patrick’s eyes bulged and his jaw dropped open.

“OH FUCK OH NOOOOOOOOOO!”

5.

Shawnda and Ms. Phoebe were great, old friends from the road. They weren't truckers themselves - just two of the baddest bitches that side of the continental divide. And anybody worth their salt behind the wheel of a big rig knew who they were - those girls were the connect for everything a trucker might need.

Even something as specific as what I was looking for.

"I don't want to meet anymore of your friends," Patrick whined, looking at his new accessories in the mirror.

"Aw, why not, baby?" I teased, watching him stand there in the middle of the camper. He was naked except for a pair of socks, and every bit of Robin's wonderful work was on display.

"Because they're probably just going to be a bunch of jerks like all your other friends," he frowned. The Queen of Spades tattoo on his back was life-sized, and it was perfectly centered above his butt crack. "Does this card have any sort of special significance? You and Robin sure found it funny..."

"Not that I know of, but I'm sure we can attach some kind of special significance to it one day."

Patrick turned around and I almost found myself in the throes of another fit. Never mind the nipple rings or the belly-button spade - as if those weren't hilarious enough. It was the cage below; black stainless steel wrapped around the itty bitty shaft, fastened to the prince albert lock at the tip of his teeny dick.

"It fits you well, sugar," I giggled.

"Why am I wearing this again?" his voice was firm. "Why in the hell are you keeping me locked up, Samantha?"

"I told you already it's just for fun and you can take it off *any time* you want..."

“Well I would kind of like it off RIGHT now, Samantha! I didn’t want it in the first place!”

“Didn’t you? Your struggles seemed average at best...and don’t think Robin didn’t notice the way you stiffened up the second she touched it with those tweezers. I mean, I know there’s not much of a difference for you between soft and hard but I’m *sure* she could tell...”

“I can’t do anything with this on,” he moaned. “No touching myself...I certainly can’t fuck you...”

“I think it’s best if we hold off on the fucking for a while, sugar. I think while we’re in the middle of this transition it might be best if -“

“Transition?” he turned to me, naked and jingling. “What do you mean transition?”

“I just mean we’re expanding our sex life, baby. Adding new looks and accessories...who knows, maybe a toy or two? We can fuck when the time is right, when it’s organic...I’m a big believer in flow out on the road, letting the highway take you where it’s supposed to.”

I watched Patrick dress and it struck me again just how feminine he could be. How had I never noticed before? The way he wiggled into his undies...the way he adjusted his shirt after he put it on. Granted, he did have multiple face piercings now that tilted him toward the girlish, but it was still alarming how much of it was in his body language.

There was still something missing from his package. Somehow the piercings, as intense as some of them were, didn’t feel like enough. He could *hide* the cage, he could *hide* his most humiliating, sissifying attributes like the nipples and his girly little bellybutton. To really push him to the limit we needed more...I needed him to go all the way.

And Shawnda and Ms. Phoebe were going to help me.

“We’ve got a long drive ahead of us, sugar,” I buckled in, “its straight through to Chicago. The girls are waiting for us.”

“And why are we going to see them again?” Patrick grimaced sitting down, still moving cautiously in his cage.

“You’ll see, sugar,” I grinned, blasting down the highway. “You’re gonna love them!”

When we got to the girls’ house on the southside of Chicago, the front door just about flew off the hinges when they greeted me. They looked just as I remembered if not better, sexier - curvy and chocolatey in the way only *they* could be. Elaborate hair dos and bright blue eye shadows, their voices were as jovial as their smiling faces.

“Girl get in here!” Shawnda yelled, pulling me into a fast hug. “It’s been too damn long!”

“Stop hoggin’ the pretty white girl!” Ms. Phoebe interrupted, “you *know* I need me some Big Red in my life. Baby how you doin!”

“Still doing the damn thing,” I said, “sheesh it is good to see you girls!”

They showered me with hugs and kisses, barely noticing Patrick standing there awkwardly in the doorway. The girls led us into their eccentric home, where tapestries hung from the walls and different colored candles lit the place in many glows.

When we reached the living room they turned on Patrick like he was a fresh cut of steak at dinner.

“Mmhmm,” Ms. Phoebe said long and sassy, “I can see it in him *already*. This ain’t gonna be too hard at all!”

“I know just where to start with this white boy,” Shawnda wagged a purple acrylic nail at Patrick, “Come put your little ass in the chair!”

Patrick was hesitant to sit down between them, both Phoebe and Shawnda were intimidatingly pretty, and the tone of their voices was always stern when they spoke to him. Once he was seated, Patrick looked back and forth between the two buxom black women.

“Please, no more piercings,” Patrick said nervously, “I can’t take anymore...”

“Shit baby, you already got every damn thing pierced the way I hear it,” Shawnda pulled at Patrick’s short brown hair. “But we gon’ do something about this do, that’s for damn sure.”

“You’re a little pale, honey,” Ms. Phoebe said, “but we’re gonna touch that up too. Now you just sit still and let Ms. Phoebe and Shawnda work their magic!”

I pulled up a chair and sat down - this was going to be good.

“Why do I need to wear eyeliner?” Patrick grimaced, moving his face back from the incoming pencil. “I don’t want to!”

“Now you just *hush*, baby,” Shawnda grabbed him by the chin, “we just want to see how you look. If you don’t like you can just take it off later...”

They went to work on him while I stood by watching with a shit-eating grin on my face. It was all *too* easy. Even his best attempts at resisting were a joke, easily ignored. I was starting to realize that I was no longer sure how much Patrick could take...but I was also realizing that I needed to find out.

