

Spinning!

By Tina Majors

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

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

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

Spinning!

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Chapter One

LAUREN

I can't say that I didn't enjoy my life. I mean, I was lucky enough to be in a good, well paid job. I had a very smart little house in one of the nicest neighbourhoods in town, and a car that was cute, fast, and had the kind of electric drop-top roof I had always wanted since I was a kid.

Oh, and I had a pretty great husband too.

Kyle and I had met within weeks of us starting at rival law firms. My company, Beck & Rivers, was the oldest legal firm in the state and very well-known across the country for handling some really big cases over the years. Kyle's firm was more of an up and comer, the type of firm that took on cases that other more traditional firms didn't want, you know, like gang related cases and pretty much unwinnable causes. Still, despite the differences in our employers, we just hit it off right from the start.

What I loved about Kyle was that he was funny, non-threatening, and never tried to impose himself on me. He was stuck in his ways at times, and not exactly adventurous by nature, but that was okay, it was mostly good.

The fact he was very cute didn't do any harm either!

I mean, physically he wasn't exactly stud material. At five foot four, he was the same height as me – unless I was wearing my work heels, in which case he was a couple of inches shorter. I guess his body would be best described as slim, maybe slightly pudgy around the ass and over his upper chest, something that he was always a little bit sensitive about but in truth I was totally okay with.

Anyway, speaking of bodies...

I had always been pretty physically fit, I guess a case of good genetics. Through high school and college I took part in basketball, then a little bit of lacrosse, and even some soccer. I was fast, pretty strong, and had a competitive streak that could come out from time to time too.

But there was one thing, a *not so small* problem...

I had always felt a little self-conscious about the size of my breasts. I mean, I know I shouldn't complain, but at 36GG they were seriously big, and pretty damn bouncy. No matter what type of super-supportive sports bra I found, it never quite did the trick. Added this to the fact that I was also in possession of a pair of thick, strong thighs and an equally bombastic booty...

well, let's just say that compared to the ultra-slim and super-tall blondes I was often up against, my desire to compete kind of drifted away from me.

It wasn't that I was ashamed of what I looked like, I guess I was just shy, not entirely comfortable with standing out from the crowd. Still, with my law career taking off, there wasn't much time for sports anyway, so no great loss, right?

However, a new graduate who had recently joined my firm, Nicki, had told me about a great spin class she had joined at the brand-new gym that had opened a block away from our office. Nicki was like a breath of fresh air, very much one of the new, straight-talking and supremely confident young women that were making waves in the legal world.

Oh, and the fact that she had a body very similar to mine didn't go unnoticed either. There was something about the way she strode around in her tight, slightly unbuttoned, white shirts that was impossible to ignore. With breasts equally as bountiful as mine, I could see Nicki was getting the stuffy, older lawyers hot under the collar.

She didn't care though.

She was confident, sassy, and wasn't about to back down.

With all of that in mind, we became good friends pretty quickly. I was only a couple of years older than her, and we had a lot in common. She wasn't married though, so when it came to nightlife, we hadn't really socialised much, and it was pretty

much an in-hours friendship. That was until she set about convincing me to join her at a post-work spin session...

“Come on, Lauren, it’ll be a freakin’ blast,” Nicki said, flicking her long, blonde ponytail from side to side, her bright blue eyes matching mine for sparkle. “We’ll smash a brutal twenty-minute HIT session on the bikes and then chill in the jacuzzi and steam rooms after. What’s not to love?”

I mean, I guess she had a point. But...

“I don’t know... I don’t even have my gym clothes with me?” I said, wondering also whether Kyle would have prepared our dinner already and not wanting to inconvenience him.

“Maybe another-”

“Nope, not gonna’ fly,” Nicki said, a triumphant tone in her voice. “I always come prepared. You can use my spare set. I mean, we’re probably the same sizes where it counts, right?”

Nicki giggled as she pointed at my breasts and made a show of checking out my ass too. I mean, she was right, we were pretty much identical in the size department. And, thinking about it, that evening was probably going to be a late one as we waited up for the season finale of our favourite show, so it would make sense to get some exercise in first...

“Oh, hey, yeah, what the heck,” I said, smiling. “Let’s do it! Just promise to go easy on me!”

“Oh, honey, you don’t have to worry about me,” Nicki replied, a wicked glint in her eye. “It’s Tavone you should be worried about.”

Wait, who?

“Tavone?” I said, a sudden flutter in my heart, the reality of busting my butt on a gym-bike while being bawled at by some super-athletic instructor hitting home.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Nicki said, visibly excited. “Tavone may be tough and demanding, but he’s incredible eye candy. You know, like, six five, huge arms, perfect smile, perfect black skin, perfect black...”

“Yes?”

“Ha-ha, I won’t spoil the surprise,” Nicki giggled, picking up her stack of files from my desk and heading back to her corner of the office, leaving me on tenterhooks.

Whoever Tavone was, Nicki had piqued my interest in a way that I couldn’t quite put my finger on. For now though, all that remained was for me to get some intensity into my work, clear my daily caseload and make sure I had enough energy left for spin class with Nicki.

Chapter Two

KYLE

I looked at my phone and read Lauren's message again: *Going for spin class with Kylie, will be back by seven XoXo.* I shrugged my shoulders and attempted to get my mind on work.

Today had been a struggle.

We had been informed that our boss had taken a sudden early retirement and in his place they had gone for a new outside hire, supposedly someone who the HR department had been headhunting for some time.

It wasn't that I expected I could have gone for the job myself, but it didn't exactly fill me with confidence that an outside hire would be coming in. Usually, those kinds of appointments led to new people with new ideas... and change was something I really didn't enjoy.

And that's an understatement.

Anyway, as I tried to make my way through a sudden deluge of emails, my mind kept tripping back to Lauren and her impending spin class. I had never met Nicki, but she and

Lauren followed each other on Instagram, so had seen enough pictures to know...

She was hot.

Whereas Lauren was demure, shy, and sweet, Nicki had a very different vibe to her. With her blonde hair, a contrast to Lauren's brunette shade, and bright red lipstick, she really had no problem in letting the whole world see how hot she was either.

