

# ***Blacked Sissy!***

**By Tara Yarn**

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# ***Blacked Sissy***

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## Chapter One

Her tits were in his face.

“Sign here,” Miss Wilkinson tapped a spot on the document, then trailed her finger down to the bottom and tapped it again. “Here as well. Good. That’s it.”

With a sway to her hips, she circled the desk and sat down in her office chair. The wall behind her was made up of glass, the orange rays of the afternoon sun bathing the room in a warm light. In the corner stood a black couch, and not far away, an armchair.

“Your test results have yet to arrive,” Miss Wilkinson stuffed the document into a stack of papers, then leaned back and crossed her

legs. “But the cause of your issues is not shrouded in mystery, Andy. In nine times out of ten, the problem is psychological.”

Frowning, Andy looked down and kept quiet.

“Last time you were here you told me you were feeling stressed,” Miss Wilkinson took a sip from a steamy cup of coffee. “As a therapist, I have to be specific with my words. In this case, I think the root of your problem is very clear. You struggle with confidence, Andy.” Adjusting his sleeves, Andy shrugged. “This- This is my wife we’re talking about.”

Miss Wilkinson cocked an eyebrow. “Does she frighten you, Andy?”

“What. No- I-”

“You’ve clearly acquired yourself a very beautiful wife,” the therapist was toying with a pen. “I think it is perfectly normal to feel that you’re not quite adequate for your partner.”

Andy squirmed in his seat. “I- I don’t feel self-conscious around my wife.”

“You felt self-conscious around me the first time we met,” Miss Wilkinson leaned over the table and took his hands, her perfume wafting his way. He shuddered. “It’s become perfectly clear that you feel inadequate around certain women. That is not odd, or strange, or queer. It shouldn’t make you feel less of a man than anyone else... Tell me why.”

“I don’t know.” Andy shrugged.

The therapist leaned back in her chair. There was a moment of silence. Andy hated silence. His stomach had a tendency to rumble at the most awkward of times.

Miss Wilkinson came to his rescue. “How are things at work? Stressful?”

“It’s- It’s busy,” Andy shrugged again. “Two tellers are on sick leave. And then another one left on maternity leave. That means I have to be behind a desk, and-”

“And you don’t like that,” the therapist interrupted. “Because that means real interaction with attractive women. Perhaps you also feel this way about men?”

Widening his eyes, Andy hurried to shake his head.

The therapist smiled. “I’ve seen you walk down a sidewalk, Andy. You’re a very nice person. You move out of the way for everyone. And that’s fine.”

“I don’t move out of the way for everyone-”

“Your wife,” Miss Wilkinson cut him off. “How often do the two of you take the time to simply enjoy each other? In the past month, how many times have you two tried?”

Flinching as if struck, Andy lowered his gaze. It took him a while to muster forth his words. “I don’t know... Last month... Thr- Three times, I think.”

“Three times,” repeated the therapist. She did not sound impressed.

Andy nodded softly.

“If you want a child, you must realize that you need to be intimate with one another. Your sperm is not going to crawl out of you and into her on their own.”

Scoffing, Andy rolled his eyes. “I- I know that.”

“Why aren’t you two having sex?”

“There’s- There’s no reason-”

“There’s always a reason, Andy.”

Placing his face in his palms, Andy huffed. Miss Wilkinson did not rush him, trailing the tip of her pen back and forth across her creamy cleavage. “I don’t know,” he muttered. “She always says she has a headache... Or she doesn’t feel like it... She also wants a child. I’ve asked her many times, and she keeps saying yes. She just never wants to... Do it.”

The therapist nodded slowly. “In my experience,” she began, placing the pen back on the smooth desk, “the vast amount of women desire to be submissive in the sheets. It is not my place to imply anything, but have you considered to attempt to be more assertive?” “Assertive?” Andy looked up and narrowed his eyes.

“Yes. Assertive. Try to take charge. Spice it up a little in the bedroom. Sweep her off her feet and carry her off to your bed. Perhaps she’s simply tired of hearing you ask.”

A touch of heat flushed upon his cheeks. The therapist smirked. When she refused to continue, Andy ushered a sigh of defeat and nodded. “Fine. I’ll- I’ll try.”

“Good.” Miss Wilkinson straightened up and went through the stack of papers. A moment later a new document lay in front of her. Her eyes flicked to and fro as she studied it.

“In our last session,” she looked up from the paper with a soft smile on her lips, “you told me you were going to the gym now. How is that going? Seen any progress?”

Pulling a face, Andy shrugged. If Miss Wilkinson had gotten tired of his shrugging, she wasn’t showing any signs of it, smiling casually. “I went there a few times, but- I feel so weird when I am there. It feels like everyone else is bigger than me. They all know what they’re doing. And whenever I try to do something, they just... They all stare at me.”

“The gym can be a very frightening place for someone who struggles with their own self-esteem,” Miss Wilkinson nodded. “But as I explained to you the last time, we all have to start somewhere... We’ve talked about your height before and how you feel about it. You can’t change the fact that you are short, Andy... But you don’t have to be skinny.”

“She weighs more than I do,” Andy grimaced.

“I’m- I’m sorry? Who?”

“My wife.”

“Oh,” the therapist cocked an eyebrow. Catching a glimpse of her expression, surprised and a little bewildered, Andy averted his gaze and squirmed in his seat.

“Well,” she clapped her hands together. “That’s normal. Jillian is a very shapely woman. She is taller than you, and you’d be surprised at how much a big butt can add to a number.”

She flashed him a coy grin. It only lasted a couple of seconds. Andy said nothing, frowning at the floor. Tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear, she cleared her throat and continued: “If it really means that much to you, keep going to the gym. In time, you’ll put on some muscle and this will no longer be a problem. In the meantime... Faking confidence has a tendency to breed confidence, Andy. You’re the vice president of a bank. You’re married to a beautiful woman. And you’re only thirty-five. I’d say you’re very successful.”

“Faking confidence,” repeated Andy.

Miss Wilkinson nodded. “You can begin with your wife. Let her see you for the man you really are. Be the husband she wants you to be. You have employees, Andy. You’re a figure of authority. Act like it, and I wouldn’t be surprised if a baby pops up soon enough.” Ushering a shaky sigh, Andy nodded. The woman across the desk stared at him a moment longer, then tapped the screen of her phone and checked the clock.



“Our time is almost up,” she turned her attention back to him. “Before we end the session, is there anything else you’d like to discuss? We have a few more minutes.”

“There- There is something,” Andy muttered. Flashing him a bright smile, the therapist encouraged him to continue with a dip of her head. “I... I have been invited to a class reunion. It’s- It’s tomorrow. And I am not sure if I should go.”

“Why not? It sounds like the perfect opportunity for you to practice your confidence. Are there no one you have been longing to see after all these years?”

“I- I didn’t have a lot of friends in high school,” Andy pouted. Miss Wilkinson cocked an eyebrow and gestured for him to carry on. After a moment of hesitation, he obeyed: “And there was, uhm- There was a rumor about me... About something I did.”

“What rumor?”

Freezing to the spot, Andy blanched. The therapist caught on quickly; she didn’t push the subject. “Well,” she continued, “I still think you should go. Let your old classmates see your success. Don’t worry about the past. You’d be surprised at how much people change.” “You’re right,” Andy muttered as he stood up. “They’re all adults now. I’m sure they have changed. Thank you, Miss Wilkinson. You- You’ve been very helpful.”

Glossy lips curled up into a bright smile. She also rose from her seat and circled the desk. A moment later, she was holding the door open for him, only to stop him in the doorway. “Andy.”

“Y- Yes?”

“Remember,” she put a hand on his shoulder and drifted closer. Her bosom flattened slightly against his arm. Andy jerked, but faked obliviousness. “Be assertive. Don’t ask. Take.” Swallowing, Andy nodded hurriedly and darted through the doorway. The secretary in the next room, a strict-looking blonde with a ponytail and a nose shaped like a beak, looked at him quizzically. He couldn’t blame her; Andy was running for the exit with his hands pressed to his crotch and his face the color of a tomato. His cock wouldn’t stop throbbing.

Leaping into his car, he drove home as fast as he could.

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She lay upon the couch.

Andy had snuck in; she hadn’t seen him, her eyes glued to the screen of the television. A music channel was on, and a dark-skinned youngster with gold chains dressed in a purple sweatsuit was rapping away. He had no idea why she was watching that.

Slipping around the corner, he knocked on the wall three times. It caught her attention; the wide-eyed blonde startled so dramatically she almost fell out of the sofa.

“Oh my god,” Jillian grasped the remote and turned the TV off. Gathering up her hair, she threw it over a shoulder and sat up, wiggling her toes.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon. Jillian was still in her pajamas.

“How was work? Fun?”

Andy said nothing. She was wearing his Christmas present: a pink top adorned with the face of a fluffy bear with matching pants. It was a size too tight for her, evident from the way her breasts strained the silky fabric to the point where it looked like they'd pop the buttons any moment. Clearing his throat, Andy puffed out his chest and pointed to the floor. “Stand up.” She sent him a blank stare. “Okay,” she said slowly, rising up from her seat, leaving a print of her bottom in the black leather. After standing up, she looked at him expectantly. “What?” Nibbling on his lip, Andy hesitated. Rolling her eyes, his wife was about to sit down when he dashed forward. The sudden movement made her pause, and a few seconds later Andy was desperately trying to hoist her up from the floor and into his arms. Jillian snorted.

“What on earth are you doing? Ngh- Put me down, Andy!”

