

# ***The Pecker Lockers!***

**By THRONE**

**(Concept by Devin Dickie)**

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

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# ***The Pecker Lockers!***

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Chuck had everything worked out. He got a pair of coveralls and an old toolbox. Then he spent a few bucks on a fake ID, showing that he worked for the non-existent company called Detect-Tech.

The idea was that he had to check apartments for toxic elements, which he would say could show up anywhere. Then it would be simple, while he was pretending to take readings with a phony meter he had rigged up, to plant a few inexpensive spy cameras. There was also a stepladder, so he could reach high spots where it was best to conceal the cameras. A week later he would return for a re-check, retrieve the cameras, and no one would be wiser. All the images would then get downloaded into his computer, for him to edit and enjoy.

Today's target was an apartment building in a neighborhood that was on the verge of being gentrified. The tenants knew that developers had their eye on the place, so it would seem natural for an inspector to show up. He went to two apartments, but the residents were an old Black woman in the first, and a single Latino mom with a distressed look in the second. He made quick work of those, leaving his cameras safely in the bottom of his toolbox. With the third one he hit paydirt. Living there were two Black girls, both of them tall and overly full-figured. They had bulging boobs, thick thighs, and huge, eye popping asses. Ginormous curves. All they had on were short dresses that clung to their supersize assets and exposed their full but shapely legs. Plunging necklines and spaghetti straps left more skin bare. He was in ogling heaven. Chuck introduced himself using his real first name and a false last one, the same as what was on his name badge. He had to clear his throat twice before he could begin his fictional spiel. He gave them the usual story about what he was supposed to be doing and then set to work. One of them watched him in the bedroom, so he asked for a glass of water. While she was gone, he attached the first camera to a light fixture. In the bathroom they left him alone, so it was easy to affix one of the tiny units in the

old-fashioned skylight, where it would cover the entire space. Visions of them bathing, or entering and leaving the shower, danced in his head.

Then, wanting to see more of them, up close and personal, he asked the pair to sit on the sofa so they could answer a few questions. He got their names as Shondra and Ulu. The first wore her hair shaved short on the sides but about an inch long on top. The other had hers longer, gathered into a tight gold ring at the back of her scalp, beyond which it spread into a round puffball. Both of them had large hoop earrings that nearly touched their bare, chocolate-colored shoulders. Chuck consulted a spiral-bound pad and fired off a few prepared inquiries. He was more interested in his view of their figures than in the scribbles he made after each response. Those dresses were so short that he could see the insides of their thighs, fairly high up. And whenever they leaned forward, he got an eyeful of those watermelon tits trying to burst free.

His dick was throbbing with anticipation of what he could do when he returned home. The minute Chuck arrived at his place he would grab a few tissues, maybe a bottle of lotion, and enjoy one of his jerkoff sessions. He wouldn't even need to screen his usual helping of porn. The mental images he was storing of the two Black bombshells would be more than enough. During those private times he would go into denial about the laughably small size of what he was tugging on. His micro-mini-dick was the reason he didn't have a girlfriend and felt too awkward to even consider dating. But the videos he would get, from the cameras he had just planted, would fuel endless hours of self-stroking.

Back in his cramped apartment, he soiled a handful of tissues and discarded them. Shondra and Ulu were like those ones he had found on the Thick Chicks page, except that these bitches will be exclusive for his personal viewing pleasure. Of course, Chuck never admitted to himself that he was a pervy prick pumper. Instead, he thought of himself as a lady-killer. It was the fault of stuck-up girls that he couldn't get laid; at least that was his version of the truth. He had closer relationships with fantasy girls from superhero and science fiction movies than he ever would with actual females. And his computer held an entire harem of porn princesses.

Chuck was short and slender, with no muscular development to be seen, and longish, unkempt blond hair that he was always pushing off his forehead or back over his ears. There was no sign of hair on his face or enough on his body to be worth noting. He smirked over thoughts of the visual treasures he would soon possess. The puerile jack-offer was 18 but looked 15 and had the emotional maturity of a 13-year-old.

When the time came to reclaim the cameras, Chuck gathered his gear and returned to the building. He was gratified that Shondra and Ulu were both at home. Better yet, they had on tight tops with wide armholes, and skirts so short that if they bent forward, full moons would be exposed. Chuck was totally distracted. He kept licking his lips. When he went up the stepladder in the bathroom, they stood below, giving him his best view yet of the valleys between their massive mammary glands. He nearly toppled off his perch. Without being asked to, Shondra held what he was standing on. Then Ulu took hold of his hips.

"Don't want our guy to fall," she said.

"Not when he's doing this important job for us."

Chuck's tummy began to flutter. In a strained whisper he said, "Thanks."

"No problem. I won't let this ladder tip."

"And I for sure ain't going to lose my hold on you."

"Okay. Right." He hoped he didn't sound as nervous as he felt. He was beyond thrilled that one of them had actually touched him.

Then he saw that something was drastically wrong. The camera was missing. He swayed and Ulu changed her grip, holding the back of his belt with one hand and clapping the other directly over his crotch. She was freaking pressing on his dick and balls. He suddenly felt dizzy.

"Something the matter, Chuckie?" Shondra wanted to know.

"Looking for this?" She held up the absent camera. He almost swooned.

Ulu boldly massaged his genitals. "Was you trying to get some dirty pictures of us? I'm thinking maybe you was. With the whole lot of nothing I'm feeling where a cock and balls should be, I bet that's the only way you can get your kicks."

"Yeah," seconded Shondra. "I bet you planned to watch us on your computer while you pulled your pecker."

"His puny pecker."