Don't get me wrong, I couldn't deny that her body was incredible – just like Lauren's. I guess I just felt uncomfortable with how much she seemed to expose it, put it on display. It made me feel kind of funny somehow, on edge. It was the thought of men looking, staring, having the kinds of thoughts that I knew were possible for more sexually forward and aggressive guys.

Even from a quick glance over Lauren's shoulder, I had managed to see Nicki in various skimpy outfits, and of course the kind of gym wear that would make any self-respecting man blush. I mean, the way her brightly coloured leotards, yoga pants, and one-piece suits fitted her left so little to the imagination it was unreal.

It wasn't my thing, to be honest.

I had always loved Lauren's body, but her more classical, reserved style was more my pace compared to Nicki's more flamboyant, wilder vibe. Gym wear for Lauren was a slightly

baggy college alumni t-shirt and some well-fitted but modest black running pants. This wasn't her doing herself down, it was just a more respectful and quiet approach.

But I couldn't deny that the thought of Nicki and Lauren working out together excited me on some level. Strictly fantasy, and the kind of thing I'd never speak about either. So, as I sat there at my desk and my mind began to wander, I couldn't help but sneakily pick up my phone and have a quick browse over Nicki's Instagram page, my mind quickly filling up with a blur of X-rated thoughts that I knew I had to keep strictly under wraps.

Before long, I could feel my dick hardening in my pants as I watched brief videos of her working out, her ultra-curvy body flexing and squatting, the loud boom of gym music in the background. Then, a photo that stopped me in my tracks. Nicki and what appeared to be her spin instructor.

Tall? No, *huge* more like.

Athletic? A college All Star to the power of ten, and then ten on top of that for good measure.

Black? Yep, *one hundred percent*.

There was something about looking at the two of them standing together that made me feel... unsure, uncomfortable, nervous even. It was the way the trainer simply towered over her, engulfing her through his sheer size and presence. As a

short guy who wasn't exactly in shape, I guess you could say it made me feel a little bit insecure.

Still, Nicki wasn't my wife, so it was really none of my business, right? I was more than happy and secure with Lauren and felt like I was more than enough for her. I mean, sure, I was never going to win any deadlift contents, and I certainly was never one who made the track and field squads. But I had my own strengths, and I was happy with those for the most part.

I gave Nicki's Instagram page one more quick glance then put my phone away and decided to get on with my work. It wasn't going to clear itself, and I had a nice plan in place for the evening, one that would remind Lauren exactly why she got with me in the first place. Before I could even get started though, an office wide email popped into my inbox.

Urgh, a department meet up had been scheduled for five, compulsory attendance and likely to go on and on. Of course, as I could have predicted, the agenda was focusing on the new boss, and would probably be of absolutely no interest to me. all I hoped for was that any proposed changes would be kept to an absolute minimum, and I would be safely on my way home and ready to enjoy my evening with Lauren without too much delay.

Of course, like so much that goes on in the legal world, nothing is as straightforward as it seems...

Chapter Three

LAUREN

The drive home from the gym that evening was intense – and not just because my legs felt like jelly after being absolutely destroyed by the HIT session on the bike. I'd actually had a great time with Nicki, her energy outside of work was actually even bigger than I'd imagined, but it was super fun to hang out with her.

Oh, and her gymwear...

Well, I guess I should have known, but her spare gym clothes were of course no different to the kind of clothes I'd seen her wearing via her Instagram. Even so, when she handed me the citrus yellow crop-top and matching mid-length cycling shorts, I couldn't help but gasp. I mean, did she really expect me to wear those?

Well, yes, she did.

Realising I had no choice, I had put them on in the changing room, and taken a deep breath as I looked at myself in the mirror.

“Hey, girl, that’s what I’m talking about!” Nicki had said, approaching me from behind. “Those are some killer curves you’ve got.”

She was one to talk.

Her outfit matched mine exactly, except hers was a bright pink colour with a thick band of white around the edges.

So, after getting over the shock of what I was wearing, and failing miserably in my attempts not to blush as I walked with Nicki through the main gym area and into the spin studio, I hopped onto a bike and got ready to cycle the self-consciousness away.

But, with Tavone front and centre, and my jiggling, bouncing body on full display, I couldn’t relax. All I could do was try to burn my nervous energy away by cycling as hard and fast as I could. Each and every time I looked up and saw Tavone staring back and barking instructions, I felt my entire body tense with a kind of adrenalin that I had never experienced before. There was just something about the commanding deep boom of his voice, allied to his absolutely ridiculously in shape and mountain sized body that was just impossible for me to ignore.

“Don’t worry, he has that effect,” Nicki had said, looking over I none of the brief slow-down segments. “It’s... biological. We, as women, are programmed to feel like this around men like him. You know, real men, right?”

I hadn't replied, simply smiled weakly and looked away, readying myself for another two-minute blast of energy. The longer the session went on, the more my brain cleared, my entire focus centring on cycling as hard as I could, doing exactly as Tavone was commanding, pushing my body to the limits.

I began to feel free, unburdened by life's troubles.

It almost felt... *natural*.

Anyway, once it was all over, the next class was ready to come in. I couldn't help but notice the skimpy nature of the women's costumes, plus a couple of slender, smaller men too.

Still, with my mind wiped and my body thoroughly exhausted, all I needed was a shower and to then head home and chill out with Kyle. So, when I did arrive home and opened the door to the sight of Kyle hurriedly preparing dinner, I felt a sense of relief, of safety, of calmness.

But it didn't last...

"So... I saw Nicki's Instagram Story," Kyle said, a clearly pissed off tone in his voice. "I hadn't realised it was a Halloween workout?"

Wait, what the hell was he talking about?

Oh, right... he wasn't happy about my outfit.

"Hey, babe, it was Nicki's spare," I replied, walking over to Kyle and putting my hand on his shoulder to reassure him. "I mean, it's not a big deal, is it?"

I could see from the look on his face that he was still put-out.

“Come on, it was dark in there, no one would have been looking anyway,” I continued. “Tavone worked us all so hard, there would be no time for checking other people out.”

Oh dear, that was bad move on my part.