“We're- We're making a baby,” he said with effort, gritting his teeth, fighting to support her weight in his quivering arms. Carrying her like a bride, he staggered towards the hallway.

“Right,” she nodded slowly, wrapping an arm around the back of

his neck. “Well. I don’t think we’re making it up the stairs, babe. I can feel your arms shaking already.”

“W- We will,” he grunted, fighting his way up the first few steps.

“D- Don’t worry.”

“Put me down. You’re gonna drop me.”

“I’m... Not... Dropping... You!”

“This would be so much easier if I just walked up the stairs on my own- Oh, honey! I forgot to grab the chicken from the freezer. You’ll have to make us something else tonight.”

What felt like pure acid was flowing into his arms, which shook so badly he might as well have been having a seizure. But now there were only a few more steps to the top.

Andy was going to make it.

With three steps left, his arms caved in. Jillian, gasping, grabbed a tight hold of his hair and brought him down with her; they both fell upon the carpet with a thud.

The carpet on the second floor.

“That’s great,” Jillian patted him on a cheek and tore herself out of his grasp, battling her way back up to her feet. “Carried me up a set of stairs. You’re a real man now. Enjoy.”

With a huff, Andy also stood up. For a moment, he thought his wife would slip past him and head downstairs. Instead, he widened his eyes when he saw where she was heading.

“Well, don’t keep me waiting, big boy,” Jillian said, lingering in the doorway to the bedroom. A moment later, she had slipped inside. With a sheepish smile on his face, Andy rushed after.

The bedroom was empty. Incoherent singing stemmed from behind the bathroom door. Andy stepped over to the king-sized mattress and dropped his butt down on the edge. It hadn’t been made that morning; Andy had been short on time and Jillian never did it.

A picture on the nightstand grabbed his attention. It was their wedding photo, depicting the well-dressed pair hugging in front of a sunset and a green field of grassing horses. Even that photo displayed her breasts straining the white fabric of her dress to the brim.

Shuffling on the linen, Andy swallowed.

The door slid open. Jillian put her hands on her hips.

The sight of her voluptuous figure took his breath away. He hadn’t seen her like this in months. Blonde hair cascaded down her front, hoisted over a shoulder. Massive breasts jutted out from her chest, wobbling as she sashayed closer. Skin as pale as milk, supple and smooth. There wasn’t a hair on her body below her eyebrows. Long legs made up of delicate calves and chunky thighs. A plump butt that quivered with every step she took.

She bent over. He embraced her. They both fell upon the bed.

Ushering a shaky sigh, his hands found her waist. When their lips met, his fingers crept down to her ass, digging into the doughy flesh. An eager tongue wiggled between his kissers and slid into his mouth. She kissed him passionately, her hands on his chest, pinning him down. Squishing her breasts into his frame, her fingers sought for the buttons on his shirt. A moment later, she was undressing him, leaving stains of pink gloss all over his face.

Wedging his hands between their squished bodies, Andy pushed her away. Narrowing her eyes, Jillian sat up on his crotch and proceeded to stare blankly at him in silence. The tent on his trousers was lodged between her shapely thighs, smothered by pale flesh.

“I’m- I’m sorry,” Andy muttered, meeting her glare with doe eyes. “I- I want to have sex. I really do. It’s just that... Do you think maybe I could try to be in charge this time?”

With a huff, Jillian looked away, staring out at nothing in particular for a while. After scratching her face with nails painted bright pink, she sighed. “Fine. Whatever.”

They switched places; Jillian rolled over and lay upon her back, spreading her legs to make room for Andy to crawl up between them. Smiling brightly, Andy sank down to meet her lips once more, kissing her softly while his hands sought her tits. His fingers followed their round curve, then slid up to play with her nipples, embracing the stiff nubs between his digits and giving them each a gentle squeeze. She tensed underneath him, bit her bottom lip and wrapped her ankles around his ass, tugging him closer, reaching for his trousers.

“I love you,” she whispered, snatching his lip between her teeth. After unbuckling his belt and yanking down his zipper, she pulled his trousers down his hips, then his boxers.

“I- I love you too,” gasped Andy, widening his eyes as a pair of feminine fingers wrapped themselves around his flaccid shaft. Tugging a few times on his nub, she steered it between her legs and into her folds. Gritting his teeth, Andy slid inside the pink flower with a whimper.

“There we go,” said Jillian, collapsing back on the mattress, stretching her arms out over her head. “Go on. Take charge, Daddy. Fuck me... Fuck me until I scream.”

Ushering a shaky sigh, Andy grasped her by the waist and straightened up. He sat on his knees, bent over at a forty-five-degree angle, his throbbing prick slowly growing inside the softness of her velvet folds. His wife, smirking up at him, shook her chest, her massive breasts jiggling. Swallowing with effort, Andy began to thrust his hips.

A bright smile crept up on the pink lips. Jillian shut her eyes and pushed her pelvis into his hips. Huffing, Andy grabbed her by the thighs and parted them by force, picking up the pace of his thrusts. This surprised her; Jillian shot her eyes up and let out a squeal.

“Oooh,” she grinned up at him. “That’s more like it. Yeah, come on, daddy. I’ve been such a naughty, little girl. That’s right. Come on. Fuck me. Fuck me harder.”

The sound of flesh slapping into flesh echoed through the room. Andy slammed himself between her legs with more and more force. A trickle of sweat ran down his side.

“This- This is what you get, little girl,” Andy growled, banging her pelvis with all the strength he could muster. “Spread your legs for Daddy. I’m going to f-”

A snort. Followed by a giggle. Panting, Andy quit thrusting.

And felt his face flush up with heat.

Covering her lips with her fingers, Jillian was squinting up at him with amusement written all over her features. And then she let loose a peal of laughter.

Whimpering, Andy drew away.

“Awh,” said his wife, trying to control her giggling. “Don’t be like that. I’m sorry. You know it’s not easy for me to pretend when I just... When I just don’t feel you down there.”

A hand settled on his shoulder. Glaring at the floor, Andy shoved it away. Behind him, he heard a sigh. It didn’t take long before a pair of arms wrapped themselves around him. “Honey,” his wife insisted, hugging him tightly. “Must we do this every single time? Just grab the strap-on from the drawer. It’s fine.”

“It’s so humiliating,” Andy muttered. Tears were welling up in his eyes. A pair of supple lips brushed past his ear. A pair of pale melons embraced his shoulder.



“Do it,” she whispered, tickling his neck with her soft lips. “Get it. And then we can pretend you’re big and strong down there... Don’t you want to see me cum, babe?”

Wrinkling his nose, Andy wrestled himself out of her grasp and stood up. A pair of pink panties hung from the drawer, left discarded on the very edge.

“We’ll try the normal way next time, honey,” Jillian promised. Tugging open the drawer, Andy said nothing, rummaging around inside until his fingers touched rubber. Out from the masses of lingerie appeared a brown-colored rubber cock with a harness attached at its base. “Only one more time. I promise,” his wife bit her lip.

With a deep sigh, Andy strapped it on.

## Chapter Two

“I’m not sure if we should do this, Jillian...”

Parked by the curb on the wide street, Andy checked his phone to confirm the address. There was no need; while he had been hesitating, several cars had arrived, their owners heading for the house that lay at the end of the street. It was a nice place with a contemporary style; a one-story building with a flat roof, white brick walls, a brick-laid driveway, and a front garden filled with grey gravel. A single olive tree grew out from amidst the pebbles, the abundance of minty green leaves fluttering in the gentle breeze.

A tall hedge surrounded the property, except for the front. Four cars stood cramped in a driveway intended only for two. A large BMW was circling the turnabout, the middle-aged driver gritting his teeth as he tried to find a suitable spot along the overcrowded curb.

“It’ll be fun.” Plumping her freshly painted lips, Jillian eyed herself in the rear-view mirror and packed her lip gloss away before she opened the door. Frowning, Andy didn’t move. Hoisting her purse over a shoulder, his wife waved him over. She had put her hair up in a blonde bun, twisted several times over and then secured with a pink bobby pin. Giant gold rings dangled from her ears, and a silver necklace with the shape of a sideways heart adorned her plunging neckline. Despite his protests, she had chosen a skin-tight, white dress for the occasion; the cleavage was anything but modest, the fabric transparent.

She looked stunningly gorgeous.

And that was precisely the problem.

“C’mon! We’ll be late!” Scurrying over to the other side of the car, she yanked open the door and grabbed him by the hand, tugging him along. Groaning, Andy got out and plodded after her. By the time they reached the front door, she had stumbled three times.

“Maybe you shouldn’t wear heels that high if you can’t walk in them,” Andy muttered, pulling a face as footsteps sounded from behind the door. Elbowing him in the stomach, Jillian adjusted the straps on her dress and sighed, forcing forth a dazzling smile.

The door slid up. A black-haired woman with a slim figure wearing a frilly dress appeared in the doorway. With a bright smile, she ambled over and embraced his wife, planting a peck on her cheek. Huffing, Andy slowly approached. He knew her. It was...

“Bianca,” Andy extended a hand. The smile on her lips faded away when she turned her attention to him. After a moment of hesitation, she faked another smile and shook it.

“I’m so glad you two could make it.” Stepping to the side, she invited them in with a gesture. “Everyone else is out back. Through the hallway, then through the kitchen. Grab yourselves a drink on the way if you want. Please make yourselves at home.”

“Thank you,” Jillian beamed her another smile and went inside. Offering the thin woman an awkward nod, Andy hurried along. In the background, Bianca greeted another couple.

