

# ***Super Sissy Bowl!***

**By Brian Masters**

**Illustrated by Boccaccio**

**(Concept by Devin Dickie)**

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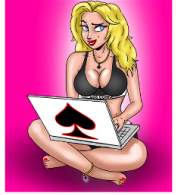


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**\*\*\*DEVIN DICKIE NOTE\*\*\***

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## **Chapter 1**

Phillip Peters was taking the garbage out to the curb when he noticed a moving truck pulling into the house across the street. It was strange because this was the third house on his street to be sold in the last four months. Phillip knew the houses would eventually sell as this was a new development that had been under construction for several months. The houses sat on a secluded cul-da-sac on the outskirts of the development which suited Phillip just fine as he preferred a close knit neighborhood. He was thrilled at the fact that all six houses in this circular section had been sold now and he could start getting to know his new neighbors.

Of course Phillip knew the people living on either side of him as they'd all moved in at about the same time six months ago. The layout of the houses was quaint as they were laid out in a circle with one street coming in from the main development and creating a closed loop that made these six new houses into quite a cozy little neighborhood. To the left of Phillip's house was the home owned by Martin and Pam, a young couple close in age to Phillip and his wife Susan. To the right lived Doug and Sally who were also a couple of suburban hipsters similar in age to the other two couples. All six were successful, white, thirty somethings who revelled in

the fact that they had created a nice peaceful community the likes of which they'd grown up watching on family sitcoms.

If you were a newcomer to the neighborhood you would be amazed at the similarity shared by the three couples. The men all looked similar in age, build, and features. Phillip, like Doug and Martin was a slightly built man standing around five foot three and weighing in at a meager one hundred thirty pounds. He was slender and almost petite in the way he carried himself. He was unable to grow facial hair and from a distance could almost be mistaken for a teenage girl. When the three men stood together you would almost swear you were looking at sisters.

In contrast were the wives of the three white men. Susan was a fiery red headed woman who towered over her husband at five foot eight. Her hourglass figure seemed to be cut from glass with the care of a true artisan. Her breasts stood out straight from her chest and measured a whopping 44DD. Her teardrop shaped ass though prominent was beautifully proportioned to her breasts giving her the figure of a goddess. Her long legs were tanned to perfection just like the rest of her body and no one could ever quite believe she and Phillip were married.

Pam was an inch or so shorter than Susan and had a long mane of curly black hair while Sally stood an equal height to Pam and sported long, blond hair with perfectly shaped bangs. The two women could have been clones of Susan in that their bodies were shaped almost exactly like hers, the only differences being Pam's tits were rounder, fatter, and had large areolas while Sally's pointed out like a brassiere advertisement from the fifties and were capped with long pointy nipples. Seeing these three women together made you believe you'd walked into an after party for the adult video awards.

None of this was on Phillip's mind as he watched a car pull in behind the moving truck and a very large, muscular, black man stepped out and began giving directions to the movers. Phillip was immediately taken aback by the man's appearance as it was giving him a strong sense of déjà vu. The other two houses completing the little circle of Phillip's neighborhood had also been occupied by single, black men of equal size and girth. Phillip was stunned by the coincidence but was particularly surprised when the aforementioned two new neighbors strode from their houses and went to greet the new arrival.

Phillip tried to look inconspicuous as he watched the three men greet each other with warm smiles and friendly handshakes. The small, white man heard them all use each other's names and realized in a hurry that these three men knew each other. How strange, Phillip thought as he quietly moved back to the safety of his own home. He moved into the entryway and closed the front door but kept his eyes on the goings on across the circle.

While he watched, the movers began to unload a variety of exercise equipment that looked like it belonged in a professional football training center. Phillip was in awe of the three men as he watched them direct the movers with a practiced ease. Each man was a study in physical fitness making poor Phillip feel inadequate instantly. From their superior height to their bulging muscles and exquisitely shaped six packs, these men looked like they'd be right at home playing professional football. Just as Phillip was about to turn and retreat into his living room, Susan came up



behind him and asked what he was looking at. For some reason Phillip was embarrassed and stumbled over his explanation like a child being caught in a lie.



“Nothing” he said trying to block Susan’s view. “Just watching the new neighbor move in that’s all”.

“Oh, let me see,” his wife said excitedly. “Damn, there are 3 aces for you”.

Phillip said, “Excuse me dear”?

To which his amused wife said, “Well come on Phil, I mean look at those guys. It’s like they were all cut from the same mold. Awe, you’re not jealous of the big, mean, black men are you, dear?”

“Of course not,” Phillip said, “you just don’t need to drool over them. I mean they aren’t that good looking”.

Susan just smiled and said, “Uh huh” as she walked back toward the kitchen. Phillip watched for a few more minutes then found something else to occupy his time so he wouldn’t have to think about the interlopers.

## **Chapter 2**

The next day being Saturday saw Phillip up early and dressed in his running gear. He wore a pair of silky, light blue, shorts and a matching tshirt both from his college days. The effeminate color of his outfit was made even more disturbing by the name of the college mascot printed on the front of his shirt as well as the seat of his shorts. The unfortunate name ‘Peacocks’ was prominently displayed on the white boy’s clothing making him look like a little sissy as he began his run.

Phillip had not made it out of the circular cul de sac when he heard heavy footsteps catching up from behind him. He was startled to see the newest neighbor running beside him but was even more put off when the other two black men who’d recently moved in joined them on the run.



The first man said, “What’s up little man” as he patted Phillip on the back. The force of the man’s huge hand almost knocked Phillip over but he was quick to catch himself and say in a quiet voice, “Hello there”.

The large black man said, “I’m Thomas and these are my friends Alex and Carver. We’re new to the neighborhood obviously so we thought we’d come out and introduce ourselves when we saw you getting limbered up for your run”.

Phillip said, “Pleased to meet you, my name is Phil. Just curious but how do you all know each other? It seems odd that you’d all move into houses so close to each other if you were friends to begin with.”

Alex spoke up and said, “We’ve been friends since college, Go Bulldogs!, and we were all just hired to coach at our old school. I’ll be coaching basketball, Carver will coach baseball, and Big T will coach the fighting Bulldog football team.”

Thomas said, “Yeah, so we were happy to see three houses on the market in a new development. It’s great that we can live so close together. I see by your, um, outfit that you went to State? Ha, you were a Peacock huh? What did you play?”

“Oh yes” Phillip said, “I went to State alright, um go Cocks, I guess. But I didn’t play any organized sports. I was in the marching band.”

Phillip didn’t notice the smirks and hidden laughter from his three new neighbors but the black men exchanged menacing glances that foreshadowed trouble for the little white boy.

After running barely half a mile Phillip found himself getting winded and breathing heavily. He tried to excuse himself from the group but the black men all stopped with him. They stood around him, surrounding him in a mass of black flesh. Phillip found himself becoming frightened as memories of being bullied by black guys at school flooded his mind. Phillip tried to move away but found his way blocked in every direction.

“You finished already white boy?” Carter asked. “Shit, we haven’t even started.”

“Um yeah guys, sorry I’m not in very good shape I guess” The white boy said.  
“Maybe I should just head home.”

“Oh hell no! The least we can do for our new neighbor is help you get in shape. After all that’s what we do for a living.” Thomas said with a smile.

“Right” said Alex. “You just stick with us and we’ll completely transform you.” For some reason this comment brought a round of laughter from the assembled black men but Phillip was too focused on their offer to notice.

“Um sure I guess that would be ok” The white boy said. “I could use a good workout”.

The black men kept Phillip surrounded as they all took off running again. And boy did they run. By the time they made a full circuit of the entire development, Phillip was a broken mess. He was stumbling and panting as if he’d soon pass out. His

three 'trainers' on the other hand had barely broken a sweat, just a fine sheen glowing on their dark skin.

Phillip didn't even argue as the men led him into Thomas' house after the torturous run. The men took Phil into the finished basement and showed him the amazing exercise room it had been turned into. It looked like a professional gym to Phillip.

Before he even got a chance to catch his breath, Phillip was laid out on a weight bench and told by the black men it was imperative that he didn't cool down. So they loaded a couple of the smallest weights onto the bar and had Phillip begin lifting. As the white boy lifted the bar and brought it down to his chest, Alex stepped forward and said, "I'll spot you" as he straddled Phil's head with his muscular legs.