Ulu removed her hand so Shondra could feel what she had reported. "Day-am. That's like the last bite of a skinny beef stick. And them balls are like marbles."

"I can explain," Chuck said desperately. Oh no, he was getting hard. "I really work for the government. Right? And this is a special project. Honest."

"For real? My cousin is a cop, so I'll just have him stop around and you can explain it to him."

"NO! I mean, it's top secret."

"And you must be James Blond, the spy who peeped on me."

"With this camera... and the one in the bedroom."

"That one still working, Austin Powerless?"

"Well, yes but..."

"And who all were you going to show the movies you're making?"

"Just me." Too shaken up to think straight, he blurted out, "Nobody else is involved."



"No back-up for us to concern ourselves about. Fine. So, I guess we just let you go."

"Yes. Good. I'll get the other camera and leave right away."

"There's no rush, secret agent man. How about if us two do some special scenes for that spy-eye before you go."

"What you want to see?"

In a dither, barely able to believe the offer they were making, he stammered, "Uh, um. How... how about... some... um... puss... puss... pussy licking." A lezzie scene with these two would be incredible.

"Sure, baby. And some ass kissing?"

"Maybe kinky foot games?"

"Excellent. Perfect. All of that. I'm glad you're not taking this the wrong way."

"How could we. All you did was hide some miniature cameras around our place, so you could make videos of us in the shower and in bed and whatever. Right?"

"That's all," he agreed.

"So why would we be angry, boy?"

Shondra gave his genitals a final squeeze and told him to come down off the stepladder. He descended the few rungs shakily. Then she put an arm around him, to pull him tightly against her, and walked him to where the remaining camera was.

"All right," Shondra said. "Time to make some porn."

"That's what time it is," Ulu declared. "So, get your white ass naked, Chuckie."

"What? No. I thought you meant the two of you would, you know, get it on."

"We will, big stuff. But with you in the mix, too."

"I can't... If you just let me leave... I'll take the cameras and..."

Shondra took her phone off the dresser. "Ass. Bare. Now." Her tone didn't allow for any negotiation.

Chuck unbuttoned his shirt with trembling fingers. He got it off, revealing his smooth unmanly chest. Then he untied and removed his shoes, followed by his socks. Ulu took those things and set them aside. Next, he got out of his jeans, which she also collected. His wallet and keys and phone were in them. The would-be video voyeur stood there in just his jockey shorts, blushing bright pink. The towering Black women smirked down at him.

"That underwear sure advertises what you got in the junk department. Good tight fit gives a real fine outline."

"Let's everybody see that you got a bitesize where there should be more-than-a-mouthful."

"Move it, stud. Lose the tight-whites."

His lips quivered as he got his thumbs under the waistband and slowly worked down the final garment. His near-absence of pubic hair was uncovered, and then the ridiculously small size of his three-piece set. Both women laughed uproariously at what they saw.

"Looks even tinier than it felt."

"That's not even an appetizer."

"His dick couldn't touch bottom in my pussy."

"Hell, it wouldn't even reach the sides."

"The white worm."

"The pink rosebud."

Chuck struggled to hold back tears. He blinked. Sniffled. Wrung his boy-size hands.

"Aw," Shondra said with mock sympathy. "Is Chuckie going to squirt some tears?"

Ulu added, "Is the naughty peeper going to cry for us? Is he?"

The naked captive broke down. He was wracked by sobs. Tears streaked his suffused cheeks. Ulu left the room with his clothes and returned emptyhanded. The females removed their tops, letting those mammoth milk-bags bob free. Then they shucked off their brief skirts to bare flaring hips. That left them wearing only bikini-style panties.

"I know you want to see us the rest of the way undressed."

"All that mocha skin for you to drool over."

"So, get down on your knees, snowflake."

"And yank down our panties, you big scary cock-monster."

He clutched his hands pleadingly and blubbered, "Please. Just let me leave. You can keep my cameras. Sell them. But don't make me stay here. I'm scared."

"Of us?" Shondra put her hands under her weighty knockers and jogged them up and down. "Of these?"

"Or is it what we got behind us?" Ulu wanted to know. She turned around and stuck her ass out at him. The back of her panties was only a thong.

He shook uncontrollably. His nose was running. Chuck's blond hair hung across his brow. He finger-combed it back. He shuffled forward on his knees to remove one pair of panties and then the other. Neatly trimmed landing strips of tight pubic hair were

exposed. From the center of each protruded thick, rippled pussy lips. They were moist and he could smell feminine musk.

"Nothing to be afraid of. We ain't going to eat you."

"No. It's the other way around."

"So, look on up at the light."

"And smile for that camera we found up there."

"Smile, paleface. Or else."

"Show how happy you are, to be going to bed with us fine bitches."

He managed a lopsided, twitching version of a smile. His tears glistened. The Black twosome made him plant a few kisses on the tops of their feet. Then they grabbed him under the arms and hauled him upright. He knew everything was being captured on digital video. They flung him onto the bed on his belly. Shondra stretched out alongside him. He was inches from her zaftig form, so near that he could feel the heat radiating off her. Chuck whimpered. Ulu stood by the bed, using the camera from the bathroom to record his unhappy situation.

"Now," Shondra ordered, "talk about how much you love to eat pussy."

"But I've never done that. Just the thought of it makes me sick."

"You better make us believe different."

"Else we going to take you apart and put you back together, wrong-way-around."

He wasn't sure what she meant by that, but he didn't want to find out. Chuck cleared his throat and squeaked, "I... can't... get enough... pussy to eat. There's nothing I like better."

"Now tell how your pecker is too small for screwing. Say it."

"I have such a small penis..."

"Pecker," Ulu corrected.