“This is nice,” Jillian swept her gaze over the walls, the ceiling, the furniture. It was nice. The interior was modern and simplistic; all the surfaces white and all the furniture black. Dragging him through the hallway and into the kitchen, Jillian suddenly froze. The wall facing the backyard was made of glass, the double door in the middle left wide open. While the interior was elegant, the exterior was bordering on luxurious. Garden tiles the color of marble covered the whole terrace, surrounding a rectangular pool at least a dozen feet long. A plethora of patio chairs and tables had been brought out for the occasion, most of them now occupied by small groups of mingling people. A pair of outdoor speakers were playing a playlist, the generic music just loud enough to be heard

without becoming bothersome. Snatching a martini complete with an olive on a toothpick, Jillian sighed with content and made her way for the terrace. Andy held back, cautiously eyeing the crowd.

There must have been at least thirty people present. Some of them were classmates; others he did not recognize and figured they had to be the plus ones. As he stepped out upon the patio, he spotted Jake by the pool, the old class clown. He had stripped down to his boxers and was dangling his legs in the water, chatting up a blonde with small breasts.

Back when Andy was a senior, Jake had been his friend.

His only friend.

Sighing, he made his way over.

As he circled the pool, he saw many familiar faces; John, a skinny, worn-out man who used to play baseball and had aspired to be a coach; Emily, with her black hair, milky skin, piercings, and tattoos. In High School, she was never seen without earplugs and a baggy T displaying the logo of whatever band she preferred on that particular day; Mike, a quiet kid whose parents came from somewhere in Asia. His favorite subject had been math, which had naturally been a recurring joke amongst jocks such as; Danny, with his rock-hard abs and sleazy haircut, and; Paul, a big fellow with bulging biceps and a taste for appetizers.

But they were not the ones Andy was afraid of. He who Andy was afraid of was nowhere to be seen. His wife had wandered off; now engaged in conversation with a trio consisting of two giggling women and a man with a prominent jaw coated with a

salt-and-pepper beard. “Hi, Jake,” Andy muttered, wandering up to the pair. The old class clown threw him a glance over the shoulder, grew huge eyes and scrambled to his feet.

“Andy! Hey!” Grabbing him by the shoulders, Jake tugged him into a quick embrace and patted him firmly on the back, looking him over with a grin. “Whoa, man. You look great. It’s been ages. How have you been? Been good?”

The grin was infectious, and a moment later Andy was smiling sheepishly, nodding. “I’ve- I’ve been good. I’m- I’m doing good. What about you? I heard- I heard you became a boxer.” Slamming his fist into his own palm, Jake snickered. “Well, you know... Can’t lie. I’ve fought a few fights... I’m retired now though. Started a business with my lovely Thea.”

“We fix computers,” said the blonde with the small breasts, flashing a faint smile. Andy tried to return it, but Thea had already looked away. A bored expression dwelled on her face.

“But enough about me,” Jake slapped him on a shoulder. “What about you?”

“He’s the Vice President of Charles Stanley,” Jillian appeared from out of nowhere with a bright smile and snuck her arms around his.

“Holy cow, man,” Jake squinted. “Isn’t that a bank?”

Swallowing awkwardly, Andy nodded.

“It’s an investment bank,” Jillian hugged his arm tight to her frame. “They have plans to expand soon. Who knows? Maybe they’ll come to this town too.”

“So you’re making fat bread then,” the retired fighter grinned wickedly, flicking his gaze back and forth between Andy and his wife.

Faking sweet laughter, Jillian shrugged.

Squirming on the spot, Andy shrugged.

“Aha, I bet you do,” laughed Jake, shaking his head in disbelief. He was about to say something when a loud splash drew his attention. Paul the Jock had thrown Emily the Goth into the pool, and now she was swearing obscenely, glaring and growling. Clearing his throat, Jake was about to continue when something else caught his attention.

“Oh my god,” said the blonde with the small tits. She was staring across the pool in the direction of the entrance to the terrace. “That guy is huge.”

Jillian slowly parted her glossy lips. “Please don’t be him,” Andy muttered under his breath, following her gaze across the blue water sparkling under the rays of the sun.

The sight that met him across the pool made him whimper.

The man was massive, at least a foot taller than Andy. His frame was packed with bulging muscle. The sleeveless shirt he wore was white and stood in stark contrast to his pitch-black skin. Loose, worn-out jeans were held up by a black leather belt beneath which

he hooked his thumbs, casually eyeing the gathering. A thin layer of grey covered his shaved head. A gold chain decorated his barrel-sized chest, wrapped twice around his burly neck.

“That’s Lamar,” muttered Jake. Waving a hand, he called out, “Hey! Lamar!”

“No. Stop,” wheezed Andy. His friend didn’t hear him, kept waving and eventually drew the black man’s attention. A simple nod was all Jake got in return. Andy sighed with relief.

“That guy has to play football,” said Thea. Across the pool, a flustered Bianca had approached Lamar, and now they were chatting quietly. She giggled a lot, Andy noticed. “You’re not wrong,” said Jake. “He was. Once. Then he came down with an injury. I think it was his... Was it his hamstring, Andy? Real nasty damage. Couldn’t play anymore.”

“He’d make such a good lineman,” muttered Jillian, biting her lip.

The boxer flashed a white-toothed grin. “That he was, love.”

Looking at his wife, Andy narrowed his eyes. No one said a word and they were all staring at the former footballer, but Jillian barely even blinked. Frowning, Andy tried to think of something to say, blurting out the first thought that hit him: “Uhm, Jillian-Jake is a fighter.” It worked. She snapped out of her thoughts, shook her head a little and turned her attention to his friend instead. “Oh,” Jillian feigned interest. “Have you... Won any fights?”

“I’ve won a few,” Jake smiled, splashing water in the direction of the goth girl. She was no longer trying to climb out of the pool; Paul the Jock kept pushing her back in. “I actually tried to convince your hubby to come to practice once. But now that I see him, I’m starting to feel glad he declined. You’ve gotta eat something, Andy. You look like a twig.”

Shrugging, Andy smiled and was about to say something when John the Aspiring Coach bumped into him with his shoulder. The weary-looking man muttered an apology and then kept going. A stench of alcohol and cigarettes dogged his footsteps.

“I wonder what he does these days,” Andy muttered.

“Unemployed.” Sitting down on the edge of the pool, Jake propped his feet in the water and cocked his head back, taking in the sun. “No shortage of unemployment here. Do you see Danny over there? Wrestling with Paul? He says he’s an actor. That’s a lie. He hasn’t starred in a project for three years now... Hell, even Bianca doesn’t have a job. She married some stockbroker and now strolls around the house all day. Come to think of it... Lamar doesn’t have a job either. I’ve heard he was tossing crates around down at the docks for a while. It didn’t go well... Apparently, he punched his supervisor in the face. They fired him.” Sighing, Andy nodded and went to speak. He paused when he spotted Jillian; she was staring in the direction of Lamar and Bianca, chewing on a nail.

“Hey,” Andy tugged at her sleeve. “Is everything okay?”



Flinching, his wife cast him a glance. Cracking a sweet smile, she hurried to nod and directed her eyes elsewhere. Squinting, Andy kept a close eye on her.

“Well, speak of the devil,” Jake raised a hand and started to wave once more. “Look. He’s coming over. Oi! Lamar! Come over here, man. Don’t hide over there!”

The black man trudged around the pool. Mike the Asian, who stood by himself typing on his phone, looked up with wide eyes and hurried to back up, making way for Lamar. Paul the Jock was wrestling with the soaked goth girl, trying to push her back in, but the moment he spotted the former line man, he hurried to whisper something and they both froze.

Andy, subtly slipping behind his wife, whimpered. Jillian didn’t notice, clearing her throat and turning to face the approaching stranger.

“Oi! There we go,” Jake found his feet and grinned wickedly, offering a hand out towards the black man now towering over the group. With a deep grunt, Lamar shook it.

“It’s been too long, man,” Jake hit the former footballer on the arm and let go. “You’re a fucking monster. You know what- I thought you’d wither away when you quit, man.”

The black man said nothing. Instead, he turned to Jillian. “Is this your wife?”

“Not my wife.” The smile on Jake’s lips faltered.

But Jillian smiled. And it was a sparkling smile.

“Hi,” she said sweetly, brushing down the creases on the front of her dress before offering out her hand. Lamar, staring briefly at Jake, took her hand. Then kissed it.

“That’s a little odd, ain’t it,” the former fighter snickered. He looked towards Andy and fell silent as their gazes met. Jillian retrieved her hand with a faint blush.

“And why are you still here?” Looming over Jake, the black man stared him down. Lamar didn’t stop until Jake had averted his gaze, then looked at Jillian. “What’s your name?”

“It’s my wife,” Andy popped up from behind her shoulder, cutting her off just as she was about to reply. A chill ran up his spine as the old lineman slowly looked at him instead. “Hold up,” Lamar scoffed. “No way. That can’t be little Andy, can it?”

Wincing, Andy nodded.

The black man snorted. “No fucking way. I never thought you’d have the balls to show up here. Andy... Andy... Andy... I see you haven’t grown much.”

Forcing forth a small smile, Andy said nothing. Jillian moved out of the way, glancing between the pair with interest. She was mainly looking at Lamar.

“Andy...” Running a hand over his course scalp, the black man shook his head and flashed a nasty grin. “So this is your wife? I’d never have expected that.”

Andy struggled to keep smiling. “Her name is uhm- Jillian.”