Phillip had never lifted weights before but he was fairly certain the spotter didn't stand with the lifter's head between his legs. The poor white boy was too exhausted to utter a word though, so he just did as he was told and tried to press out several reps. As Phil worked he was forced to draw in deep breaths through his nose and his proximity to Alex's crotch meant he was smelling nothing but the man's sweaty balls. The heady odor was making Phillip lightheaded and he was embarrassed to think, a little turned on. It had to be the adrenaline the white boy thought. There's no way the smell of another man's sweaty balls is making me excited. No way at all!

After several painful reps with the weights Phillip was helped off the bench and laid out on the floor for sit ups. Carver said he would help Phillip by holding his feet down but instead of sitting in front of the white boy he got on his hands and knees facing away from Phillip's head and when the white boy did his first sit up he found his face just an inch away from the black man's ass. Once again Phillip was too tired

to speak so he did his best to continue the workout with each sit up bringing his face uncomfortably close to another man's ass. Phil knew he should put a stop to this but for some reason he was unable to do anything other than obey the orders from these three black gods.

After the sit ups Phillip was made to jump rope, do crunches, and finally a too long session of planking. At the end, Phil was a soaking mess and could barely stand. As Thomas escorted him to the door, the black man said, "Now we'll continue this every day

Phil, my man. Let's see, today is January 5th so by the time the big game rolls around you'll be a brand new person. We'll make sure of that."

All three black men laughed at this inside joke and just as Phillip was being pushed out the door Alex said, "Why don't you bring your friends with you tomorrow? You know, the other two skinny white boys who live here. We can give you all a brand new look and maybe you can host a party for the Super Bowl and show off the new you."

The door closed and Phillip heard an almost evil laughter coming from the three men as he gingerly made his way back home. He was in pain but he thought it might be great to begin a workout regimine and maybe his buddies Martin and Doug would enjoy the challenge as well. Phillip actually looked forward to what the new day would bring as he made his way upstairs to the shower.

### **Chapter 3**

The three white boys gathered in front of Phillips house dressed for a day of working out. Phillip was in a pair of shorts and tshirt similar to the outfit he'd worn the day before, the only difference being today's outfit was bright yellow instead of the powder blue. Anyone who didn't attend State University thought the school colors were quite flamboyant, one might even say gay.

Martin, who had attended State with Phillip was wearing the school's powder blue outfit of shorts and tshirt complete with the word Peacocks predominantly spread across his chest and ass just like Phillip. Doug on the other hand had chosen to go with yellow shorts and a powder blue shirt also sporting the Peacock logo. While Martin and Phillip were both graduates of State, Doug worked there now as the assistant cheerleading coach.

The white husbands looked quite a sight dressed in their school's colorful attire and it took every ounce of strength the three black men had not to laugh at them as they approached. Introductions were made by Phillip and soon the six neighbors began their run. Just like the day before, the black men took charge and ran their white neighbors relentlessly. Phillip was still sore from yesterday's activities and had trouble keeping up but the forceful voices and rude comments from his trainers kept him going. The white boys felt this must be what the military was like as they were abused by the black men at every step.

Thomas, Alex, and Carver kept up a litany of verbal abuse while at the same time assuring the white boys this was how they motivated their players. A flat out lie but fun for the black men nonetheless.

Constant taunts of “Lift those knees you sissies!” or “You run like little sissy faggots!” or “Looks like you girls would rather be on your knees sucking dick than lifting them to run faster!” assailed the white men and began to wear them down, making them frightened and ashamed.

By the time the run was over the white husbands were a mess. They were all soaked with sweat, glowing red in the faces, and quite embarrassed at the way they’d been treated. But not one of them had the courage or strength of will to oppose the black men so they took the abuse like whipped pets on a tight leash.

When the six of them entered Thomas’ house for the next phase in their workout the huge black man said, “Damn you fags are seriously out of shape, we have a lot of work to do on you sissies”.

Phil looked at the floor as he stuttered out the words, “Seriously Thomas, we aren’t gay so I’d appreciate if you would knock off that kind of talk”.

Thomas said in a dark and dangerous voice, “Now you listen up you scrawny, little, sissy. This is how we motivate useless lumps like you and it works every time. This goes for all of you faggy, white boys. You’ll fall in line and do as we say without question or we may decide to get rough with you. This is a come to Jesus moment girls, so you can trust us to get you in prime shape or you can get the hell out now. But know this, if you stay we will certainly make it so you don’t even recognize yourselves in a few weeks time.”

The other black men hid their smiles as they listened to their friend lay it out for the white boys. Alex, Thomas, and Carver had been playing this same game for years.

Ever since their days playing college sports they'd enjoyed picking out weak, frail, white boys and turning them into little sissy faggots. They truly believed blacks were superior to whites in every way and nothing pleased them more than humiliating stuck up white boys. They had perfected their regimen of verbal and physical abuse combined with a special cocktail of aphrodisiacs and viagra that soon warped the white boy's senses to the point of no return. In essence they turned seemingly straight men into simpering, sissy, faggots. The bonus of it all was the black men soon found white women became turned on by the sight of their husbands being converted in such a way and became easy prey for the horny black men.

When Thomas finished chastising the white boys he waited a few seconds to see if any of them would leave but the downtrodden looks on their faces and the fear in their eyes told Thomas all he needed to know. These little bitches were in for the long run and it was time to step things up a bit.

"Ok, good girls. You're making the right choice and your wives will love the new you" Thomas said with a smile.

Alex stepped forward and said, "Before we get started on the real workout we have some refreshments after that stimulating run." Alex went to the fridge and brought out a pitcher of premade smoothies and began pouring large glasses full for the white boys.

Carver said, "This is a special mix of enhancements we give to our players. It's all natural and really gets the blood flowing. You ladies will love it."



The white husbands cringed at being called ladies again but they had made up their minds to give the black men's methods a try so they swallowed what little pride they had and each took a glass of the thick, pasty looking drink.

Doug asked, "You guys aren't having any?" to which Thomas replied, "Hell no, do we look like we need any enhancements?"

The white boys found themselves glancing over the bodies of their neighbors and all agreed the black men needed no such thing. So, at the order of their trainers they drank down the vile mixture in one long chug. It had a very salty taste and a slimy consistency but the boys forced it down much to the amusement of their black neighbors.

"Let's get started" Thomas said, "Phil you're with me. Doug you stick with Carver and Martin you belong to Alex." If the white boys thought that strange none of them showed any sign of resistance and followed along with their assigned trainor.

The exercises the black men put them through were as humiliating as those Phil had endured the day before with every movement seeming to put a white face within inches of a black crotch or ass. The white boys were embarrassed and tried several times to have the men adjust their methods but several sharp comments and derogatory insults soon kept them in line.

Phillip soon found himself being the target of more abuse than the others by the simple fact that he was still very sore and tired from yesterday. Thomas was a cruel taskmaster and showed no sympathy for poor Phil.

“Let’s go sissy, lift those scrawny legs” the black man roared. “C’mon Peepee you can do better than that, hell the girl scouts can do more pushups than you”.

Phil stopped for a second to ask, “Why did you call me that? I don’t like that”.

Thomas looked down at the white boy and said, “P.P. those are your initials right?”

“Well yes” Phil said, “But it sounds like something else. Something dirty”.

“Oh, you mean like your little peepee between your legs? Is that what you mean? Well so what if it does? I mean don’t think for a second I can’t see you trying to adjust your tiny hard on while we’re working. What the fuck sissy are you getting turned on by being this close to a real man?” Thomas said.

Philip was shocked and appalled by this observation and was quick to defend himself. “What? No! I’m not, I don’t, there’s no...What I mean to say is, I’m not turned on at all”.

The black man roared with laughter and said, “Shit boy I can see your little nubbin trying to poke out of your shorts. I mean I’m guessing that’s what it is cause there sure ain’t much to see”.

Phil was beet red and flustered by the accusation. The problem was, Thomas was right. Phillip couldn’t explain it but he was getting increasingly aroused by the workout. His little pecker was hard to the point of being uncomfortable.

Just then Alex spoke up, “Hey mine has a little, white bitch hard on too. I can almost see it straining against her shorts”.

“Same here” yelled Carver, “Mine is getting turned on too”.