"Pecker," he said. "It's so tiny that... no woman... could ever get off from it."

"Truth. Now stick out your tongue, 'cause that's the only sex part you have that's worth anything."

He extended his tongue and wagged it at the cameras. The girls laughed again. Shondra grabbed him by the hair and roughly dragged Chuck, while he squalled and writhed, between her wide thighs, until his face was mere inches from the center of her womanhood. He goggled at those dewy labia and made gagging sounds. She tugged so hard on his hair that, rather than endure the pain, he wriggled forward until his nose was stuck between those sticky smelly ridges. She gave him a few basic instructions and commanded him to get busy. He heaved a shuddering sob but then began kissing, licking, and sucking, getting her plentiful juices all over his nose and lower face. He moaned sadly. She

sighed with contentment. When he fastened his lips around her large clitoris and applied suction, she purred happily. Her juices flowed and he had to slurp them up, though doing it disgusted him.

After about fifteen minutes, it was obvious that the big woman was approaching her climax. Chuck could barely keep up with the fluids she was producing. His face was smeared with them. The smell permeated his mind. She began to quake and suddenly burst into full orgasm. Her thighs clamped onto the sides of his head and held him with viselike power. As her body spasmed, he thought he would be suffocated -- or drowned. Even so, he got through it. Her legs slowly parted and he raised his head, gulping in deep breaths. Ulu looked on and laughed. She still held the confiscated camera, aiming at him, getting a close-up of his smeared face, his hair plastered to his forehead with Shondra's sweat and his own. His tongue lolled out of his mouth, as if its exertions had left it too weak to retract.

"Damn," Shondra enthused. "That was freaking fine. I'm going to want him doing it all the time. We better get us some more insurance that our little white puppy don't run away on us."

Ulu was still recording. She said, "Yeah, Chuckie. Let's hear you tell about how you hid them cameras in our crib. And I bet you done this to other folks, too. Tell all about that, too."

He was too beaten down to refuse, or even to make up some lies to lessen the strength of his confession. Instead, he told them everything. Shondra reached across to get her thumb and forefinger on one of his nipples. She rolled it between the digits,

making him murmur with need. The stimulation further distracted him, so that his revelations just kept flowing. By the end he had incriminated himself to a remarkable degree. He had even remembered the name of one person who he had spied on, in a penthouse apartment a few blocks away. The women made special note of that damning detail.

"Now that we got some damn good blackmail material," Shondra decided, "Chuckie won't never be telling us he ain't available. We can call him anytime and he'll come running. He going to be visiting a LOT. So how about we go down to the Sex R Us shop in The District, and get some toys?"

"Sounds like a plan," Ulu agreed. "And when I took away our boy's pants, I checked his wallet and found a sweet credit card, just waiting to be used."

"Shopping spree!" Shondra cried, as she rolled out of bed and sprang to her feet, her magnificent jugs jiggling.

Chuck knew that store they were referring to. It was a sex shop in the seedy business area nicknamed The District. He had only gone there once, to gawk at the pervy customers, lurid magazine covers, and an 8X10 glossy photo of a Black dancer who was performing in the private club room in the back. But mostly he had marveled at the number and variety of bedroom amusements for sale. There had been sex toys, oils and lubes, wearables, bondage items, feminizing necessities, and much more, including some items he couldn't identify. But the whole atmosphere, with old lechers eyeing him with bad intent, had been too much. He



fled the scene, glad to be away from it all, even though the lure of sexual libertinism remained.

He meekly asked the women, "May I please wash my face before we go?"

"Sure, you can... NOT."

"Smelling like pussy will make you fit right in, when we get there."

"Hey," exclaimed Shondra. "How about that? Chuckie's a pussy and now he got the scent to go with it."

Ulu fetched his clothes, though there was now noting in the pockets. The women let him watch them get dressed in show-off tops and shorts. As terrible as his plight was, it still made his sexual temperature rise. Ulu let him see her drop his wallet into the capacious shoulder bag she was taking. She also had a foil package that contained a condom. When she opened it and took out the rubber, he wasn't sure what was happening. Then she bent down in front of the naked 18-year-old to put it on him. Even a regular sized one would be too large for his tiny dick, but this was one of those jumbo ones, intended for a well-hung male. What she did, however, was to slip the open end over both his penis and testicles. Together they were wide enough to prevent it from slipping off. But the rest of the condom hung down, empty and pathetic looking, a comical reminder of how underhung he was. Chuck was allowed to dress. He could feel the rubber clinging to the base of his genitals. It was so shameful, and the Black girls would know it was there the entire time.

Before they left, Ulu insisted on putting a thick coat of pink-tinted lip gloss on his mouth, as well as using lots of liner to make his eyes stand out. He suddenly looked like he was trying to attract men. They hustled him out of their apartment and onto the street. Ulu's car was at the curb. He had to sit in the back seat. The weather was pleasant, so they lowered his window. His unmanly face was neatly framed, for pedestrians and other drivers to see.

A woman on the sidewalk hollered, "Hey, fag."

A real fag called out, "You go, white stuff."

When a sleek car pulled up next to them at a red light, Chuck found himself being checked out by a tough looking, middle-aged, Black guy in flashy clothes. He nodded approvingly at Chuck's appearance and said, "You ever want to hook up, creampuff, check for me at The Red Ribbon."

As they pulled away, Shondra cackled. "Creampuff," she repeated. "That's a good name for you. All soft and white."

"Or," Ulu offered, "we could shorten it to Creamy."

The women laughed. Ulu pulled into a side street and found a parking spot. They all got out and Chuck immediately began to shiver. It was dusk and the street roamers were appearing. Shondra told him he could walk three steps behind them. That gave him a perfect view of their swaying bottoms as they led him to Sex R Us. Once they were inside, he was surrounded by lusting

customers. Several of them paid special attention to the suggestions of sexual preference on his face.