“Tavone?” Kyle said, sounding a little bratty. “On first name terms now? I mean, jeez, what the hell?”

I could see that Kyle was jealous, and although there really wasn't any need for him to feel like this, I decided to try and smooth things over, put his mind at rest.

“He was... whatever,” I replied, bringing Kyle in for a hug, my big titties mashing up against his soft, slender chest. “Probably just another one of these steroid-freak, gym poseurs. He wasn't all that. Nothing compared to you anyway.”

This seemed to do the trick and we took our dinner and settled down in front of the TV to watch our weekly hour of quality drama. Just before the final part, Kyle got up and went to the bathroom, seemingly unable to hold it in for the final fifteen minutes of what was a really gripping episode.

I picked up my phone and saw quite a few notifications.

A couple of messages from Nicki, of course, her enthusiasm and energy seemingly never ending as she told me that she'd been given a free gym guest pass for the rest of the

month and my name was right at the top of her list, if I wanted it.

I replied that I did, figuring that a few more sessions on the bikes definitely wouldn't go amiss. Then, as I clicked on my Instagram to see what had been going on there, my heart started pounding.

Was this... as mistake?

Did he really mean to... click on me?

I couldn't help but gasp as I saw that not only had Tavone liked a couple of my recent uploads, but he had also followed me. I giggled like a schoolgirl as I clicked onto his page and hungrily cast my eyes over his photos, almost too quickly to actually take anything in.

It was like a vast ocean of big, black muscles and authentic, true male energy. There was something going on in my body too, my nipples stiffening and my pussy tingling as I hovered my finger over the button... *Follow Back*.

I couldn't, could I?

If Kyle had been that insecure about a single photo of me at the gym, how the hell would he feel about me following my spin instructor?

Just as I heard the toilet flush and then the sound of Kyle's footsteps on our hardwood flooring, I did something that made me dizzy with excitement and sent my body into overdrive...

I clicked *Follow Back*.

Chapter Four

KYLE

It was difficult to ever stay mad at Lauren for too long. We'd been together a long time, knew each other inside and out, and she was just a really sweet person at the end of the day. So, having managed to move on over my feelings regarding the gym, her clothes, and that spin instructor, we actually had a nice evening.

One that culminated in a pretty damn hot time in bed after our show finished. I don't know exactly why, but Lauren was extra-horny, even a touch on the forceful side with me that night in bed.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining.

My only disappointment was that I couldn't have lasted longer. But the thing was, with her naked, soft, and incredibly curvy body bouncing up and down on my dick, that was always going to be a tough task.

Not that Lauren minded, at least I didn't *think* she did.

In fact, she never cared if I came a little on the fast side. I figured she took it as a compliment or something. Anyway, prior to her riding my dick, I always made sure to lick her to satisfaction first. I guess you could call it a failsafe way to ensure we both were totally satisfied.

Anyway, the next morning, Lauren headed out to do her usual Saturday routine of picking up some artisan croissants and various other niceties from the nearby food and craft market. It was something she loved to do, and while I would often go with her, today I decided to earn some bonus points and instead stayed at home to get all of the household chores out of the way.

Having vacuumed the floors, I decided I would put the clothes wash in. As I was shoving the dirty laundry into the washer though, a strange feeling came over me. I don't know exactly what prompted me to do it, but I couldn't help but pick up her sweaty, still drenched workout clothes.

Holding the small, tight yellow pants in front of my face, I couldn't help but notice just how smooth the material felt on my hands. Not only that, but I also felt an urge to bury my face into them, the faint scent of Lauren's pussy getting stronger as I pushed them up against my nose and mouth.

I felt myself blushing and pulled back.

This wasn't like me. *At all.*

But I couldn't help myself. Rummaging through the rest of the clothes, I found her gym thong. It was a very small, skimpy and practical thong that had a black waistband and pure white material at the front and back. I'd often admired the sight of Lauren putting it on before one of our runs, but there was something else going on here, something I wasn't comfortable with at all.

Before I could do anything crazy, I flung the thong into the washing machine and poured a load of washing powder in before beginning the wash cycle.

Having completed the chores, I made myself a coffee and sat down with my phone, casually scrolling over Instagram, checking out all my usual memes and classic car pages.

But I could feel an urge coming over me again.

The same as last night.

I wanted to look at Nicki's page, and I wanted to look at Tavone's too. I didn't even really understand why, or for what purpose either. Then, just before temptation got too much, I heard the sound of the door and quickly flipped my phone over.

"Hey! That was quick," I shouted out to Lauren, my happiness at her returning soon taking a turn for the worse as I saw that she wasn't alone. "Oh, hey, Nicki?"

I couldn't believe it.

I mean, this was Saturday morning. This was mine and Lauren's time, and suddenly she was bringing someone from work back to our place? I really wasn't feeling it at all.

Not only that, but Nicki seemed to be wearing another one of her slutty, revealing outfits. Short, cropped denim shorts, a super-tight t-shirt that placed her enormous breasts front and centre. Oh, and a pair of huge, extravagant sunglasses too.

"So, you must be Kyle?" Nicki said, shocking me by taking an apple from the fruit bowl and taking a big bite out of it, right in front of me. "I love your place. Very cute."

"Um, yeah, hi," I said, a little taken aback. "Thank you, we like it."

"We bumped into each other at the market," Lauren said, a glint in her eye. "You don't mind do you honey?"

Of course I minded.

This wasn't what I wanted at all. The fact that I wasn't expecting Nicki just made it ten times worse. I would never have agreed to it, but at the same time I wasn't going to say anything to her face. So, being as subtle as I could, I asked to have a quick word with Lauren in private.

So quick, I left my phone on the table.

Unlocked...

Chapter Five

LAUREN

I kind of guessed that Kyle wouldn't be too happy about Nicki showing up with me unannounced, but on the other hand he really didn't seem that bothered.

Well, not initially anyway.

Once we'd had a little chat and returned to the kitchen, Kyle made his excuses to Nicki and decided to go out for a morning run. No big deal. But with Kyle out of the house, the conversation soon turned in a direction I could never have predicted...