The three white boys were flustered and embarrassed as each one tried to hide his erection from their black tormentors. What the white sissies didn't know was they had been drugged with a cocktail of Viagra, a potent aphrodisiac, and no small amount of black men's cum. The black men had a great time preparing the special drink for the white boys, each of them jacking off into the pitcher several times. This special blend had been perfected by the black coaches over the years to ensure the right amount of arousal combined with a desire or even a craving for the salty taste. The poor white boys never had a chance.

Each of the white husbands tried to make excuses or to outright lie about their conditions but the black men were having none of it. Thomas took Phil by the wrist and said, “Come over here Peepee, we need to have a talk”.

Alex and Carver also took up the arm of each of their sissies and brought them over to the couch sitting all three white boys down side by side.

Thomas and his friends stood over the white boys staring down at them with disgusted looks on their faces. Thomas said, “This is a problem ladies. We can't have you getting any ideas about us. I don't know what usually goes on in this neighborhood but we aren't playing those kinds of games.”

Phillip and his friends all began talking at once trying to explain away any misconceptions the black men may have about their intentions. They all repeatedly stated that they were not gay at all and there was some sort of unfortunate misunderstanding. The black men were amused by the display and allowed it to go on for a few minutes before Thomas interrupted.

“I feel like you three are trying to have your way with us. Is this some kind of kinky, suburban game you all play? I’d heard white women preferred black dick but I had no idea you white boys wanted it too.” Thomas said, struggling to keep a straight face.

Phil tried to object but was so humiliated he could only stutter which was more than either of his friends could manage so embarrassed by their own miniature erections they couldn’t speak.

Thomas continued, “Now listen Peepee, I don’t know what you and your friends were thinking but you’ll have to prove yourselves if you want to continue to be friends with us. You and Marti and

Mr. Fanciola, Fancyrella, Fan..Fuck Doug how do you say your last name? Never mind, we’ll just call you Fancy. So Peepee, Marti, and Fancy I’m going to need some assurance from you that this is a one-time occurrence and it has nothing to do with me and my buddies.”

Phil was the first able to speak and said in a quivering voice, “What do you mean? What kind of assurance? We are very sorry, we have no idea what’s happening or why.”

“Well I’m going to need to see that those tiny, erect, nubbins have nothing to do with me and my friends so we’re going to need to see you get yourselves off in a little, white boy, circle jerk. That way we’ll know it had nothing to do with us and we can all be friends again.” Thomas explained.

The room exploded with frantic denial. “What? We aren’t gay! No! We can’t do that. You’re crazy if you think I’ll do something so perverted! Please, we aren’t gay I swear. We’re all married to women!”

All three white boys were talking at once all trying to explain their positions to the amused black men.

Thomas chuckled and said, “Sorry ladies, we’re gonna need to see some proof. Right now.”

Phil tried to stand but was pushed back down by Alex. The white boy looked frightened as he said, “Please, we’ll just leave and we can forget all about this.”

“Oh hell no” Thomas said in a decidedly threatening tone of voice. “No one is leaving here until we settle this mess. Now you girls stand up and drop your shorts. Or do we have to get rough with you?”

The white boys were terrified but as one tried to make a break for the door. It was ridiculous how easily the men subdued the sissies and kept them from leaving. Each of the white boys was shaking in fear but they all still sported painful little erections due to the drugs they’d unknowingly ingested.

Try as they might, the boys could not convince their captors of their innocence and within a few minutes of undergoing threatening glares from the black men, Phillip slowly pulled down his shorts and underwear exposing his tiny pecker.

The black men broke out in explosive laughter at the sight before them but quickly contained themselves to threaten the remaining white boys into complying.

With tears in their eyes and shame in their hearts Martin and Doug followed their friend and pulled down their shorts. Each white penis was smaller than the one before it and the black men were struggling to contain their laughter. Phil measured in at exactly four inches when erect and he was by far the biggest. Martin was only three and a half inches in length and poor Doug looked like he was sporting some demented artist's idea of what a miniature penis should look like at only three inches in total length.





before had any of them touched another man in such a way and each of them was mortified.

“You know what to do, start stroking” Thomas said.

Alex interrupted with, “Wait, all you sissies lick your hand before you start stroking. You need a little lube to get things going.”

The black men all laughed as they watched the white boys lick their palms before reaching back and taking hold of a friend’s penis. Sobbing in humiliation the white husbands began stroking the cock of the man next to them. It would be nice to say the torment went on for a long time but in a matter of seconds the first little pink penis dribbled out it’s sissy juice onto the floor. Phil gasped as his penis shot off and was humiliated beyond belief to be the first to go but Doug and Martin followed quickly with their own weak expulsions.

The three white boys were shaking and could barely stand as they came down from their sissygasms. Thomas and his friends were quick to laugh and make fun of the poor showing they’d just witnessed.

“Damn, do you girls cum that quick with your wives? What the fuck sissies? Is that it? God damn I’m glad I’m not a white boy.” were just some of the remarks.

Phil was the first to recover and pulling up his shorts said, “There! We did it! Now we are leaving and never having anything to do with you three again.”

As the other two white boys pulled up their shorts Thomas slowly and with purpose picked up the remote control from the side table by the couch. He pointed it at a collection of video equipment on a shelf across the room and the large flat screen tv on the wall came to life. It took only a few seconds to rewind to the place he wanted and Thomas smiled as he hit play. The white boys were shocked to see themselves jerking each other's peckers. From the angle of the camera there was no sign of the black men at all and it looked like the white boys were doing this of their own volition.

Thomas stopped the playback and said, "Now listen girls. You will be back here tomorrow after work and we will start your real training. If just one of you bails on us we show this video to all of your wives. We will end your marriages in a second if you disobey us in any way. Do you understand?"

They tried. Oh how those white boys tried to plead their way out of this mess. They begged the black men to see reason. They pleaded with them repeatedly tears streaming down their cheeks. But it was no use. These black men were predators and the white boys were prey. The deal was sealed. And so it was that Phillip, Martin, and Doug had entered their neighbor's house but Peepee, Marti, and Fancy left that day to walk across the circle to their respective homes dreading what the next day held for them.

## **Chapter 4**

Things went from bad to worse rather quickly for the white boys as they found themselves standing together in Thomas' basement again the following evening. The three young men stood in a line with their heads bowed in humiliation and

defeat. Their black tormentors had gifted them each a new workout outfit which they now stood modeling to the derisive laughter of the black thugs.

Each white boy was wearing a skin tight, pink, half shirt and a pair of tight, too short, shorts also colored pink. On their feet the poor boys wore pink, ankle socks with white ruffles around the tops and pink sneakers. As if this weren't humiliating enough the shirts worn by the boys had 'Yay Cocks' written in red, cursive script across their chests along with a number. Each number represented the length of their miniature, pink, penises so Thomas wore number 4, Martin number 3.5 and poor Doug had the number 3 to remind him he was the smallest of the small. The boys were red with embarrassment at the memory of being measured by their black tormentors as soon as they arrived today.

On the backs of their shirts the sissies' new names were printed in large, flowing letters making them blush even more knowing they would continue to be called Peepee, Fancy, and Marti. When they'd asked why it said 'Yay Cocks' on their shirts and why the word 'Cocks' was written across their asses, the sissies were told it was just a reference to their school mascot. Of course they all knew better.

Thomas stood before his white captives and said, "Well faggots today is going to be a bit different than yesterday. You see we all agreed that scrawny, little, white boys like you don't need to work out at all. No, what you need is to learn the skills required by all sissies to make real men more comfortable. So today my friends and I already had our workout and now we all need a good rubdown. You'll find the lotions and oils you need on the table so go light some candles and gather your supplies while we get comfortable."

With that the three black men quickly removed their clothing and all lay face down on separate massage tables they'd made the white boys carry in from the garage. They didn't even bother with towels to cover themselves so the sissies were treated to a look at three muscular black asses still shining with sweat.

Phillip had enough and was about to go off on his tormentors in an angry tirade but his two sissy friends stopped him with hands over his mouth while urgently whispering in his ear, "No! You can't! We just have to do what they say or they'll show our wives that video. We'll just play along until we can find that recording and steal it. Then we'll be free of these assholes."