Ulu went straight to the counter. Behind it was a tall Black man with a thick drooping mustache. She smiled and said, "Hey, Marvin. How's my lover man?"

"I'm good, baby. What's with the pansy who followed you and Shondra in?"

"That's our new project. Little creep snuck some cameras into our crib, to get nasty videos of us. Hell, he might have got one of you and me messing up the sheets."

"You got a damn freak there. Want me to take him out back and teach him how to be good?"

"No. We got other plans for him. Re-named the wimp Creamy. Let us give him a quick look around the place. Then he going to make a real big purchase. Fill up a shopping bag."

"Sounds good, babe."

They took Chuck to the magazine rack and made him peruse several gay titles. While he reluctantly scanned one that featured Black leather-men, they stepped away from him. All alone, he attracted unwanted attention. His skin crawled when several dominant-looking guys drifted toward him. But he was rescued and taken to the small section of video booths. It appeared that they were being used less for viewing than for pick-ups. Ulu gave him several quarters, which he assumed were from the change he

had been carrying. She shoved him into a smelly booth of her choosing. He didn't get to see what mini-movie was featured. At his Black hostess's urging, he fed a coin into the slot. The screen flickered to life and he was confronted with the image of a shrimp of a white guy, who could have been him, except a decade older, with thinning hair. He was naked and appeared uncomfortable. Into the scene strode a tall Black woman with a figure like Shondra or Ulu's, wearing only a red corset and tall oxblood boots with stiletto heels, plus long matching gloves. She body-slammed the guy up against a wall and rubbed herself lasciviously against him. When she stepped back, he had a small but straining erection. She sneered and gave it a hard slap. He winced in pain and reflexively tried to cover his vulnerable area with both hands. She pushed his arms aside, revealing that he was now soft, and grabbed his shoulders, to push him down onto his knees. Then she took the back of his head, to pull his face against the top of one boot.

The amount of time Chuck had paid for ran out. He stood there, mesmerized, and dropped in another quarter. The woman on the screen made her victim kiss his way down to those boots' pointed toes. He ended up on his back, licking the soles. The machine demanded another quarter. Now Chuck got to witness the submissive with his lips around the pointed heel, sucking as if his life depended on it. The camera pulled back to reveal that his hard-on had returned. What kind of pervert was he? Did he want this to happen? Unlike Chuck, was he performing for a Black female willingly? Was he simply that sort of guy? Or had something made him that way? The final quarter didn't offer answers to those speculative questions. It only showed the women getting him on his knees, so she could poke between his

buttocks with that boot toe, and tease his male parts with the footwear's upper. The scene ended with her foot planted triumphantly on his back, while she assumed a pose of victory, hands on her wide hips. The man turned his face to the camera, features unreadable, and the screen went black.

Chuck staggered out of the booth. That type of action had never appealed to him, so what he'd just seen was unfamiliar... and disturbing... yet it affected him somewhere deep inside. Before he could think about it, Shondra hooked her arm through his and Ulu did the same with the other one. They walked him back to the checkout, to one side of which was the extensive plaything and gadget department. The women showed him each item as they selected it, making sure to point out the rather high prices. He mentally watched his monthly card bill rising. They picked body oils and lube, a gag in the shape of a penis, several dildoes in pink, black and red, and a set of three butt plugs. There were also a few items they were careful to conceal from him.

Marvin happily accepted it all and kept the scanner moving and the total rising. The final tab was several hundred dollars, an amount that would have Chuck packing his lunches for work instead of buying them, for quite a while. Ulu handed over the card and it was accepted. Chuck cringed as he signed the slip and took the heavy bag. Ulu said she would see Marvin later and sent an air kiss his way. Chuck let the females lead him out, so he could follow them to a dimly lit club, where they treated themselves to exotic drinks, again on his card. He had to stand behind them at the bar. They were sitting on stools and their massive bottoms spread out over the sides and rear of the seats. He fixated on the sight, caught up in it despite how much had

recently gone wrong for him. Was this how the poor slob in that video reacted to plus-sized Black women? Were the recordings that had been made of Chuck, so recently, all that different?

There was one more stop, at an electronics store, where they purchased a compact video camera, which the clerk assured them would capture crystal clear images. To demonstrate, he aimed it at Chuck. Shondra told the hapless young man to lick his lips. Ulu wanted him to flutter his eyes. They made him touch his face and primp his hair. When the salesman attached the camera to a monitor and played the minute-long scene, the girls were thrilled. Customers watched and snickered at how Chuck disgraced himself. He was mortified.

Back at the apartment, they females cheerily checked through their buys. Shondra settled on a medium-size dildo, in hot pink, with bumps all along its shaft, accompanied by a tube of scented lubricant.

She told Chuck, "Let's go, Creamy. We got to try out that new camera you bought us. So, lose them clothes and let's make movie magic."

"Yeah, white bread. Give us another look at that hamster-dick of yours."

Shamefaced, he stripped down once more. The disgraceful condom still hung limply from his undersized organs. They made him hold it across the palm of his hand, so Ulu could make a record of the difference between the long wide rubber and the pipsqueak pecker it was on. They at last allowed him to remove it,

then put it aside in case it was needed later. That was one more thing for him to worry about.

Shondra tossed him the lube, which he fumbled and dropped. When he bent to pick it up, she playfully poked at his buttocks with the dildo. "You just begging for it, boy. Shoving that smooth white rump at me. I saw them itty bitty balls peeking out between your weakling legs. Huh! Now let's test you and see how much you like me jamming you, the way you wish you could do to us." She held the faux phallus out toward him. "Get this Johnson all lubed up, so it won't hurt so much when it goes into your pipeline."

