

# ***Worked at Home!***

**By Brian Masters**

**Concept by Devin Dickie**

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

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

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

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Part One

“What do you mean you didn’t see anything wrong?” My wife yelled at me as I drove us home from the company holiday party. “He grabbed my ass with both hands then rubbed and squeezed it throughout the entire dance! I tried several times to get away from the monster but he’s far too strong! And you tell me you saw

nothing wrong? Are you blind or are you so afraid of your boss that you'd rather piss me off than believe he groped me?"

Jen has quite a temper when she gets rolling and it's sometimes best to simply go along with her ranting until she settles down. But in this case I really didn't want to stir up any trouble, especially where my boss is concerned. He's a rather formidable man, standing over six foot four, weighing in at an easy two eighty of pure muscle, and having a penchant for blowing his stack when confronted. He's a very intimidating man and the fact that he's black adds an extra level of fear for me as I've always been easily intimidated by black men, having grown up in an all white neighborhood like I did.

That's not to say I'm a racist in any way of course, I'm just not comfortable outside of my sphere of familiarity. And Mr. Grover is a frightening man in many ways, not simply the color of his skin. Oh I know how that sounds but believe me I'm not someone who would treat anyone unfairly over race, creed, or color. That's simply not me. I'm a Liberal after all.

Jen was still going on about the dance she shared with my boss as I tried desperately to soothe her feelings, but once she got going it was difficult to stop her. Jen is a formidable woman in her own right. She's taller than me at five foot nine and her stunning looks have everyone wondering how a schlub like me ever landed a catch like her. She has the curves of a 50's movie star with an amazing pair of 44DD tits and a bubble butt right out of a music

video. Her bright blonde hair is natural, trust me, and frames her perfect face with lavish curls of shoulder length, silk that never looks out of place. She has bright blue eyes that sparkle when she's happy or angry so if I weren't driving I'd be treated to the latter sparkle right now.

I can never think of Jen's beauty without comparing it to my own rather ordinary looks. I'm not a very big man. I'm only five foot five and weigh a measly one hundred seventy pounds. I have a slight pouch in the middle that I guess you'd call a 'dad bod' and I've never been very athletic so there are no muscles to speak of. I'm also gifted with a complete lack of body hair which I assure you got many stray looks and nasty comments in the locker room in high school. Now you know why I'm not athletic. On top of all that I've been told I have very feminine facial features, gestures, and body movements so you have to know I'm loving that image. Now you would think the gods would make up for all that with a better penis, right? Nope, I guess you'd say I'm average. Four and a half inches is average, isn't it? Yeah it has to be.

Jen interrupts my musings with, "I want you to make him apologize tonight! As soon as we get home I want you to call him and make him come to our house and tell me he's sorry."

That jars me into a stumbling comment of cowardly retreat in a hurry. "What? Jen, I don't think, I mean, I can't just, is it really that big a deal? I mean he is my boss, I don't want to piss him off."

“Piss him off? What about me? I feel violated and I’m asking for my husband to defend my honor. What kind of man are you Peter? Would you really allow a man to maul me in public and not defend me?”

I told you she could really get going. “No, of course not dear. You know I love you more than anything. I’ll call him right away and see if I can’t smooth things over.”

The rest of the drive home was in total silence, which I must admit I was happy for since I now had to come up with something to say to Mr. Grover.

When we got home I tried to escape upstairs for a shower hoping Jen would calm down and forget about having me call Mr. Grover but I was on the phone mere minutes after walking in the front door. The call went oddly well considering what I was asking and before I could wrap my head around what was happening, the doorbell rang and I was escorting my boss into the living room where Jen awaited with that look in her eyes that could melt steel.

I became acutely aware of the physical differences between my boss and myself immediately as I stood next to him in my own home. Add to his looks his Harvard education and genius level intelligence and Ben Grover towers over me physically and mentally making me feel inferior in every possible way.

“Jennifer” he says with a very charming smile, “I understand I’ve offended you and I owe you an apology. I’d very much love a chance to speak with you about my behavior this evening.”

He then looked down at me and said, “Jones, go fetch drinks for me and your lovely wife while I have a private conversation with her. We’ll let you know when you can come back.”

I stood there unsure of what to do since I didn’t want to leave Jen alone with a man who’d treated her with disrespect but at the same time I was eager to jump when Mr. Grover gave an order. I was so used to instantly obeying this man that even in my own home I felt like one of his subordinates. My fear of Mr. Grover won out over my need to protect Jen when the big man snapped at me.

“Now Jones!” He said with authority and I practically ran from the room wondering what Jen thought of my cowardly display.

As I mixed drinks for the two of them it never occurred to me to make one for myself so ingrained was the experience of working for this superior man. He’d given an order and just like in the office, I hastened to obey it to the letter wondering what the conversation in the living room was like the entire time.

Part Two

I was sweating profusely when I entered the living room carrying drinks for my wife and Mr. Grover and I'm lucky I didn't drop them when I saw the two of them sitting together on the loveseat, talking and laughing like old friends. Not that a conversation would have thrown me, no it was the fact that his hand was on her thigh and her arm was draped over the back of the loveseat with her hand resting on his shoulder. They were staring into each other's eyes and enjoying some private joke so they didn't notice me enter the room.

"Um, excuse me" I said trying to sound lighthearted, "Drinks are served."

"Just set them on the table Jones, then sit quietly while the adults are talking." Mr. Grover said, making Jen giggle. I tried to play it off as a joke and laughed as I sat on the couch but Mr. Grover wasn't finished. "Is something funny Jones? Your lovely wife and I are having a conversation which you are clearly interrupting and the best you can do is laugh like a fool? Don't try to be brave just because your wife is here Jones, we both know how you behave in the office so try to remember your place."

I was so embarrassed I could barely speak and the amused look on Jen's face was making it more difficult for me to assert myself, but damn it this is my house and I won't be treated like a second class citizen here of all places.



“Now just a minute Mr. Grover” I said, “Work is one thing but this is my home and you are a guest here so I’d appreciate some respect from you.”

The room fell silent as Mr. Grover stared at me, his face was serene and showed nothing but calm. Jen was looking back and forth between Mr. Grover and myself with wide eyes and I knew this was a defining moment for our marriage. I needed to show her who the Alpha Dog was.

I noticed movement and glanced down to see Mr. Grover’s hand slowly caressing the inside of Jen’s thigh. His hand moved closer and closer to her crotch with each stroke and I saw Jen’s breathing increase but she made no move to stop him. In fact I saw her hand move behind Mr. Grover’s neck and I could swear she was softly stroking him there with her fingertips.

Mr. Grover smiled at me and said, “So here’s the thing Jones, you work for me. Now I know that should apply only to the office but that’s not how I run things. I believe the world rewards excellence and superior performance which is why I own the company and you merely work there. I’m a man who takes what he wants and you are, well Jones, you are not much of a man at all truth be told.” I started to speak and was stopped cold with, “Now don’t you dare interrupt me when I’m talking boy! You sit there and listen to the facts of life.”

I was suddenly overwhelmed with fear and insecurity. I wanted desperately to throw this man out of my house but years of working under him had conditioned me to obey the sound of his voice. I simply sat there too stunned to move while Jen, my lovely and devoted wife, leaned toward Mr. Grover and let out a small gasp of surprise and amusement.

I could feel the sweat running down my back and I found myself glancing down at the floor as Mr. Grover continued. “You see Jones there are two types of people in this world, Alphas and betas, and you Jones are a beta. I think we can all agree on that, right my dear?” The last was directed at Jen who looked over at me for a full five seconds before turning her amused gaze back to Mr. Grover then smiling and nodding.

I was devastated by her agreement with this bully’s assessment but still could not bring myself to do or say anything in my own defense.

“Now I had no problem coming over here tonight to apologize to the beautiful Jennifer here but I have to draw the line at treating you any differently than I treat you at work. You and I have a dynamic at play that can’t be broken Jones. I’m the superior and you are the inferior in every measurable way. That will never change no matter where we are or in what social setting we find ourselves. There are constants in the universe and an effeminate white boy like yourself being under a masculine man’s

man like me is one of those constants. The universe insists on balance, Jones.”

At this point Jen was staring at Mr. Grover with unbridled admiration bordering on lust while the black man continued to stroke her thigh in an almost possessive manner. Jen’s hand was massaging his thick neck and I was starting to feel like the third wheel on a date. And still I couldn’t move or speak up.

Jen said, “Oh Ben you seem to know my little Petey quite well. He’s always been a bit of a fraidy cat when it comes to confrontation with Alpha Males and I’ve been trying to break him of that for years. But I guess there really is a beta to every Alpha and my Petey is a natural born beta. Hopefully you can take him under your wing and help him bolster his self confidence, you know teach him to be more of a man.”

Mr. Grover smiled at my wife and said, “Don’t you worry Jennifer I fully intend to work with little ‘Petey’ here. In fact I think I’ll be devoting a lot of time to molding him into exactly the kind of person I need him to be for me. Right Petey? You’ll be a good boy for me and let me shape you up won’t you?”

I mumbled out a reply that neither of them heard clearly and the look on Jen’s face said it all. I’d just proven her right about my being a beta. I looked weak in front of her and worse in front of this more handsome, more muscular, and more successful man who was my superior. I wanted to crawl away and hide as I felt the

heat rise to my cheeks. For some strange reason I felt my mutinous penis begin to stir under the disapproving glare of my wife and my boss. What the hell is wrong with me? How could being humiliated like this be arousing in any way? My fight or flight instinct was in overdrive with the only option I ever chose in situations like this, flight. I wanted to run into the bedroom and hide under the covers till the big threatening man was gone. But instead I had to stand there suffering under his amused stare as he belittled me.

I could see Jen's nipples poking out through the material of her top and knew the manipulation of Mr. Grover's thick meaty hand on her thigh was the reason for her obvious arousal. And still I couldn't speak up. Instead a weak little squeaking sound came from my throat as I tried to change the conversation to anything other than the direction it was taking.

Mr. Grover had other ideas however. "Jennifer I can't tell you what a pleasure it is getting to know you and I do profoundly apologize for my boorish behavior earlier this evening but I've always been a man who acts on his impulses. After all, it's better to seek forgiveness than permission I like to say."

"Oh don't trouble yourself Ben, I over reacted." My wife said with the smile she usually reserved for me in the bedroom. "I'm so used to the way Petey behaves that I forget how a real man acts. You have nothing to be sorry for Ben, nothing at all."

I found myself staring down away from their faces as if hiding from their accusatory stares. The way they were flirting with each other made me feel small and insignificant. My meandering gaze accidentally found its way into Mr. Grover's lap and I saw what had to be a trick of the light. That massive bulge in his pants couldn't possibly be his penis could it? My god it stretched almost to his knee and was as thick as my arm. It had to be an illusion brought on by my nerves and the anxiety of the situation.

I quickly tried to look away but I caught Mr. Grover's eye and saw him smile at me knowingly as if he was saying, "Oh hell yeah, that's my cock."

I felt the sting of tears building in my eyes as my hands began to sweat. I was terrified of where this situation was headed and worse, I was powerless to stop whatever madness was about to occur. I could feel my wife staring at me, daring me to say anything to this strong, intelligent, handsome man but of course I just sat there. If her disappointment in me were a physical entity it would have knocked me to the ground. I knew without a doubt that my wife had lost a significant measure of respect for me this evening.

Mr. Grover broke the spell by saying, "Well, this has been fun but I really must be going." But just before rising to his feet I saw him move his hand all the way up to Jen's crotch and gently brush against her pussy causing her to swiftly suck in a deep breath that ended in an audible sigh.

I stood up to escort my boss out of my house and he placed his hand on the back of my neck. The huge man's hand was the size of a baseball mitt and he used it to squeeze my neck painfully as he guided me toward the front door. I found myself crouching down to avoid the painful grip which of course only made me look weaker and more inferior in my wife's eyes.