“It’s so nice to meet you,” Jillian nibbled on her lip.

“Hey,” Jake, looking back and forth between Andy and the dark-skinned man standing so close to his wife, spoke up. “It’s nice to meet you, man. We were... We were in the middle of something. But hey, I wish you all the best. We’ll have a chat a little later, alright?”

“I didn’t come here to talk to you,” said Lamar. “I came over here to talk to Jillian.”

Jake paled. “Yeah, well... I’m not sure if Andy appreciates that, my man.”

Scoffing, Jamal ignored him and edged closer to Jillian, who shot him another sweet smile before staring daggers at the former fighter. He ignored her, a frown on his face.

Andy did nothing. Absolutely nothing.

“I told you we’re busy,” Jake took a step closer, trailing his lips with his tongue. “I’m sure Jillian will come and talk to you later if that’s what she wants. But you should leave now.” The trio sat at the nearest table fell silent. In the pool, Emily the Goth was playing close attention. In the background, Mike was pretending to focus on his phone, trembling.

“Alright, boys,” Bianca called from across the pool. “Play nice!”

“Leave her alone,” Jake slid closer, guiding Jillian out of the way. “We just wanted to say hi. Now we’ve said hi. It’s time we went our separate ways, don’t you think?”

“Yeah,” the black man nodded. And suddenly shoved the fighter.

Stumbling backward, Jake tripped and fell over, hitting the floor with a harsh thud. The trio at the table stood up; Danny and Paul ran over; Emily the Goth screamed.

“Hey! Stop!” Bianca marched along the edge of the pool, her little fists clenched.

“Quit it!” Thea staggered to her feet and grabbed Jake by the arm as he found his feet and was about to charge. Smirking, Lamar stuffed his thumbs back in his belt.

“This is a class reunion, not a boxing match!” The host of the party pushed her way between the two jocks, sneering. “Knock it off! Right now!”

Trapped in the arms of his girlfriend, Jake slowly calmed down, panting heavily. The black man paid him no further attention and turned to Jillian. “I’mma leave before Jake here gets hurt... Besides, your hubby looks like he’s about to piss himself.”

His wife threw him a glance. Flushing up with heat, Andy dodged her stare. Snickering, the former footballer edged closer. “But before I go, I’mma tell you a little secret.”

Widening his eyes, Andy blanched. The black man snuck an arm around the shoulders of his wife and tugged her in, and - with a nasty grin - whispered into her ear.

Now it was his wife's turn to widen her eyes. Parting her lips, she covered her mouth with her fingers to stifle a gasp. Snickering, Lamar straightened up, staring Andy down.

"You've got to be shitting me," Jillian looked completely bewildered.

Snorting, the black man shook his head.

"There's- There's no way he did that."

"He did."

With her mouth wide open, Jillian simply gawked at Andy. Lamar caught his gaze, and as their eyes met, the black man smirked. A moment later, he spun around and was about to take his leave. But not before he swatted Jillian across the ass.

She jumped.

Andy whimpered.

"I'll see you two later," said Lamar, walking toward the pair of jocks who hurried to scurry out of his way. A silence fell on the crowd; they were all watching him wander away.

In the background, Jack was growling to his girlfriend. She had wrapped her arms around him and refused to let him follow, trying to soothe him with her voice; Bianca put her hands on her hips. She was scowling at Andy; the two jocks were whispering to

each other. When he looked their way, they scoffed and fell silent; Emily was the last one to look away. Her pale features held a look of sheer and utter distaste. When their gazes met, she snorted.

But his wife - she was the worst. She never even looked at him at all, her blue eyes glued to the silverback of a man now on the other side of the pool.

Ushering a shaky sigh, Andy walked up to her and grabbed her by an arm. "We're leaving now," he whispered. An absent-minded Jillian muttered something incomprehensible and staggered along. Not once did her eyes leave the black man.

His old bully.

### Chapter Three

The drive home was excruciating.

Throughout the entire ride, Jillian kept tossing him brief glances. Pretending not to notice, Andy kept his gaze glued on the road. As the silence finally became unbearable, he turned on the radio. An explicit rap song was on.

"Fuck," Andy mouthed, turning down the volume.

Clearing her throat, his wife acted oblivious, studying her nails. But in the corner of his eye, he saw her purse her lips in an attempt to hide a smile of amusement.

The highway was almost empty. They were sharing the lane with a single trailer. The driver kept a nice pace and never stepped on the break so Andy was in no rush to slip ahead.

Jillian cleared her throat again. The fifth time in half an hour.

Frowning, Andy kept pretending not to notice.

“So,” Jillian shuffled in her seat, turning to face him. Panic set in. His heart felt as if it was about to burst out of his chest. “What’s up? Are you angry with me?”

“I’m not,” Andy said and left it at that. That was not enough for her.

“You haven’t said a word since we left the party.”

“I’m your... I’m your husband, Jillian.”

“Well, it’s not as if I thought you were my brother...”

“You- You can’t keep doing that.”

“Do what?”

“Flirt- Flirt with other men.”

She scoffed. Leaning back in her seat, she put a hand on her face and sighed. “Is that what you think I did? Flirt with Lamar? That wasn’t flirting, An-”

“Do you remember my friend?” “What, the fighter?”

“Yes, the fighter.”

“Of course I remember-” “What’s his name?”

Her hand fell. She narrowed her eyes. “What... What do you mean what’s his name? We were literally just there, Andy. Did... Did you forget?”

“No,” Andy shook his head. “I’m asking if you remember.”

“Of- Of course I do. You introduced us...”

“So... What is his name?”

Silence. She was staring at him with her mouth wide open, scoffing and snickering as she searched for her words. They never came. Instead, she wrinkled her nose.

“That doesn’t prove anything. Lamar is a much more common name.”

“Lamar,” Andy slowly looked to his right, “is more common than *Jake*?”

Jillian shrugged. “That’s what I read on the internet.”

Shaking his head, Andy groaned and reached for a bottle of water. He held it out towards Jillian, but she looked away and crossed her arms over her chest. Sighing, he put it between his thighs and uncorked the bottle himself, taking a sip.



“He told me what you did in High School,” blurted Jillian.

Choking, Andy spat the mouthful of water out onto the dashboard. Slamming his foot on the breaks, he was just able to steer the car back into the file before it met the guardrail. As soon as they were in the clear, he scrambled to screw the cork back on, widening his eyes.

“About how you sucked his dick,” Jillian pressed a hand to her lips.

Andy turned pale. Gripping the wheel to the point where his knuckles whitened, he said nothing. The longer the silence, the more his face flushed with heat.

Jillian was the first to speak. “Turn off the highway.”

They drove through a little forest and ended up on a crossing. After taking another right, they rolled up in front of a convenience store. There was no one else in the parking lot.

“Alright.” Unbuckling her belt, Jillian shuffled around to face him. Andy suddenly thought the gas station across the street was very appealing to look at. His wife didn’t care.

“Lamar,” Jillian took his hand and gave it a squeeze. “Lamar is a grown man now. He’s different. Maybe he bullied you in High School. Maybe he made you suck his dick. The point is, I don’t care. Honey... I am your wife, and I will always take your side. But you’ve got to stop acting so jealous. He wanted to be my friend. That’s all. I’m allowed to make friends.” Andy squirmed. “You didn’t have to make friends with my old bully...”

“Honey... He was funny. That’s all.”

“Jake is funny. You didn’t even remember his name.”

Sighing, Jillian leaned over and unbuckled his belt. “Come on,” she said, opening the door to step out. “I’ll make you feel better. We’ll... We’ll make pizza tonight. Well, come on!”

The grocery store was void of customers. A lone cashier sat behind the register. It was a young woman, probably no older than eighteen. She didn’t bother looking up when they stepped inside; her attention glued to a phone that lay on the counter. Andy thought she bore a striking resemblance to Emily the Goth, except this girl had blue hair and a pierced nose. “So,” Jillian pointed at the carts and waited for Andy to grab one. When he was at her heels, she wandered off to the cooler and fetched a carton of milk. “What else did he do to you?” “I don’t know,” muttered Andy, grabbing items on command. He took pepperoni from the cooler; ham from the row below; prepared pizza dough from the bottom.

“Did he ever hit you?”

“No,” Andy shrugged. “He- He never hit me. I don’t know. He- He gave me wedgies, and poured water on my crotch, and pushed my face in the toilet bowl, and-”

“Owh, honey,” Jillian pouted. “You should’ve told me.”

“He said... He said a bitch like me would never get a girlfriend. Once... Once, he pulled my pants down in front of the whole class and all the girls laughed at me...”

“Well,” Jillian slid around the cart and wrapped her arms around the back of his neck. With a huff, Andy looked down. She led his gaze back up and kissed him on the lips. “He was wrong. Now you have a very generous wife, and she thinks her sweet little hubby deserves a special treat after dinner. She thinks her sweet little hubby deserves a round of...”

Smirking playfully, Jillian whispered into his ear. Andy grew wide eyes.

“Are- Are you serious? You can’t be-”

“Go get the condoms,” she grinned.

“Oh my god. Thank you!” Darting through the store, he heard his wife giggle in the background. It didn’t take long before he found what he was looking for; a whole row of condoms dwelled amidst toothbrushes, shampoo and different flavors of gum.

There were five different sizes. He pondered.

“Honey,” Jillian - who was suddenly right behind him - cocked an eyebrow. She pointed at the condoms hanging to the far right. Since the shelves had been restocked, no one had picked those. “You know which ones you need. Come on, I wanna go home.”