"Greased...? Hurt...? Pipeline?"

"You must be as stupid as you look. What'd you think we was going to do with all them playthings?"

"I was guessing," he said hesitantly, "you might use the rubber dongs on yourselves." With a hopeful expression he added, "And maybe let me watch?"

"Fool! This hole-stretcher is for you, bunny rabbit. Let's get it greasy, so it goes in easy."

His hands shook as he opened the tube, squeezed some of the flowery smelling lube onto the rammer-jammer, and slicked the full length, along with the bulbous head, by hand. When the mock cock was slippery all over, he capped the tube and set it aside. Shondra grinned devilishly and went to sit in the middle of the sofa.

She told him, "Get on over my lap, vanilla." She was holding the dildo by its clean base. "I got something for you."

He looked ready to weep as he assumed the position. His upper body and legs rested on the seat cushions. His pelvis was atop her thick warm thighs, which made his tiny dick tingle. She set the tip of the fake cock against his rosebud and held it there, while he vibrated all over.

"Here come the judge," she intoned seriously, "to pass sentence on Creamy the bad boy, for sticking his cameras where they don't belong. Now I'm going to stick you where it DO belong."

Without further warning, she shoved the fat head of the sex toy through his tight anal ring. He yelped in surprise and hollered in pain.

"No, no, no. Take it out. That thing's too big. It's hurting me. Please..." His voice rose as he repeated that last plea several times, until he was squealing like a stuck pig.

Instead of relenting, Shondra forced in another two inches. That portion wasn't as girthy as the head, but it still hurt like hell. She gave it half rotations, left and then right, so he could feel the raised spots against his receptive nerve endings. His cries were joined by moans, the sounds of suffering and stimulation becoming mixed together. Ulu had him turn his face toward the new camera for one more close-up. Then she put it on the end table and sat, raising his head so she could slip under it, ending



with his face resting on her plump upper legs. He whimpered as Shondra fed an additional two inches into his keyhole.

"Owwww," Chuck groaned. "That's too much. You might damage me back there. You have to stop."

"We don't have to stop nothing we don't want to stop," Shondra pointed out.

Ulu ruffled his hair and added, "Us two are in control now. And I mean from top to **BOTTOM**." She punctuated the final word with a slap on one buttock. "Come on, Shondra. You still got like four inches that aren't getting used. And that pretty pink thing get wider near the end."

The woman in the middle of the sofa chortled. "Yeah, but I like to take my time." She twisted the dildo one way and then the other, at the same time backing it up and easing it in again and again.

Chuck's legs twitched. It was becoming more difficult to separate his pained vocalizations from the pleased ones. The teenager's mind was being made over in ways he couldn't understand. All he knew was that what should register only as terrible was also being accepted as wonderful. In one smooth motion, Shondra drew the cock out until only the knob remained inside him, then drove it slowly in as far as it had gone previously, but not stopping until the last four, wider inches entered him. He wailed once more but, after it was fully inserted, with only the base that Shondra gripped outside, he settled into soft mewling. She turned it unhurriedly, letting the bumps do their work. His toes curled up in some sort of weird ecstasy. His fingers formed fists. Chuck's face was a

study in conflict, acceptance visibly vying with the need to deny how he was reacting. He didn't want to have his ass violated this way. He didn't enjoy it. That's what he kept telling himself, even when his erogenous zones contradicted it.

Now Shondra adjusted her grip and maintained a casual rhythm, slow and steady, like she was churning butter. Without knowing he was doing it, Chuck pushed back at the invading rod. The women shared knowing glances. Ulu massaged his neck and made soothing sounds. Chuck's immature penis was as hard as it had ever been, so stiff that it hurt, but the woman arousing him was careful not to push him the rest of the way. He needed to finish so bad that his balls hurt.

"Whoa," Ulu said after some time. "I got to get ready to hook up with Marvin. Can't wait to get that horse-cock of his into my snatch. Huff!"

Shondra flashed her a smile. "You go, girl. I'm-a stay here and have some more fun with Creamy."

"Do it!"

Ulu left to change clothes. Shondra continued her slow-motion attack on Chuck's rear entrance. He alternately purred and sobbed. Those raised spots on the manmade man-part did their job well. By the end she had him cooing non-stop, his eyes half-closed, his mouth moving without producing words.

At last she said, "You want me to stop, Creamy?"

He made an indecisive sound. "Maybe just... a little more?"

"No. I got to hear it. Need you to say for sure that you don't want me to pull it out and leave it out."

Chuck sniffled. The next-to-last thing he wanted to do was admit how much she was enjoying being treated that way. But the very-last thing he was willing to make happen was for her to withdraw the oh-so stimulating sphincter-stretcher.

"I... want you to... keep doing that."

"Then you better ask extra sweet and say 'pretty please'."

"Shondra," he whispered, sounding as vulnerable and possessed as he felt, "don't take that rubber cock out of me, pretty please. Keep... err... doing me with it." When she stopped moving her hand, he took the hint and stated more strongly, "Pretty-pretty please, Shondra dearest, don't stop raping my ass with that wonderful, stiff, bumpy dildo."

"That's more like it. You remember what you asked for and the right way to talk to me and my girl Ulu, from now on. I'll give you some more of what you want, then we going to have payback time."

"Yes, Shondra." He was so ashamed of his weakness and how he had been led along the path of surrender and obsession.