When we reached the door Mr. Grover leaned down to stare directly into my face as he said, "You better watch your step boy. I don't like being challenged by insignificant turds like you. If you want to keep your job and keep your wife happy with the life she's grown accustomed to, you will watch your tone with me. I think you have a lovely wife there Jones and I intend to become very friendly with her. You will be a good boy and allow that to happen or you will find yourself out on the fucking street. Do you understand me boy?"

I was shaking and my eyes were full of tears as I said, "Yes sir, I understand what you're saying but that's my wife. You can't mean anything inappropriate can you sir? I mean you are just talking about friendship, right?"

Mr. Grover laughed and said, "Right Jones, friendship. That's all I'm talking about. Just becoming friends with your hot as fuck wife. Don't you worry about a thing."

Before I could comment again Mr. Grover shouted out, “Goodnight Jennifer! I’ll see you again very soon my dear.”

To which Jen replied, “Drive safely Ben! I look forward to our next conversation.”

And with that he was gone. I was stunned by the way the evening had turned on me. I stood there in the foyer for a minute or two collecting my thoughts and making myself presentable but when I entered the living room Jen had already gone up to bed. By the time I turned off the lights, locked the doors and got myself ready for bed, she was fast asleep leaving me to spend a sleepless night worrying about this new ‘friendship’ between my beautiful wife and my awful thug of a boss.

### Part Three

The rest of the weekend was painful for me as I found myself thinking non stop about my weak and timid behavior. Jen acted as though nothing out of the ordinary had occurred but I could see her looking at me sometimes with scorn and derision. I was right when I thought her respect for me had waned and I was determined to get it back at all costs.

So, Monday morning I was up and out the door before Jen was even awake and I was early for work so I could have a private word with my arrogant boss. But of course he wasn’t there. I

should have known better as I watched the office slowly fill up till the usual start time of nine o'clock. Somewhere around nine thirty Mr. Grover strode in as if his time were so much more important than anyone else's. He smiled at everyone as he walked through the office and everyone had a friendly word of greeting for him. The women all swooned and the men high fived him and made jokes about how great his party had been.

As he passed by my office the large black man simply nodded in my direction with a bitter scowl and said, "Jones, my office! Now!"

Everything I wanted to say to the man simply flew from my mind at the deep, powerful sound of his voice and I found myself scrambling to follow him like a dog that's been beaten too often. I actually tripped over my own feet right in front of his office door and barely caught myself before falling flat on my face much to the amusement of Mr. Grover's personal assistant, Molly. Molly, like all the other women working here was a complete knockout. She was gorgeous and doted on Mr. Grover like she felt his comfort was her sole responsibility. I tried to ignore her giggling as I knocked gently on the door frame.

"Mr. Grover? You wanted to see me sir?" Oh fuck I hate myself for being such a groveling coward.

"Get in here Jones and shut the door." My boss said almost as an afterthought.



I closed the door and stood there awkwardly as Mr. Grover leafed through the morning mail, leaning against his desk directly in front of me, ignoring me as if I were the least important thing on his mind.

Several uncomfortable minutes passed with me just standing there like an idiot before Mr. Grover said, “Some party the other night eh Petey? That wife of yours is certainly a looker.”

He was staring at me just daring me to speak so I ushered up all the courage at my disposal and said, “About that sir, I don’t think it was appropriate at all the way you behaved toward my wife. In fact I think it was way out of line, almost as if you were flirting with her right in front of me.”

He just stared at me. Glared is more like it. He didn’t say anything for nearly three full minutes. If you think that’s not a lot of time, you’re wrong. When you are uncomfortable, frightened, and embarrassed, it can feel like an eternity.

I was sweating profusely, fidgeting with my tie, shuffling my feet, and trying my best not to let the tears of humiliation filling my eyes begin to flow down my cheeks.

Finally the big man stood up away from his desk and took a step toward me so that he towered over me making me feel and look insignificant in his presence. I could feel his body heat, he was so close to me. I could smell the soap he used as well as his natural pheromones. This man was an apex predator and I was a cowering field mouse shitting little pellets as I struggled to avoid his glare.

“Is that right Petey? Is that what you think? Do you really think it’s wise to come in here and speak to me that way? Did you practice your little speech on the way this morning? Is it going the way you thought it would? Or are you starting to feel like maybe you’re making a big mistake?”

He stared at me long enough to let me know none of these were rhetorical questions and he actually expected an answer. I felt the contents of my bowels turn to liquid as I tried to meet his stare. My eyes never made it past his groin as I noticed that enormous bulge in his pants again. The sheer unbelievable size of the damn thing stopped me cold and I lost my train of thought all together. I blushed in shame as I realized what was happening and lifted my gaze up as far as the man’s neck before I could find the words to answer him.

“Well sir, I mean, it’s um, what I mean to say is, I don’t want to disrespect you in any way, but...” That was as far as my bumbling mind could get.

“Well you have disrespected me Petey! You most certainly have! I’ll be damned if a wimpy little snot like you will speak to me that way! That’s the problem with you white boys, you all feel like you’re entitled thanks to your ever present ‘white privilege’. Is that it Petey? Do you think you’re better than me?”

“No sir! Not at all! Please forgive me, I didn’t mean to make you angry, I...”

“Oh so now I’m the angry Black Man is that it?” Mr. Grover said with a cloud forming in his eyes.

“Oh no sir! No sir, I didn’t mean it that way. You have my utmost respect sir. I was just concerned with my wife’s well being, you can understand that can’t you sir?”

“Your wife’s well being? Are you worried I will hurt her in some way?”

“Of course not sir! No sir. I simply meant it’s my responsibility to look out for her and to, well to keep her for myself. After all she’s my wife sir and not a single woman who can be picked up at a party.”

“I should slap your face boy! How dare you act like you own that strong, independent woman? Who the fuck do you think you are boy?” He said as he took a threatening step toward me.

I was terrified and confused. This was not going the way I’d envisioned. This hulking brute was intimidating me with his muscular form and powerful attitude. I’d never felt more inferior to anyone in my life.

“I, I, I’m very sorry sir if I gave you the wrong impression. Maybe I should go until we’re both more relaxed and we can have a normal conversation.” I stammered out in fear.

“Get on your knees boy” My boss said in a calm quiet voice. His words confused me and I looked up at him questioningly.

“I won’t tell you again boy, get on your knees.”

The command was so ridiculous it took a few seconds for my mind to process it. I stood there shifting my weight back and forth on my feet feeling the overwhelming urge to run for the door. I began sweating harder and my body began to shake in absolute fear and shame.

But I did what I was told. I have no idea what compelled him to order it, but I slowly found myself lowering to my knees in front

of my superior. I looked at the ground as I noticed with horror that the enormous bulge in Mr. Grover's pants was now mere inches from my face. I found a new scent to attribute to the man now that I found my face at crotch level. I could definitely smell the musk of this powerful man's cock and balls. I once again felt the traitorous twitch of my own miniscule penis as I cowered there in shame on my boss's office floor.

"Now apologize." Mr. Grover said in that same calm voice.

I stared at the floor and said, "I'm very sorry sir if I offended you in any way."

"Don't look at the floor boy, look at me. Stare straight ahead when you tell me you're sorry."

I blinked back tears as I lifted my eyes to stare straight ahead at the man's impressive bulge. I could smell his balls and feel the heat emanating from his package as I gulped down the saliva filling my mouth.

"I'm very sorry I offended you sir. It was never my intention to make you angry."

"And what about your wife?" He asked with a smile in his voice.

“My wife? Oh yes sir, of course sir. I’m very sorry I was so controlling of my wife. Of course she’s free to make her own friends and to speak with whomever she likes. I’m sorry I gave you the impression I didn’t want you near her sir. She enjoys your company sir.”

I felt like the smallest man alive as I sold out my own manhood so cheaply. What kind of man offers up his wife like this to a much stronger, and more intelligent man? I felt like a foolish wimp kneeling before this superior specimen.

“I’m not feeling your apology boy. I’m going to need more from you. Bend down and kiss my shoe to show me you’re sincere.” The smug bastard said.

I should have punched him in the face. I should have quit my job right there and left the building. I should have acted like a man instead of the simpering, sissy, wimp I was quickly becoming.

My face burned with humiliation as I bent down before my boss, pursed my lips, and kissed the top of his finely shined, expensive, black shoe. I could smell the polish and taste the dust from the street as my soft lips made contact with the cold leather. Everything in my world became focused and crystal clear in that second. A lifetime of shame, humiliation, and insecurity had led

me to this place and I felt my tiny penis stiffen as I kissed the shoe of a superior black man.

I could never escape this torture or evade the degradations I was certain would follow this act of submission. Something changed in that second and I felt the dynamic shift completely into Mr. Grover's favor.

"Now the other one boy." The powerful man above me said, and I obeyed without question. Not out of fear of losing my job or of being beaten by this man, but out of respect for him. I was falling under the spell of a much more powerful man the way a dog reacts to its pack leader.

I kissed the fine finish of the other shoe and sat back on my heels in shock. I could not believe what had just occurred.

"Now beg me to visit your home for dinner tonight boy. I want to see your gorgeous wife again."

"Yes sir. Please sir come over to our home tonight for dinner. I'm sure my wife would love to see you again sir."

"Good enough boy. Now get out of here. Take the day off and go do some shopping for dinner. You'll do the cooking so your wife and I can get to know each other better. We'll have steak, just

buy two since you'll be serving and not joining us. You can tell her it's your way of apologizing to us both for your childish behavior. Buy a nice bottle or two of wine. I enjoy a fine 2006 Jasper Hill Emily's Paddock Shiraz and at 120.00 a bottle I think you should spring for, oh, three bottles. You can take care of the rest but make sure it's expensive and very fancy. I want your wife to be impressed with my tastes." The arrogant man explained.

I slowly got up from my knees and said, "Yes sir, I will sir. Thank you sir." Before making my exit. I left the building in a daze unsure of exactly what had just occurred and my immediate thought was to ignore that bastard, go home and tell my wife I had to quit that fucking job. We could easily move away and start over again. As I walked to my car I had it all figured out, exactly how I would tell that prick to fuck off and to never mention my wife to me again. I would show him who the real man was for sure. I had a plan. I had a vision of how my life would be from now on.

And as I pulled my car into the parking lot of the liquor store to purchase the wine for my boss's dinner with my wife I realized with deep humiliation that I was about to obey his every command.

#### Part Four

"So you're telling me that your boss, Ben, is coming here tonight for dinner? And that you'll be cooking said dinner, serving it to me and Ben, and then waiting on us like we're on a date or



something?” Jen asked after I tried to explain the bizarre circumstances.

“I guess if you simplify it, then yes. But it’s really more complicated than that honey. Mr. Grover is very strict at the office and very demanding. I think it’s just his way of, well of making me apologize to you and to him for getting so riled up this weekend that’s all. I think he’s just trying to teach me a lesson or to strut his stuff or something. It’s like he’s showing me who’s boss, nothing more. I wouldn’t read too much into it.”

“Oh really? You don’t think it’s a big deal that another man is coming into your house to have dinner with your wife and you’ll be acting as a servant the entire night? You don’t see a problem with that? Honestly Peter what kind of man would allow that to happen in his own home? I swear sometimes I think my mother was right about you, maybe you really are a weak willed, wimp.” Jen replied.

“Don’t say that dear. That really hurts my feelings. I’m just trying to keep the peace with my boss. I mean I don’t want to lose my job over a misunderstanding. He’s an aggressive man and he maybe went too far at the party and here at our house but that’s just how he is. I’m simply trying to keep him happy and to keep you happy as well. It’ll be fine, I mean how bad can it get? The man knows he’ll be a guest in our home after all. What do you expect, that he’ll try to seduce you or something with me right here? That’s really funny Jen, seriously.”

She looked at me with what I can only describe as disgust and said, “Ok Petey I’ll play along. I’ll play along with everything Ben wants tonight and we’ll see what kind of man I’m married to. This will be a good test of your manhood as well as your courage and toughness. I’ll be curious to see exactly what’s in store for both of us.” Then she turned her back and headed for the stairs saying, “I’m going for a shower and to get dressed, call me when our guest arrives.”