Phillip looked at his friends with tears in his eyes and slowly nodded his head in agreement. Doug and Martin gathered up lotion and oil while Phillip began lighting scented candles. They all moved into place beside the table of a black man and stood shifting from foot to foot not knowing how to begin this dreaded task.

Thomas barked an order to start the massage making all 3 sissies jump in fear. The white boys wasted no time in pouring lotion onto the broad, muscular, black shoulders of their assigned tormentor and began running their soft, smooth, pink hands over the dark skin. The contrast in color was immediately obvious and each white boy shivered in disgust at the thought of what they were doing. Phillip was in shock and knew he shared that sentiment with his friends. How had they got to this point? How would they get out of it? And, most importantly, how far were Phillip and his friends willing to go to protect their honor?

After several minutes Alex said, "Alright fags, move lower and get started on our lower backs".

The black men all smiled as they felt soft white hands move to their lower backs, each one sensing that the boy giving his massage was terrified of touching anywhere close to ass territory.

Thomas was smiling broadly when he announced, “Ok sissies start working those Glutes!”

Phillip could stand no more as he finally exploded with, “No! That’s enough! You can’t treat us this way. We are not gay and this is over!”

Thomas moved so fast that Phil never even saw him get off the table. Before he knew what was happening Phillip found himself spread over Thomas’ naked lap with his pink clad bottom facing the ceiling.

Alex and Carver each took the wrist of his sissy and shook their heads to let the white boys know not to interfere. The dark and dangerous expressions on the black men’s faces were enough to keep poor Martin and Doug frozen in fear.

Thomas wasted no time and quickly began swatting Phil’s upturned ass with hard smacks from his open hand. It took Phillip a second or two to realize just how humiliating a situation he was in. He was being spanked! Just like a small child, he was being disciplined by his huge, black neighbor. His buttocks were soon on fire with the force of the spanking and hot, fresh tears filled Peepee’s eyes. For that’s all the black thug saw before him, Peepee, not Phillip. To Thomas this was just a natural step in training a white boy but to poor Peepee it was a humiliating, degrading torment from which there seemed to be no relief.

The spanking lasted only a few minutes but to the poor struggling sissy it went on forever. By the time Thomas stood up and dumped Peepee onto the floor, the sissy white boy was a sobbing, tear soaked mess. His ass was stinging fiercely and the little sissy wept softly as he rubbed his hands against his buttocks to try and relieve the pain.

Thomas had no time for sympathy and immediately ordered, “On your feet Peepee! You ain’t done with your chores yet. Am I gonna get any more lip from you today?”

Phillip tried, he really did try to stand up for himself and for his friends but the pain and embarrassment were too much for him to handle at the moment. He had been forcibly spanked and humiliated by this black predator and had been reduced to a snivelling puddle on the floor. Sniffling and sobbing the white boy slowly got to his feet and stood with his head bowed before the intimidating black man.

Thomas towered over the sissy as he said, “Now Peepee, are you finished with your little outburst? Are you ready to get back to work?”

Phillip kept his head down and said, “Yes”.

Thomas shouted, “You look me in the eye and you call me Sir you little faggot! Now, are you ready to behave?”

Phillip looked up quickly with fear in his eyes as he said, “Yes Sir! I’m ready to behave, Sir!”

The other two white boys were ashamed for their friend but also too afraid to say anything for fear of being disciplined as well. So, they stood quietly as Thomas got back on the table this time laying on his back. Alex and Carver shared an evil smile as they too rolled over to lay on their backs. Each of the black men now sported a towering erection as they were all aroused by the show they'd just witnessed. These black thugs loved few things more than watching a white boy getting spanked. It felt like retribution or even reparations.

Thomas said, "Well I guess we all know what comes next don't we? So let's skip the part where we pretend it's not going to happen and get right to the main event. Start stroking these black dicks fag boys."

The three white sissies were frozen in place until Thomas lifted up onto one elbow and said in a menacing voice, "Are we going to have another problem here girls?"

Phillip was in tears again as he said, "No sir, please sir, please don't make us do this. Please we aren't gay, we don't want this. Please just let us go."

Thomas said, "Oh Peepee I wish we could. I really do. But we're teaching you a valuable lesson here about what and who you really are. Now start stroking these cocks or all three of you sissies are going to get your asses beat."

The three white boys shared embarrassed looks with each other before resigning themselves to their fate. Moving as one they each took hold of a black cock and began to slide their lotion covered hands up and down the massive shafts.

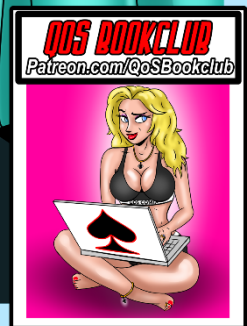


All three sissies were shocked by the sheer size of the tools they stroked. The weight of them, the thickness, and the pulsing heat radiating from each cock was mesmerizing to them never having seen such huge tools outside of porn. It took all of the sissies both hands to do their job adequately and even then they couldn't cover the entire length of each black cock.

*Boccario*



**SUPER Sissy BOWL!! #3**



Soon the room was filled with the wet, sloppy sounds of oiled hands masturbating thick cocks. The only other sounds were the soft whimpering sobs of the white boys and the heavy breathing of the black men.

This erotic massage went on for what seemed to the sissies to be an eternity but was closer to 30 minutes. The white husbands all had cramped fingers and arms by the time the first black man was ready to shoot his massive load.

Alex popped first with a sudden roar that startled the white boys. Thick ropes of hot, sticky, white cum shot from his cockhead and soaked poor Martin's arms. The sissy white boy was in shock as he watched the huge cock explode all over his pale, thin arms and hands.

Next to go was Carver in an equally impressive display of manhood. His cock fired off rounds like a machine gun with quick spurts of salty jism. Doug was not quick enough to move and caught most of Carver's impressive load directly on his chest, soaking his new pink shirt.

When Thomas was ready he quickly pulled Peepee's head down close to his crotch and holding the back of the white boy's head in his left hand took hold of the small white hands holding his cock and forced Phil to continue stroking. The resulting mess landed squarely on Peepee's face covering the side of the white boy's head in a thick mask of cum. When Thomas finished and released his sissy, Phil fell to the floor too surprised and disgusted to say anything.

The black men all laughed and sat up to high five each other as the white sissies stayed in their final position, each afraid to move for fear of spreading the cum around.

The white boys were in a state of shock and didn't speak a word even to each other as they were ordered by their black masters to clean the room. Phillip, Martin, and Doug moved like automatons as they cleaned the sticky cum from themselves and from the floor and furniture with warm, wet, rags found by the sink.

The black men were all sitting up on the tables at the clean ends talking as if the sissies weren't in the room. They laughed and joked about how nice it was to get off like this and how great it is to have such accommodating sissies living nearby.

When the white boys finished cleaning they shuffled toward the door hoping to leave unnoticed. But Thomas stopped them with, "Hold on now ladies, we have some things to go over for next time."

Phillip turned and said, "Please..I..."

But Thomas interrupted in an angry tone, "Now Peepee you better shut the fuck up and listen to me or I'll beat that ass raw. You understand me?"

"Yes Sir", was all poor Phil could manage shaking in fear.

"Now as I was saying" Thomas continued, "I think we can all see how things are going to play out from now on. You three girls will do exactly as you're told or there will be consequences. We will ruin your marriages, we will ruin your lives, we will

beat your asses. We don't care that you don't enjoy what's happening, in fact we prefer it that way. But you will obey every command without hesitation. Is that clear?"

Phillip spoke up first since he knew what the punishment felt like but all three white boys answered the same way with, "Yes Sir".

"Good" Thomas said, "Now you'll all be back here three nights a week for your special workouts so make sure your wives know what's up. Also I wasn't kidding about that party. See, we love watching the big game together so Peepee you will host a party for the SuperbBowl. You will have an 80" flat screen. You will have a nice buffet spread. You will have several bottles of Jack and several cases of some expensive, imported beer. And all three of you will be ready to serve us throughout the party. Do you understand?"

"Yes Sir" was the immediate response from the sissies. "You may go now" was the final command of the night from Thomas.

The white boys slunk from the basement and made their way back to their houses without so much as a single word or glance at each other.