Soon Ulu reappeared. She had on a slinky dress of some shiny red material. It hugged her exaggerated contours excitingly. From

her earlobes hung giant-size gold hoops. With Shondra still teasing his ass, and the addition of that visual excitation, his nerves buzzed and his head spun.

"Looking good in the hood," Shondra congratulated Ulu. "Now go see how Marvin likes the way you packaged."

Ulu left and Shondra withdrew the shaft. Chuck slithered off her lap, knelt before her like a supplicant, and kissed each knee in turn.

"Don't get too into wanting me, dessert-topping," the seated Black girl warned. "You might not like what comes next."

She stood, pinched his ear, and pulled him partway up. Still in a crouch, he was dragged along behind her to the overstuffed easy chair. There was a long ottoman in front of it, which was the same height as the seat.

Shondra instructed him, "Now you just push that footstool thing up against the chair and get yourself on there, with the back of your head on the seat."

He didn't understand but complied anyway. That left him supported from head to knees, his legs bent and feet above the floor. Shondra stripped from the waist down, exposing that monstrous rear end that he found irresistible. She straddled him at the level of his upper body and stood there, a looming giantess, her ballooned posterior hovering over him. As she descended, getting her hands on the arms of the chair, that overwhelming ghetto booty was coming directly toward his face. Did she intend

to sit on him? He got the answer as her big cushiony buttocks settled over his features, molding themselves against and around his face and head. He was caught in the warm valley, with so much weight pressing down on him that there was no way to unseat her. Chuck found that if he remained calm and took slow steady breaths, he could inhale enough air. But the earthy scent of her nether depths, along with the odors of sweat and oily secretions, was heavy in each controlled intake. It was as if his face was merged with her fantastic butt. She wriggled atop him, getting more comfortable. He heard the TV come on. How long did she intend to remain there?

Chuck dared to bring his hands up. He got them on her well-padded hips. That felt so good, and made his prick prickle. He was getting hard. Shondra's weight shifted a bit, telling him she was leaning forward. He greedily sucked in more air while the opportunity presented itself. Her plump fingers closed around his inadequate penis and granted it a half dozen strokes. He couldn't believe how wonderful it was, and knew at once that he would do whatever he could to earn even a few more.

"You like that?" Shondra wanted to know.

He made a muffled sound of assent.

Her hand returned. She must have wet her fingers in her full-lipped mouth. It was even better than before.

She asked, "How about now?"

He let out a long groan of yearning. She rocked with silent laughter, her moist skin massaging his face.

"Well," she told him, "you want me to toy with that junior joystick, you got to earn it. How about you give some paybacks with your mouth, you-know-where." She ground herself down on him.

What? No. She couldn't expect that. Even though it was hopeless, he pushed upward against her heaviness.

Shondra said, "I told you the next part might not be so fun for you. But..." She bounced up and down four times. "... sometimes you got to do what you don't want to, so you can get what you got to get. See?"

This time when he moaned it was with misery. She had gotten him obsessed with her incredible sitter. But what she was asking was unreasonable.

"This is one of them limited-time offers," she cautioned. "Like on TV. I'll just watch my show until the next commercial while you think about it. Then it's decision time." She squirmed around on his trapped face. "You figure what you gone do, pure white sugar."

OMG. He couldn't use his mouth there. Even though her buttonhole was right against his nose, her marshy smell overcoming him, with moisture from her skin all over his face, the next step was one he dreaded. And yet, and yet. He pressed his tongue out between his closed lips, experimentally. When he felt the wrinkled ring and tasted that loamy flavor, he withdrew his

licker abruptly. How long was it until that next station break? What would she do if he declined to cooperate? He was in a terrible quandary. No matter what he decided, they still had that blackmail material to use against him. Maybe it would be better to simply give in and try to win some small mercies, he rationalized. Chuck forced himself to repeat his failed attempt, except that this time he advanced from touching the unclean spot to flicking it with just the tip of his tongue. Shondra shook her bottom, which he took for a sign of approval.

She told him what she wanted. That got him puckering up and kissing. Then he was swirling his tongue around on the target. Next, she expected soul kisses, with plenty of penetration. He tried not to think about what he was doing while he did it. She smiled to herself, delighted that she had driven him so low in such a short time. Chuck was mentally beating himself up for caving in and performing such a repulsive act. He swore to himself that he was totally put off by it. His puny dick, rigid as could be, contradicted him. Shondra rode his face for the better part of an hour, until she had a partial orgasm. The big woman hadn't had a guy set her off that way for a long time. It was good to have a new oral slave under her.

When she got off, Chuck blinked to get his eyes accustomed to the light. He took several revivifying breaths. That made him feel better but did nothing to reduce the body odor that clung to his face and the taste that was strong in his mouth. Shondra made him move the ottoman aside, got him on the floor, on his back, parallel to the couch, and used his crotch as a footrest. She tickled his dick with her toes, keeping it hard.

"You get turned on by the freaky stuff, don't you, Creamy?"

"I guess. I mean, I never did before. It's just..."

"Yeah, keep telling yourself this is a one-time thing. Uh huh. Never get turned on by what you been doing, ever again." She caught his slender penis between her first two toes and gave it a squeeze. "You ain't kinky, popcorn. No. Not you. Whenever we let you out of here, you won't never want to play none of our games again. Will you?"

"I... maybe."

She didn't let him up. While she watched several hours of TV her toes were never completely at rest. They did their work well, and put Chuck in an unrelieved state of desperate need. Then Ulu came home.

"Hey," she said to her roommate. "Mind if I borrow cream-boy?"

"Nah. Help you-self. I rode his kisser like I used to do with that wimp we had, year before last. Remember that one? How he kept phoning us after he screwed up and got kicked out, crying and wanting to start over? These white-failure-types just can't get normal again after we mess with their heads."