And that was that. I stood there for a few minutes wondering just what I’d gotten myself into before starting on dinner. I had the very expensive wine chilling and made sure to prepare everything to the exact specifications I’d looked up on a fancy cooking site. I laid out our finest china and silver, all gifts from our wedding, and set a mood with candles and soft lighting as well as music from a romantic classical station. I wasn’t even aware of how I was setting the evening until much later but subconsciously I had planned a romantic evening for my wife and another man. What the fuck is wrong in my head?

I had just finished preparing the meal after a quick shower when the doorbell rang. I had on a suit and tie but had forgotten I was wearing the only apron we owned, a frilly little sexist number my wife’s sister had bought her as a joke. I was only wearing it to protect my suit but when I answered the door and saw Mr. Grover’s reaction I flushed with embarrassment at the lacy pink apron that said, “Fondle the Cook” in a flowing pink script.

Mr. Grover grunted as he read the apron and said, “Huh, you wish boy,” as he brushed past me and made himself at home in our living room.

“Get me a glass of wine Petey and tell my date I’m here.” The black man ordered. I started to tell him this wasn’t a date but his glare stopped me in my tracks and all I could manage was, “Yes Sir.”

My hands were shaking as I poured a glass of wine from the bottle I’d opened earlier to allow it to breathe. I stopped at the foot of the stairs and said in a loud voice, “Um dear, Mr. Gro..Um I mean your date...I mean...Um, our guest is here. I mean your guest is here Jen.”

I felt like an idiot and as I walked into the living room to deliver his wine, Mr. Grover looked at me with a smug smirk that made me want to crawl away and cry.

Just then Jen entered the room and my eyes nearly bugged out of my head. She looked amazing! She wore a skin tight, black dress that hid absolutely nothing. Every curve of her body was on display and any fool could see she wasn’t wearing a bra and was either wearing a g-string or no panties at all. Her hair and makeup were immaculate and looked professionally applied as if she were a model on a photo shoot. She wore black stockings that

disappeared under the very short dress making her legs look so sexy I felt my penis begin to stir. She walked with ease on a pair of 6 inch stiletto heels in a black so shiny they looked brand new. I then realized they were new and so was the dress. It was the outfit she had bought specifically for our anniversary dinner coming up in one week. She was wearing the outfit she'd bought to celebrate our marriage and she was wearing it for this arrogant black man.

Mr. Grover stood up and moved toward my wife saying, "My my Jennifer you look stunning, simply stunning," as he took her in his arms for a hug that looked more like a lover's embrace after a long absence. He kissed her on the cheek and I saw his hand caressing her ass and heard a soft moan escape her lips before they parted.

They held each other at arm's length, smiling into each other's eyes for a long moment before I finally got their attention by clearing my throat.

I started to compliment my wife by saying, "You really do look lovely de..." but was interrupted by Mr. Grover saying, "Get this beautiful woman a glass of wine, boy, and serve it in the living room."

Jen giggled at this and looked to see how I would react. I was red faced with shame as I said, "Of course sir, right away," and scampered off to the kitchen like the wimp I was beginning to realize I truly was.

When I returned with Jen's wine I saw the two of them snuggled up together on the loveseat leaning in close to each other so their faces were nearly touching. They were smiling as if sharing an inside joke and both turned to look at me with impatience as if I were nothing but a nuisance.

I handed Jen her wine and started to sit on the couch when Mr. Grover said, "No boy, you aren't joining us. Was I unclear about your role here tonight?"

Jen was smiling at me as she ran her hand along Mr. Grover's shoulder till she rested her arm around his thick neck like he was her boyfriend or husband and she was letting the competition know to stay away.

I felt that urge to stop this nightmare again and began to formulate the proper response but instead I felt myself starting to sweat and the only words that came out were, "No sir, you were very clear. I'm sorry sir." And then I moved off to the side of the room and stood at attention waiting for another order. I could feel my knees shaking as tears filled my eyes. I honestly thought I might release my bladder over the fear and humiliation I was feeling.

Here I stood in my own house watching my wife and my boss giggle like teenagers on the loveseat while I waited for them to

order another drink from me. I was still wearing that damn apron and knew I must look like an idiot, or the weakest sissy wimp on the planet.

Mr. Grover actually snapped his fingers at me and made a motion to the wine glasses without ever looking in my direction. Jen giggled again and held out her glass like some stuck up rich woman at a country club. She also never looked at me as I rushed to the kitchen to grab the wine. As I came back in I overheard Jen say, “Petey never buys wine this good. You have excellent taste Ben. I can see a real man knows how to treat a lady.”

“Well, only the best, I say. Why settle for less in this life?” Mr Grover said as he looked directly at me then made a smirking gesture with his mouth and eyes that Jen knew was directed my way. She laughed as she said, “Oh you’re so right Ben. I’ve been settling for less for far too long. In many, many ways.”

I felt like a fool. I’d set this whole thing up and for the life of me I could not remember why. Something about keeping everyone happy and apologizing? It certainly wasn’t working out that way for me at all.

Mr. Grover said, “Petey? Come stand over here in front of us. Now.”

I did as I was told and stood directly in front of the loveseat as Jen and Mr. Grover turned their attention to me.

“Now Jennifer dear, tell me, what attracted you to Petey in the first place? I mean a woman like you could have any man she wanted. Why this little man?”

I was stunned into silence and felt hot tears fill my eyes as Jen looked at me with sheer amusement on her face.

“Well Ben,” she started, “My mother always told me to find a man I could easily control and there was no better example of that than our little Petey here.”

They both laughed and I swallowed my emotions knowing she was telling the truth. Knowing it in my heart. I couldn't speak if I'd wanted to.

“Well just look at him. I mean if I didn't know it was a male I would honestly think this was a teenage girl from the look at that body. It's so frail and weak, and look at that bubble butt! If old Petey here had a set of tits he could star in a rap video.” Mr. Grover said.

I kept my mouth shut so as not to anger him but then Jen joined in saying, “Oh that's too funny! I think it would be a riot to

see Petey in a pair of booty shorts and a halter top wiggling his tits and ass for a group of black thugs in a rap video. That's priceless!"

"But, but Jen, that's terrible! You're my wife! Why would you say..." I was cut off again.

"No one told you to speak boy!" Mr Grover shouted, making me blink back tears as I cowered from his stern tone.

Jen said, "Wow you really are a strong willed man Ben. I just love the way you take charge like that. You've certainly got my hubby trained. He's even more obedient with you than he is with me and I've always thought he was quite weak willed."

Mr. Grover said, "Yes I get that. It's actually why I hired him. He's such a good little gopher and scut boy. He does all the degrading busy work no one else wants to bother with in the office. You should see him running around trying to please everyone. The staff loves to pawn off their scutwork onto little Petey. I actually made a rule that the person with the lowest performance evaluation each month has to keep the breakroom clean and wouldn't you know it, that's Petey every time. I never get tired of seeing him clearing the tables, cleaning the microwave, and taking the garbage down to the dumpster every day. But the real treat is watching how the other employees mess the place up intentionally to keep Petey running. They will actually hollar out things like 'Clean up on aisle 3' or 'Oh Petey



that garbage is really starting to smell, handle it will you?’ They laugh at him all the time while he cleans up their mess.”

“That’s hilarious! I mean just thinking about poor Petey stepping and fetching for everyone kind of gets me hot. I never felt this before but I’m enjoying the thought of you ordering him around.” Jen said looking at Mr Grover with pure admiration in her eyes. I desperately wanted to say something in my defense but this black bully had some kind of hold on me that I can’t explain. I’m terrified of him but at the same time I feel an overwhelming desire to please him.

“That’s a normal reaction Jennifer.” Mr Grover said. “White women all over the country are starting to see their husbands for the weak, submissive, effeminate sissies they truly are. White couples are learning a new dynamic in the acceptance of Black Superiority. Petey here is just behaving naturally for an inferior white boy. It’s a lack of testosterone I believe, stemming from their naturally underdeveloped penis and testicles. In fact, did you know he has a nickname at work?”

I never knew Mr. Grover believed this way about white men, or should I say boys? And I also never knew about this nickname business so I was just as curious as Jen when she said, “No, what is it?”

“Well one of our junior execs was standing near Petey at the urinal one day when Petey accidentally let go of his trousers and

they slipped to his knees exposing him completely. Anyway the young man got a good look at Petey's package and from then on the whole office calls him, 'Nubbin'."

Jen laughed so hard she snorted and Mr. Grover joined in as I stood there in complete shock and horror. I had no idea! I was so humiliated!

I tried to defend myself by saying, "Well that's not, I mean to say, um that's not true. I mean he must have been mistaken. I mean, I'm average, right Jen? You've always said it was just fine."

The two of them continued to laugh even harder after my proclamation and Jen held up her thumb and forefinger spacing them about an inch apart and showed it to Mr. Grover with a scowl on her face making them both break up in more gales of laughter.

I was shaking in shame and total embarrassment knowing I should be angry and I should be screaming at them. I should be throwing this man out of my house. I should do something other than stand there in a frilly pink apron with tears in my eyes looking like a fool and a wimp.

Mr Grover got himself together first and said, "Well now I have to see it. I mean I have got to see what the staff all call the

‘fun sized’ Nubbin. C’mon Jones, drop those pants and show us what you’re packing.”

Jen went off on another peal of laughter at this but forced out, “Oh yes Nubbin, show your boss what a joke you’re hiding between your legs. Let him see why I’ve never had an orgasm in our entire marriage.”

I was about to run and hide from my wife’s cruelty when a ding went off in the kitchen to announce dinner was ready.

Jen laughed and said, “Saved by the bell Nubbin.”

Mr Grover said, “Shall we adjourn to the dining room Jennifer? I’m sure Nubbin is eager to serve our dinner.”

I rushed to the kitchen to plate their meal as my boss pulled out Jen’s chair before kissing her hand then taking his own seat. I plated the steaks and side dishes, placed all the plates onto a serving platter, took a deep breath, and walked into the dining room to see what fresh hell awaited me.

Part Five

I stood in the corner of the dining room where Mr Grover had pointed and waited. It was extremely uncomfortable both emotionally and physically standing there while my boss and my wife had a nice leisurely dinner and almost completely ignored my presence. It didn't take long for my legs and back to cramp up as I stood at attention like a fool. Any time I tried to shuffle my feet or stretch my aching back Mr Grover would glare at me till I stopped moving and again stood still. He was training me like you would a dog to obey him with a simple glance and like the wimp I am, I simply took it without question. Jen noticed my discomfort and the way my boss kept me on my toes and simply smiled occasionally as if this were great entertainment for her.

The only time I got any relief was if one or the other of them needed a refill on wine which was quite often. In those instances neither of them spoke to me, instead Mr Grover snapped his fingers and I ran to comply much to the amusement of the seated couple. It was difficult not to think of them as a couple after standing there for so long staring at them as they chatted and ate in comfort. I was like the third wheel on a very romantic date.

I listened as they talked about Jen's work, her time at college, her favorite vacation spots, movies, tv shows, books, practically everything a couple would talk about on a first date. The one thing they never mentioned was the humiliated, apron clad, sissy in the corner. It was like I was a servant in my own home. I'd never felt such deep shame in my life. I know my face was red the entire time and I was struggling to hold back tears all evening. I was determined to not let this man see me cry.

Here's the thing though, and I still can't properly explain it no matter how hard I try, but the thing is, I was aroused watching this strong confident man seducing my wife with his masculine charm and charisma. He was everything I could never be and instead of making me angry it made my penis stir slightly. I watched Jen's face and saw her smile and laugh in a comfortable and genuine manner. I saw her blush at his compliments and noticed her nipples pointing out through her dress any time he touched her arm or stroked her hair from her eyes. It was captivating and more than a little erotic to be a fly on the wall while a real man made his move. I tried several times to step forward and put a stop to this shameful display but any time I felt the urge to move against him, Mr Grover seemed to sense it and gave me one of those stares that froze my blood and terrified me into nonaction.