I left my boyfriend there in the girls’ living room, knowing that when they brought the big guns out, he’d be less resistant if he thought I didn’t know about it. Ms. Phoebe knew just what to do with him, just what I wanted done with him. She’d told me as much over the phone well before we got there.

In Shawnda and Ms. Phoebe's backyard was an old garage they'd turned into a guest house. It was a comfy little abode, cozy and strange all at the same time. Pink fluffy lamp shades and a fish tank, low, purple lights that threw a haze on everything. It was just one room, but behind a curtain in the back was a narrow winding staircase that led into a secret attic apartment.

Once in the attic you could scoot on your butt to the center of the floor and look down through a two-way mirror-turned-skylight that showed the decadent living area in perfect detail below. I made myself comfortable and waited for the big unveiling.

I was starting to drift off to sleep, an infamous trucker nap that I'd gotten so good at getting over the years, when the sound of the door opening below brought me back to life. I heard them before I saw them, and when I saw them, I couldn't believe my eyes.

Between Ms. Phoebe and Shawnda was this little red-haired chick, all dolled up in this asinine blue and purple dress, frilly as hell and like something a damned clown would wear to the circus freakshow. I couldn't see her face yet, but I'll be damned if those ginger pigtails she was sporting didn't have the same exact color as my bush.

"We ain't done with you yet so stop your moanin'," Ms. Phoebe said scathing, a damn sight meaner than when I'd left them earlier.

"Just because you all dolled up don't mean you a lady yet. We need to *check* you out...all of you..."

"But I don't want to be a lady," the girl squeaked strangely, "where's my girlfriend?"

“Watch yah tone, young miss,” Shawnda barked, “keep it high or I’ll tug on that chain so hard you don’t need no damn help sounding like a girl!”

I guess I knew the moment they walked in, but from four feet above it was hard to tell. They’d done such a good job with Patrick that he was barely recognizable...but I still needed to see his face.

“First things first - lift that dress up. We need to check you!” Ms. Phoebe flipped her finger at Patrick.

“Check for what?” he moused, pathetically.

“A lady needs to be clean and groomed, don’t you agree? Now *lift*.”

The red-headed girl hesitated, and then pulled the hem of her dress high.

“Hey Shawnda...”

“Yes, Ms. Phoebe?”

“You ever seen such a teeny little white boy clit in all your life?”

“No ma’am and I’ve seen lots!”

“And that hair!”

“Your little bitty balls need a trim baby!”

“Lay your little ass down on the plush and keep that dress high!”

Patrick did what they said with a few gripes and moans. I was having a hard time not giving myself away; I could feel the laughter shaking deep in my gut. I needed to keep it together if I wasn’t going to send Patrick running for the hills.

He laid down on the carpet, directly below the skylight I was looking through. He was practically staring straight at me. They did an incredible job with his makeup, and I realized even more how feminine his features could be. There was this

blinding blue shadow on his eyelids, and an outrageous pink across his lips. His eyebrows looked nicer than mine...the cut of his jawline so blended and fragile.

And his tits. My God I don't know what was stuffed in that dress, but it seemed like they wanted him to look like my younger sister. They were *huge*, stretching the damn clown dress to its absolute limit.

I watched him fold the hem of his frilly dress up and expose himself. The black stainless-steel cage was still in place, still locked by the piercing at the tip of his pink pecker.

His extra small, bunched nuts were free below the cage. Patrick's balls always looked like he just stepped out of an ice fishing pond in Alaska, so tiny you wondered if there was anything in there at all. And considering the circumstances, there really probably wasn't.

But the useless sack holding his peanuts sure was *hairy*.

"Hand me my tweezers, Ms. Phoebe," Shawnda said, kneeling down on the carpet beside him, her beautiful black breasts overflowing her robe.

"Oh you know I keep them on me baby," Ms. Phoebe said, handing over a pair of shiny sheers.

"What are those for?" Patrick stared at the tool with terror, memories flooding back to him.

"We need to pluck your little nuts," Shawnda said absently, reaching down and taking one of his scraggly hairs between the tweezers. "Can't have you walking around pretending to be a lady with all these!"

"But I'm not trying to be a - *OH FUCK! AHHHH!*"

Shawnda held the tweezers up over her head, no doubt to show me her prize. She'd plucked one single nut hair from him and already Patrick was curling into the fetal position.

“Now don’t you go acting all emotional!” Ms. Phoebe slapped him. “Spread your little legs, slut! We ain’t done!”

“Mama got a long way to go!” Shawnda smiled, diving back in with the tweezers.

“AH!”

“*Hahaha!*”

“AH FUCK!”

“*Hold still, bitch!*”

“AH! AH!”

“*Hahahaha!*”

One after another the scraggly hairs tore free, fresh as citrus from a tree. There was no way they could get them all, but I was dying to see just how many they’d go for...and how many Patrick would allow.

“AHHH!”

“Oh that was a big one, baby! I’ll try and be more gentle!”

“SHIT! FUCK!”

“Don’t be so dramatic!” Ms. Phoebe said, her voice hilariously consoling. “We’re almost done anyway! How many more you to go Shawnda?”

“*OW FUCK!*”

“Maybe 2, 3...hundred...”

“*AHH! PLEASE!* No more!”

“Hahaha,” Ms. Phoebe cracked up, “oh baby, if you’re ready to move on why didn’t you just say so?”

“YES! I’M READY! I’M READY TO MOVE ON!”

“You heard him, Shawnda. Little *Patricia* here wants to move on. You know what that means right?”