"You know it," Ulu agreed. "Now I'm going to take this chump into the bedroom and put him to work."

Chuck got up, his tiny erection pointing at Ulu, a drip of clear fluid leaking from its end. She grabbed the hair on one side of his head



and marched him away. In the bedroom she made him undress her, being sure she brushed against his erection, every chance she got. Then she stretched out on her back and lewdly splayed her legs.

"Get to getting," she told Chuck. "My puss needs some lickity-split."

"But... weren't you... just with... Marvin."

"Yeah, I was. With his monster tool way up in me. That man screws like a animal. He goes and goes. Then he empties his balls and it's like the flood broke the dam. Know what I'm saying?"

He made a gagging sound. "Yes. That's why I can't... do what you're requesting."

"You peeping Tom creep." She got angrily to her feet. "That wasn't no request. That was an order. Maybe you need some learning, with help from stuff we bought at the sex shop."

"Wait. Can't we have an adult discussion about this?"

"You can 'adult discussion' my knee hitting your balls, if you don't get smart quick. Just put your hands on top of your stupid head and keep them there. I'll be right back with just what you need."

She returned with the entire bag of purchases. Ulu dug out the middle-sized of the three butt plugs. She roughnecked him onto the mattress and got him on his hands and knees, head down and ass up. Then she held a fat butt-plug in front of his mouth.

"Better get spit all over this big black rump-stuffer, if you don't want it to tear you on the way in."

When he tried to reason with her, she smacked him in the nose with the sex toy. He saw how badly outmatched he was. Chuck gathered as much saliva as he could in his mouth and drooled it onto the dark rubber. Then he spread it around with his tongue. She snatched the rubber device away, positioned the blunt end of it against his pucker, and applied pressure. He felt himself being stretched to an unreasonable width. It was worse than the dildo. He wailed and moaned and shook his head, all to no avail. At least he had the sense not to oppose her physically. The threat of having his testicles kneed was a powerful deterrent. She pushed harder and he was startled when the plug passed inside him. His anal ring contracted around the narrow part behind the bulkiest section, assuring that the wider portion would not come free unless someone pulled it out. He felt filled up back there. Chuck had descended to a new level of loss of control over his own body.

"Now," Ulu said tersely, "you feel more like cleaning up that big mess that Marvin left in my twat? What's the right answer, shrimp-dick?"

"Yes. I'm ready. Whatever you want. Anything. And then will you take that awful thing out of me?"

"Let's see how good a job you do. And how much spunk you show while you're eating spunk. HA! I made a funny." She got back on the mattress, snapped her fingers, and pointed to her vagina,

where thick semen was oozing from between the double-ridge of her oversized labia.

He got onto his belly, so near that he could smell Marvin's ejaculate, mixed with her own sexual fluids. Though it made his stomach turn, he took a long lick from bottom to top, gathering up a dollop of the Black man's sauce.

"How you like that?" she wanted to know. "Having your mouth where a real man had his cock? Eating up the gooey-gooey he left in my fun-spot? You like that, Creamy? Creamy eating cream? Do it turn you on, boy?"

He choked and sputtered but, in the interest of self-preservation, answered "Yes. Yes, Ma'am."

She laughed nastily. "Is that pin-dick of yours still hard as can be?"

As much as he hated to admit it, he answered truthfully. "Yes. Completely."

"Haw! This is probably the closest you ever had to regular sex. Ain't that right?"

"Yes."

"Cause you a virgin."

"I am." If there had been any doubt about that, he had just eliminated it.

"You gone to stay one, too. Sad case like you don't deserve no pussy, never. Just keep doing the job you were born for. Feel real good to have that soft tongue and them girly lips on me, after the hard banging I got from my man. When you done, which won't be too soon, I got the perfect way to keep you from getting rid of your virginity, even if you ever meet some girl who'll settle for that mini-you type of a dick."

He kept lapping up and swallowing the Black man's cum. The thought of having it in his stomach was horrible. He wondered if he'd ever be able to put this ignominy out of his mind. He doubted it. His efforts were so focused that he even gave Ulu an orgasm, which added more of her juices to what he had to gulp down. When she was fully satisfied, she made him stay there, gently kissing her mound and those puckered pussy lips, while she drifted into half-sleep. After he had been post-orgasm pampering her down there for a long while, she came fully awake.

"I promised to help you with that virgin thing," she reminded him. "And I didn't forget. Get up and fetch me that bag, boy." After she got it, Ulu rummaged around and came up with something small that he couldn't get a good look at. She sat up on the side of the bed and called, "Yo, Shondra. Get your booty in here. It's time for Creamy's surprise, like we talked about."

"I'm coming," the other girl holler back.

Chuck was standing between Ulu's thick thighs. Her full calves touched his unimpressive legs. Shondra came into the room. The girls fussed with the mystery item from the bottom of the bag.

"You bought yourself a gift, boy."

"A real special one, your royal whiteness."

"One of them gifts that keeps on giving."

"Haw!"

All at once Shondra was gripping his upper arms from behind, to hold them against his sides. Ulu used her feet to make him widen his stance. She surprised him with a sharp upward blow to his nuts. He gagged on pain. Shondra prevented him from doubling up. His erection wilted and was gone. Ulu worked quickly, doing something to his three-piece set. He felt a ring around the base of his genitals and then something compressing his penis, reducing it even more, until it was just a caged nubbin. The seated girl held up a small padlock. She lowered it and fitted it to whatever had been put onto him. There was the distinctive click of a lock being shut. Ulu grinned up at him and patted his scrotum.

"Check it out, pussy-cleaner."