So I stood there throughout dinner and watched this dominant, powerful man work his magic on my beloved wife while she ate up the attention like a woman starved for affection. I saw her glance at me a few times as if she wanted me to step in, as if she was waiting for her knight in shining armor to sweep in and save the day. Then of course I saw the disappointment and disgust on her face each time I failed to move, proving without a doubt who the better man was. I ached all over in shame and humiliation with each disapproving glance from my beautiful wife. My stomach hurt, I had heartburn, I was covered in cold sweat and felt slightly nauseated over my inaction. I hated myself

for being such a wimp, such a fool! Yet I stood there and watched, and waited, and served.

## Part Six

“Boy! Clear this table then serve more wine in the living room. Your wife and I are going to continue to get to know each other over another bottle of fine wine. You can do the dishes later.” Mr Grover said as he and Jen made their way to the living room.

I blushed red again and said, “Yes sir, right away.” And watched Jen smile and shake her head again amazed by my submissive behavior. I could feel the knot in my stomach tighten as I started clearing away the dirty dishes both from the shame I felt as well as my hunger over not having eaten anything in hours. I’d watched a delicious meal being consumed while my mouth watered and stomach growled as I stood there like an idiot.

When I entered the living room with another bottle of wine Mr Grover snapped his fingers and motioned for me to refill their glasses which I did with a stiff back and a slight bow. I’m not even sure where the bow came from. It just naturally occurred making my wife giggle and my boss grin his evil grin.

They were sitting close together on the loveseat again this time his arm was around her shoulders and she was snuggled into him the way she used to with me when we watched a movie. Jen

looked so comfortable there as she absentmindedly stroked my boss's broad, muscular chest with her fingertips.

I stood off to the side staring straight ahead and trying not to cry openly as this man slowly stole my wife from me. They were now chatting about me as if I weren't even in the room.

"It's amazing to me that I've lived with him for so long and never really knew what kind of man he was." My Jen said to the large black man.

"Well that's your first mistake Jennifer, you see he's not really a man at all. Oh he's a male of course but a man? No, not one bit. He's what we call a sissy. An inferior breed that submissively serves his betters. You'll find all white boys are sissies to some extent. They feel that undeniable desire to drop to their knees before us superior black men. It's the natural order of things. Black men are at the top of the pyramid followed by black women. Then of course you'll find white women under us followed by all other races and genders. At the very bottom you'll find the white boy. A simpering, submissive, inferior animal who has a natural desire to serve his betters. I'll teach you how to take full advantage of your wimpy husband my dear, just follow my lead and your life will improve drastically." The arrogant man explained.

Jen looked at me with a curious expression and I knew she was waiting for me to object. This was my chance to set things right and reclaim my place in our relationship. I stepped forward

and said, “Now just wait a minute! I can’t take anymore of this abuse! You’re in my home sitting here with my wife and treating me like some sort of pet. This has to stop right now! I want you to leave!”

Jen’s eyes flew open wide but she was looking at Mr Grover and not at me. She had an amused smile on her face and it was obvious she was waiting to see how he would react to my outburst.

“Well,” the black man said in a calm voice, “I wondered when I’d have to apply a bit of discipline and it looks like that time has come.”

With that he stood up and moved to within inches of me and stared down at me with a frighteningly calm demeanor. I started to speak but his loud voice overwhelmed anything I had to say. “What exactly are you going to do about any of this boy?” He said in a booming tone that echoed throughout the house.

I began shaking at once and looked up at his face ready to prove myself once and for all. Several times I started to say something, anything to make this man leave my house but my voice failed me completely as I looked into his dark, threatening eyes. I felt my resolve melting as I stuttered over simple words and I swear I almost released my bladder as I felt butterflies of fear fill my gut. I began sweating profusely and heard Jen titter in amusement at my predicament.



“Oh Ben,” she said, “look at the poor thing. I think he’s going to cry. Don’t be so mean to the little darling. Nubbin knows you’re the real man here.”

I gulped loudly and started fidgeting on my feet thinking my wife had saved me from this huge bull of a man but his next words chilled me to the bone.

“No, a lesson needs to be learned here. I can’t have this kind of aggression go unchecked. There’s a certain pecking order that must be followed and this little chick needs to learn who the head rooster is.” He said to Jen.

Then he moved to sit down in my favorite chair and said, “Take off those pants and lay across my lap boy.”

I let out a short laugh that died on my lips as I saw the determined look on his face. Jen too laughed but hers was real and continued as she saw the fear in my eyes. I stood there for a full ten seconds before Mr Grover shouted, “Now Boy!”

“Please sir, you can’t be serious. Please this has gone far enough. I can’t...”

“Do not make me repeat myself boy or there will be a world of hurt coming your way.” My boss said in a dangerous tone.

Jen was wide eyed and smiling as she said, “Better do as you’re told Nubbin, since you obviously aren’t man enough to challenge your superior.”

My eyes were full of tears as I slowly unbuckled my belt and lowered my trousers to my ankles. I was shaking as I kicked them off and stood there in my tightie whities, still wearing that stupid apron.

“The underwear too dumbass.” My boss said with a smirk.

Jen began giggling as I removed my underwear and I was now thankful for the ridiculous apron as it hid my undersized penis and balls from this mean man.

The four steps it took to reach my boss seemed like the longest walk of my life and I was actually sobbing in shame when I reached him. He sat back and patted his lap like he was beckoning his dog and I lowered myself over his legs while tears rolled down my cheeks.

“We’ll start with ten for now and see if that changes your attitude boy. You count them out loud and thank me after each one.” He said to me.

It started so fast I barely had time to process that command as the first hard spank made contact with my bare ass.

“Ow! Shit!” I yelled as Jen laughed aloud.

“No” My boss said in a calm voice. “That’s not what I told you to do is it? We’ll start again.”

Another painful smack hit my tender cheeks and this time I stifled my scream of pain and said, “One! Thank you sir!” My voice was already shaking.

The second strike sounded like a thunderclap and I yelled out, “Two, thank you sir!”

By the fifth smack my ass was burning and I was squirming in pain. As I hollered, “Five, thank you sir!” I heard Jen say, “Wow, this is so cool. I can’t believe how hot this is.” And I sobbed out loud.

By the seventh I was crying and tears were falling onto the carpet. Jen was saying, “Again” with each successive spank on my poor beaten ass.

On the tenth and final stroke I was pushed from my boss’s lap and I fell to the floor in a heap of shame, pain, and sadness I’d never known before. I heard my wife say, “Oh my god Ben that was amazing! I never knew hot and exciting it could be to see a man punish a weaker, more inferior male before. I think I’m actually wet from watching that.”

I was sniffing back tears and rubbing my sore ass when Mr Grover said, “Well my dear sometimes discipline must be maintained by force. Now if you’ll excuse me for a few minutes I’d like to have a private word with Petey here so maybe you could relax here and enjoy another glass of wine while I take your husband upstairs.”

Jen said, “Of course Ben, you’ve already proven your control over him, take all the time you need.”

“Move boy!” Was the command from my boss and I quickly dragged myself off the floor and started walking to the stairs in fear of another spanking from this brute of a man. I heard Jen say, “Jesus, look at that ass! It’s so red I’ll bet it’s ten degrees warmer than the rest of his body. It’s so cute.” With that she started giggling again, a sound that followed Mr Grover and me up the stairs.

## Part Seven

I was confused when my boss had me lead him into the on suite bathroom in our master bedroom and even more so as he stood in front of the toilet with his hands on his hips. I stood beside him wondering what was happening and trying to ignore my reflection in the mirror since I knew I must look ridiculous. I was just about to speak and ask what was going on when My Grover spoke first.

“I have to piss.” Was all he said. I cocked my head to the side in a questioning stance, my brow furrowed in confusion as I failed to understand his intent.

“I have to piss.” He repeated but then elaborated with, “Take it out boy.” It finally dawned on me what was happening and I again started to shiver in degradation. This horrid man wanted me to touch his penis.

He said, “You’ve been given a command by your superior and I fully expect you to obey without question or you will find yourself across my lap again sissy. Do it now.”

I started to object but the pain from my spanking quickly reminded me what angering him would accomplish so I slowly

sank to my knees beside him, reached out, and unbuckled his belt then opened his pants. I pulled his pants down to his knees to make it easier to reach his penis and saw the massive bulge in his boxer briefs. My hands were shaking as I reached up and began to slide his shorts down his legs freeing the huge slab of meat that nearly slapped me in the face. The smell emanating from his balls was a manly odor of pheromones and sweat that made my head swim. Even soft his cock was so much larger than my own I had to take a moment to simply admire it. It was as thick as my wrist with a bulbous head like a ripe plum. It hung there in front of the biggest balls I've ever laid eyes on forming a package straight out of an interracial porn video.

“Look Petey, I'm going to start pissing in about three seconds and you can either aim it at the toilet or explain to your wife why there's piss all over the floor.” He said in an amused but threatening tone.

I shook away the fog clouding my mind and tentatively reached up to grasp the offending member. I had to wrap my hand completely around it to ensure control of the monster and was shocked to find my fingers would not meet on the other side. I pointed the head down toward the water in the bowl and an instant later a strong jet of hot piss shot out. It was like holding a fire hose and I could feel the discharge coursing through his flesh. The force of the stream caused drops to splash up from the bowl and I felt the splatter striking my chest, arm, and my bare legs as I knelt there in abject horror.

The strong stench of the man's piss assaulted my senses and the disgust at having it splash on my skin was making me physically ill but I maintained my grip on his huge tool as he sighed in relief and emptied his bladder. I tried to distract myself by marveling at the soft texture of the skin on his cock. The silky smooth foreskin felt strange in my hand, not at all like how I would expect another man's dick to feel. Not that I've ever thought about it before! But I found myself getting lost in the unusual feelings of disgrace and curiosity I was experiencing. You can't imagine the humiliation of holding another man's pissing penis in your hand until you've been forced to do it yourself. It is a soul crushing experience believe me.

My boss finally finished pissing with a few quick bursts of smelly urine that splashed onto the toilet seat. He smiled down at me and said, "Give it a shake boy." I blushed from head to toe as I shook the monster cock forcing a few drops to fly off.

Mr Grover simply said, "Put it away." And I struggled with my own shame as I pulled his shorts back up, being careful to adjust his cock back the way it had been when I first saw it. It took both hands to wrangle the beast back where it belonged and I was actually sweating from the exertion when I pulled up his trousers and buckled them back together, making sure to tuck his shirt back in and make him presentable again for my wife.

I was given the order to, "Clean the piss off the seat, flush, then meet me in your bedroom."

With that he left the bathroom and I fought to hold back more tears as I used a few sheets of toilet paper to wipe his piss from the seat and my own skin. I flushed the paper away and slunk into the bedroom like a beaten dog to find Mr Grover rooting through my wife's underwear drawer.

He quickly found what he was looking for and tossed a small bundle of clothing onto the bed. He said, "Now listen to me closely Petey because if you don't do exactly what you're told that spanking will seem like a harsh word by comparison. I want you to put these on, then turn down the bed, light a few candles and stand by the bed with your hands on your hips like a good little sissy. And don't you say a fucking word. You and I both know what's going to happen and you had better not fuck it up for me in any way or you will be sorry."

With that he left the room and I heard him making his way back downstairs. I soon heard laughter but tried to tune it out as I inspected the items lying on the bed. It was a pair of my wife's panties and a matching nightie. They were both pink and lacy, very sexy lingerie you'd see in porn or on valentine's day. I sniffled and shook with shame as I tried desperately to think of any way out of this nightmare.

Realizing I had no idea how much time I had to obey Mr Grover's commands I panicked and began to remove the remainder of my clothes. I stripped down and stood there filled



with the worst anxiety of my life as I picked up the silky panties and turned them in the right direction before bending down to slip one foot into the leg hole. I immediately felt a strange tingle in my skin as the painties slid along my ankle and by the time my second leg was in I felt my penis start to stir. What the fuck? I thought to myself as I slid the forbidden underwear up my legs. I've never had much body hair and in fact my legs are completely bare so the feeling of this lacy material on my bare skin was amazing. I'd never realized how wonderful it could feel to simply have the right material touch your skin. By the time I had pulled the panties up to snuggle against my crotch, my penis was standing straight out to its full underwhelming length forming a tiny tent in the pink blanket of comfort now surrounding it.