Cringing, Andy hesitated. “But maybe those fit? They’re not much bigger-”

“Andy,” Jillian only had to stare. A moment later, the right size lay in the cart. “I’m sorry, honey. If we were going to do it the usual way, I would’ve let you pick whichever size you’d want, but I don’t want anything to get lost up *there*. You understand that, right?” “Ahuh,” Andy trudged after her. They were heading for the register.

The girl with the blue hair looked up. His wife headed all the way up to the counter, but then simply put her hands on her hips and shot Andy an expectant stare.

Gritting his teeth, he emptied the cart one item at a time. The clerk beeped the products into the system with a weary expression on her face.

And then she froze.

The scanner hovered over the pack of condoms. Jillian was stacking stuffed plastic bags in the cart. Andy could barely breathe, staring wide-eyed at the pretty cashier.

Narrowing her eyes, the young woman looked at him, then the condoms, then him. A hint of a smile flashed across her plump lips. She cleared her throat and scanned it.

Andy whimpered.

“Thank you,” Jillian beamed the young woman a bright smile, then left for the exit. Andy hurried along. The moment they sat in the car, he started the engine.

And drove away as fast as he could.

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Home. They were finally home.

Flushing the toilet, Andy wandered over to the sink. He let the water flow and splashed his face. The incident at the grocery store had not been enough to curb his excitement for the evening that lay before him. First, she'd make his favorite pizza. And then...

His phone buzzed in his pocket. Flinching, he scrambled to get it out.

“He- Hello? This is Andy.”

“This is your fault!”

A woman was on the other line. She was sobbing.

“W- Wait. Who- Who is this?”

“He- He did it for you!”

“Th- Thea? Is that you?”

“And now he's in the hospital!”

“W- What, I- I don't understand.”

“Jake is in the hospital! Because of you!”

“Look, Thea- No, calm down. What- What is going on?”

“After you two left, we stayed for another hour. But when we walked to our car, your friend was waiting for us. He beat up Jake! He beat him up! Because he protected you!”

“I- I couldn’t know that, Thea. I-”

“Because you were too much of a wimp to stand up for your own wife!”

“Thea! Thea, I was scared. I- I didn’t know-”

“You’re paying the medical bills.”

“Of- Of course. Just send it-”

“You’ll pay all of them. And then you’ll never speak to me or my boyfriend again. He’ll be scarred for life now. And it’s all because of you. Because you’re a wimp.”

“Thea! I’m sorry! I had no idea he’d-”

Silence. She had hung up.

Staggering over to the toilet, Andy collapsed on the seat. His finger floated over the number that just called him, but he couldn’t get himself to call her back. Ushering a shaky sigh, he ran his fingers through his hair, staring absentmindedly at the laundry.

Hurried footsteps. His wife was approaching.

“Honey,” Jillian knocked on the door. “Are you in there?”

Flinching, Andy tucked his phone away. “Uhm- Y- Yes!”

“Well, hurry up. We have a visitor.”

“A visitor? Did your sister come over?”

A moment of silence. Sheer and utter silence.

“You... You should probably come out, Andy.”

## Chapter Four

Jillian was waiting for him.

The moment he stepped out of the bathroom, she slipped past him and went inside. She had exchanged the skin-tight dress with her pajamas; a silky purple top and matching pants. Rushing over to the sink, she threw a cabinet open and rummaged around inside. A moment later, she was combing through her hair, eyeing herself over in the mirror.

“Honey?” Andy squinted.

“Ahuh,” Jillian put the comb away and kept searching. Fetching out her mascara, she bent over and carefully applied it to her lashes. Wrinkling his nose, he kept quiet.

“Right,” she said, baring her teeth at the mirror. Content, she scurried out of the bathroom and was about to dash downstairs when she froze. “Honey?”

“Y- Yes?”

“There’s a beer in the fridge. Bring it.”

“Who- Who’s the guest?”

Jillian didn’t answer. She fled downstairs without a further word and darted out of sight. A bewildered Andy pulled a face and slowly made his way for the kitchen.

Voices. They were coming from the living room.

Hysterical laughter. Was that Jillian?

As he made his way for the fridge, Andy searched the kitchen for clues. Then he stopped to listen, but whoever was in there with her must have been whispering. With a sigh, he opened the refrigerator and grasped the beer can. It was cold and must have sat there for a while.

On his way to the living room, he noticed that the oven was on. The pizza was already underway, a pleasant smell filling up the kitchen. Andy slipped up to the doorway and hid behind the corner, trying once more to listen in on what was being said.

Now they were both whispering; a quiet exchange of words could be heard, but the words themselves were incoherent. That was the moment Andy spotted mud on the floor. A pair of massive boots had left prints leading from the hallway and into the living room.



The boots of a man. A big man with big feet.

Taking a deep breath, Andy circled the corner.

The cold can fell from his hands, hitting the floor with a loud thud, rolling sideways across the carpet towards the sofa.

Suddenly, a mud-caked boot trapped it beneath a dirty sole. “Bad boy,” said the black man on the couch with a wicked grin. Bulging arms and tree trunk thighs were spread wide, taking up most of the room. Cracking up, Jillian released a peal of laughter. She sat on the edge of the sofa, her hands in her lap, smiling brightly.

“I’m- I’m sorry,” Andy stuttered, blanching.

“Well,” Lamar pointed at the can. “Pick it up.”

Smirking, Jillian shrugged. Looking back and forth between them with wide eyes, Andy swallowed and approached. Stirring on the couch, the footballer sat up.

After a moment of hesitation, Andy slowly bent over. The boot left the can to let him pick it up. The black man pointed at the table and Andy hurried to put it down.

“Wipe it off. I don’t want any mud on it,” said Lamar, then turned to Jillian, resuming their conversation. He was muttering something and she was hanging on to his every word. Swallowing awkwardly, Andy slowly obeyed. He left the can squeaky clean.

“This looks very cute on you,” the black man leaned over Jillian and felt the fabric of her pajamas as he eyed her over. His wife thanked him softly, giggling.

“Uhm. I,” Andy began. No one paid him any attention.

“Needs a sweet little lid at the bottom for when you’re a brat,” Lamar wrapped an arm around her and forcefully bent her over, checking out her backside. “Does it have one?”

Laughing in his arms, Jillian slapped his arm and tried to wrestle herself away. “No!” she whined, struggling in his grasp. “And it doesn’t need one! I’m never a brat!”

“Bet you are,” Lamar grinned, sneaking his fingers underneath her armpit. A moment later she lay on his lap, shaking with laughter, unable to bear his tickling.

“H- Hey,” Andy clenched his fists. “That’s- That’s my wife!”

They both froze to the spot. Jillian, trying to control her laughter, sat up on her knees and narrowed her eyes. After helping her up, Lamar scoffed. And nodded.

“You’re right,” said the black man. “Besides, I didn’t come here to tickle your wife. I came here for you.”

Jillian was gawking. Squinting, Andy followed her gaze. It didn’t take him long to realize what she was looking at. On his lap, Andy spotted the outline of a thick bulge.

He widened his eyes. And then stared daggers at Jillian.

His wife noticed the sharp stare and cleared her throat, brushing a loose strand of hair up behind her ear. “I’ll... I’ll have to go check on the pizza. I’m so sorry, Lamar.”

“It’s fine,” the former footballer waved a dismissive hand. Beaming, Jillian bit her lip and offered him a cutesy wave before darting in the direction of the kitchen.

When they were alone, Lamar motioned for a chair. “Sit down.”

“Wh- What can I do for you?”

The black man stared at him for a while. “I have a plan.”

“Oh?” Forcing forth a smile, Andy feigned interest.

Lamar nodded slowly. “Though, I will need money.”

“Do you... Do you mean like a loan?”

Deep laughter echoed through the room. “Sure.”

“Uhm,” Andy also nodded, tapping his thighs. “W- Well. If- If you come by the bank in the morning, I will take a look at your paperwork and we’ll figure it out-”

Lamar shook his head. Andy fell silent.

“No,” said the black man. “No paperwork. Money.”

Andy swallowed. “Well, I- I’m very sorry, but- I don’t think that’s possible.”

Lamar smiled. Sitting up on the sofa, he studied his surroundings.

“This is a very nice house, Andy. I imagine it cost you quite a bit.”

Averting his gaze, Andy shrugged.

“No,” the former footballer continued. “We will do this the easy way. If the bank cannot give me a loan, you will give me a loan. And I will pay you back when I can.”

“I- I can’t, I- I don’t hand out personal loans.”

Clapping his hands together, Lamar leaned back. “You do now.”

Huffing, Andy shook his head. “N- No! You know what- This has gone too far!”

Lamar said nothing.

“It’s,” Andy stood up, pointing a quivering finger at the door. “It’s- It’s about time you left. I’m sorry, but I- I can’t give you a loan. You’ll- You’ll have to speak to a bank.”

The black man didn’t move.

“Honey? What are you doing?”

Flinching, Andy spun on his heels. Jillian stood in the doorway, frowning. On the table behind her lay a pizza, the cheese still bubbling. “I- I was just-”

“Dinner is ready,” his wife said, staring daggers his way. The glare left him speechless. The black man rose from the sofa and headed for the kitchen with a smirk.

Clenching his fists, Andy soon followed. They had already found their seats by the time he arrived, huddled together on the right side of the table, muttering to each other.

“Honey,” Jillian placed a slice on his plate. “Sit down.”

Frowning, Andy kept standing. His wife cocked an eyebrow.