He looked down and was shocked and dismayed to see that he was wearing a chastity device. He had only seen them once or twice on-line. Now his dick was trapped in one, squished down to almost nothing.

"Got to make sure the dingus holder works," Ulu declared. She began to massage his testicals.

"Have to give it a good test," Shondra announced, releasing him and then reaching around. She located his nipples and fingered them.

He writhed from all the tantalizing. His penis tried to grow but that was impossible. It was very uncomfortable.

"Please," he whined. "Take that thing off me."

"Sure, baby boy," said Ulu. "Except that -- OOPS -- I took the key to Marvin's place and left it there."

"Nooooo."

"Yesssss."

They crowded him into a corner. "Don't feel bad, Creamy," Shondra said. "You wasn't using that little thing anyway. Not with no girls. It's useless for that. All you was doing was tugging on it. Am I right or am I right?"

"I... was... doing that."

"See?" said Ula. "So, no big loss. Just your little sprout."

"And it's good for you to get all jazzed up but not be able to get off," Shondra insisted. "Let us show you."

Four dark hands reached out to tickle and tease. Chuck twisted and turned under their touch, becoming so aroused and frustrated that he couldn't think straight.

"The deal is," Ulu went on, "that when your engine is racing but you can't put it into gear, all your energy gets turned around and goes into keeping us bitches happy."

"You'll turn into our perfect pussy kisser."

"And ass eater."

He felt a change coming over him. Were they right? It couldn't happen so soon. But it must have started.

For the next month, with the threat of their videos being shared and maybe going viral, along with his urgent wish to get the key to his cock lock, Chuck kept coming back. They came up with new ways to disgrace him. One was to get him naked and take a chair on which Marvin had mounted a fat dildo. It was in the middle of the seat, sticking up. Chuck had to take cold bacon fat that they saved after cooking their breakfasts. He put the fat in his mouth and fellated the fake cock to get it slippery. Then he had to straddle the chair and get the head of the rammer touching his back door. With the women watching and making rude remarks, he had to lower himself onto the dildo and then ride it up and down.

"Take your time, white fish. You gone be on that thing a long time."

"I love seeing it disappear and then come back. How you liking it?"

"Please. Let me stop. It's so thick. And goes so deep. It hurts real bad."

"But ain't your fairy dick trying to get hard in its little pecker prison?"

"Yes, but I can't help that. It's because I haven't been allowed to finish in so long."

"Well, boo hoo. Poor baby. Got nothing but complaints."

"Yeah. You should be thanking us for letting you do some kind of sex stuff that you're built for."

"Not enough cock to give a girl, but an ass that can take whatever gets put in there."

They kept him at a fever pitch of arousal and granted him no relief. If he got too noisy, they put the penis-shaped gag in his mouth and strapped it to his head. Soon he was showing up even when they didn't summon him. He had no self-control. His runaway need was making him crazy. He had to explain to them what he was worried about.

After two nonstop hours of worshipping their bodies, he at last got his chance. Chuck started with, "I've got kind of a problem."

"You got a whole collection of those," Ulu assured him.

"Short. Too thin. Hair like a girl. Teeny tiny dick."



"It's not any of that," he told them, his voice unsteady. "The way you've been treating me. Keeping me so horny, touching me, talking dirty, flaunting your bodies."

"You don't like our bodies?" Ulu said indignantly.

"I love them." He stared at those inviting, overblown curves, which now affected him more than ever. "But I think I'm... from wearing this cock lock... and not being allowed to finish... starting to get... addicted to you. And to the things you make me do to you."

"For true?" Shondra acted surprised and disbelieving.

"Like you're getting to where you WANT all that?" Ulu questioned.

"Yes. That's it exactly. You're getting me hooked on everything. If I don't get some time away from you, soon I won't be able to think about sex at all without seeing myself with my mouth on one of you. Already, I can't enjoy watching white girls or even thin Black ones. The only thing that excites me is ones like you two. If this goes on, I'll be hopelessly obsessed with that typed and... you know... doing things for them."

"Whoa," Shondra said seriously. "And if we cut you loose, you'd have to find other ones like us, somewhere else. Like in cheap bars in the bad part of town."

"You'd be going up to thick mamas, probably real mean ones, and trying to get them to let you put your head under their skirts. Be

wanting to get your nose into their business, even though it's got the stank"

"Now you understand. Please don't let that happen to me."

The women gave him deeply sympathetic looks. At last he saw a way out.

"We don't want you to end up sniffing after dirty twats."

"And smelly asses that needs a bath."

"No way."

"Not gone to let it happen."

"Thank you," he said, close to tears of relief. "I'll never forget this."

"Yeah," Ulu told him. "Especially you won't forget how we was just playing with you, when we sounded all sorry."

"Even though we ain't sorry at all, peeper."

The girls broke up laughing. They were convulsed by it.

Ulu caught her breath and said, "Don't you get it, fool? You getting hooked on big Black chicks is exactly what we want."

"And you're already most of the way there."

"If that lock stays on your dingus a while longer..."

"And we keep you starved for sex at the same time..."

"Then you'll be a twisted-up freak forever. Ha. And be coming crawling back to us, saying how you'll do anything just to suck our toes."

"Or lick the sweat from our armpits."

"We gone to wreck you, boy."

"Wreck you all the way."

"So you can't never get back to what you were before."

"Which was pretty sick already."

Chuck felt himself spiraling down into a bottomless pit of shame and degradation. He knew his worst fears would be realized. He would always be a slave to Shondra and Ulu, or any other women who looked like them. His life would center around humiliating himself and being used and abused without cease. He knelt before Shondra and hugged her thick firm calf, kissing the inside of her thigh -- and hoping she would tell him to do more.