"Hey, I just had a quick look at Kyle's phone to check the time," Nicki said, a look of mischief in her eyes that I knew all too well. "I couldn't help notice that he'd been looking at Tavone's Instagram!"

I blushed, having early told Nicki about how I had followed Tavone back the previous night. Had Kyle seen this? Was he checking up on Tavone?

“Something tells me that your little man is a bit jealous of your big, black spin instructor crush?” Nicki said, teasing me. “Go on, you can admit it. You’ve had some... thoughts... about Tavone, right? God, I don’t blame you. I mean, you must have noticed that ridiculous bulge at the front of his shorts?”

I didn’t know where to look or what to say.

This kind of talk was new to me and seeing as me and Nicki weren’t even that close, it was all a bit much.

“Um, no, I mean, not really,” I lied, struggling to sound convincing. “Well, it is impossible to not notice *at all!*”

The pair of us giggled for a moment before Nicki seemed to have another thought come over her mind.

“I’ve seen guys like Kyle before,” she said. “They struggle to accept certain truths. Like... especially things to do with black guys. You know? Kyle will have been looking at photos of Tavone, me, you, and seeing how natural it all looks.”

Wait, what did she mean by that?

The most natural thing I could think of was me and Kyle.

“It’s okay, this is obviously quite new to you,” Nicki continued. “But whiteboys like Kyle are slowly coming round to the fact that the world around them is changing. What was once frowned upon by society is now totally normal. Encouraged even.”

“I don’t get it, what do you mean?” I asked, genuinely unsure but at the same time, on some deep level, knowing the answer.

“I’m talking about interracial couples,” Nicki said, giggling, her infectious laugh putting a smile on my face too. “Come on. What’s Kyle packing? Six inches? Seven?”

I felt my face go bright red.

“Three,” I replied. “Maybe three and a half.”

Nicki simply burst into laughter, her body shaking as she rocked back in her chair, her ponytail whipping from side to side. Without saying a word, she got up from the table and walked over to the washing machine and squatted down next to it, her thick, strong thighs on display.

“Inside here are the panties that you need to be putting Kyle in!” she said, showing no attempt at hiding her contempt for Kyle. “Three and a half inches! Does that even touch the sides? Girl, you need to wise up. A regular whiteboy can’t compare to a big black dick, so poor little Kyle hasn’t got a chance.”

I felt confused.

On the one hand, it felt disloyal to be mocking Kyle and listening to Nicki so openly rip into him. But on the other hand...

“He always makes sure I’m satisfied,” I said. “You know, with his tongue.”

Nicki shook her head and walked over to me, pulling her own phone out of her pocket and opening it up.

“Here, look at this,” she said, handing me her phone. “If you’re not getting this, then you’re really not getting anything at all.”

I almost had to look away.

I was shocked.

On the phone screen was a GIF of a curvy white woman, her body looking pretty much identical to mine and Nicki’s. She was naked, bent over the side of a sofa, and every inch of her body was shaking and wobbling as a huge black man was pumping her hard, fast, and with the kind of aggression that I instinctively knew would never, ever be possible from Kyle.

Oh, and the look on her face was one of sheer, unadulterated, animalistic ecstasy.

“I... I... I... why are you showing me this?” I said, conscious of the totally overwhelming thudding sensation that was happening in and around my clit. “Take it back, I can’t look.”

Nicki laughed.

“It’s normal, I can see that it may be shocking for you to see, given the kind of fucking you probably have to endure from your little shrimp,” Nicki said, cruelly holding the phone in place and making me watch. “This could be you. And it begins by putting Kyle in your smallest, tightest panties. He needs to know that by the standards of a real man, he’s feminine. Here’s

the thing too... if you lay it down to him, if you're strict enough, he'll end up enjoying it. Wanting more. He'll end up..."

"What?" I said, a little breathless, the GIF and Nicki's words sucking me into the moment. "What will he end up?"

Nicki paused, her eyes full of excitement, knowing that she had me hooked, hanging on her every word.

"Kyle will end up being your little sissy whiteboy," she said. "He'll want to serve you, please you, and most importantly of all, he'll want to see you happy with a big, black dick inside you. Not just once. But all the time. All true whiteboys know, once they accept reality, that their sole purpose is to serve their white wife, their black bull, and hope to do it well enough to avoid punishment. That's the natural life for a sissy-dicked whiteboy."

I didn't know how to respond.

I was barely able to contain my sexual energy, the excitement having built up inside my panties to such an extent I was worried that I was going to get up and see a big wet patch on the cushion beneath me. I also couldn't deny that, somehow, Nicki's words were resonating with me in a powerful, almost completely overwhelming way.

"I'll leave you to have some time to yourself," Nicki said, taking her phone and immediately forwarding the GIF to me. "Enjoy!"

With that, she picked up her stuff and left the house.

I had about an hour before Kyle would be back, and the second I heard Nicki shut the door behind her, I headed straight to the privacy of the bedroom...

Chapter Six

KYLE

“You want me to... wear... what?” I said, almost choking on the last piece of tofu during dinner that Saturday night. “Is this some kind of joke?”

I could tell from the way Lauren was looking at me that it was not a joke. Furthermore, she had the kind of steely look in her eyes that she was more than capable of producing when she really wanted something. Usually, it would only come about for

something work related, or during a conflict with her sister, but for her to be giving me the look told me all I needed to know.

“But,” I said, unsure how to progress this without pissing her off too much. “Can you at least explain yourself a little? This is totally out of the blue, and if you don’t mind me saying... a little weird.”

Lauren took a moment to think. She was wearing a low-cut emerald green top, and her hefty cleavage was very much on display, certainly far more than usual.

“I want you to go into the bedroom and put on the panties I have laid out on the bed,” Lauren said, her voice very calm, very controlled. “We’re going to be doing things a little differently now. Don’t get stressed, it’s nothing to worry about. I just think we could do with freshening things up a little.”

This was really outside of my comfort zone. Genuinely I had never even considered the prospect of wearing women’s panties... I mean, not seriously anyway. Sure, there was the weird moment with her gym pants, and her gym thong. But that was just a spur of the moment thing, and I didn’t even doing anything.

“Um, I really don’t know,” I said, my naturally conservative, reserved nature kicking in.