## **Chapter 5**

The next few weeks were pure torture for the three white neighbors. Their lives had been turned upside down by the abusive, dominant black men who were blackmailing them into behaving in ways formally contrary to anything they'd ever

imagined. The three husbands were losing sleep and kept in a constant state of anxiety from the fear of their wives finding out about their forced servitude to the black studs. They were in deep now with every new humiliation being recorded for posterity and despite their ongoing revulsion and hatred of the treatment they received, the white boys obeyed every command no matter how degrading.

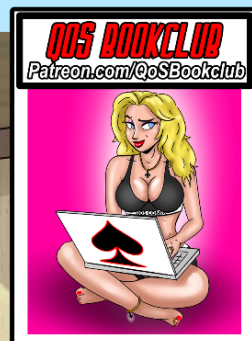
One night found the sissies dressed in matching pink cheerleader uniforms complete with pompoms learning routines to celebrate their 'love' for black cocks. The white boys felt ridiculous in their short pink skirts and pink half shirts but the true humiliation lay in their appearance from the neck up. Thomas had found several videos online teaching crossdressers how to apply makeup and had forced the sissies to watch them over and over while practicing on themselves and each other. In short order the white husbands had become quite adept at making themselves look like slutty little whores. Thomas had used Peepee's credit card to purchase several wigs along with an assortment of makeup and sissy clothing.

So it was on that particular night the sissies were made up to perfection in their cheerleader uniforms. Each one wore a different color wig matching the color of their wife's hair. So Peepee found herself in a shoulder length black wig styled exactly like his precious Susan while Fancy wore a wavy blonde wig reminiscent of his lovely wife, Sally, and Marti of course found herself in a fiery red wig to match her beloved, Pam.

As if that weren't bad enough, each sissy also wore artificial breasts in the shape and size matching their wives. They had been forced to order these breast forms online taking special care to get as close as possible to the actual look of their wives.

Now the poor white boys found themselves entertaining their captors with several cheer routines they had made up themselves. Their black captors roared with laughter as they watched the white boys humiliate themselves for hours practicing their new cheers. As the black men sat around, naked, drinking expensive scotch, purchased by their sissies, the white boys entertained them with such degrading chants as: “2, 4, 6, 8, BBC is really Great!” or “Long, Thick, Hard, and Black. That’s the Cock That We’ll Attack!”





**SUPER Sissy BOWL! #4**

*Boccaccio*



After a few hours the black men felt their captives were comfortable enough with the new cheers and called a halt to practice. Watching the white boys humiliate themselves in such a way had the desired effect for the black thugs and each was sporting a huge erection. The white boys had been terrified throughout the entire ordeal at what awaited them after their cheerleading practice and now they were being made to take their places between the legs of their abusers.

Poor Phillip, or Peepee as she was always called while in service, knelt submissively between Thomas' legs and stared at the floor too afraid to look into the eyes of the black man and too humiliated to look straight ahead at his enormous, throbbing, black cock. Fance, formerly Doug, found herself in the same position between the muscular legs of Alex and of course that left little Martin, or Marti, grovelling at the feet of Carver.

Thomas cleared his throat and said, "Now sissies, we want something a little different tonight. Instead of just jacking us off we want you to get those cute, little, pink tongues working on our sweaty nut sacks while you pump or cocks for us."

The white boys were shocked but each one knew this was the obvious progression of their 'training'. Not one of the white husbands wanted to be pulled across a black lap for another spanking but they also hated the idea of licking those extra large balls. The white friends all whimpered and sobbed in abject humiliation and each looked up into the unforgiving eyes of the black man before them pleading with their watery eyes for mercy. But no mercy was forthcoming as Alex said, "Do we have to get nasty here ladies or are you going to obey? We all know the outcome so let's do without the hysterics this time ok? Just start licking deez nutz."

Peepee was the first to give in knowing there was no sense in refusing. So poor Phillip leaned in and slowly parted his pink painted lips, while sliding his tongue out toward the hairy sack of his captor. The white sissy used both hands as usual to begin stroking the huge black tool while taking his first taste of the sweaty, wrinkled, hair covered skin of another man's scrotum. His eyes watered more as the salty flavor coated his tongue but he began taking long licks all over the bloated balls. Had Peepee been able to look to either side she would have seen her best friends lavishly licking away at their own pair of black balls while stroking the thick tools of their tormentors.

The black men leaned back in comfort as their sissies worked to bring them to another satisfying orgasm. It was always fun to make some white bitch debase themselves like this so these men were thrilled with the work they'd done on their white neighbors. The sissies slurped and licked all over the black balls while stroking the huge cocks in their small hands.

After twenty minutes of being serviced Thomas knew he was getting close so he gave a prearranged signal to his friends and the black men all prepared for the next phase of training for their sissies. The black men all began to breathe faster and let out occasional moans to let their sissy each know the time was approaching. The white sissies had jacked these cocks off several times and knew by feel when the angry looking tools were ready to erupt. This time was different though as Thomas and his friends had come up with a new way to torment their neighbors. Just as the men were ready to blow they each took hold of the ears of their own sissy and twisted them painfully till the white boys opened their mouths wide in shock and pain.

With practiced ease the black men each pulled a sissy mouth over the head of his huge cock and began shooting thick ropes of hot, salty, cum. The white boys were woefully unprepared and choked on the oral assault but were not strong enough to pull away from their abusers. So each sissy got herself a mouthful of thick cream and had no choice but to swallow if they wanted to breathe again. Three, four, five times the sissies swallowed each feeling as if they were drowning in cum.

It was over as quickly as it began and the three white sissies found themselves panting and sobbing on the floor once again brought low by the black men. None of them had ever felt so degraded. They couldn't look up at their gloating captors nor could they stand the thought of looking at each other so the white boys just focused on the floor while trying to collect themselves.

The black men ignored the sissies and just got dressed and poured themselves another drink while talking and laughing about their newest adventure. Phillip, Doug, and Martin slowly picked themselves up from the floor and made their way to the small bathroom to wash off the makeup and change back into their boy clothes before heading home without a word to each other. As they made their way to the door Thomas stopped the sissies with, "Aren't you forgetting something ladies?"

To which the sissies all turned back and replied, "Thank you sirs for teaching us our place". The words were muffled by tears and sobbing but the black men all smiled at the obedience of their neighbors.

Another night found the sissies dressed in their wives' clothing, on their knees, sucking the cocks of their black captors. Thomas had decided it was time to train the sissies in deepthroating and it didn't take much convincing since the sissies had already tasted black cum. The white boys were becoming more malleable to the commands of the black men but their shame and humiliation only worsened. Each new degradation only brought the sissies lower.

They spent the night working on technique as the black men forced his own sissy to work more and more of his thick, black meat into her throat. The white boys cried and choked, they begged and pleaded for mercy. They begged the black men to stop the abuse repeating over and over that the cocks were simply too big to take down their small throats.

But Thomas and his friends were practiced in the art of breaking white boys and knew all the right tricks. In just a few short hours the white sissies were taking black cock all the way to the root down their throats, their necks bulging out in the shape of the invading tools.

On another such night the sissies were dressed in their wives' wedding dresses and were learning to open their boipussies with the help of thick black fingers and hard rubber butt plugs. The room was lit with candles and soft music played in the background. On the TVs around the room played the wedding videos of the white sissies and their wives. Everywhere the sissies looked they saw images of themselves on the happiest days of their lives. This was a terrible night for the white boys.

This was a fun night for the black men as they got to punish the sissies for trying to disobey. The white boys fought hard to keep the black men from violating their most private passages but after being spanked severely they acquiesced in typical, sissy, white boy fashion.

The white boys were made to bend over and grab their ankles as the black men lifted the backs of the satiny, white gowns and began probing their cute, pink buttons.

Thomas, Alex, and Carver each worked a thick finger up into a tight, pink bottom making sure to coat the opening and tunnel with plenty of lube before forcing in a second finger. The sissies were crying and shaking in pain and humiliation but each one knew better than to move at risk of another horrible spanking.

When the black thugs felt they'd widened their sissies' openings enough they each moved on to a medium sized butt plug. It was a struggle for each black man to force the rubber plugs into the sissy pussy but they all managed with triumphant smiles and high fives.

The sissies were not so pleased. Each one felt as though they were being ripped apart by the invading tools and begged repeatedly for the black men to remove them. They were of course ignored.