In the midst of whispering something to Jillian, Lamar paused. Narrowing his eyes, he slowly stood up and pointed at the empty chair. “Sit that booty down, boy.”

The woman by his side cracked up, slapping a hand over her lips. Lowering his gaze to the floor, a flustered Andy approached the chair. Then stopped.

“No,” he shook his head. “I’m- I’m sorry. I- I don’t mean to be rude, but you’re going to have to leave. I- I know you’re a guest, but this is a really bad time.”

Jillian parted her lips. Lamar said nothing.

The silence became unbearable. “I’m- I’m sorry,” was all Andy managed to stutter. Then he pointed twice as dramatically at the door.

At the table, they shared a glance. Crossing her arms over her chest, her wife shook her head in disbelief. Scooting his chair back, the black man dropped into his seat.

“I- I demand that you leave,” Andy whimpered.

“I’m so sorry about my husband,” Jillian rubbed her face with a scoff. “I have no idea what’s gotten into him. I’ve never seen him so impolite before. I’m so sorry.”

“It’s fine,” the black man reassured her. He flashed Andy a nasty grin.

That was the last drop.

Shaking with anger, Andy stormed around the table. His wife called out his name but he didn’t stop. All he saw was that nasty grin. That arrogant, hideous grin.

The black man reacted swiftly.

Before Andy had a chance to act, he found himself over a lap. A pressure on the small of his back kept him down, and despite how hard Andy tried to push up, he couldn’t move. Fingers dug into the hem of his trousers, and then his pants slid down. Widening his eyes, Andy fell still. The realization of what was to come didn’t pop up before it was too late.

A heavy hand smacked his bare butt. Andy twitched and cried out.

“I’mma teach you some manners, white boy.”

“W- What, no! Get off me! Stop!”

Clasping a hand over her lips, Jillian stifled a gasp. She sat not far away, her eyes wide with surprise. Struggling on the lap, Andy looked up at her with doe eyes.

Her plump lips curled up in a cruel smile.

“You little brat,” Lamar sneered, then spanked him again. Howling, Andy squirmed. The black man held him down and kept slapping his ass, his buttcheeks wobbling like dough. With his

pants down around his thighs, Andy fought to get away, grabbing the leg upon which he lay, trying to dig his nails through the well-worn fabric of the jeans. In response, the black man clapped his butt harder and harder, punishing the buttocks with his palm.

Andy squealed, but another slap shut him up. Squeezing his eyes shut, he clenched his teeth and wriggled in vain, wincing with every whack across his pale rump.

A giggle erupted from the nearby chair. Jillian was laughing.

With each smack, the pain grew worse. Lamar knew where to strike; his hefty palm kept hitting the same two spots over and over. A high-pitched whine slipped out of his lips as a particularly hard spank stung his buttock. The former footballer snickered arrogantly.

His ass was on fire. Andy could barely breathe. His butt was flushing up with heat, and so was his face; they were no doubt taking on the same crimson color. Misty eyes glued themselves to the pink socks of his wife. He couldn't cry. He couldn't give in. Not in front of her. If he did, she'd never look at him the same way again. But the pain was overwhelming. "Ow! Ow! Ow!" Arching his back, Andy cried out with each slap on his sore rump, beginning to kick his feet. Tears were welling up in his eyes, but he squeezed them shut to keep them at bay. The strength which pinned him down was beyond anything he had ever felt before. It was simply overpowering; the black hand may as well have been a block of stone. His plump buttcheeks flattened under the powerful palm. Andy couldn't take it anymore. The black man picked up the pace, swatting the rump over and over, pounding the jiggling ass.

It drove Andy over the edge, and a moment later he was crying like a child and kicking his feet wildly, tears streaming down his flustered cheeks. "I'm sorry!" he squealed. "I'm so sorry!" The spanking stopped abruptly. A hand could be felt hovering over his butt. There was a moment of silence, and then a deep voice spoke: "What are you sorry for?"

Collapsing over the lap, Andy sobbed, trying to control his ragged breath. His bare butt was raised high in the air, glowing with warmth, prickling and stinging. "I'm- I'm sorry. I'm-" "Speak up, white boy."

"I'm sorry for being rude," Andy cried, squirming weakly on the lap. Something stirred beneath his tummy. The massive beast that slept underneath him was waking up. It was enormous. Parting his lips, Andy fell still. He didn't wanna tease the beast further.

"I've had enough of your attitude," Lamar patted him once on the ass.

Andy winced. "I'm sorry!"

"You've ruined a lovely dinner," the black man continued, groping a smoldering buttcheek with gentle fingers. Tensing up, Andy glued his gaze to the floor and said nothing. "Take your bratty booty up to your room and think about what you've done, boy."

Strong hands tugged him up to his feet. Andy caught a brief glimpse of a fat bulge straining the worn-out trousers where he just lay, then hurried to look elsewhere, wiping his cheek. His wife was staring at him; he felt her eyes but didn't dare to meet her gaze. Instead, he bit his lip and looked at the black man. Clearing



his throat, Lamar nodded at the doorway. “Go.” Sniffling, Andy bent over and reached for his pants. A sharp swat across his red-hot rump stopped him. Lamar shook his head and motioned for the door.

Hissing from the pain, Andy whimpered and obeyed. Stepping out of his trousers, he locked his gaze on the floor and darted out of the kitchen, his bare butt on full display. As he circled the corner, he heard his wife speak. The words themselves were inaudible.

The amusement in her voice was not.

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Peeking out from the blanket, Andy whimpered.

“I don’t even know what to say to you right now,” Jillian stood in the doorway, hands on her hips, shaking her head. “I’ve never been so embarrassed before in my life.”

Ushering a shaky sigh, Andy rolled over with a frown.

“That’s what I thought,” Jillian scoffed. “You’re acting like a child... You know what? I’m glad Lamar taught you a lesson. What were you thinking?”

Closing his eyes, he tugged the blanket over his head.

“You can hide all you want.” The mattress sank slightly on the left side. She was much closer now. “But tomorrow morning, you’re going down to the bank.”

“It’s Saturday tomorrow,” Andy muttered.

“I don’t care. Lamar told me about his plans. It’s a really good idea, honey. And you’d know that if you just bothered to listen. Instead of acting like a sour, little brat.”

Narrowing his eyes, he pulled the blanket down and rolled over to face her. Sitting on the edge of the bed, his wife stared down at him. A cold expression lingered on her face.

“You can’t be serious,” he sat up. “We’re not giving him a loan!”

“Yes, we are,” she growled.

“What are you... Jillian! We don’t know him!”

“He doesn’t have any money, Andy. We do. It’s only fair that we share. Besides, he told me his business idea. It’s actually really smart. It’ll be a good investment for us.”

“Yeah? I sincerely doubt that.”

“And,” Jillian crept up on the bed, crawling closer on all fours. A feminine finger found his lips and cut him off as he was about to speak. “You can doubt him all you want. I don’t care. You will go down to the bank tomorrow where you will arrange it with no paperwork, or...” She stared him down. He looked up at her with wide eyes.

“I will leave,” Jillian cocked a challenging eyebrow. “And you will never see me again.”

The door to the bedroom flew open.

Whimpering, Andy shut his eyes.

Chapter Five The house was quiet.

“Honey?” Andy took off his shoes and placed them on the rack. Scooping up an envelope from his pocket, he held it ready, looking around. “I- I did as you said!”

A loud moan. It came from upstairs.

Widening his eyes, he darted for the staircase. His heart pounded as he made his way up the stairs, rushing across the carpet-clad floor over to the bedroom door. Grabbing the handle, he paused and hesitated. If she wasn't alone in there, he probably shouldn't open the door. But he had begged, and she had promised. Frowning, he stormed inside.

There was no black man in there with her.

Her legs were spread. Eager fingers rubbed her pink flower. Arching her back like a cat, she mewled and pushed her hips up, gnawing on her lower lip.

As he closed the door, she froze, glancing at him between her parted thighs. Pink lingerie lay discarded on the sheets, a string and a skimpy bra. She was panting.

“Hi, honey,” she groaned, her head collapsing back on her pillow. Sliding her hand across her tummy, she brought it to her chest, kneading one of her massive breasts.

“H- Hi,” he stuttered, watching her from across the room. As she pleased herself, she squirmed upon the mattress, a dreamy expression decorating her features.

“I’ve been thinking,” she moaned, slipping a pair of fingers between her nether lips. When they left her flower, they were coated in a layer of juice. “I’ve- I’ve not been a good wife to you recently... Oh my god... A- And I think you deserve a little treat.”

Gasping, Andy cupped his crotch. His cock twitched in his trousers.

“I’ve- I’ve been a bitch,” she pressed her fingers inside the squelching pussy with a shaky sigh and began to thrust, “I’m- I’m sorry, I- I wanna make it up to you, babe.”

With wide eyes, he approached slowly. Rolling over upon her tummy, his wife pushed herself up on all fours and raised her ass in the air, fucking herself with her fingers. “It- It wasn’t my fault. Lam- Lamar was just so... He was just so strong.”

“It’s- It’s fine,” he muttered, biting his thumb. The fingers in her pussy slipped out with a wet pop before they proceeded to grasp a buttock and pry it to the side, flashing a glimpse of the brown eye

that dwelled between her asscheeks. Swallowing, Andy slid a hand into his pants. “Come,” she glanced over her shoulder, a sweet smile on her painted lips. “Let me make it up to you. I will give you anything you want, sweetie... Anything you want...”