“I’ll make it worth your while,” Lauren said, standing up and giving me a quick twirl, her plaid skirt rising up to reveal

the outline of her ass cheeks spilling out from underneath her white panties. “Go on, for me?”

That was enough to make me do it.

Hey, don't judge me too harshly. The sight of Lauren dressed like she was, and in that kind of mood was always going to be impossible for me to deny.

So, I walked into the bedroom, still very unsure but just about willing to go along with it. I looked at the bed and saw the panties she had picked out.

The gym panties.

Wait... had she seen me? Did she know, somehow?

I figured I was being paranoid and began to strip off, my mind already racing ahead and imagining exactly how worth my while she was going to make this for me. Because, ultimately, that was the reason I was doing this. No other reason.

Picking up the thong, now freshly washed and dried, I found myself stretching on the black waistband, the sensation of it snapping back into place sending a rush of blood around my body, exciting me in a way that took me by surprise.

I then ran my fingers over the ultra-smooth material. Not that there was much of it, of course. But what material there was just felt so soft, so comforting, that my mind kind of blanked out a little, and I began running the front of the panties

over my face, then down my pale, naked chest and over what was now a rapidly stiffening boner.

I wasn't thinking at all, just acting on instinct.

Any thoughts of how this could be emasculating, or even a little bit gay or whatever, weren't even registering. I was simply enjoying the feel of the panties in my hands, all over my skin.

I parted my legs a touch and then stepped, one leg at a time, into the panties, slowly pulling them up my legs. I had to stop when I reached my knees, my dick feeling like it was getting way too stimulated, way too quickly.

Seriously, if I had even a tiny bit less discipline in that moment, I would have wanked myself to climax in ten seconds flat. I was incredibly turned on in a way I just hadn't experienced before. The intensity was undeniable.

Not that I was about to admit that to Lauren.

As far as she was concerned, I was only doing this to please her and guarantee whatever treat she had planned for me afterwards.

"I'm ready!" I called out, attempting to sound as casual as I could. "Oh, hey."

Lauren appeared at the door so quickly it was almost as if she had been there the whole time...

"Cute, very cute indeed," Lauren said, stepping into the room and immediately running her perfect finger nails up and down my body, the shimmering red paint contrasting to my

white skin. “Look, you’ve even got a tiny little bulge at the front!”

I was shocked.

I knew she was teasing me, and the fact that I had always been insecure about the size of my dick meant that I wasn’t able to fire back any kind of comment in my defence.

“You know I think your perfect little pencil is adorable, right?” Lauren continued, running her pinkie finger up and down the front of my panties, her eyes widening as she realised just how hard I was, just how turned on I was in this moment. “Tell me, do you like wearing my thong? Would you like it to be your thong from now on?”

I was struggling to speak.

Desperate not to let my arousal go too far, I tried to zone out, not speak, not react at all. But this wasn’t good enough for Lauren. She wanted more from me, and wasn’t about to stop until she got it either...

“Answer me little boy,” she giggled, removing her top and putting her big, bra-less titties on display, her nipples rock hard and lightly grazing up against my chest. “I asked you a question. Do you want this to be your special thong from now on? Your first panty? I’d like it to be, wouldn’t you?”

As she was speaking, her chest was heaving up and down, and her wet lips were glistening under the bedroom ceiling

spotlights. She was looking incredible, like a perfect vision of curvy, voluptuous femininity.

It was too much for me.

“I...I... I... Oh my God, oh my God,” I said, my body quivering as I felt my dick erupt inside the sports thong, my knees almost buckling as my dick pumped and twitched, a rapidly expanding wet patch revealing itself over the snug, spandex material. “I’m sorry, I...”

“Looks like it was all a bit too exciting for you?” Lauren laughed, shaking her breasts, taunting me. “I was going to let you titty-fuck me. Doesn’t look like I’ll need to know. But I will definitely agree to letting you wear my thong from now on. Not just this pair though. No, I think you need some training. And I’ve got just the person who can help.”

I couldn’t stand there a single second longer.

Shamed, angry, and feeling totally helpless, I simply turned and ran to the bathroom, whipped the panties off and jumped in the shower to get myself cleaned off.

I didn’t know that the hell had just happened, but there was no way I was letting it happen again and I didn’t care what Lauren said.

Chapter Seven

LAUREN

“Well, I told you, didn’t I?” Nicki said to me, placing her iced latte down on the desk and taking a seat next to me. “Little whiteboys are born sissies. I mean, it was all written in that article I sent you. Which, judging from what you’ve told me, you took great pleasure in reading and applied to Kyle pretty damn quickly.”

She had a point.

As Kyle was taking his sweat time putting my thong on, I had received a link to an article from Nicki and read through it in double quick time. It was like a *Dummies Guide to Modern Whiteboys* and I picked it up pretty quickly. What was also undeniable was how much of it rung true where Kyle was concerned...

Small dick? *Yep.*

Pale, slight, body? *Yep.*

Up tight, afraid of change? *Big time.*

I mean, I was still so new to this whole concept, but the more I had read, the more it made sense. After he had emerged from the shower, I had decided to not push things any further that evening, gradually getting him to relax again by allowing him to talk to me about some vintage car he had seen online.

But now, a few days later, I felt like I wanted to get into it again, maybe even increase the stakes. But how?

“Look, what I think we’ll do is after we hit the spin class after work, both of us will head back to yours,” Nicki said, arching her eyebrow and making it clear that she wanted to play a very practical, helping hand in proceedings. “You’ve got him into panties once, he had a strong reaction. You might experience some resistance this time, so my presence, as someone who has a little bit more experience, will probably come in handy, right?”

I nodded, knowing full well that Kyle would try and kick up a fuss, resist as much as he could. I had already had to deal with him sulking a little that day, his annoyance that I was planning on going to the spin class with Nicki wasn’t exactly what I had wanted to deal with just before I left for work.

In fact, it had made me quite angry.

Why did he have to be so insecure?

Why couldn’t he be a little bit more... *masculine*?