Thomas slapped Peepee's ass and said, "Now you girls keep those in at all times. The only time they come out is when you go potty, then you stick them right back up in there. You got me ladies?"

Peepee begged, “Please sir, don’t make us do this. Please! It hurts so much. What if our wives find out?”

“I don’t give a fuck!” Thomas roared. “You bitches do what the fuck I tell you, you understand?”

Peepee was quelled by the outburst and quietly said, “Yes sir” before standing up straight.

The invading butt plugs made the sissies walk differently. They seemed to sashay and sway their hips seductively as they were forced to take smaller steps due to the pain. The black men were thrilled with this unexpected result and grew aroused at the sight of three white, sissy, husbands strutting around the basement dressed in their wives’ wedding gowns sobbing in pain and discomfort. It wasn’t long before the sissies found themselves on their knees sucking the cocks of their tormentors once again.

On yet another horrid evening find themselves back in their cheerleader uniforms, sans panties, each riding a thick black cock in reverse cowgirl position while watching the playoffs. The sissies knew it was a natural progression from fingers and plugs to cocks in their tight, white asses but the shame was still enough to drive them all to tears.

Each sissy was impaled by a thick cock as they rode slowly up and down throughout the entire game. The sissies were forced to comment on the players telling their black captors how hot they were and how much they wanted to suck the black player’s cocks. The three white friends had always watched football together but

this was a new experience as they were stuffed with black cock and forced to comment sexually on players they always admired. It was horribly humiliating for them but the black men thought it was hysterical. They loved hearing the sissies talk about sucking off the hot young quarterback or being fucked by the tall, fat lineman.

The sissies all rode the cocks slowly up and down till their poor assholes were red and raw and swollen. Finally as the game neared its end the white boys were ordered to start fucking faster. They soon found themselves bouncing up and down in quick motion, the huge cocks sliding in and out of their battered holes relentlessly. With a roar of triumph each black man shot his thick load into the ass pussy of his own personal sissy.

With the conclusion of this game the teams were set for the super bowl and the sissies fates were sealed. The scene was set for the big party and the white boys were terrified wondering how these black thugs would behave around their wives. Phillip and Susan would host the party and Thomas had promised there would be nothing happening that might clue the wives in to what had been going on. He promised. And Phillip, Doug, and Martin all believed him.

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## **Chapter 6**

The day of the big game had arrived and Phillip, Doug, and Martin were busy getting ready for the party. They had gone out together and purchased the most expensive TV they could find and had set it up in Phil's family room. They had

ordered a full catered spread with an assortment of delectable tailgating foods. They had stocked up on alcohol buying only the best of everything. The neighbors had even gone so far as to decorate Phil's house to fit the party theme. They wanted everything to be perfect for their owners so the secret of their workouts would not get out. The three friends were terrified of their wives, families, and employers finding out about their extracurricular activities.

What the white boys couldn't figure out though was the excitement shown by their wives at the thought of the party. The women had never shown any interest in football whatsoever so it seemed strange to Phil and his friends to see them so keyed up over a superb bowl party.

The ladies thought it was amusing how nervous their hubbies were about hosting their big, black neighbors and made sure to tease them all day as they also directed the three white boys in how to decorate and set the stage properly for a good party.

Susan, Pam, and Sally all sat together on the couch and watched their husbands work diligently to make everything perfect. The women whispered and giggled together and occasionally taunted their hubbies with things like, "Make sure those napkins are placed just right or your boyfriends will get angry" or "You never work this hard to impress my family! You must really like our new neighbors" and "I'd swear you three were getting ready for your prom dates the way you're running around".

The women found this quite amusing but the hubbies all tried to explain things repeatedly. They told their wives to stop making fun of them, and that they were only trying to make things nice for the neighborhood party. All the while the



husbands blushed at the actual knowledge of why they worked so hard to please these impressive black men.

The white couples were all dressed in support of their favorite team, the 69ers, all having lived at one time in Frisco. The husbands all wore jerseys with the name and number of their favorite players displayed. The wives were dressed slightly more provocatively in cut off half shirts and short shorts in matching 69er's colors.

All too soon the doorbell rang and the white husbands went into a frenzy fixing any last minute out of place items much to the amusement of their wives. When Phil answered the door, there stood his three tormentors and much to his dismay they all wore jerseys supporting the team from Kansas.

Phil ushered the men into the family room and everyone said their hellos. Phil had never seen his wife so enamoured with a guest as she was with Thomas and it made the white boy nervous from the start. He and his white friends soon noticed all the women were taken by the suave, debonair manner of the three black men. It was particularly unsettling the way everyone soon found themselves seated with Thomas and Susan sitting side by side, Alex and Pam close together, and Carver and Sally squeezing in together on the loveseat. This left no room for the white boys to sit but that didn't seem to matter to their wives or guests. Instead the white boys soon found themselves acting the part of servers for everyone seated.

Susan ordered Phil to get everyone drinks and Doug was recruited to help him. Martin found himself being told by his wife to prepare a plate for each of the guests and was soon scurrying off to obey. The white boys soon found themselves being run ragged stepping and fetching for their wives and guests. It seemed almost

natural for them to obey every command such was the training they'd endured at the hands of the black men. That didn't stop the white boys from getting embarrassed in front of their wives looking so inferior to the much bigger men.

After the black men had eaten and were working on their second beer Phil and his friends thought it was time to find a seat and join the party. The three white boys stood nervously wondering where they could sit when Thomas noticed their discomfort and smiled at them in a clearly menacing way. Alex and Carver were soon looking at the white boys the same way, like predators stalking their prey. The three white women who up till now had done nothing but giggle and fawn over the black men were also staring at their husbands with amused grins on their faces.

Philip, Doug, and Martin had never felt so uncomfortable. They felt as if they were on display and the fear began to settle in to the white boy's guts. After several agonizing moments Thomas finally spoke and every fear Phil and his friends harbored came to fruition.

Thomas looked at Phil and said, "Why don't you just get comfortable on your knees between my legs boy?"

The entire room held its collective breath as Phil burst out, "Oh haha! That's very funny Thomas, you sure got me."

No one moved as Thomas glared at his pet saying, "Do I look like I'm joking bitch?"

Phillip glanced at his wife only to see her gazing at Thomas with what could only be called unbridled lust in her eyes. Was his Susan getting off on seeing him treated this way?

Phil tried again to smooth things over by offering to get Thomas another drink. He tried to laugh off the tension in the room and was joined in nervous laughter by Doug and Martin. The laughter quickly died as the white boys saw the intense looks of anger directed at them from the black men.

Thomas said, “Get on your knees boy or do I have to give you a spanking?”

The women all giggled at this while the white husbands all looked as though they may get sick.

Phil tried again, “Please Thomas, what are you doing? My wife is sitting right there. You promised.” The last part came out as a whine making the black man laugh.

It was at that moment when Phillip’s world turned upside down as his loving wife turned to Thomas and said, “Gee daddy I thought you had more control over your sissy than this.”

Phillip started to speak in shock saying, “Su..Sus..Susan?!? What’s going on?”

The next few minutes were a blur as the hulking black men leapt from their seats and each took hold of one of the white boy’s wrists. The blinding speed of the attack coupled with the intense pressure of black hands twisting white wrists soon found all three white boys on their knees before their black captors.

Thomas applied pressure to Phil's wrist making the white sissy cry out in pain. The large black man looked down at his captive and said, "You white sissies better fucking behave yourselves or you're going to get hurt. Badly. Now just listen to how things are and are going to be from now on. Susan, would you like to fill them in?"

Susan stood up and leaned in close to Thomas as she said, "Yes daddy, I'd love to tell the sissies the score." Susan looked down at her husband and continued, "You see hubby Thomas, Alex, and Carver have been providing us girls with a bit of training too. It didn't really take much for us to see how superior these black studs were to our weak little hubbies. In fact these studs have been fucking us almost since the day Thomas moved in. He told us you boys would be no trouble and I guess he was right. I have to say I can't wait to see how you white boys have progressed in your training. It's been killing us girls and Thomas said we had to wait till tonight to see the finished product. So you sissies better be good or our strong, black boyfriends will have to punish you."