“Oh I sure do, Ms. Phoebe! You two wait here and I’ll just be *right back...*”

Patricia lay there on the floor, her giant tits heaving on her chest. The skin on her little baby sack was irritated to bright red, and her pink-painted fingernails kept touching softly about the area. Ms. Phoebe giggled, watching Patricia squirm, occasionally adjusting the red wig so that it didn't look too messy.

Shawnda wasn't gone long before she returned with something very strange in her hands. Patricia looked confused and scared when he saw what she was holding, and he immediately tried to sit up and get away from her.

"What the hell is that!" he stuttered, high and cracking. Ms. Phoebe caught him around the shoulders and forced his back to the ground.

"The finishing touches, baby," Shawnda grinned. In one hand she held a hypodermic needle, her thumb on the syringe. In the other was little glass bottle full of a clear liquid. I watched her dip the tip of the needle inside and fill the syringe.

"You looking like a ripe fine *bitch* with that makeup and titties," Ms. Phoebe reached down and smushed Patricia's thin lips together, "but baby this kisser is *tragic*. Typical white boys with they sliver lips..."

"I *wike my wips*," Patrick said through a squished mouth.

"You gonna be the finest gal at the truck stop when we're done with you baby," Shawnda leaned over him, needle in hand and blocking my view, "*everyone's gonna want a piece of this pretty little mouth...*"

A high, whining scream went up down below and I could guess what was happening. By the time they were finished Patrick was scrambling to his feet, feeling at his sore face, unbelieving of what he was feeling there.

“Just where do you think you’re going, sissy?” Ms. Phoebe inquired. “If you think you’re getting out of her without Ms. Phoebe and Shawnda getting a picture for they collection you must be out yo’ damn mind!”

“I’ll just get the camera,” Shawnda chuckled.

“*Where-uh is Samanda?*” Patricia pled; the slow swelling of her lips now audible in her speech. “Where is *muy gurlfwiend?*”

“She’ll be back soon enough, Patricia,” Ms. Phoebe said. “But first the picture. On your knees little bitch, and keep that dress high!”

“*I wanna go hwome!*” Patricia said, letting Ms. Phoebe bully her down her knees. Patricia looked up to the skylight just then, and I saw for the first time how well the lip injections were coming in. He’d always had the thinnest, worm-like lips you could imagine, the way some cute white guys do. But these new additions made him almost unrecognizable. Her lips looked like a swarm of bees had gotten at them; swollen and red to bursting. Her eyes were watery, and the thick makeup caked around them was starting to run.

“Here you go Ms. Phoebe,” Shawnda said in that sing-song voice of hers, handing her best friend a massive black strap-on dildo. The piece itself had to be close to 11 inches, hard rubber with defined veins and a mushroom tip. Shawnda already had her own on, a twin to Phoebe’s.

The girls wore the strap-ons like underwear on the outside of their jeans. The leather wrapped at their waist and under their thighs, and the life-like member hung tipped towards the ground like a bully-club.

“Hold your pretty little face up, white bread,” Shawnda instructed, standing beside him, and slapping him across the face with it.

“AH! That *hoit!*” Patricia cried.

SWAP! Ms. Phoebe smacking Patricia square against her bee-stung lips.

“OW *FWUCK!*”

“Pipe down, fagget,” Ms. Phoebe snarled, “it’s picture takin’ time. Now smile at the motherfuckin’ camera!”

The camera Shawnda had set up began to flash at intervals of three seconds. The first photo was Patricia on her knees, holding her skirt up so there could be no doubt about the humiliation beneath it. Both the girls held their fake cocks along her scared white face. Even from my angle above I could see Shawnda and Ms. Phoebe’s white-toothed grins, like sharks at the kill.

SNAP! Went the camera.

They adjusted quickly before the next photo - Ms. Phoebe grabbed Patricia by her ginger pig-tails and, turning her head to the side, jammed the ebony tree trunk into Patricia’s mouth.

Patricia fought bravely, but when the camera went off the thing was halfway down her throat.

SNAP!

“*Thtop it!*” Patricia winced, getting her mouth swapped out for Shawnda’s massive mallet. As she worked it down her throat, Patricia tried to fight it off by grabbing hold of the shaft itself, and inadvertently setting up a better picture than planned.

SNAP!

The pictures came one by one, and the girls thoroughly used her little throat. For the final round they shoved him over onto the carpet, on all fours, his bare little white ass up in the air.

“What ah you doo-wing!” Patricia whimpered, feeling the cool splash of lube on her asshole.

SNAP!

“Ms. Phoebe is looking out for your little fagget ass!” Ms. Phoebe held the lube bottle high, making a show out of squirting it down onto his puckered pink hole. “Otherwise this gon’ hurt more than it should!”

SNAP!

“WAIT! Nuot in muy ash! PREASE!”

“Look at this little beta bitch actin’ like he don’t want it,” Shawnda giggled. “I’ve had enough of your lip. Gag on it bitch!”

SNAP!

Patrick’s mouth was stuffed, and even though I could only see his bare ass and the dress scrunched above it, I could hear him gagging as the dildo dove deeper. He was whimpering high, like a girl, like it was his natural sound and not some act. It might have had something to do with the fact that Ms. Phoebe was inserting the rubber-shroom tip of her man part into his virgin ass.

SNAP!

“OOOHHHHH GRRRR!” Patricia lost it, screeching against Shawnda as Ms. Phoebe entered him.

SNAP!

“This little fagget pussy is *tight*,” Ms. Phoebe growled, running her dark hands across Patricia’s pale cheeks, grabbing and holding on for leverage. “Makes me wet watching your squirm sissy boy!”

“GRRRR OHHHH ARRRGGG!”

SNAP!