The rest of the day past quickly, and the spin class was as hard as expected. Nicki and I managed to get two bikes right at

the front, practically having to fight off two white women in their early forties who were clearly disappointed not to get the prime position in front of Tavone.

But it was worth pissing them off.

The sight of Tavone so up close was something to behold. The way he looked at me as I pumped my legs and shook my ass from side to side as I pushed my body to the limits of what it could do was something else. His deep, soulful dark eyes made me want to please him, to show him what a good teacher he was and what a perfect student I was too...

“Great effort ladies,” Tavone said as the session ended and we dismounted our bikes. “Really strong work. You know a brother like me can always tell which students have what it takes.”

I blushed and struggled to maintain eye contact with him.

Nicki had no such problems and began chatting away to him, making her attraction to him perfectly clear. Not that he needed it making clear. In all likelihood he was probably aware that every woman in the class, and probably the men too, were in awe of him.

It wasn't simply Tavone's sweaty, perfectly defined muscles and bulging crotch that was occupying my mind though. No. I suddenly began to picture Kyle wearing my thong, the sight of him squirming and moaning like a girl as he came inside them.

It was strange. The thought turned me on and disgusted me in equal measure. It was like I enjoyed the power it gave me over him, but at the same time I also kind of resented the fact that this was supposedly the person who was there to satisfy me.

My adrenalin was still pumping after the shower and on the drive home too. With Nicki following closely behind in her car, I was all set to teach Kyle some further lessons in the way things should be.

Whether he wanted to learn them or not...

Chapter Eight

KYLE

I heard the sound of Lauren's car pulling up outside the house and clicked off Tavone's Instagram page. I couldn't deny that fact that I found him impressive. There was the undeniable truth that physically he was just superior to me, and it almost felt like I was punishing myself by constantly looking at his page.

So why was I doing it?

Honestly, it was hard to say. But it wasn't just the question of whether I should or shouldn't be looking at Tavone's Instagram page that was playing on my mind. After the incident of Lauren putting me in her panties and watching as I exposed myself and then made quite the exhibition as I filled the panties with my cum, she had been acting differently – and it was playing on my mind.

It was subtle differences.

But noticeable, and *undeniable*.

She was a little bit more forward, aggressive in her interactions, often telling me to do something rather than asking. I mean, it was no big deal I figured... but all the same, being told to clean the bath, or practically ordered to head to the store for a bottle of wine wasn't what I was used to.

In fact, it was something that I was going to put a stop to.

However, every time I attempted to put my foot down and fire some shots back at Lauren, she seemed to take great pleasure in bringing up the panties again, questioning me, teasing me, walking me through a play by play of what had happened.

The worst thing was, the more she reinforced this, the harder it became for me to say anything back to challenge her. I mean, ultimately, she was right... she had put me in a pair of her panties, and for whatever reason it had excited me to the point of no return.

But it couldn't go on. As she was tormenting me earlier that day before work, apparently not happy with how I had made the coffee and actually really laying into me, she had taken it too far.

“Make me a new one, *sissy!*” were here exact words.

There had been something about the way she had placed the emphasis on *sissy* that had really got to me. It was like she knew how offensive and humiliating I'd find it, but more than

that... it was like she was trying the name out for size, seeing if I'd put up with it.

Well, the answer to that was a definite no, I would not.

So, with her due back from the gym any minute, I decided that that night I would bring an end to all of this.

I was going to take back control.

No more teasing or bossing.

No more panties.

No more sissy.

Chapter Nine

LAUREN

I pulled up in my car, making sure to allow enough room for Nicki to park alongside me. Waiting for her to arrive, I saw the various lights go on around the neighbourhood and night arrived.

It was a respectable, pretty affluent area.

The kind of place where things happen behind closed doors and stay there. Well, tonight that was going to be the case at my house too. Things had to change, I knew that now. Having learned so much from Nicki, and then doing my own research... plus of course how Kyle had been behaving since the panty incident, it was clear to me that our relationship could, and should, go in a new direction.

But where the hell was Nicki?

I needed her with me to do this. There was every chance that Kyle was going to resist, and maybe even get physical if I pushed him hard enough. I needed someone here with me, someone with more experience, an individual who was even more well versed in the practice of putting a little sissy in their place.

Just as I was getting a little worried, Nicki's tiny little sports car pulled up next to me on the drive. I looked across to her and saw that she had a huge smile on her face, clearly in the mood for some fun at Kyle's expense.

"Hey, let's do this," Nicki said, stepping out of her car and opening my door. "Remember, I'm here to help, but he's your husband, you need to really go in hard on him, crush any resistance. Don't worry though, I've got a few tricks up my sleeve for later."

What did she mean?

If I knew Nicki, she would have put thought into this, and allied with her naturally wicked mind, it would be something... *big*.

I opened the door and walked in to see Kyle looking a mixture of angry, stressed, and ready to lose his temper. The look on his face actually helped though, it made me fully aware that I would need to be on my total A-game.

“Wait, Nicki? Really?” Kyle said, the sight of Nicki walking in and standing side by side with me clearly enraging him.

“Sorry, Nicki, no disrespect but you need to leave.”

I had to act.

This was my chance to assert my authority.

“Don’t you ever speak to a guest like that again,” I said, marching over to Kyle and grabbing his crotch through the front of his loose sweatpants, squeezing and twisting on his balls. “Show some respect or I’ll keep squeezing until the pop.”

Kyle let out a high-pitched moan, his bright red face clearly in pain, and total shock too. I looked at him directly in the eyes, fixing my stare on him, glaring, making it as clear as I possibly could that whatever he thought was going to happen this evening was simply not on the agenda anymore.

“I.... oww... sorry, sorry, please let go,” Kyle pleaded.

“What do you think, Nicki?” I said, turning my head to Nicki and feeling pleased to see a very impressed look on her

face, my immediate clamp down clearly getting her seal of approval. “Shall I let go of his silly little cock and balls?”

Nicki laughed.

“I’m just surprised you found them so quickly!” Nicki said, giggling and walking over towards us, the look of pure terror on Kyle’s face telling me all I needed to know. “Now, how about you put your little bitch in panties, let me see how cute he looks. You know, he definitely does strike me as a perfect sissy whiteboy, but until I see it in the flesh, I can’t say for sure.”