I slipped the matching nightie over my head and slid it down my body marveling at how well it fit. I really did have the body of a woman. The only noticeable problem was of course the bustline as my wife is incredibly built and her massive tits filled out the top half of the lingerie like no one else ever could.

The magic feeling of this wonderful lace on my chest had the annoying effect of causing my nipples to stand out erect and strain against their confines. I was becoming extremely aroused just by putting on this embarrassing ensemble and I began to sweat, wondering what Jen and Mr Grover would think of me. I could hear them moving around downstairs and knew I had to hurry so I quickly folded down the covers on the bed and raced around the room to light several scented candles. I used the dimmer switch to set the mood, shoved my 'boy clothes' under the bed, and took my

place exactly as I'd been ordered just as I heard them climbing the stairs. I've never felt more helpless or hopeless in my life as I felt waiting for the torture I knew was coming.

## Part Eight

I heard Jen speaking as they walked up the stairs and my anxiety skyrocketed as I stood there in the ridiculous pose Mr Grover had told me to adopt. I heard my wife say, "What kind of surprise Ben? Did you tie my little hubby up and stuff him in a closet or something? Haha!"

"Nothing so pedestrian my dear this is just a little something I thought up on the spur of the moment. Truthfully I wasn't certain it would work but, well I think we'll both be pleasantly surprised with the outcome. Now it's just here in your bedroom, have a look." Mr Grover said as they made their way into the room.

The look on Jen's face was one I will carry with me forever. First was confusion, then shock, and then she burst out in hysterical laughter that forced her to bend over and hold her stomach. I'd never heard her laugh like that before and in fact she snort laughed a couple of times. To say I was embarrassed is not doing it justice. There simply isn't a word that covers how I felt. My loving wife was standing there with a strong, handsome, powerful black man in our bedroom, laughing at me as I cowered in the corner dressed in her pink panties and nightie. I felt and

looked like a complete fool and I felt fresh tears fill my eyes as my wife finally broke the spell of laughter to speak.

“What the actual fuck? What the hell is going on here? Peter why the fuck are you wearing my underwear? No, don’t answer that, I have a feeling I know why. Ben is this your surprise? You’ve broken my husband? I mean I always knew he was a bit of a coward who hated confrontation but this? Well this is beyond anything I’ve ever imagined. I’m sorry I can’t even look at Petey right now so please explain this Ben.”

“Well my dear as I was telling you before, there are Alphas and there are betas in this world and as you can see from the examples in this room your husband is as beta as anyone can get. I told you I’m a man who takes what he wants and my dear, I want you. The only thing standing in the way of me getting what I wanted was little Nubbin here. So, I simply showed you exactly what your hubby is made of so you could make the decision as to which of us you want in your bed tonight. Take your time deciding. I have all night.” The smug bastard said with a smile on his face.

“Wow, that’s a lot to take in.” Jen said. “I mean it’s not really difficult to understand. After all you are a very magnetic man Ben and I’ve found myself drawn to you for quite some time. I just never thought Petey here would fold so easily to the better man. Just look at him over there, whimpering and sniffing like a little wimp while dressed in my panties! Even now he isn’t saying a word despite the fact I’m here with you, in our bedroom, and

obviously disgusted by his appearance. But you're right a decision must be made. So let me ask this question. Nubbin? Darling? Is it true you held Ben's cock while he was pissing?"

Mr Grover was smiling at me with a contented look on his face as he slowly draped his arm across my wife's shoulders. She lay her head against his chest and raised her eyebrow at me to encourage a response. I was so scared I could barely think straight but the truth sprang from my lips before I could stop it.

"Yes dear, but he made me do it!" I said in a high pitched voice I'd never heard myself use before.

"Made you? He made you? Did he hold a gun to your head? Did he hurt you in some way? How did he make you drop to your knees, take out his cock, aim it at the toilet, and hold it while he pissed?"

"Well, he..um..he uh...told me to do it! And I um...I uh...I just couldn't stop myself." I said as I started to sob like a little girl.

"Wow! You really are a fucking wimp aren't you Nubbin?" My sweet wife said. "Step out from behind the bed so I can see you. I need the full picture of my panty wearing, sissy of a husband."

I took a couple steps toward them into a better lit part of the room and fresh laughter broke out from Jen with Mr Grover joining her.

“Are you fucking kidding me? Are you hard right now you fucking fairy? Is that your pathetic little pecker tenting my panties? Oh my god! You are such a fag! A man tells you to hold his dick while he pisses, tells you to wear panties, then brings your wife into the bedroom and you’re hard? This turns you on? I’m starting to wonder which one of us wants Ben more, you or me!” Jen yelled at me.

I started to speak but Mr Grover interrupted me saying, “Now, Jennifer, he can’t help what he is inside. I told you this is the natural state of all white boys. They just can’t help but act inferior around Black Men like myself. It’s the law of the jungle. You’ll see, Nubbin here will become more and more feminine as time goes by. You’ll be free to sow your wild oats while hubby will become more like a faithful, live-in servant than a husband. Many white wives find comfort in cuckolding their husbands and feminizing them. And the white boys learn to love their new lives.

As he was speaking my boss was slowly massaging Jen’s breast through her dress with his huge, meaty hand causing her to press against him harder while moaning softly at his touch. Her right arm was around his waist while her left hand began exploring below his beltline. I saw her eyes spring open wide as

her fingertips traced the length of his thick cock. And I just stood there like a joke, like a nobody, like a sissy.

Mr Grover looked at me briefly and said, “Stay!” before turning to face Jen. He held her close and leaned down to kiss my wife on the lips. She sighed then opened her mouth accepting his tongue inside with another soft moan. The wet sounds of their kissing were like small daggers through my heart and I found myself crying again. What kind of man stands there crying while his wife makes out with another man? Well no man at all that’s who. No, a sissy does that.

My boss reached down and pressed his hand between Jen’s legs and slowly started to massage her pussy while teasing her nipple with the fingers of his other hand. Between the kissing and the manual manipulation of her body Jen broke quickly and a flood of lust poured from her in a rush of hot breath and loud moans. She began to savage the man, ripping at his clothing like a woman possessed. They quickly began to undress each other with no regard to my presence in the room whatsoever. I was hurt, confused, and frightened at the same time so I stood by and watched my wife being ravaged by this hulking brute. And I was harder than I’d ever been before. Oh my god it was actually turning me on. Is there anything more shameful?

Mr Grover pulled Jen’s dress over her head and stood back to admire her now naked body. I was right, she hadn’t worn any underwear. He smiled at her and looked smugly toward me as my

wife got down on her knees to pull off his pants. When they were both naked Jen sat back and gasped at the sight of his huge cock. You just can't call something that big a penis. That's a cock! I gaped at it too as I was now seeing it angry and fully awake. How could this man walk with such a protrusion in his pants? It stood out straight from his body a full ten inches and was thicker around than my wrist. Two massive tennis ball sized nuts swung in their fleshy hammock behind the enormous cock and I simply could not look away. I watched my wife slowly reach up and take hold of the beast with her left hand and was mesmerized by the contrast of her white skin against his dark black skin. But it was the sparkle of her rings that drew my attention. Her wedding band looked so small and useless next to that terrifying weapon. As if it's power to protect our marriage had been diminished by the thick, black warrior cock in my wife's petite hand.

A small sob escaped my lips breaking the spell and Jen looked over at me with anger in her eyes saying, "You turn around and go stand in the corner fag boy! I don't want to hear a fucking word out of you!"

With that she turned back to my boss and his magnificent cock while he glared at me with amusement and the superior smile of a winner.

I did what I was told and stood in the corner with my back to the naked couple across the room. Soon the wet sounds of kissing, licking, and sucking filled the room and I knew my wife was

sucking Mr Grover's cock. She never did that for me. Never. Not one time in our entire marriage. But here she was acting like a wanton slut for this crude black monster she'd only just become acquainted with. I listened for long minutes to the slurping sounds of a very sloppy blowjob and the loud moans of lust coming from my wife and my boss. He was quite obviously enjoying my wife's treatment of his cock while I stood silently sobbing in the corner.

The messy blowjob went on for what seemed like hours but was actually around thirty minutes before I heard my boss's breathing increase and his moans become louder. I heard him say, "I'm close dear, time to decide where you want it." The sounds of sucking became louder and he said, "Oh, all right, if you insist."

I knew that to mean she wanted to swallow his cum and I felt as though my dick would poke through the pink panties as my erection became painful. I had been shifting quietly from one foot to the other in order to try and adjust myself but that only made the silky material of the panties rub against the sensitive head of my penis. I was sweating profusely and trying desperately to control myself but when I heard my boss shout out his climax and heard my sweet wife gulping down his powerful load something inside me snapped and I came without even touching myself. That had never happened before and I cried out a high pitched squealing wail as two short bursts of watery discharge leaked from my little penis. My knees were weak and I almost fell to the floor from the sheer power of my orgasm.



The sounds I made drew the attention of the occupied couple behind me and I heard my wife say, “What the fuck? Did that faggot just cum?” It was difficult to understand her as she was still trying to swallow all of Mr Grover’s cum and was still recovering from the stretching her jaw had just endured.

The big man laughed and said, “Whew! Damn girl! That was amazing! But yes I believe our little Nubbin did have an accident.”

“Turn around!” Jen yelled at me. As I turned toward them I was rewarded with the sight of my wife sitting back on her heels in front of my naked boss. His wet cock was shrinking down to a still respectable size and glistening in the candlelight. Jen’s face was a mess, her makeup smeared, her lips puffy, her hair disheveled. But the worst of it was the line of slobber and cum dripping from her chin to her huge, magnificent breasts. The valley of her cleavage was soaked with her spit and his cum making her look like the whores in the interracial porn I loved so much.

I could smell the earthy aroma of sex in the room and not all of it from his thick, white, cum. No, I could definitely smell the scent of a very aroused pussy and knew my wife must be soaked in anticipation.

I had tears running down my cheeks, I was shaking uncontrollably, and there was a very visible stain on the front of the panties I was wearing. I could feel my weak discharge beginning to cool against my skin.

“Holy fuck he did squirt his meager load!” My wife shouted. “I can’t believe this! You are a goddamn disaster Nubbin! I’ve never been more ashamed of anything in my life as I am in my decision to marry a swishy little fag like you!”

“Oh Jennifer it’s alright. That’s all a white boy can ever really do. They simply can’t control themselves, but I can help you get him squared away, just trust me. For now let’s send the little boy away so we can get to know each other better. Okay?” Mr Grover said in a way that was both condescending to me and comforting to my wife.

“Yes of course Ben. You’re right.” My wife said lovingly to him before looking at me and saying, “Now you listen to me Nubbin. You get your ass to the guest bedroom and you stay there till we call for you in the morning. And don’t even think about taking off your new clothes. That’s right, that outfit is yours now because I’ll never touch anything your nasty sissy juice touched. You wear those panties and that nightie all night long and feel your cummies dry and get all crusty. I’m going to enjoy the company of a real man while you jerk your little pecker to the sounds of sex. Real sex. Fulfilling sex. Something you’ve never been able to give me no matter how much you fumbled around humping against me like a drunk monkey! Go now loser!”

I blinked back tears and made a break for it, running to the spare room and throwing myself on the bed after slamming the

door in a fit of anger and sorrow. I cried heavily into the pillow as the sounds of laughter lilted from the master bedroom. I lay awake for hours listening to them make love. No, listening to them fuck. It was animalistic and lasted all night. I cried myself to sleep in the wee hours of the morning to the sound of my darling wife calling out my boss's name in orgasmic bliss.

In the morning I woke with a start having only fallen asleep an hour or so before. I thought I'd heard someone calling my name. Then I heard it again only it wasn't my name at all, it was my wife's voice calling out, "Nubbin! Get in here!"