“What’s that sissy bitch? You want it deeper? Is that what you want?”

“OOOOORRRRR”

“Then *deeper it is!*”

SNAP!

I watched the bright flash of the camera go off for what felt like fifteen minutes straight. I struggled to contain my laughter the entire time, wiping tears from eyes, letting a little out every time Patricia screamed bloody murder.

When the girls finally pulled out of her, Patricia collapsed to the floor, panting.

Ms. Phoebe turned her face upwards, to the skylight. I could see her grinning face and the swinging black cock between her legs.

“This little bitch is *all ready* to go, Ginger. She’ll be the talk of the *lot* for sure!”

I climbed out of the attic to retrieve what was left of my boyfriend.

6.

“Breaker 1-9 this is Big Red, you got your ears on?”

I cupped the CB microphone in hand while I steered the rig with a forearm over the wheel. Patricia sat next to me in stone cold silence, the exact same outfit on since we'd pulled out of Chicago headed south.

“I hope all you chuckleheads are listening cus this is important,” my eyes narrowed on the highway stretching out in front of me, feeling the stark power of the rig below my thighs. “Big Red is southbound headed for Georgia, I-95 exit 269. All you Billy Big Riggers should be parking your big trucks there right around 2100 hours. I've got a *one-of-a-kind Lot Lizard* on the prowl tonight fellas and you *do not want to miss this one!*”

Patricia shifted uncomfortably in her seat, not sure what I was talking about but damn sure knowing it wasn't good.

“Would you relax?” I said, taking my finger off the mic switch. “I'm just making sure we've got some friends to meet us when we pull off tonight.”

“What kind of friends?” Patricia cleared her throat, crossing her arms below her heaping breasts. “All of your friends *suck...*”

“Not all of them...” I took hold of the wheel with a firm grip and turned my attention back to the transmission.

“Bobtail or Big Rigs don't matter much, long as you got a cabbie for this Lizard she'll make room. Long as the place is clear of Bears we should be fine...one other thing to know about the Lot Lizard...”

I looked over at Patricia; she stared out the window, her face confused and curious. Did she really have no idea what I was saying? Or was she just pretending not to be interested...did she want what waited for her off exit 269 in Georgia?”

“This here Lot Lizard ain’t no typical Commercial Company broad or some Male Buffalo you’ll find grazing down at Pickle Park...this one here is a real *sleeper creeper* you’ll find in the back row, she goes grazin’ off sides if you hear me...over and out!”

We barreled down the highway in silence for a long while before she spoke again, and I could tell there was so much goin’ on in that sissy brain of hers that she didn’t know where to start.

“It’s really hard being locked up in this thing,” she breathed. “Despite everything...I’m so backed up...I need some release, but this *thing* won’t let me. It won’t even let me get hard!”

“Aw, Sugar. That really is just sad...but I promise that soon enough you’ll have your chance to let it out! We just needed to leave it on long enough to make sure your, er, accessory doesn’t close back up.”

“You mean it?” she asked, turning to face me for the first time in hours. “You’ll let me out of the cage? You’ll let me fuck you again?”

“Oh, Patricia. Let’s not get ahead of ourselves!”

“I *hate* that name!”

“You’ve really shown me who you are on this road trip, baby. And for that I am *so* grateful because I think *we both* needed to know! But you’re still putting up a fight, and you’re still losing those fights...”

“Are you saying that you think *I like* all this shit? The only reason I’ve agreed to any of it was to prove to you that I can handle life on the road! And I *have* proved it if you ask me.”

“Sure you have, sugar. You’ve proved a lot of things we didn’t know before. But there’s still one last test you need to

pass, and if you do that, well...we will make sure that we both get off the way we like best.”

“You promise?”

“Would I lie to you?”

I pulled Big Red into the lot almost 9pm on the dot that night. It was a classic spot for anybody working southern routes, and the massive parking lot housed rows upon rows of big rigs. I made my way to the back and parked her hot and ready.

I turned to Patricia.

“Now listen sugar,” I took her by the hand and tried to be as warm as I could. “Sometimes, as you know, the company just doesn’t pay us enough money to get by on the road. So, late into a route like we are, there’s certain other measures we can take to keep gas in the tank and food in the belly. You catch my drift?”

“What other measures?” Fear in those brown eyes.

“Think of it as a nice meet and greet with some friendly new people,” I nodded reassuringly. “We’re just gonna take a little walk through the lot and see whose around. OK? And after that, we can get you off...”

“I’m not...I’m not gonna have to do anything am I?” her voice shook. “It’s so embarrassing being dressed like this, Samantha...I don’t want anyone to laugh me...”

“Are you kidding? With lips like those and tits like mine? All anybody is gonna do is stare, sugar. Trust me...*they’ll never know the difference...*”

I leaned across the center console and pulled her dress up. I took a key from my bra and inserted it into the lock looped through his little mushroom tip. When the cage finally fell away, she breathed a loud sigh of relief. It was free for the first time in a while - the white little worm shriveled but excited.

“That feels *so* good,” he sighed looking at his free dick.

“And you’re gonna feel so much better once we finish meeting our friends...now follow me...”

Patricia got down out of the cab and followed me hesitantly. We walked between the noses of every type of big rig known to man, big blank headlights staring at us like eyes. Some of the trucks were idling, and the constant hum of engine was in the air. The smell of grease and gasoline.

We weren’t past ten cabs when the headlights flashed on an old flatbed.

“Bingo,” I smiled, taking Patricia by the hand. “Right this way, gorgeous.”

I could hear her heels dragging against the pavement as I pulled her around to the passenger side door of the cab. It was already open, and we walked into its shadow to greet the man behind the wheel.