“No! No! Stop this!” Kyle said, his voice trembling, his remaining pride not giving in without a fight. “This is not right. Lauren, please, tell her to shut up!”

I knew what needed to be done.

I slapped Kyle across the face, once on his left side and then another on his right. Immediately, it shut him up. He was stunned, and now I had to drive it home...

“You don’t get a say in how things happen,” Lauren said. “The second you put those panties on for me, and then went on to make that ridiculous sticky mess in them... well that changed everything. Little dicked sissy hubbies do as they’re told, and they do it without asking why. Got it? Now get onto all fours and crawl into the bedroom. You’ve got five minutes to pick out a pair of panties and a bra, get into them, and then get that wimpy little body of yours out here for inspection.”

Nicki put her hand around my shoulder and laughed as Kyle struggled to speak, the expression on his face changing from shock to a kind of slow recognition that he really was in a losing position.

“You heard her, Kyle,” Nicki said. “You should consider yourself lucky to have a wife like Lauren. Normally a white woman with a body like hers wouldn’t even consider going on a coffee date with a useless white wimp like you. Now do as you’re told, get on all fours and get that soft little booty crawling. I want to see it *move!*”

I pushed Kyle’s head downwards, his lack of resistance pleasing me, making my pussy throb. As he silently accepted his fate, I turned to Nicki and saw the look of pure mischief in her face as she watched him crawl away from us, his head bowed and the last shred of dignity he had leaving him.

Or so he thought.

The reality was that this was *just the beginning* of his descent...

Chapter Ten

KYLE

I felt like I was in a trance of some kind, almost an outer body experience. With my balls still throbbing and my cheeks stinging though, I knew the situation was real.

Very real indeed.

All of my plans to stand up to Lauren had been blown out of the water from the second she and Nicki had walked into the house. There was something about the twin impact of seeing their bodies, freshly pumped from a hardcore gym session, that immediately made me feel small, insecure, and definitely inferior to them.

Lauren so aggressively quashing my protest simply sealed the deal. Even though I had never seen her act like this, it actually felt like this was, on some level, the real Lauren. I actually felt a little bit scared by her, the knowledge that she would inflict pain on me unless I did exactly as I was told.

It almost felt easier to simply go along with it...

So, as I crawled into the bedroom and quickly got to my feet, the sound of Lauren and Nicki laughing and joking in the living room ringing in my ears, I opened the lingerie drawer and began looking through the panties and bras, knowing that my selection would be judged, and if I was perceived to have made the wrong choice, there could well be trouble.

As soon as I began to run my hands over the lace, the stretchy fabric, the intricate patterns and designs of Lauren's expensive, varied selection, I couldn't help but notice that all too familiar sense of adrenalin rushing over my body, taking over, controlling my thoughts and impulses.

Each pair of panties had its own appeal. I wanted something that would keep my dick safely tucked away, the idea of Nicki seeing me expose myself any more than was entirely necessary was difficult to deal with, even now. On the other hand, I knew that if I went for something too conservative, it was likely to displease Lauren, and I really didn't want to experience any more pain than was necessary.

I needed to pick the perfect pair.

So, perhaps it was only right that I came across one of Lauren's most expensive, sexy, panties. They had a see-through mesh at the rear to half-cover, half-expose my ass, and the small triangle of shiny, smooth golden satin material at the

front was sensual, skimpy, but just about big enough for me to safely tuck my dick inside.

Realising I was getting hard just at the feel of them in my hands, I desperately tried to cast my mind elsewhere, an impossible task as the soft material rode up my hairless thighs and over my dick. I could feel the mesh at the back riding slightly up my ass cheeks, the snug fit making my heart beat faster and faster.

I grabbed the matching bra, put it on over my embarrassingly soft breasts and gasped slightly as I felt my sensitive nipples respond to the intricate stitching and luxurious material.

Taking a look at myself in the mirror, on the one hand I couldn't believe what I was seeing, what I was about to do, and my mind raced at the possibilities of what was in store for me.

What had I become?

All I could do now was trust that Lauren wouldn't take things too far, wouldn't make me do anything I wasn't comfortable with. Of course, I knew this was wishful thinking – and with Nicki there to help her, I should have realized that nothing was off the table...

Chapter Eleven

LAUREN

“Well, look who decided to show...” Nicki said, smirking at the sight of Kyle walk back into the living room, definitely having taken longer than instructed. “He’s cute, but unless I’m mistaken, I don’t think I recalled hearing you say he could put on such an expensive lingerie set?”

Nicki was right, I really hadn’t expected Kyle to choose my most expensive bra and panties. The thought of his useless dick ad balls stretching them out, even if only by a tiny amount, actually enraged me.

“Get over here,” I said, pulling Kyle towards me and roughly throwing him across my lap, immediately spanking him, the flurry of my hand crashing down on his ass causing him to cry out in pain. “Well instead of crying, why don’t you try apologising you little idiot!”

“This is too good, I have to capture this on camera,” Nicki said, pulling out her phone to record proceedings. “Sissy, I can’t

really here your apology. Speak up so we can capture it on video.”

Kyle tried to object, but all this served to do was prompt me to spank harder, faster, my spare hand reaching underneath him and twisting his nipples through the bra, squeezing and pulling on them until his cries were replaced with the apologies I needed to hear.

Not that I was going to let him off the hook...

“Pathetic,” I said, admonishing him. “A few spanks and you’re begging me to stop. No real man would ever, and I mean *ever*, behave like this. You’re like a little boy crying out for his mommy to stop spanking his little ass. Nicki was right about you, and for that reason, I’m going to let her have her fun too.”

With that, I rolled him off my lap and watched as Nicki got up from the sofa and began to kick Kyle around his slightly pudgy stomach, mocking him as she pushed her foot down onto his face to hold him in position.

“I’ve seen some little sissy bitches in my time, but you’re something special,” Nicki said, clearly enjoying every second of this. “I think rather than run the risk of you spoiling another pair of Lauren’s panties with your useless spunk, I’m going to remove them and give you something else to... *wear*... instead.”