Phillip, Doug, and Martin were all in tears by the time Susan finished her explanation. These awful black men had tricked them again. Phillip tried again, "Please you don't have to do this. Isn't it bad enough you turned us into slaves for your cocks? Now you've taken our wives too? Please just let us go. Please Susan tell them to leave and we'll get back to normal around here. Please?"

The black men and white women had a good laugh at this before Thomas looked down and said to the white boys, "No, that's not happening. You bitches know how much evidence we've collected over time and you know we can ruin you. You all know how to obey and be good little sissies so let's stop pretending here. You've

lost. Your women belong to us. You belong to us. Now I'm giving you a choice. You three white sissies can go upstairs to Susan's bedroom and talk things over. You have till kickoff to decide. Either you leave this house and we send all the videos to your families, friends, and employers or you come back downstairs dressed in the outfits you'll find laid out on the bed."

With that the black men released their grips on the white boys. The black studs each put their arm around a white wife and the three couples sat back down ignoring the sobbing white boys.

Phillip, Doug, and Martin crawled to their feet and slowly made their way upstairs. When they entered the master bedroom, now Susan's room, they were not surprised to find their cheerleader uniforms laid out for them. The white boys would love for people to think they had a long drawn out discussion. They'd love to imagine they had a choice in the matter. That they were strong enough to resist the black men. The truth, however, was evident in how they all quietly disrobed and began dressing in the hideous uniforms.

With practiced ease the white boys transformed themselves into the mincing sissies they'd become. Each one found themselves in the too tight pink tops and extremely short skirts before helping one another to make up their faces. They had all become experts in the use of makeup and soon three straight husbands from the suburbs looked like three sissy hookers from the projects. With their wigs and false breasts in place the sissies were indistinguishable from slutty whores. The sissy sisters picked up their pompoms and trudged down the stairs to await their fate.

The laughter was immediate and painful. Susan, Pam, and Sally laughed so hard they snorted. The women were having far too much fun mocking their husbands. The black men all sat back with contented smiles admiring their accomplishments. They had taken three white, suburban couples and completely destroyed them. The women were now BBC addicted sluts who craved the attention of their black studs while the white hubbies were now effeminate, sissy, fags who were slaves to the stronger black men. And it had been so easy. Almost like it was the natural order of things.

Thomas put a stop to the laughter when he said, “Now sissies let’s see your cheer routine. I think your wives will get a big kick out of it.”

The white boys knew resistance was futile so they began running through the horrid routine they’d made up at the behest of their tormentors. The lackluster performance soon angered the black men and quick as lightning all three had pulled out their belts and had begun to whip the white boys around their bare legs and panty covered asses. This brought more laughter from the wives and more tears from the sissies but it was motivation enough and soon they began to cheer wholeheartedly.

The women laughed hysterically as their husbands jumped up and down in a ridiculous routine celebrating the superiority of black cock. The routine went on for nearly 20 minutes during which time the wives got bored and were soon making out with their black studs.

The white husbands were mortified but knew better than to stop for any reason so with tears in their eyes they cheered for black cock while their wives made out with the horrible men who'd put them in this position.

After a while Susan got so into humiliating her hubby that she wanted to take things up a notch. The white wife leaned back from her black stud and said, "So daddy, what else can your sissies do? Do they only cheer for your thick, black, cocks or can they do tricks with them as well?"

Phillip was horrified by what his wife had said but a part of him knew this was inevitable. It seemed like the proper order was establishing itself here in the quiet cul de sac they all called home.

Thomas laughed then snapped his thick fingers and said, "Let's go sissies. Show your wives how good you are at making black cock nice and hard."

The women looked on in amazement as their formerly straight husbands slowly got to their knees between the legs of the black men. It seemed almost natural for them as they took their places in front of the man who'd trained them. Phil found himself kneeling before Thomas while Doug moved to Alex and Martin sank between Carver's knees. Without preamble the white sissies pulled down the sweatpants of his assigned black man freeing three enormous though only half erect cocks. Any hope the white boys had was crushed by the familiarity with which their wives looked upon those intimidating, black weapons. It was obvious the wives had plenty of experience with these massive tools.

And so it was that just as the national anthem began to play on television, three white husbands knelt between the legs of three black men staring at their huge cocks. The white boys looked for all purposes like slutty, college, cheerleaders dressed in their pink uniforms with their names prominently displayed on the back of their shirts.

The wives laughed all over again when they saw their husband's new names. The white boys could tell by the derisive laughter that their wives would never call them anything else.

Peepee started things off by taking Thomas' cock in her tiny pink hand and stroking it while leaning down to lick gently at the black man's hairy balls. The other white sissies joined in quickly and soon the party was in full swing. Susan, Pam, and Sally watched in awe as their husbands worshiped the black cocks of their lovers. They knew what to expect from everything they'd seen in the videos but to be there live and see the white boys humiliated in such a way was so delicious. So as their husbands licked away at three sets of black balls, the white wives began making out with their powerful studs. The only sounds in the room were the tv softly prattling on with stats and play by play of the game and the wet sounds of kissing.

It wasn't long before three black cocks stood straight up at attention due to the ministrations of three white sissies.





Seeing her lover's cock standing up like that got Susan so wet she just had to have him inside of her. In a flash the white wife was naked and straddling her black lover not even noticing her poor husband still kneeling between the man's legs.

Thomas said, "Put me in your wife Peepee. Now."

Peepee wept as he dutifully held his master's cock up to his wife's perfect slit. The love of his life sank down on the huge cock in one swift motion letting Peepee know instantly that it was not the first time.

After similar orders from Carver and Alex the sissies all soon found themselves kneeling on the floor watching their wives asses pump up and down as thick, hard, black cocks filled their married pussies.

Soon a new order broke the sissy's trance as Thomas told Peepee to lick his nuts. Peepee leaned in and began to lick and suckle the black man's sack as his wife's ass bounced off his face with each downward thrust. The humiliation was palpable and burned the sissy's face red.

As commanded Fancy soon found herself licking Alex's balls while his wife's ass beat a tattoo across his forehead. Poor Marti found herself licking her wife's asshole struggling to keep her face between the white wife's cheeks as she fucked herself on the black cock.

The orgy went on throughout the first half of the game with the sissies licking away at black balls, and white asses. When the halftime whistle sounded Thomas came hard with a roar, shooting his thick cream deep into Susan's willing pussy. His

friends soon followed and in no time three white pussies were overflowing with potent black sperm.

The white hubbies gagged at the order to 'clean' their wives but obeyed their masters with little hesitation. The white sissies sobbed and wretched as they sucked and licked the thick cream from their wife's holiest of holies under the keen eyes of the black men. The wives cooed and moaned in pleasure as they realized their husbands might actually be good for something. When the black men felt their women were clean enough they ordered their sissies to clean the thick, black, invading cocks that had ruined their suburban marriages.

With their wives cheering them on, Peepee, Fancy, and Marti licked and sucked their master's cocks clean while the black men sat back and enjoyed the halftime show.

At the start of the second half Thomas had an idea. From this point on any time a flag was thrown on the field the sissies would get a spanking. Any time KC scored the sissies had to tongue kiss a black man's asshole. If the Frisco team scored the sissies would get a swift kick in the crotch by their wives.





It wasn't long before Frisco scored a field goal and the three hubbies stood shaking with their legs spread pleading with their wives not to do this. With evil grins on their faces though the women reared back and kicked their husbands in their tiny balls causing the sissies to cry and fall to the floor to the ringing laughter of black men and white women.

The poor white boys barely had time to recover when Frisco scored a touchdown much to the anger of the black men. And so a second kick to the crotch was delivered by three satisfied wives.

With under 3 minutes to play in the game KC had scored twice and the sissies had to keep their tongues buried in the tight, black holes of their master's asses. So confident were the black men in their team they kept the sissies licking away as KC scored again. As the game ended three white husbands were licking the assholes of three black men who were fondling and making out with three white wives. It was a perfect scenario but certainly not the end of the party.

The couples soon broke apart to do their own things, each taking the appropriate white hubby with them. Thomas had Susan bent over the couch and was fucking her asshole with wild abandon while the white wife screamed in pleasure begging for more. Her husband, Peepee, knelt behind Thomas with his tongue buried in the black man's asshole struggling to keep up with the fast pace fucking.