“If it ain’t Big Red,” Bronco said from behind the wheel, his white smile flashing. “It’s been a damn minute. I heard you’d found yourself a little boyfriend...”

“A boyfriend?” I scoffed. “Who the hell told you that nonsense? Ain’t no *boyfriend* to speak of...but I do have this pretty little number right here with me...”

I watched Bronco take Patricia in. The big black truck driver was an *old* friend, and we’d had more than one rendezvous together in our time. His biceps were bursting out of a red flannel shirt he left opened at the chest, and even from that awkward angle I could see the bulge inside his faded blue wranglers. His head was bald beneath a blue trucker hat, and his eyes were hungry.

“How much for the little lot lizard whore?” he said.

“Standard prices,” I smiled. “\$25 in the hand, \$50 in the mouth...\$100 for everything else...”

“Mm, mm, *mmmm*,” he over exaggerated, rubbing his palms together. “If I wasn’t light on cash I’d just buy her off you...but seeing as they done screwed me up in Nashville, it’ll just be the mouth tonight...that pretty little plump mouth, *mmm!*”

He grabbed his wallet off the dash and fished a couple bills out of it. He tossed it to me across the passenger seat in a dirty wad. I took the cash and stuffed into the right breast of my tank top.

“Well come on little lady,” Bronco barked, “get that fine little ass up here! I wanna see what that mouth do!”

Patricia turned to me, pale below her caked makeup.

“No way!” she whispered, breathing fast.

“It’s no big deal, Patricia - “

“That is *not* my name!”

“It’s no big deal! It’s part of the road, sugar. All you gotta do is go up in that cab and do what he says and we get paid. You want to help me out right? I’m your girlfriend, aren’t I? Don’t you want it to *stay* that way?”

“Yes I want it to stay that way but like this? I can’t do it, Samantha...I don’t want to...”

“What the hell is taking so long!” Bronco called from above.

“Get your ass up there, Patricia,” I said fiercely, grabbing her by the elbow. “If you want to stay on the road with me...if you want to stay *with* me, you better fucking do it! Now GO!”

I shoved her towards passenger seat sitting just above our heads. She gave me one last reluctant look before awkwardly climbing into the cab, her heels clanking off the metal steps.

“Would you stand there and keep watch?” Bronco asked, grabbing the button on his jeans and popping it. “Make sure none of those damn Bears coming nosing around!”

“My pleasure,” I smiled. “It’ll be like I’m not even here...”

I got the feeling Patricia’s first time wasn’t going to be very gentle. Bronco was uncoiling it from his pants like a length of black firehose and I heard Patricia audibly gasp when she saw it. I got up on the cab step for a better look, getting an easy three-foot elevation on both the lot and what was happening in the truck.

“Go on girl, give it a kiss,” Bronco said, palming the back of Patricia’s redhead and shoving her down to meet his slouching, uncut cock. It looked like a giant log of chocolate that had melted and then frozen again, no real definition to the tip at all, one long undulating mass that was getting bigger by the second.

He thrust it against Patricia’s swollen lips, shoveling the fatness into her mouth.

“*BLUG!*” Patricia gasped when it filled her mouth.

“You gotta shy one here huh, Big Red?” Bronco grunted, keeping the girl still with one hand while he fed her with the other. “That’s OK. For fifty bucks she can be shy as she fucking wants...*UGH*, that’s it bitch. Suck it!”

Patricia scuddled onto her knees, her little hands gripping Bronco’s leg just below her chest. I leaned into the cab a bit to see it closer; Bronco’s fat black balls rested heavy on the seat cushion, pooled there like a mess of chocolate-covered apples. As he shoved Patricia’s head deeper onto his cock, a thick stream of white spit seeped out of her mouth and ran the length of the even shaft. Soon Bronco’s balls were lathered in the drool running a mile a minute from Patricia’s gaped gullet.

“*Thaaaat’s* it, white bitch,” he laughed, “now we’re sucking. What is that you’re doing with your tongue? Going for extra credit? I like it well enough, but don’t think you’re getting a tip for it...UGH! But don’t fucking stop either! UGH!”

Bronco double-palmed Patricia’s red head and started thrusting his hips up from the seat. The blowjob was sloppy and fast, my poor boyfriend’s face now no more than a little fucktoy for the big black trucker.

Bronco went deep and held it down her throat, Patricia’s entire body shaking and struggling with it.

“Nice and *deep*, slut,” Bronco closed his eyes, face to the ceiling. “Hold it *right fucking there...ooooohhh yes...my little lot lizard...*”

“*GUK! GUK! GUK!*” Patricia’s throat as Bronco deep-fucked it with short, powerful thrusts. “*GUK! GUK! GUK! GUK!*”

“Mmmmm,” Bronco grunted, “if I didn’t know no better I’d say this little bitch *likes* sucking big black cock!” He reached out across Patricia’s subdued, trembling body and lifted the hem of her skirt across her back. Bronco cracked his rough calloused palm across the bare white ass, leaving a handprint and causing Patricia to squeal through a mouthful of man.

“*GUK! GUK! GUK! GUK!*”

“She swallows for \$50 right?” Bronco grunted.

“I’m sure she doesn’t mind,” I reassured him. “Do you mind, Patricia?”

“*GUK! GUK! GUK!*”

“Nah, she don’t fucking care...” Bronco bucked hard into her throat, never slowing as his sopping wet balls began to convulse. “UUUGGGHHH! UGGGGHHH! FUCK YEAH! SWALLOW IT WHITE BITCH! UUUUGGGHHHH!”