I watched on, making sure to keep on recording on Nicki’s phone, as she removed his panties and produced what looked like a rather interesting item from her gym bag...

“Yep, this is a butt-plug,” Nicki declared, much to Kyle’s shock. “And, yes, it very much is going inside your tight little hole. But that’s not all...”

Nicki grabbed Kyle by the hair and pushed and pulled on his body until his face was buried into the thick, fluffy rug beneath him and his ass was pointing skywards. Spitting onto the plug, she parted Kyle’s cheeks and drove the plug inside him, showing absolutely no mercy as Kyle groaned and squealed, his cries only slightly muffled by the thick rug beneath him.

“Now, for the finishing touch,” Nicki said, her voice full of glee as she revealed a small remote control. “First, vibrate.”

Kyle let out another long groan, this time almost one of pleasure, as the plug began to vibrate inside his booty.

“Now, the finishing touch,” Nicki continued, a second click on the remote control prompting the flat, circular top of the plug to light up, rotating through red, green, and brilliant blue colours. “Now everyone can see what a little bitch you are, even with pants on.”

“That’s if I ever let him wear pants again,” I said, zooming the camera in on his exposed ass hole, the flashing lights driving home his humiliation. “You’re such a weak, pathetic little sissy. Say it.”

“I’m a weak, pathetic little sissy,” Kyle said, his voice unsteady, trailing off at the end of the sentence.

“Louder!” Nicki shouted, kicking him and then grabbing his mouth, squeezing it hard and spitting into it. “Say it louder or I’ll walk you round the block on a leash, each and every one of your neighbours watching as your asshole shines and sparkles like a damn Christmas tree in the dark.”

“I’m a weak, pathetic little sissy,” Kyle said, almost shouting, the terror and desperation clear in this voice now, the reality of the situation hitting even harder. “Please, both of you, I’m begging now...”

“Enough!” I said, pulling Kyle up onto his feet by his ears. “Look at yourself, your limp little dick trying to get hard again, the feeling of something filling your ass clearly exciting you. You know this won’t stand, don’t you? You can’t possibly think that you’re enough for me, right?”

Kyle was silent, his cheeks flushed crimson with total humiliation. Finally, he shook his head, an acknowledgment that what I was saying was true.

“Perfect timing,” Nicki said, reading a message on her phone. “It looks like our search for a real man is over.”

As she walked over towards the front door, a very sudden feeling of excitement and desire came over me. I knew who was going to be on the other side of the door, every inch of my body and mind was telling me exactly whose face I was going to see.

I pulled Kyle in close next to me and pushed him down onto his knees, the low hum of the vibrating plug in his ass making me smile as Kylie opened the door to Tavone.

“So, you girls are the real thing,” Tavone said, licking his lips as he strode into the house, his mere presence causing Kyle to cower, almost hiding behind me as he held my leg. “And this little whiteboy is obviously a genuine sissy too. I don’t have long, so how about we get to this.”

I knew what the next step was. I’d read about it, I’d discussed it with Nicki. I’d even fantasised about it.

If I really wanted to subjugate Kyle, make him truly understand his new position in my life, I would have to make this happen right here and now. There would be no turning back from this, and despite feeling a burst of nervous energy, I knew it was the right thing to do.

“Crawl to your black daddy,” I said, squeezing Kyle’s left nipple, twisting it hard and pulling it in Tavone’s direction. “Do whatever he tells you and do it good.”

As Kyle crawled over, slowly, tentatively, both Nicki and I gasped as Tavone unzipped his smart pinstripe suit pants and let his thick, long, semi-hard dick flop out. It wasn’t even fully hard and must have been at least ten inches.

I felt my heart pound as Tavone lifted his dick up and slapped it down on top of Kyle head, rubbing it over his face,

the now fully erect dick bouncing up and down on Kyle's submissive face.

"This is it, this is the future," Nicki said. "Look how ready he was, deep down, to accept this. Go on, get that big, black dick wet!"

I watched as Kyle began to lick all over Tavone's shaft, working from his balls up the long, steel rod of black meat. I knew that I would be getting up close and personal with that dick too, but right now it was Kyle's turn.

"Now swallow," Tavone barked, his deep baritone voice booming around the room as he firmly held Kyle's head and pushed his mouth all the way down before then pushing him up against the wall and beginning to face fuck Kyle, pumping his dick in and out, totally ignoring Kyle's spluttering cries for mercy.

"Use your hands on your bull's big balls," Nicki shouted, walking over to Kyle and pushing his hands down onto Tavone's heavy, deep black ball-sack. "Your role here is to serve him, please your superior black master."

"I don't want to see a single dropped spilled," Tavone grunted, pulling his dick halfway out of Kyle's mouth, the sight of his shaft throbbing and twitching, pumping cum into my husband's mouth something that I would never forget. "That's it, sissy, you take it all."

It was shocking to see Kyle like this, there was no denying that. But, at the same time, I knew it was what he needed. In the long run, if our relationship was going to work, he would be sucking black dick, taking it in his ass, fondling and pumping it in his hands.

Sometimes all at once.

As Tavone pulled his dick all the way out, he stood and watched as Kyle followed Nicki's instructions...

"Open your mouth wide, show us all what a good little boy you are," Nicki said, taking photo after photo of him as he presented his open mouth, stretched and used, full of Tavone's cum, and all the while his ass flashing in multiple colours as it continued to buzz inside him.

I had never felt so convinced of anything else in my life. It was like a switch had been flicked and I was seeing the world in a whole other way now. Maybe it was in the heat of the moment, but I wasn't ready for the evening's sissy training to end just yet...

"Lauren, let's walk Tavone back to his car," I said. "Oh, and sissy, you're coming too. Don't even try and run off, or next time you definitely will be on a leash."

As Nicki and Tavone laughed, Kyle didn't even try to resist, he simply swallowed his mouthful of black seed and crawled obediently next to me as we left the house to walk Tavone back to his car.

Except Tavone's car wasn't outside the house.

It was right at the opposite end of the street, at least thirty houses away. A wife, her BFF, and their black bull, accompanied by their degraded, defeated, and cum-drunk whiteboy... one thing was for sure, this would be a late-night walk to remember.