I scrambled out of bed and raced to our bedroom forgetting my ridiculous attire until I entered the room and the lounging couple on our king size bed began laughing at me. My wife was giggling and pointing to a small stain on the panties I was wearing and I suddenly realized I could feel the crusty cum I'd released the night before. But what stopped me in my tracks was the smell in the room. It was sex pure and simple. The aroma of sweat, cum, and pussy permeated the air in there and it's cloying scent rather than repulse or anger me only turned me on all over again. I felt my inferior penis begin to stiffen and tried desperately to hide it by pulling the nightie down to cover my crotch hoping they would think I was simply hiding the stain.

"Listen Nubbin I've decided to take the day off work and hang out here with your wife, so I'm going to need you to do a few things for me today ok? Good. First off your wife and I have been

talking and she really wants to see you handle my tool in the bathroom so let's take care of that little chore right now. Follow me." Mr. Grover said before I could even get my bearings. He stood up, completely naked, and walked to the bathroom without even looking at me. Jen laughed again and stood up with the sheet wrapped around her body hiding everything from me.

She smiled at me as she walked past me to the bathroom and said, "Sorry Nubbin but Ben doesn't want you looking at my body, he thinks it'll be bad for your morale so I need to keep my goodies covered." The way she looked at me was, well cruel is the only word that comes to mind. As if teasing me was giving her immense pleasure. Again the thought of putting a stop to all this entered my mind in a sudden rage and then just as quickly left me shaking in fear and shame as I realized I didn't have the nerve to challenge either of them.

When I entered the bathroom I saw Mr. Grover standing in front of the toilet with his hands on his hips while Jen sat next to him on the edge of the tub. She was grinning and her eyes were wide with excitement making me realize I'd never really known her at all. This woman was mean and enjoyed the power she now held over me and for some reason I felt as though I'd never loved her more.

"Assume the position," My boss ordered and I sank to my knees beside him without hesitation. My submissive nature had taken over once again and I could do nothing to stop it. I knew

what was expected of me so rather than prolong this nightmare I reached out and took hold of his flaccid but still heavy tool and aimed it at the toilet water. I tried not to look at my wife but I heard her gasp in awe as I degraded myself. The black man began to piss in a strong stream that was so forceful I nearly lost my grip on his thick hose. As had happened before I felt his piss splash up and splatter against my skin the odor much stronger this time as morning piss usually is. Jen clapped her hands and squealed like a little girl at a carnival as she watched her new lover humiliate me so deeply. Mr. Grover let out a long and satisfied aaahhh as he relieved himself making Jen laugh harder.

Again the rude man splashed piss on the seat and when he said, "Shake", he let a strong squirt fly onto the floor when I obeyed the command and shook the dregs from his cock.

Jen said, "Oh I wish there was a way he could do that for me! I just love how cute he looks on his knees by the toilet."

My boss said, "I'm sure we can think of something my dear." Filling me with fear.

Jen said, "Now clean that up Nubbin and join us in my bedroom," Before taking Mr Grover's hand and leading him out of the room. I was just finishing mopping up the black thug's piss when it hit me that my wife had called it 'her' bedroom.

When I made my way back in they were laying in bed together and Mr Grover said, “Ok Nubbin now listen closely. I want you to make us breakfast. Scrambled eggs, toast, hash browns, and coffee. Bring it to us before you get ready for work. You’ll be taking the bus to work today so you’d better hurry. I haven’t decided if you’ll be driving very much any longer so we’ll see how today plays out. See I want you on that bus sitting next to other people wearing those cum stained panties. I just think it’ll be funny. Because, and this is the best part, you’ll be wearing the outfit Jennifer laid out on that chair for you.”

He stopped and they both smiled as they watched my face slip into shock as I looked at the clothes I was to wear. It was a pair of black yoga pants and a very satiny white top with a low cut neckline and fringed sleeves. There was also a pair of stockings and Jen’s black, four inch, platform heels. I’m ashamed to admit I do fit into my wife’s shoes thanks to my tiny feet. I guess what they say about small feet is true.

“I can’t wear that! Not out in public! Not to work! Please Jen, don’t do this to me! Please don’t let this man control our lives like this! This is getting out of hand, I already look ridiculous in these panties and I had to touch his p-p-penis, and I, I can’t...I just can’t...Please honey I’m not a sissy! I’m not gay! I don’t like any of this!” At that point I realized I was crying, my voice had risen several octaves, and I had actually stomped my foot like a spoiled child. Instead of the response I’d hoped for what I got was, laughter. And lots of it. They both laughed and mocked me

making me blush harder and cry in great wracking sobs. I looked like a fool.

After a few minutes I'd cried myself out and the two of them had toned the laughter down to just smirking giggles when Jen said, "Ok you're right Peter. If that's the choice you want to make that's perfectly alright with me. You can start moving your things out of the house and start divorce proceedings right away. If that's what you really want."

I sniffled back tears and said in a small, broken voice, "What? Divorce? Pack? What do you mean?"

"Well I've decided I'm happy with the new normal around here. I like having an obedient hubby to take care of the house and pamper me while I also have a big, strong man in my bed to keep me satisfied in ways you never could and never will. So if you don't like what we've started here, you are free to leave. But know this, I do love you sweetie. Just in a different way. I love you very much but I don't respect you at all. Now if you can live with that, start making breakfast for me and my lover then get dressed for work. If not, we can say goodbye."

Mr Grover was smirking at me as he reached out and began teasing Jen's nipple through the bedsheet. She moaned and smiled at him and I could clearly see the writing on the wall. I had to leave. I had to file for divorce and leave her cheating ass. I had to quit my job and get away from these two at once.

Leave? Quit? Divorce? Never. I desperately love my wife. So much that it's almost akin to worship. I've always known I was boxing outside of my weight class and now the truth was slapping me in the face. (that's how boxing works right?)

I couldn't leave. I would do anything to make this magnificent woman happy and if that meant turning her over to this cruel man and his black python then so be it. I'll be whatever I need to be to make her happy.

I left the bedroom to make breakfast after asking them if they'd like orange juice and if Mr Grover would like the paper as well.

## Part Nine

That was a week ago and things have changed quite a bit in such a short time. Mr Grover fired me so that I could stay home and take care of the domestic duties around the house. He and Jen have become quite comfortable with their new living arrangements while I suffer the indignity of living in the guest room. While he works half days three or four days a week in the office, Jen luxuriates at home under my constant attention.



Yes, my bully boss has moved into our house temporarily till he finds a proper house with a maid's quarters for me to stay in. That sounds horrific to me but I smile and tell him I'm pleased with his decision. Jen likes it when I smile and do what I'm told.

So I spend my days cooking, cleaning, and taking care of my wife and her lover. I see to their every need in and out of 'their' bedroom. More on that later.

Tonight is our anniversary party and I've never been more upset in my life. It's my wardrobe you see. Mr Grover made me throw out all of my 'boy clothes' except for a few things I might need if I go out shopping. He bought Jen a whole new wardrobe and gave me her old clothes. Well just her underwear, skirts, dresses, and dress shoes. No pants or tops that look masculine in any way.

But tonight I'll be wearing a French Maid's Outfit. Yes you heard that right. Just picture one of those silly, offensive, Halloween costumes and you've got the picture. Jen picked it out and laughs at me every time she mentions me wearing it. I'm wearing it now. It's hideous. And my parents will be here. And my sister. Oh god.

I spent an hour helping Jen get ready, after she put on her dress. I'm absolutely not allowed to see her naked body. Just the glimpses I get when I'm 'helping' in the bedroom. Yes, I'll get to that.

I helped her with her makeup, her hair and her shoes. I had to polish both hers and Mr Grover's shoes for the party. I also worked with the caterers so I would know how to describe the food and drinks. You see, I'll be the only server tonight. In this hideous outfit. Oh god!

Promptly at eight I hear the doorbell and know the first guests are here. That'll be my family, always right on time. I'm shaking with fear and humiliation as I make my way to the front door. Jen yells, "Tell them Ben and I will be right down to explain everything. Until then just serve drinks and keep your mouth shut!"

"Yes dear" I call back to her with a shaky voice and a pronounced stutter.

When I open the door I'm greeted by three different reactions from each member of my family. My mother looks amused and actually grins at me in a very evil way. My father looks embarrassed and turns his head to look down at his shoes. My sister? Well she reacts the strongest with, "Ha! I always knew you were a fag!"

My sister is two years younger than me and has always given me a hard time. She's a star athlete and successful in everything she does. She's picked on me relentlessly and even physically

dominated me all throughout our childhood. I can't tell you how humiliating it is to have your little sister put you in a headlock and force you to smell her farts. Or to kick you in the balls then shove her sweaty feet in your face as you lie on the floor squirming in pain. She once put me inside her clothes hamper with all of her sweaty, filthy soccer uniforms and socks then pushed it down the basement stairs. It landed weird and wedged between the steps and the wall and I was stuck in there for 3 hours while she watched tv and ignored my crying. Having her see me like this was torture.

“Jesus Peter Pansy, what the hell are you dressed up for?” My sister asked when she could finally control her laughter. I was leading the three of them into the living room and trying to keep the smile on my face as I answered, “Jen will be happy to explain everything when she and Mr Grover come down. For now can I get everyone started with some drinks? Mom, a gin and tonic? Dad, your usual vodka with cranberry juice? And Lisa? Can I please get you a beer?”

My mother said, “That'll be fine, I think I'll need a drink to hear what our darling Jen has to tell us.”

My father simply nodded, still unable to look at me. And Lisa said, “Yeah bitch grab me a beer and a shot of bourbon. And put a little wiggle in that ass while you do it, you little swish.”

I burned with humiliation as I curtsied before leaving the room. Jen had been very clear about my behavior and the curtsy was very important each time I left the room. I could hear my sister laughing and telling my mother how ridiculous I looked as I walked into the kitchen. I always felt inferior to Lisa and now more than ever those old feelings came crashing back in. Lisa was what anyone would call gorgeous. Her body was cut from steel due to years of rigorous training and playing soccer at the pro level. Unlike most female athletes who lose their breast from working out and training constantly, Lisa had an hourglass figure that always had her surrounded by handsome men. My sister was everything I was not. Confident, strong, extremely intelligent, and beautiful.

As I return with the drinks Jen and Mr Grover enter the room and greet my family. They both fawn over my mother and sister while practically ignoring my father. Jen and my mom and sister have always been very close. They go shopping together, go out clubbing, and have taken several girls only vacations so it's normal to see them get on so well. I feel bad for my father who stands there looking awkward and out of place as introductions are made.

Jen says, "Mary, Lisa, I'd love for you to meet Ben Grover, my new 'friend' and Petey's old boss. He's been staying with us and keeping me company while Petey gets used to his new role."

My mother says, “What new role is that? I shudder to ask considering the strange getup he’s wearing. Is it some kind of sex thing?” She laughs and sort of sneers at me while she says it. It’s no secret in our family that mom likes Lisa better and is disappointed in me as a man and as her son. She always says it’s a house full of women since my dad and I are not real men in any way.

Poor dad is being ignored but I don’t dare come to his rescue as my position is infinitely more precarious than his at the moment.

Jen says, “Well Mary it’s a bit more complicated than that. See Petey here has proven himself to be, shall we say, inadequate in just about every way so we’ve restructured the dynamic of our relationship considerably of late.”

When mom gave her a confused look, Lisa stepped in with, “They’re in a cuckold relationship mom! It’s a thing weak white boys are into since they know they can’t compete physically or mentally with their black superiors, they willingly sit back and watch their wives develop relationships with black men. Peter Pansy is a cuckold sissy and Ben here is Jen’s bull. Good for you Jen! It’s about time you realized what a waste my brother is.”

“Oh my! Is that true Jen? Is my Petey really that useless to you? I’m assuming the biggest let down is in the bedroom, right?”

My mother says making me blush a violent shade of red as the women and Mr Grover all laugh.

Mr Grover takes mom by the arm and leads her to the couch saying, "Let's just say Jennifer has no complaints in that department any longer Mary. May I call you Mary?"