“Oh my,” I giggled, watching Patricia’s eyes bulge wide as it pumped gallons. “That might be more than our girl can swallow...”

“THEN SHE CAN LICK IT UP WHEN SHE DONE! UUUUGGGHHHH!”

“*AAARRRGGGGLLEEE BLEH!*” Patricia’s throat made the strangest sounds as Bronco greased her throat.

Patricia came up gasping for air, black makeup streaking down her face like rain on a windshield. She scuttled from the cab the moment he let her go, and I winked at Bronco before hopping down and following my little protégé.

I caught up to her back by my Rig, more headlights flashing behind us as she ran.

“Where the hell do you think you’re going?” I scolded, grabbing her by the arm.

“I can’t do this, Samantha! I’m not gay! I’m not a women!”

“You’re a fucking *sissy* is what you are, Patricia!” I nearly screamed. “And it’s time you stopped fighting it and get your ass out there and do what sissys do!”

“I am not!”

“Oh no? Let’s check then!”

I grabbed her dress and she tried to run, but I lifted it up right there in the lot. Between her pale thighs was his wimpy, tiny dick. Standing straight on edge, dripping.

“Want to tell me again about how much you don’t like it?” I grabbed him firmly by the balls and squeezed till he winced. “Enough of the BS, Patricia! We both know what you are and it’s time to quit the fucking act!”

“What am I?” she asked, trembling in my grasp.

“You are a *little dicked sissy fagget*, Patty! Deny it all you want but we both know its true. Look in the damn mirror for

Christ's sake! Now I'm gonna let go of your itty bitty baby balls and you're going to walk with me to the next trucker eager to use your little holes...and you're gonna stop complaining about it, because if you don't I'll leave your ass here and you can spend the night with one of them!"

My grip tightened like a vice on his sack, and she screamed.

"AH! OK! OK! LET GO PLEASE!"

"Are you going to be a good little bitch and do what I tell you?"

"YES! AH! OK!"

I let go of him and dropped the dress back down.

A few minutes later we were hailed by another pair of flashing headlights, and just like that Patricia was climbing back into the cab of a strange black man she'd never met before. A fella by the name of Big Texas Tom dropped a second load into her little tummy with a cock curved more in the middle than a damn mountain pass road in the Rockies. He thanked her for her time with a hard slap on the ass, and I'm pretty sure he was sawing logs before I even got the passenger door closed.

I was making fast money going door to door, more than I thought was possible. I was never a Lot Lizard myself - never needed to be a prostitute. All that shit about not making enough money was just some bullshit to get Patricia working. But now that I saw it as a viable side hustle, something to really make money with...well, let's just say my little brain was firing on *all cylinders*.

CLICK. CLICK. Headlights on a big tanker. I could see two men in the cab, but I couldn't make out their features from the lot.

"Wait here," I told her. "Let me talk to these two first..."

“Why?” she sounded tense.

“Because if they are who I think they are then I need to tell them to go easy on you...”

“You don’t think they’ll want it in the back do you?” she plead. “It’s fine them using my mouth like that...I’m getting used to it...but no one besides Ms. Phoebe has been in my ass and I don’t think - “

“Hush, sugar,” I pushed a lock of hair from her tired face. “You don’t gotta do anything you don’t want to.”

I left her there in front of the trucks, the headlights flashing on her sissy dress and scared face.

I rounded the side and the passenger door on the tanker popped open.

“How’d I know it’d be you two?” I grinned.

“Big Red in the flesh,” Diesel-Dick Donte chuckled low, “why was I not surprised when I heard you on the CB today?”

Diesel was in the driver’s seat behind the wheel, and in the passenger just over my head sat his long-time cohort and fellow pervert Long Jack McQuaid. Also known as Mr. Mean in certain parts of the country...he was scowling as usual.

“You or the girl for sale, Red?” Long Jack grunted.

“You ain’t gotta pay for it baby,” I eyed him up and down, “I know you’re *good* with it...”

“That so?” Jack’s voice was raspy, tattered but strong. “Maybe when I’m done with the new girl then...how much for the sissy?”

“You heard then?”

“Been the talk of the trucker world since we crossed the Mississippi River,” Jack went on. “Apparently she’s fresh as they come, according to Ms. Phoebe and Shawnda...”

“Fresher,” I smiled.

“Ain’t much room up here in the cab for both of us,” Donte said, eyeing the nervous Patricia out on the street. “Where can we have her?”

“You both want a piece?” I raised my eyebrows. “Separate or together?”

“One in the front one in the back I say,” Jack cast his eyes up and down my body. “If she’s fresh as you say then we need to be the ones that break her.”

“What if I asked you to take it easy on her, being its her first time and all...”

“Not a chance,” Jack said without hesitation. “How much and where we gonna do this?”

I looked out at Patricia in the lot, just a few feet in front of the truck’s grill. She looked small, nervous, and girly as hell. She adjusted her tits in the dress, teased at her hair to keep it straight.

“I’ve got no cargo,” I said. “Meet me in the back row in five minutes. You know my truck?”

“Doesn’t everybody?” Jack said.

“You might wanna go give your girl a pep talk, Red,” Donte grinned. “She looks nervous.”

I walked Patricia back to Big Red, her wrist clamped tight in my hand. It was no time to be sweet, she needed to be ready for what was coming.

“You just smile and look pretty, sugar,” I said, flipping both latches on the right door of the container. I did the same for the other side and got the cargo container doors wide. The container itself stretched straight back, empty and roomy.

“You told them to go easy on me right? And no...*anal*...”