Alex was sitting on the loveseat with Fancy riding his cock in reverse cowgirl, sissy style, while Fancy's wife, Sally, twisted the poor sissy's nipples cruelly laughing all the while.

# SUPER Sissy Bowl!!

#8





For Carver, he was having a grand time watching the trophy presentation on tv while the white couple of Marti and Pam knelt between his legs and licked his massive balls and cock together, like any white couple should do.

After Thomas came into Susan's rectum he pulled out and shoved his dirty cock into Peepee's mouth in one swift motion. Thomas and Susan made out like teenagers as Peepee cleaned his master's cock of Susan's back door fluids.

Alex pushed Fancy onto the floor and ordered the sissy to lick his cock clean so he could fuck Fancy's wife. Fancy obeyed at once with tears of shame and pain in his eyes and before long Alex was fucking Fancy's beloved bride, stretching her pussy out like it never had been before. Fancy just sat watching and crying as his wife begged to be fucked harder.

Carver alternated between watching postgame interviews and watching his friends ravage the white couples. Occasionally he looked down at his own pet whities as they lavished affection on his crotch. He could see love and admiration on the female's face while the sissy looked totally defeated and filled with shame. Life was good.

# SUPER Sissy BOWL!!

#9





On into the night the black men used their white couples in every imaginable way. There wasn't a white hole that didn't get stuffed with black cock at least once. The white couples were all amazed at the incredible staying power of their black masters, the women falling deeply in love with the black conquerors and the husbands becoming further enslaved by black cock.

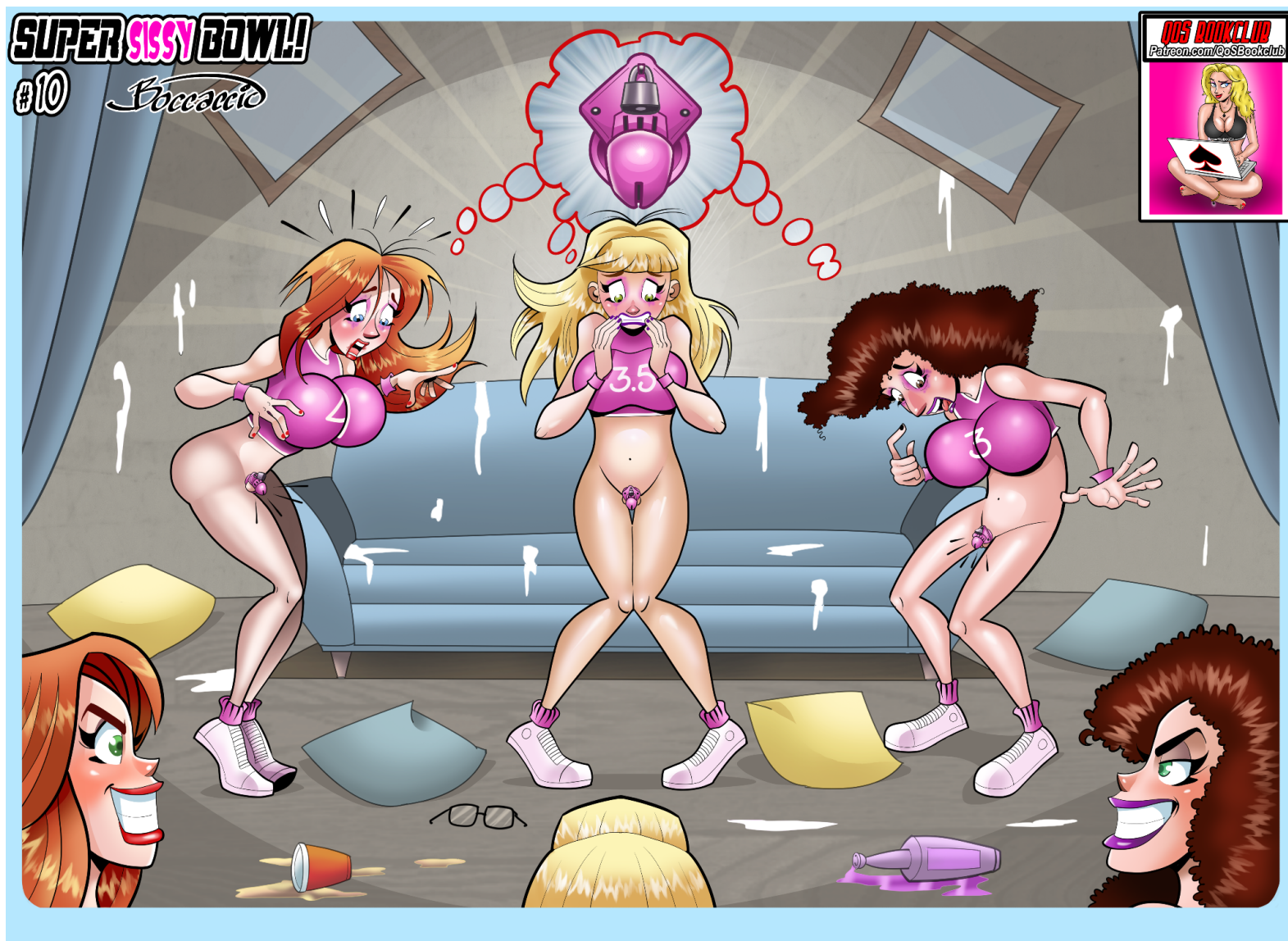
As the sun started to come up the black men looked remarkably refreshed as if they could continue their domination of their slaves for another twelve hours. The white people on the other hand were wiped out. They were all exhausted. The women were smiling and moaning in pleasure, never having been so completely fulfilled. Their husbands on the other hand were in shock. They had been completely used and humiliated throughout the night and knew their lives would never be the same. As if to drive that point home, Thomas had one more surprise for the married couples.

He ordered the sissies to their knees in front of the couch and had their wives seated in front of them. Thomas, Alex, and Carver approached their favorite couple and handed the wives each a small box with a pink ribbon around it.

When the white wives opened their gifts they all burst out laughing at the contents of the boxes. In the three boxes were identical, pink, chastity cages. Extra small for white boys.

The wives all squealed in joy and while thanking their lovers profusely began to place the dreaded cages on their husband's undersized penises.

The white boys had no fight left in them but could still feel the deep shame and humiliation at what was being done to them. They were being effectively neutered. These black men had taken their dignity, taken their wives, taken their marriages and now they were taking away the one thing that made them men. Their penises. Three soft clicks signalled a new turn in the white marriages as three tiny, pink, nubbins were locked away.



The women were thrilled as they handed the keys to their black lovers much to the chagrin of their white boy hubbies.

Thomas then spoke up. “I think we can all see how things are going to be around here from now on. Alex, Carver, and I will be the only men in this neighborhood and will take care of the sexual needs of these fine white women. You sissies will learn to care for theirs and our other needs. You will continue to dress like the sissies you are. We’ll take care of getting you all the sissy clothing, wigs, makeup, shoes, and underwear you’ll need. You will be our maids. You will be our cooks. You will be whatever the fuck we tell you to be from now on. Your wives own you. We own you. You will obey every command without hesitation or you will suffer dearly. You are now permanently Peepee, Fancy, and Marti any time you’re in this cul de sac. We’ll allow boy clothes on you only to go to work. That’s it. Otherwise you are our little white sissy bitches. You understand?”

The women all snickered and smiled as the new world order was laid out for their hubbies. The black men all looked smug and superior, as was their right. The sissies were defeated and they knew it. There was just too much video evidence. Their lives were no longer their own. One by one the sniffing sissies bowed their heads and said, “Yes sir”.

Thomas said, “Well me and the guys are tired so we’re headed home for some sleep. You ladies get some sleep too and we’ll get together later for some more fun. You sissies get this place cleaned up. And be fucking quiet about it too so you don’t wake up our women.”

With that the black men each kissed goodbye their white wife and slapped their sissies on their pretty pink asses before departing.

The women didn't say a word to their husbands as they went their own ways to get some much needed sleep.

The sissies all sniffed away tears of shame, loss, and humiliation before beginning to work cleaning up from the party. They didn't even bother to cover up. They all looked like street whores on day four of a three day Vegas convention circuit. But much to their individual shame they all noticed their tiny, pink, nubbins straining against their plastic cages, each wondering how they could possibly be turned on by this treatment. How indeed?