Pressing his palm down on his prick, he rubbed the flaccid nub, watching his wife shake her ass. Trudging over, his knees fell on the edge of the bed. Giggling, his wife backed up.

“We- We don’t have to do this unless you want to,” Andy muttered, tugging his trousers down to his knees. With a pair of fingers, he kept jerking his prick, trying to get it up. “But I do want you to have anal tonight, honey.” The pale rump was closing in, only a few inches away from his crotch now. “You’ve been such a good boy. You deserve it.”

“Th- Thank you,” his hands shot out, coming to rest upon the doughy buttcheeks. Unable to keep a soft moan from slipping out of his lips, he kneaded them underneath his fingers, the plump buttocks spilling out from between his digits. Jerking, his cock slowly grew.

“Put it in,” she purred, wagging her butt. “Put it in my ass.”

Placing a hand on her waist for balance, Andy ushered a shaky sigh and thrust forth his hips, steering his cock for her puffy butthole. He guided it closer, and closer, and closer...

Her ass slipped out of reach. Andy let out a whine of frustration.

“Actually,” Jillian turned to look at him over her shoulder, her lips parting into a wicked grin. “If you want my butt, then I want you to do something for me first.”

A pink string landed by his knees. Andy looked at her with doe eyes. “What? I wanna see you in it... Come on. It’s just a thong.”

“It’s... It’s meant for women,” Andy bit his lip.

“So? It’s just the two of us here. It’s fine.”

The thong felt soft between his fingers. Hoisting it up to his face, Andy eyed it with a pout. “If I p- put this on, you’ll- you’ll let me have anal?”

She giggled. “Oh, you’ll get so much anal.”

Pouting, Andy crawled off the bed with a huff, slipping out of his trousers. Jillian rolled over on her back and propped herself up on her elbows, a coy smile on her lips. After a moment of hesitation, Andy tore off his shirt and yanked down his underwear. His socks were the last to come off, and then he stood naked before his wife, pink panties dangling from his fingers. “Go on,” she nodded for him to continue, her glossy lips curling up further.

Frowning at the floor, Andy sighed and forced himself to bend over, stepping into the underwear. Just as he was about to pull them up, his wife said: “Wait!”

The panties were around his knees now. He froze to the spot.

“You’ll get your pubes on them. They’re my favorite pair!”

“You- You’re the one telling me to put them on!”

“Well,” she caught her lip with her teeth. “You could shave...”

“Wh- What do you mean shave?”

“Shave your body, honey. I don’t like you hairy anyway.”

“You- You’ve made me do that before, and it kept itching for days!”

“It won’t itch if you keep shaving, honey. Here... I’ll help you.”

Rolling off the bed, Jillian scurried out of the door. By the time Andy finally followed her, the shower was already running in the bathroom.

Gritting his teeth, he went inside.

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“Oh- Oh my god. Careful!”

“What? Don’t m- Stay still!”

“You- You almost cut me!”

“Well, maybe you’ll learn to stand still when I have a blade by your balls. I thought the warm water would help you relax. That’s why we’re in the shower, moron.”

“Just- Just be careful. Please.”

“I like it when you say please, honey. Beg some more.”

“Stop- Stop making jokes! It’s not funny!”

“It’s hilarious. You’re squealing like a little girl.”

“Just... Are you done soon? Please be done...”

“I’m done now. Your balls are as smooth as a silk. You know... I don’t understand why you don’t shave more often. You look much better this way, honey.”

“So- So that’s it? Can I get out of the shower now?”

“Don’t be an idiot. Bend over.”

“W- What?”



“Bend over and spread your ass. I’m not loving this angle, but after seeing your ass hair, it’ll have to go. Don’t you think that’s gross? Black hair in your crack?”

“W- Why are you shaving my buttock? There’s- There’s no hair there.”

“There are. Little white hairs. We may as well get those right away.”

“But- But they’re barely visible, and... They’re not disgusting.”

“Everyone shaves their asses, honey.”

“W- Women do.”

“Well, boys should too. You look a lot better already. Can you feel that? How smooth you are back here now? Come on... Touch it. Doesn’t that feel so much nicer?”

“I- I guess so. It feels like... Your ass.”

“And you love my ass, don’t you?”

“Well. Yes, but-”

“No. There’s no going back now. I’m almost done now. Your rump will be so smooth you won’t be able to stop touching it- Andy! Hold steady! I almost cut your butthole!”

“But I don’t wanna do this, Jillian! It feels wrong!”

“It’s not as if I always love sucking your dick either. I do it because I love you. I do it because we’re married. Give and take. That’s

marriage, honey. Ooh! There's another one." "Y- You didn't have to do my ankles! What if we go to the beach, and..."

"We're in February, honey. They'll have plenty of time to grow out before summer."

"Ev- Everyone will think I am gay..."

"Everyone will think you're a swimmer. They shave their legs. It helps them swim faster." "I've- I've never heard anyone say that."

"Have you dated many swimmers, honey?"

"N- No. But-"

"Well, I have. So shut up. And turn around."

"You already did my thighs..."

"We're also shaving your chest. You've barely got any hair there, so it'll be quick. Don't move, or I might slice off your nipple by accident... There we go... Good boy."

"D- Don't call me that, honey."

"What? Good boy? But that's what you are."

"I'm- I'm not a boy. I'm thirty-five-years-old!"

"You're my sweet boy. And I love you."

"You'd- You'd never call Lamar a boy."

“Jesus. Will you be quiet? It’s like you’re obsessed with him.” “I’m not- I’m not obsessed with him...”

“Then why do you keep talking about him? Just because he put you over his lap and gave your butt a hiding does not mean he wants you to stalk him, honey.”

“That’s... That’s not funny.”

“It’s a little bit funny, I think.”

“I- I thought you’d be more angry with me.”

“I was. You were a very bad boy that day.”

“S- Stop calling me a boy. I just- I just didn’t like the way he kept looking at you. I’m- I’m your husband, Jillian. It’s- It’s not okay when other men stare at you that way.”

“Did he stare at me? I didn’t notice.”

“Right... I- I think you did- Ow!”

“Your fault. Stop moving.”

“My- My chest is smooth now.”

“You’re right. But I don’t want a single hair left on your body. Good thing you’re not one to grow a beard. If you were, this would take so much longer... Almost done, honey.”

“Does- Doesn’t this make me look a little bit... I don’t know...”

“Feminine? Well, a little, but I like that, honey.”

“W- What, are you trying to turn me into a woman or something?”

“You’re hilarious. Turn around. I wanna double check that ass.”

“Are- Are we done? I- I don’t like you looking at me back there.”

“Says the boy who is about to put his dick in my butt.”

“W- Well. You’re a woman. It’s- It’s different for you.”

“That’s very sexist, Andy. Okay. We’re done.”

“It- It feels so weird back there.”

“Well. You’re a man. It’s different for you.”

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Smooth fabric clutched to his hips and hugged his crotch. The pink string - swallowed up by his buttocks - could only be described as an uncomfortable wedgie. Jillian sat on the edge of the bed, the duvet wrapped around her naked form, watching him with a bright smile.

The thong was a tight fit.

“This feels weird,” whined Andy, adjusting the pink panties. The part snuggled around his crotch was a touch moist. His wife must have enjoyed her day.

“Stop tugging on them. Give it a few minutes, and you’ll forget that you’re wearing underwear at all.” Picking up the skimpy bra, she threw it over, baring her teeth in a grin. Out of sheer reflex, he snatched it mid-air and hoisted it up to his eyes, a frown on his face.

“I don’t wanna wear this,” muttered Andy. “You promised, honey.”

“I don’t remember that.”

“Well, I do. Put them on.”

“It won’t fit anyway...”

“You’re right.” Falling silent, Jillian pondered. Suddenly she flew up from the bed, baring her voluptuous frame and leaving the covers on the mattress, darting out of the room.

“I’ll be back in a jiffy!” she called out from the hallway. Hurried footsteps sounded from the staircase. Staring at the door blankly, Andy huffed as he wrapped the bra around his chest. Before he was able to pull the pink straps up on his shoulders, she returned, standing naked in the doorway, a pair of hefty water balloons dwelling in each of her palms.

“So I had an idea,” Jillian bit her lip.

Widening his eyes, Andy gawked.

“What? It’d be funny, honey!”

“It- It won’t be fun for me!”

“Well, tonight, you’re mine.” A wicked grin was flashed in his direction, the busty woman approaching slowly. The water balloons jiggled and wobbled with her every step.

“Jillian, I-” Gritting his teeth, Andy found himself backing up. His wife didn’t care; she kept coming closer. The edge of the bed tripped him; Andy fell bottom first onto the mattress. “Honey,” said Jillian sternly, holding out the balloons. With a whimper, he took them, then began the mortifying process of stuffing the bra. She helped him, and a moment later, two wobbly melons adorned his own chest. Bulging out of the confines of the bra, the huge balloons added so much weight that Andy had to stop himself from letting them bend him over. As Jillian straightened up, her own busty bosom wobbled. They were as big as his. “There we go,” she said with a smile. Smacking his bra, she giggled as the makeshift breasts jiggled, plunging a finger down between the doughy balloons. “Oh my. It almost feels real.” “Stop,” growled Andy, slapping her hand away. A peal of laughter echoed through the bedroom as his wife dropped her bottom by his side, casually pointing at the floor.

Narrowing his eyes, Andy said nothing. He didn’t budge.

“Oh, come on, honey. It’s just a bit of fun.”

“It’s not fun for me,” Andy said icily.