“Sure thing, sugar. Look, I’ve got some calls to make for our payload tomorrow. You’ll be fine if I make some phone calls in the cab while they use you, right?”

“I’m not so sure I -“

“You’ll be great. See you in a few!”

Before she could respond I was around the corner and hopping up into my cab. About thirty seconds later I watched through my windshield as the two dark giants came strutting into view. Both of them were dressed in jeans, loose-fitting t-shirts around their strong, wide frames. Donte gave me a wink as he passed around the side, headed for the cargo container in the back.

I rolled my window down and listened.

“Friend of Big Red’s are you?” Jack’s raspy rattle. “I can see the resemblance. Sisters?”

“No...she’s my -“ Patricia tried to speak.

“Don’t be so nervous, bitch boy,” Donte’s deep rumble. “We already know your little secret...that’s why we’re here. We took one helluva’ detour to break you in...”

“My secret? There’s no secret I’m Samantha’s - *UCK!*”

“Shhh, too much talking sissy fagget,” Jack said, and I could tell he had her by the throat. “We got better uses for that mouth than talking...”

“Get this beta bitch in the truck!”

There was a scuttle, feet kicking at metal and a body slamming into something. Some grunting and more choking noises. The faint rattle of belts echoing in the empty cargo container.

I crept quietly from the cab and made my way down the side of the payload. I ducked low and came up over open

doorway of the cargo container slowly, one inch at a time, until my eyes could peer inside.

They were halfway down the container, and already at it.

“This throat feels nice and warmed up,” Donte had each of her fake pigtails clamped in his massive fists. “If I didn’t know any better I’d say this wasn’t your first time!” His jeans were around his ankles and half of his dark meat was buried in Patricia’s open mouth. As he slid in and out of her throat, I could make out the perfect definition of his mushroom head. It seemed somehow even thicker than the rest of it, bulbous and slick with spit.

Mr. Mean had her from behind, his giant mitts gripping Patricia’s little waist. Her feet barely clung to the bottom of the cargo container as she balanced on tip toes while Jack pointed her ass upwards. The dress was a scrunched mess around her midsection, and if I looked hard enough into the dim container, I could see his little white nub protruding below.

“Needs some lube,” Jack said, applying it with a quick spit against her open ass. His club of a cock swung below, bouncing back and forth between Patty’s thighs. It was three shades lighter halfway up the shaft but still dark as pitch, all the way to his light-brown head.

A few more quick gobs of white against my boyfriend’s asshole and he was lining his piston up at the entrance.

“Any last words before you become a black cock sissy slave for life?” Jack chuckled, applying pressure at Patty’s asshole.

“*OH NO! SLOW! SLOW PLEASE!*” Patty begged; his mouth temporarily free of Donte’s relentless man meat.

“You hear this fagget, Mr. Mean?” Donte taunted. “He said he wants it *slow* from Long Jack McQuaid!”

“Guess you ain’t heard, sissy boy,” Jack grunted, “but you bout’ to find out. UGH!”

“*AAAAHHHHHH!*”

“UGH!”

“*AAAAHHHHHH GOD FUCK! IT’S TOO BIG AHHHHH!*”

“UGH!”

“OUCH! FUCK! *OUCH!*”

“UGH!”

“*AAAAHHHH!*”

I watched Patricia’s body jiggle like a ragdoll with each pump, her feet lifting off the floor as the two giants held her up between them. I never realized how small she was, how fragile and light...not at all like the men I’d grown used to fucking.

Her voice went higher as Jack went deeper.

“*Just* like that, bitch,” Jack scowled, “hard and fast! Just how a sissy bitch like you deserves! UGH UGH *UGH!*”

“FUCK FUCK *FUCK!* OW OW OW *OWEE!*”

“Let it all out fagget,” Donte slapped her screaming face with his gargantuan growth. “Scream till the cows come home - it just makes Mr. Mean *meaner.*”

“UGH UGH UGH!” Jack’s grunts in time with his vicious thrusts, hairy black ball sack swinging ticklish between Patty’s pale thighs.

“OH GOD PLEASE IT’S TOO FUCKING BIG *OOOOWWWW!*”

“Mr. Mean is doing you a favor, fagget,” Donte reminded him. “After this you’ll be *all broken in* for the rest of the fellas. It’ll be a breeze after this...mostly...”

“UGH UGH UGH UGH!”

“OOOOOWWWW FUUUUUUCK! SAMANTHA HELP!”

I giggled quietly from my hiding spot, watching them obliterate him. Once the initial wave of pain passed Donte was back in her throat, squeezing her little skull still with both palms as he dove as deep as Patricia’s throat would allow.

“Nothing I love me more than some white sissy pussy,” Jack panted, railing my boyfriend from behind. “Nice and tight and underused...ain’t ever gonna feel the same again when I’m done with it, fagget! UGH!”

Patrick squealed with Donte buried in his throat, a high, weak sound. As Jack took hold of her thighs, pinning them back against his own and burying his unruly God cock deep inside, I could see Patricia’s little dick clear as day - he was hard as a pebble, his pierced tip glistening.

“Deeper I get the harder this fagget gets,” Jack grunted, “let’s see what happens when I fill this little pussy *all the way up!*”

“*GRRRRUUUGGGHH!*” Patricia’s pained noises.

“I’m filling that little pussy right fucking NOW! *UUUUGGGHHHH!*”

I couldn’t see the moment Mr. Mean exploded inside my boyfriend, but I knew he must be telling the truth because suddenly Patrick’s pathetic excuse for a dick started spitting in time with Jack’s convulsing black sack. For every hot rope of cum that was unloaded into his asshole, Patricia sprayed some of it out the other end, his first orgasm in weeks, beyond his own control.