"Oh well of course you can Ben. I'm so glad to hear you're taking proper care of dear Jen, I love her so much, and I'm thrilled to finally see her fulfilled and satisfied. We've had many girl's nights out when she's told me what a dud Petey is in the sack after all."

Jen said, "Awe, thank you Mary," as the four of them all took seats leaving me and dad standing in the center of the room looking uncomfortable. I was still trying to process the thought of my wife and mother discussing my sexual inadequacies when my thoughts were interrupted by Mr Grover.

"Mary, you seem quite comfortable seeing Nubbin here in his role as a servant tonight. I have to say it's nice to see a woman like yourself be so understanding."

"Well Ben I'll take that as a compliment though I hope you're not referring to my age with that statement. But I'm more interested in why you called our little Petey, Nubbin?" My mom said making me shiver in anticipated shame.

“Oh not at all Mary, I think you’re a very beautiful woman. I simply meant as Nubbin’s mother and a married woman yourself, you might object to this sort of polyamorous arrangement. But you seem like a well put together, modern woman. I admire that. As for his nickname, well Nubbin here earned that based on his, shall we say, unique physical attribute?” My boss explained.

Lisa said, “Yeah his tiny pecker! Oh we’ve all had a laugh at that misfortune. Mom says she doubted it’s grown at all since the day he was born. Haha!”

“Well our little Petey certainly does take after his father in that way.” My mother said making dad lower his head in shame while I felt like crawling away to die somewhere. I had no idea this sort of thing was talked about in my family and certainly never knew my mother thought of my dad that way. What the hell was happening here?

Jen took my mother’s hand and said, “I was certain you didn’t like me when I first married Nubbin, Mary. I mean that talk you gave me at the church about how I might be disappointed on my wedding night still stands out in my mind. You were right of course, and I’m so happy to have found satisfaction in a real man like Ben. It’s truly the best of both worlds, I highly recommend every white woman marries a white sissy but beds a black bull.”

I nearly choked on my own tongue when my mother responded, “Well that’s definitely something to consider dear. I think perhaps the dynamic of my own marriage may need a reshuffling of sorts.”

Dad didn’t say a word! He just lowered his head and sipped his drink with a dark look of shame in his eyes. My whole world was spinning out of control. This whole night was becoming a surreal nightmare as I stood in front of my wife, parents, sister, and this brute of a black man while wearing nothing but a whorish maid’s costume. I felt myself shiver and wished I could disappear. No one thought my attire was strange at all! In fact they all acted like it was the most natural thing in the world to see me humiliated in such a way.

“Wait!” I said in a panic. “What is happening here? Mom what are you saying? Dad, aren’t you going to say anything? Have you all gone insane?”

Jen and Mr Grover simply smiled at my outburst as they were confident in the situation. They both sat back and watched the proceedings in amusement as my mother said, “Now Petey, or should I say Nubbin? We’re all here for you and accept your new place in your marriage. It’s not a surprise to any of us after all. In fact your sister and I were convinced you were gay. Actually I’m confident the jury is still out on that one. I mean look at you dear, you’re dressed like a French whore in your own home, serving drinks for a man who’s obviously been having relations with your



wife and you're doing nothing to stop it. Jen is such a darling and you were blessed when she decided to have anything at all to do with you. So I think you need to simmer down and accept your place in all of this."

"But mom! I'm not...I mean...No!... I thought you would see this and freak out! I was counting on you and dad to support me!"

"I think your parents are supporting you Nubbin. Now be a good little sissy and refill everyone's drinks while Ben and I have a conversation with your mother and Lisa. Maybe your daddy can help you in the kitchen. After all he seems like he'd be more comfortable in that roll anyway." Jen said with a smirk.

I started to protest with, "No! This is going too far! Humiliating me is one thing but not my dad! Jen we have to talk in private right now!"

Mr Grover was out of his seat in a second and was pinching my ear between his fingers before I had a thought of ducking him. It hurt so much I doubled over and was bent at the waist begging him to release me.

"Apologize right now bitch!" The big man said in a threatening tone. My mother was smiling up at him and Lisa looked like a predator waiting for the kill. My poor dad looked embarrassed and afraid and even moved away slightly so as not to interfere.

I was crying in pain, sorrow, and humiliation as I said, “I’m sorry Jen! I’m very sorry I raised my voice. I’m sorry to everyone for my outburst.”

Mr Grover said, “Ma’am. I think it’s time you start calling my dear Jennifer Ma’am. Don’t you think that’s more appropriate sissy?”

The women all giggled and looked at the black man with sheer admiration in their eyes. Jen was smiling at him in a lustful way that made me ashamed of myself for being such a wimp. I sniffed back tears and said, “Yes Sir, you’re right. I’m sorry Ma’am for my outburst. I’d be thrilled to serve drinks for you. Please accept my apology Ma’am.”

Jen pretended to think about it for a minute as I struggled in Mr. Grover’s grasp then she said in a voice you would use with an unruly toddler, “Well, ok. But there will have to be a punishment later. I’m sure Ben will be happy to administer another spanking to you for your misbehavior.”

Lisa nearly choked on her drink when she heard that. She said, “Spanking! Another spanking? Oh my god this is too good. Jen you are amazing! I love how you’re training my sissy brother.”

Just then the doorbell rang and Mr Grover let me go saying, “Well it looks like our tinkerbelle has been saved by the bell.” To a round of female laughter.

Jen said, “Hurry along Nubbin and answer the door, then scurry out to prepare more drinks. You have a lot of work to do tonight.”

I took a minute to clear the tears from my eyes and survey the room noticing how comfortable the women in my life were with my servitude before curtsying in the most feminine way I could manage which caused more laughter at my expense.

## Part Ten

Before long the house was filled with people, some that I knew of course but quite a few I did not. Every one of them had laughed or looked uncomfortable when I showed them into the house but by now everyone was comfortable with my outrageous look and subservient behavior. As the party goes laughed and mingled I minced through the crowd serving drinks, cleaning ashtrays, refilling snacks, and cleaning up empties. Jen and Mr Grover made a point of ordering me around or snapping their fingers at me all night running me ragged and humiliating me as much as possible. They constantly had me stand by them as they modeled me for their friends, making me twirl, bow, and curtsy like a trained puppy much to everyone’s amusement.

People knew this party was for my and Jen's anniversary but quickly came to grips with the fact that she was with Mr Grover now. They all seemed relieved or happy for her saying things like, "I'm so happy you finally found a real man." or "I never knew what you saw in that little wimp." and "Ben you certainly know how to pick them. You've got a wonderful woman here and one hell of a servant." Even my mother got into the act by telling everyone who would listen how she always knew I was a sissy at heart. She said she was surprised I hadn't started crossdressing sooner.

Mr Grover and my wife were standing with my mother and father, two large black men, and my sister when Jen snapped her fingers to get my attention. "Yes Ma'am?" I said as I approached the group.

"Ah Nubbin there you are. Be a dear and fetch the champagne so Ben can make a toast. And take your daddy with you, he can help pass out the glasses." With that she turned her back on me and I saw my father's face fall as he turned and followed me into the kitchen. My mother didn't even notice him leave.

We poured champagne into enough flutes for all the guests as I tried several times to talk to my dad but he just kept deflecting with things like, "Well, your mother has very strong opinions" or "Oh you know your mother" and "Peter, it's just best not to rock the boat."

After we handed out the glasses Mr Grover got everyone's attention and began his toast.

“Hello everyone and thank you all for coming tonight. I know this is not exactly the event you all expected but I see no one is really surprised in the least.” Everyone laughed and cheered as they looked at me in amusement.

“Now I know everyone wants to wish Jennifer congratulations on her anniversary, after all it couldn't have been easy to get this far in such an unsatisfactory arrangement.” More laughter. “For those of you who don't know, my dear Jennifer is married to our waitress for the evening, Nubbin! Give us a curtsy Nubbin!” I obeyed to the sound of cheers, jeers, and applause, mixed with a fair amount of laughter, my face burning a crimson red.

“Our little Nubbin just couldn't satisfy a woman as special as Jennifer so I took it upon myself to rescue this beautiful creature from a fate worse than death, bad sex!” My own mother yelled out, ‘Here, Here!’

“I just wanted to take a moment to recognize our lovely hostess for her bravery, perseverance, and the charity she's shown Nubbin over the years. She certainly is a special person who deserves our love and praise. To Jennifer! Happy Anniversary!”

“To Jennifer!” The crowd cried out. My wife blushed and thanked everyone completely ignoring me in the process as I continued to scurry around serving drinks.

I eventually made my way back to the group including my mother, sister, and the two strange black men as one of the men was addressing my father to the amusement of my wife and Mr Grover.

“Look little man, you’re creeping me out here. Why are you lurking like that? I’m trying to have a conversation with this beautiful lady and you keep popping up beside her.” The tall, dark man said to my dad.

My mother put her hand on his arm and said, “Oh Tyrell, that’s my husband, don’t mind him. He’s harmless.” Everyone laughed at dad’s expense, even Lisa.

The man, Tyrell said, “Yeah well I don’t like him interfering like this. Maybe he can go wait somewhere else?”

I was completely shocked by my mother’s response but helpless to step in. “You’re right of course Tyrell. I think you should go home now dear. Lisa and I will get a ride from Tyrell and James when we’re ready to leave. If that’s alright with you gentlemen?”

The other man, James, had his arm around my sister and he said, "Oh you bet it is darling. We'll be happy to give a ride to you lovely ladies."

Mother stared at dad with a look I was all too familiar with until the poor guy just wilted. He had tears in his eyes and he looked more distraught than I'd ever seen him. It broke my heart when he sniffed back his shame and said, "Yes dear. Of course. I'll see you when you get home."

As he turned to leave without even saying goodbye to me, mother said with a smile, "Don't wait up!" Everyone got a good laugh at his downfallen stature as he crept from the house.

This all seemed too easy as if it wasn't the first time and I began to wonder about the relationship between my mother and father. I could see by Lisa's reaction she was thinking the same thing but the idea seemed to amuse her or arouse her in some way.

I simply didn't have time to think about it too much as I was still very busy serving drinks and cleaning up. The party was going along quite well for Jen and Mr. Grover and they both seemed happy with the attention and praise they both received for their burgeoning relationship. The people at the party who knew me thought it was hilarious to congratulate my wife on her new

boyfriend right in front of me enjoying my pained reactions in the most sadistic ways. But it was the people who didn't know me that scared me the most. Several large, muscular black men circled the room like sharks eyeing me up like I was a wounded tuna. On more than one occasion I was 'accidentally' bumped into and as the night dragged on and more alcohol was consumed these men became emboldened to up their games of torment.

I was in the kitchen opening a new bottle of wine when suddenly someone grabbed my ass in both hands and began to massage my buttocks roughly. I tried to turn around but they had me pinned against the center island and I was forced to bend over slightly to keep my balance. I felt rough whiskers brush against the side of my neck and a breath stinking of beer tickled my ear. Then a deep voice said, "Hello there little one. You got one hell of an ass on you. Ben was right when he said I'd like his new lady's sissy. I've always thought a sissy could suck dick better than a real woman since they try so much harder to please a man. What do you say we test that theory snowflake?"

I was petrified with fear and let out a frightened squeak when I felt the bulge between the man's legs push up between my asscheeks. My thin satin panties were no protection at all from this invading monster and I redoubled my efforts to escape saying, "Please sir, I need to serve this wine. Mr Grover will be angry if I don't get back out there."



I don't know why I didn't defend myself better. I never bothered to deny being interested in sucking his dick I just complained about my fear of my wife's lover. It's scary how easily these sissy tendencies come to me.

The man laughed at me and said, "That's ok baby, we got all night." Then he slid his hand down into my panties and ran his thick finger into my butt crack till his fingertip touched the delicate ring of my asshole. I jumped and made another girly squeak that made the man laugh again as he pushed the tip of his finger past my sphincter and into my virgin ass. I'd never even had a prostate exam so this was new and frightening territory for me and fresh tears filled my eyes as I was violated with such savage ease. The big brute swirled his finger around and I felt a sensation that was as exciting as it was unnerving. My penis actually stiffened from the pain and pleasure of the invading digit and I let out a gasp that the black man mistook for arousal.