“Oh she likes it,” Donte laughed, pulling his throbbing cock from her throat. “She’s making a little fagget mess!”

“UUUGGGHHH!” Jack kept on coming until it was dripping out and down Patricia’s legs, soaking him. “FUCKING TIGHT!”

When Jack pulled out Patricia was no more than a dripping mess of cum from the waist down. His own little pecker was leaking it, and it poured from his asshole like a dam flooding over. Her legs were weak, and she fell over right there in the shipping container.

“Don’t go getting tired now, we ain’t *done yet*,” Donte said, stepping behind my trembling girlfriend, situating the shaking girl on her hands and knees. Donte’s raging hard on glistened with Patricia’s spit, and he mounted up on the girl as his cohort walked over to where I was standing just outside the truck.

“Your sissy bitch was good for a warmup,” Jack rasped, completely naked as he stepped down to the ground beside me. “But I’m ready for the famous Big Red.”

I looked into the cargo holder, no longer concerned about being seen. Patricia was facing me, a pained, betrayed look on her face. Her palms spread flat against the floor. Donte was behind her, already coming in to fill her wall to wall.

Jack slid his muscular arm around my shoulders and pulled me close.

“You go on and give that sissy her second dose, I’m gonna take Big Red up into the cab for round 2.”

CRACK! Donte’s hand so hard on Patricia’s ass cheek she nearly collapsed.

“Sure thing,” Donte grinned, starting to push himself slick inside the girl. “Don’t wear Red out too much...I’m gonna want to catch up on old times too you know!”

“Samantha...” Patricia winced, watching me with Jack, letting him fondle my tit right there in the open. “Samantha no...”

“Don’t keep her all night,” I smiled, “she’s got more clients to get to this evening. It’s early still.”

“Anything for you, Big Red,” Donte laughed.

Patricia watched me walk off with Long Jack McQuaid just as Donte thrust himself deep, deep inside.

“OOOOOHHHH FUCK! *OW!* SAMANTHAAAAA!”

7.

I never went out on the road solo again after that trip. Having Patricia at my side was a traveling priority, and not just because of all the extra cash I was making.

Pushing her sissy, pathetic ass around for hours on end was *endless* entertainment.

“I’m sore, Ms. Samantha,” she plead one night at a lot in Louisville, “I don’t think I can take too many more tonight.”

“Get your ass in the cab and shut your sissy mouth!”

“Yes, Ms. Samantha.”

Ah, yes. *Ms. Samantha*. It had a lovely ring to it. Reminded me of some old friends I’d made up Chicago way.

Sometimes we drove for hours, and I did nothing but regale her with old stories of past lovers, three ways, deviant sex acts that I would by *no means* be doing with *her*. The hours passed like minutes watching her squirm in the passenger seat, locked up and denied for weeks on end.

Other times I’d buy her a new dress and take her to Jane’s, make her order the Trucker’s Delight...and sit back and watch as the entire diner laughed their asses off at the sissy and her Cock and Balls Sunday.

After close to a year of whoring her out at truck stops and making her the butt of humiliating jokes every chance I got, I grew a little bored with the whole thing. Started lending her to old friends for days at a time.

“Not Hammerhead, not again!” she’d whine, packing her bags up to hit the road with the old beast for a few days. “He’s too rough!”

“He pays good money for your sweet little sissy pussy, so I don’t want to hear it!”

And though the maiden doth protest too much, there were other certain “field trips” she took with other truckers that I swore she *looked forward to*.

“How’s my hair?” she’d asked me, a blonde wig atop her newly shaved head (done by our good friend Robin in Denver). We found that wig changes were easier that way- and nobody wanted to see Patrick’s stupid hair do anyway. They wanted *Patricia*.

“Your hair is fine, just make sure that little fagget bush on your balls isn’t overgrown again or we’ll be headed to Chicago to get that taken care of!”

Needless to say, Patricia was *very* good about grooming.

The last time I saw her was about three weeks ago. I was meeting up with Mr. Mean around Philly to drop her off for what was supposed to be no longer than a three day field trip.

“I’m nervous,” she whined in my cab, minutes before joining him in his. “He’s so big...so rough...I don’t know if I can handle it...”

“You’ve handled it before...”

“I know but...he gets crazier every time...”

“That’s good for a sissy like you, Patricia. If these big boys don’t bring it hard, you’ll start to forget who you are.”

“And who am I?”

I thought about the question for a moment.

“You’re Patricia the sissy fagget. And don’t you forget it!”

I walked her to Mr. Mean’s cab, watched her get inside. She wasn’t in there two seconds before he had her face stuffed down into his lap, gobbling hard cock.

“Might be a little late getting her back to you,” Mr. Mean grunted, “we gotta head up to Canada. Cold up there. Could take a while getting back.”

“Take as long as you need,” I called up into the cab, “I’m taking a trucker’s vacation with old Diesel-Dick Donte down in the Keys...we got a little suite set up and *everything*.”

Patricia heard my plans and tried to lift her head - maybe to protest? Didn’t matter. Mr. Mean kept a grip on her neck, forcing her throat full of his throbbing member.

“Well you two have fun...I know we will!”

I slammed the cab door shut and left Patricia with Long Jack McQuaid.

I’ve been thinking about the girl these last few days - I ain’t worried about her. Any sissy worth her salt can take care of herself out on the road with truckers. Hell, maybe her and Mr. Mean were *in love*, though I doubt it.

But when I *do* see her again, the plan is to saddle that little sissy up and ride her all the way to the west coast.

One lot at a time.

THE END.