As I squirmed there on his finger he whispered in my ear, "Just the tip. For now. Later we'll see what kind of fun we can get into together snowflake."

With that he removed his fingertip from my ass, quickly inserted it into my mouth, wiped it across my tongue a few times, then dried the offending digit on my dress and left the kitchen laughing. I felt as though I was losing my mind. I took a few minutes to gather myself up then took the wine out to the party and began serving with a forced smile on my face.

To my horror I saw the man from the kitchen talking to Mr Grover, Jen and two other black men. They were all looking in my direction and laughing. Jen was enjoying the story more than anyone which made me feel sad and lonely.

I poured wine till the bottle was empty and as I tried to make my way back to the kitchen Mr Grover stopped me by saying, “Nubbin! Come over here!”

I made my way to the group across the room and said, “Yes sir? Can I get you something?”

“No sissy not me. I need you to take my friends here on a tour of the house. You can start upstairs in your bedroom. The guys are all curious about your living arrangements.”

Jen laughed out loud then bit her lower lip and tried to stifle a smile as she studied the look of abject terror on my face.

I said, “But sir, um...I still have so much to do...I mean who will serve the drinks?”

Jen said, “Don’t you worry your silly, empty head Nubbin, we’ll take care of the guests down here while you take care of these gentlemen upstairs.”

Mom and Lisa were sitting nearby with their 'dates' and both were smiling at me evilly as I tried to escape this new hell.

"Please Ma'am, don't do this. Don't let this happen. I'm beggin you. If you have any feelings for me at all, don't do this." I begged my wife.

Jen leaned in and said to me, "Oh sweetie I do have feelings for you. I love you. You're my husband. I'm just trying to give you everything I believe you truly desire. Ben has opened my eyes to the truth about sissy white boys and superior black men and I just want you to be as happy as I am. Now be a good little hubby and take the nice men up to your room."

I frantically looked around the room for salvation but none was to be found. I was alone in a sea of taunting faces all of which were enjoying my dismay. In a second of desperation I tried to make my way out of the room but the three large black men had me boxed in and made it clear I was going nowhere. They moved as one toward the stairs with me trapped in the center struggling to escape an unwanted fate.

Jen yelled out, "Have fun Nubbin! Let us know how it all works out." Which made everyone laugh including my mother. I was sobbing by the time we reached the top of the stairs and the

music in the living room drowned out any further words of encouragement but not the laughter of the cruel partygoers.

The men pushed me into the room that was obviously mine based on the decor and all had a good laugh at my expense. The room had been redone to Mr Grover's specifications according to his idea of how a sissy should live.

The single bed was covered in a lacy, ruffled, pink comforter with a picture of a princess castle covered in rainbows and stars. The walls were painted a matching pink and a huge pink rug covered the floor. There were pictures of male pop stars all over the walls and a dressing table with a lighted mirror stood against the far wall. It looked like the room of a 10 year old girl and I blushed every time I entered.

One of the men closed the door while the other two maneuvered me onto the bed in a sitting position. The three men stood in a half circle directly in front of me and the leader of the group, he of the ass poking finger, spoke up.

“Now listen fag boy, we know all about you from Ben and Jennifer so don't give us any grief. Everyone in that room downstairs knows you're a faggot ass sissy who likes watching his wife get fucked by black dick. We all know about you cuckold sickos so if you're nice to us, we'll be nice to you.”

“But, I’m not... I mean I don’t know what you expect of me, but I’m not...Please...can’t we just go back downstairs?” I stuttered out.

One of the other men laughed and said, “Awe, it’s shy. Ain’t these white sissy bitches cute when they get shy?”

All three men laughed and I looked up at them to see if any mercy could be found. Of course the answer was no. I felt so small surrounded by these towering, black, alpha men and I began to feel a strange tingle in my stomach. It was exciting. I was actually feeling a thrill at being intimidated by these men and I felt goosebumps break out on my arms in anticipation of what came next.

My mouth became dry and my hands started to sweat as the giants looked down at me grinning evil grins. One by one they began opening their pants by unbuckling belts and pulling down zippers. I was shaking my head and softly whispering, “No, no, no.” Over and over again.

Before I knew it all three men had stepped out of their pants and now stood in front of me with their meaty cocks swinging in my face. I was awash in the fragrant scent of ball sweat and manly testosterone laden pheromones making my head swim from the heavy odor. It smelled like the locker room I hated so much in high school and I was suddenly weak with the nostalgia of a

frightened boy hiding his weak frame from the more muscular young men in his class.

My traitorous penis stiffened in response to the heady brew of man sweat emanating from six swinging balls and I tried again to move away only to have one of the men grip my head in his huge hand and say, “Uh uh little sissy. This is happening so you better get right with it. Now give my dick a nice soft sissy kiss on the head to show me you’re gonna be nice.”

I gulped hard trying to summon the smallest amount of moisture into my dry mouth and found I couldn’t even speak at this point. Fresh tears filled my eyes making me blink and I felt like a fool for ever finding myself in this position. Just a stone’s throw away my wife, sister, and mother were drinking and laughing at my anniversary party happy in the knowledge that I was being assaulted by these muscular thugs. My life was taking a dark turn tonight and I knew there was no other choice than to obey. As usual.

I shuddered in revulsion as I pursed my lips and leaned in to obey the man’s command. I closed my eyes at the last second and felt my lips touch the soft skin of his cock head. I was instantly assaulted with a variety of sensations. The first was astonishment at how silky soft this man’s penis skin felt against the tender flesh of my lips. The second was the powerful scent of his own personal sweat that I could now differentiate from the others. Lastly I felt and tasted a slimy liquid slip between my lips and realized I was

tasting his precum. It was salty with an earthy quality that was familiar to me since I'd become an expert at cleaning up after my wife and her lover.

I'd never before tasted anything quite like this though since it was fresh from the source and not enhanced by my wife's secretions. This was a manly flavor and suddenly my dry mouth was filling up with saliva as my senses went into overload.

I was ordered to apply the same kiss to the other two men and I quickly complied finding I could tell the difference between all three based on taste and smell.

"Now little sissy, show me what you got. Open wide for Daddy." The first man said.

By now there was no resistance left in me so I opened my mouth wide and slipped my lips over the huge head of his dark black cock. I used my lips to cover my teeth as I knew from porn was proper etiquette and began to suckle on another man's cock for the first time in my life. I was in a special hell as I felt the cock begin to swell under my oral ministrations and tasted more of his salty, slimy precum pour from his piss slit to coat my tongue. In trying to wipe the slime from my tongue I started to lick around his plum sized head making him moan in pleasure.

I heard him say, “Damn boys this sissy is a fucking natural. Bitch can suck a dick!”

The other men laughed and one of them said, “Can’t wait for my turn bro!”

I must be a special kind of stupid since I actually thought this would be the only cock I had to suck tonight. Maybe I really am an airheaded sissy.

I continued to suck and lick the man’s cock as he began to slowly push it in and out of my mouth as if he were fucking it. I felt the massive head touch the back of my throat and gagged suddenly only to have the man push harder forcing me to swallow in an effort to keep my stomach from emptying.

As I swallowed the man’s cock slid into my throat eliciting a loud groan from him and his exclamation of, “Oh shit the bitch can throat!”

He then grabbed my head in both hands and began a fierce face fucking that made me afraid for my next breath. He began pummeling my face with his thrusts and I could feel his huge balls slapping against my chin as the head of his cock forced my throat to bulge out.



I heard myself making a sound I'd heard many times in interracial porn sounding like, "Gawp, Gawp, Gawp" with each forced entry of the cock head into my throat.

I fought for each successive breath and quickly learned to take in air through my nose when it wasn't buried in thick, curly pubic hair.

The big man moaned and groaned as he pummeled my face making me think I'd have black eyes when he finally finished.

After an interminable amount of time I finally felt his balls tighten up and his cock stiffen before he roared out, "Cumming!" And I felt the first shot of thick cum hit the roof of my mouth as he pulled his cock back far enough so just the head parted my lips.

Pulse after pulse of hot ejaculate filled my mouth and coated my tongue but before I could worry about swallowing the man pushed his cock back in and shoved the mouthful of cum down my throat choking me again.

After he finished using me as a cumdump he pulled out his cock and stepped aside breathing heavily. I was coughing and choking while trying to keep the cum from shooting out of my mouth for fear of earning a beating.

I saw the man pick up my pillow and wipe his cock clean with it before he high fived the other two men and said, “Next?”

I didn't have a chance to gather my thoughts before the next man grabbed my face and forced his cock into my watering mouth. The previous load of cum lubricated my tongue making it slide around on the new cock head and causing the man to moan out, “Shit you was right bro, this bitch is made for it!”

The next two hours found me repeating this whorish act five more times as each man took seconds with my sore and stretched out mouth. By the time I finally made my way back downstairs I was exhausted, beaten down, and used like a Thai hooker. I'd never felt so humiliated and abused in my life and I just wanted to die right there on the spot. But of course there was a party to get back to.

## Part Eleven

As I descended the stairs the party guests turned as one and began to cheer and applaud as if I'd just won an award. I was a mess. My dress was disheveled, my hair sticky with sweat and cum, my face was red and smeared with the same fluids, and my lips were swollen as if I'd had an injection to gain those cocksucker lips celebrities love so much.

My wife and her lover were laughing and clapping as they came over to me and each took an arm guiding me to the center of the room.

Mr Grover said, “Ladies and Gentlemen let’s hear it for our hard working sissy slut, Nubbin! Nubbin has been entertaining his new friends upstairs for a few hours and looks like he’s had a blast doing it.”

Jen said, “Now my anniversary is complete! My hubby has popped his blowjob cherry and if finally the sissy we all know him to be. I’m so happy for you Nubbin darling. You can take the rest of the party off and go get ready for bed now. Ben and I will watch the nanny cam footage with you to see if you need any pointers tomorrow won’t that be fun hubby?”

Nanny cam? Oh my god! There’s a camera? No! No! No!

I burst into tears immediately and fell to my knees in despair. The party guests all laughed again as Jen said, “Awe honey I know you like spending time on your knees but you really should get some rest now. Go take a shower and crawl into bed. Maybe Ben and I will need your special services later tonight but for now, say goodnight to my guests and get your little ass to bed.”

I slowly crawled to my feet and wiped my face with my hands not able to tell the difference between tears, snot, or cum which made me cry harder. As I made my way to the stairs I saw my

mother and sister making out with the black men they'd been talking to earlier but both of them were staring at me with wide, amused eyes.

I took a long shower and sat on the floor of the tub crying for a long time before being able to dress myself in a flowing pink nightie and a fresh pair of panties. I finally calmed down as I crawled into bed and listened as the guests finally left in small groups. I could hear my mother telling Jen what a wonderful time she and Lisa had and that they would certainly be having more fun with their new friends when they got home. Poor dad.

Finally I heard Mr Grover and Jen climb the stairs and as Jen entered my bedroom and came to sit on the side of the bed I saw the large black man's outline in the doorway.

Jen said, "I'm so proud of you sweetie! You're coming along nicely. Ben was so right about you, you really are a typical white boy. We're going to have quite a life together. Now you be a good boy and lay here quietly while we go have some grown up fun ok? We will need your talented tongue to clean up Ben's cock after he plows me for a few hours. Sorry but you won't be cleaning me tonight dear. Oh I'm so excited to tell you our news! Ben and I are going to try to have a baby! Isn't that wonderful? I know you're happy for us. So you'll be using that sweet tongue on your master but not on your mistress for a while. But don't worry we'll find lots of nice, hard, black cocks for you and soon you can go from being an oral sissy to being a full service sissy whore! I know that's a lot

to lay on you for one night especially on our anniversary so I'll let you go for now so you can process it all. You're such a good husband Nubbin. Ben will be in for his cleaning later. Goodnight!"

THE END?