“Well, that’s what you’ll have to do if you want anal.”

Her plump lips were curled up in a constant smile. Fluttering her eyelashes, she nudged her head at the floor. A hand fell on his bare shoulder, pushing him in the right direction. Groaning in protest, Andy stood up. Her eyes followed him closely as he backed up, keeping his bobbing chest steady with his forearm. Taking a deep breath, he let his arm fall.

“I- I don’t know what to do,” said Andy, his face flushing up with heat.

“Improvise,” shrugged his wife, fetching forth her phone. Upon seeing the camera, a crippling fear shot through his frame, but just as he was about to object, she put it back down. Music sounded from the speakers. Andy froze to the spot.

*My anaconda don’t-*

*My anaconda don’t-*

*My anaconda don’t want none-*

*Unless you-*

*Got-*

*Buns, hun-*

“You- You can’t be serious,” Andy blanched.

She rolled her eyes. “It’s a nice song.”

“I’m- I’m not dancing to that.”

“Fine. Then you don’t get anal.”

Clenching his teeth, Andy wanted to scream in sheer frustration. Leaning back on her elbows, her ample chest erupting out of the duvet she had wrapped around herself once more, his wife watched him attentively, scooting her hand between her legs. “Dance.”

Lowering his eyes to the floor, Andy ushered a shaky sigh.

Then began to move his hips.

On the bed, Jillian burst into laughter.

“Stop it! I’m not doing it if you laugh!”

“F- Fine. Fine! I won’t laugh- Don’t stop!”

Wrinkling his nose, he forced his hips to drift to the left, then the right. Bending over, he put his hands on his knees and dragged them up his smooth thighs, glaring at the woman on the bed who was evidently struggling to keep herself from cracking up. Trailing loose digits up his sides, he cupped his fake breasts and - pulling a face - squished them together.

*Now that bang, bang, bang-*

*I let him hit it-*

*Cause he slang cocaine-*

“Good boy,” snorted Jillian. Below the covers, her hand was rubbing the spot between her legs faster and faster. Andy only saw a moving bump underneath the duvet.

But he knew what she was doing. He just didn’t know why.



“Turn around,” commanded his wife. “Shake that ass.”

Cringing, Andy spun on his heels. In rhythm to the horrible song, his hips swayed back and forth, his fingers slipping up underneath his pale rump, jiggling his bare buttocks lightly. “Not like that,” whined Jillian. “Twerk it, boy!”

*Oh my gosh, look at her butt-*

*Oh my gosh, look at her butt-*

Whimpering, Andy placed his hands on his knees and bent over, raising his butt high in the air. Biting his lip, he shook his hips to and fro at a quick pace, then bobbed his ass up and down, his bare buttocks clapping together. His wife howled with laughter.

*Look at, look at, look at-*

*Look, at her butt-*

“You said you wouldn’t laugh at me!” Andy stood up and turned, scowling at Jillian. She didn’t even bother to reply this time, her pale frame shaking on the bed.

Andy had had enough.

Twirling on the spot, he stormed for the door.

Jillian called out his name. Coming to an abrupt stop, he threw her a glare over a shoulder and was just about to speak his mind when...

When he came face to face with a camera.

“Smile,” said Jillian. The flash lit up the room.

By the time Andy finally understood what was happening, she had snapped at least three more pictures. And by then it was too late. He didn't even move as she snapped another. “Oh, that's perfect, honey,” Jillian eyed the snapshots. “Lamar will love these.”

And as usual, she was right.

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“I'm taking photos,” Jillian sent him a blank stare, then aimed the lens his way. Widening his eyes, Andy ran at her. The camera just managed to snap one more before he fell on her, his hands desperately searching for the camcorder.

“No! Give it to me!” Andy whined, reaching for the device. Giggling, Jillian shook her head and rolled over, shielding it with her back. Leaping on top of her, he grasped the strap attached to the camera and leaned backward, trying to pry it out of her grip.

She retaliated. Her legs wrapped around his neck and yanked him down. Suddenly Andy found himself on all fours with her thighs around his throat. For a fleeting moment, the couple shared a glance. And then her legs tightened around his head, an immense pressure flattening his ears and leaving him helpless. Sneering, she rolled onto her side, bringing him along. Collapsing on his

side, Andy grabbed her by a thigh and tried to part it from the side of his face. His grip was turning weak; in a mere moment, he'd lose hold on the strap.

She clenched her legs harder. She glared at him and growled.

Sliding off of her thigh, his trembling hand dug itself underneath the covers. Curling all fingers but his middle-finger, Andy loosened his hold on the strap.

Then plunged his finger forward, and yanked hard on the camera.

His wife froze, her eyes turning huge, her lips forming the shape of a circle. A blush erupted on her pale cheeks, dancing like wild flames across her soft skin.

His middle-finger was lodged deep in her butthole. The brown eye twitched and convulsed around his digit, trying to swallow the invader deeper. An expression of sheer and utter surprise had overtaken her features, and what followed was a short, girlish squeal.

A fist crashed into his nose. Swearing obscenely, Andy yanked his finger out from the butthole to buy him some time. Escaping from the powerful thighs, he snatched the camera out of her grip and spun, staggering off of the mattress.

“W- What are you doing?”

Arms circled his face, blocking off his view. Jumping up from the floor, she hung herself onto him like a crazed cat, clawing at his face. They both fell backward, and a moment later they were brawling in the sheets. Digging the camera into his chest, Andy held on for dear life. It led Jillian to gain the upper-hand quickly; after crawling up to her knees, she grasped him by the thong and yanked it up, flattening his balls painfully with a harsh wedgie.

“Ow!” Andy howled, taking one hand off of the camera in an attempt to ease the pressure by also grabbing the thong. Diving underneath him, Jillian tried to pry the camera away. A sickening sensation was creeping up his belly, tears welled up in his eyes. With no time to think, Andy did the only thing that came to mind, throwing himself on top of her. Gritting his teeth, he struggled to hold her down. She was wiggling like a fish, squirming to roll over upon her back. Embracing him with her arms, she threw him sideways and mounted him, her busty chest bobbing as she sat on his crotch, tugging furiously on the camera.

“Give it to me,” she hissed, fighting to tear the strap from his fingers.

“No!” Shaking his head, Andy held on for dear life.

“He just wants security, honey,” her ass flattened across his panty-clad crotch, and Andy split his lips in a gasp, his little nub twitching underneath the hefty butt. “F- For the loan!”

“We can’t afford to lend him any money, Jillian! It’s from our private funds!”

“Why not? We have plenty, Andy! We have more than enough to share!”

“But not if we have a baby, Jillian! Not when we have a baby!”

His wife froze on top of him, her wild tugging coming to a stop. Pink lips parted as she eyed him over, fingers still wrapped around the strap. And then she snorted.

“We can’t have a baby, Andy. We’ve tried.”

“W- Well, we’ll... We’ll keep trying. That’s nor-”

“It’s not normal. We can’t have a baby.”

“Y- Yeah? And how would you know?”

“It’s because you’re a sissy, Andy.”

The words knocked the air straight out of his lungs. With ease, she tore the strap from his fingers and placed the camera out of reach, pinning him down with her butt.

“You’re a sissy,” she continued casually, brushing a few loose strands of hair up behind her hair to get it out of her face. “A white, little, sissy boy who cannot knock me up because he has a white, tiny, baby dick that barely shoots any cum at all. It’s you, Andy.”

“N- No,” muttered Andy, falling still beneath her. Nodding slowly, his wife scooted up from his crotch and over his belly, settling her rump comfortably on his chest.

“You’re not man enough to knock me up, honey,” mocked Jillian, shaking her head. “I’ve known for a long time. I just didn’t wanna tell you. Because I know that’d make you cry.” “N- No,” protested Andy, his voice shivering. “Th- The doctor says-”

“The doctor is trying to spare your feelings,” Jillian smirked. “You were born with a pencil dick, babe. That’s why you can’t get me pregnant. Because you’re a sissy boy.”

“D- Don’t say that,” pleaded Andy, glancing off to the side.

She stirred on top of him. In the corner of his eye, he saw that she had grabbed the camera and was flicking through the snapshots, nibbling on her lip. “So I am going to send these off to Lamar, and then we will have to sit down and chat about the future of our relationship.”

“N- Not him,” Andy shook his head, sniffing. “A- Anyone but him.”

Jillian leaned over, brushing her lips past his ear. “And that,” she continued, grinning down at him wickedly, “is precisely why he will be the one who gets them.”

Andy whimpered. Jillian giggled. “Oh, honey... We’re going to have so much fun.”

## Chapter Six

This was the last place Andy wanted to be.

And yet here he was.

The floor was coated in a layer of dirt. In all his life, Andy had never seen such a messy place. Pizza boxes lay stacked in the corner, the containers stained with dark spots. An array of glass bottles and beer cans decorated the television table, all of them empty. Massive shirts and well-worn trousers adorned the carpet upon which he stood, discarded without a care. Platters and plastic were littered all over, surrounding a holey leather couch splattered with a sticky substance that seemed to be all over the left end of the sofa.

Outside, a baby wept loudly. In the room next door, what sounded like a trio of men were arguing, each of them attempting to win by yelling louder than the others.

Rain hammered against the glass window, and a sharp wind rattled the shutters.

This was a ghetto. And Andy was terrified.

“Sit down.” A voice from behind caused him to jump on the spot. Twirling mid-air, Andy swallowed as he saw Lamar loom in the doorway. There was a nasty smile on his lips. Taking a seat on the right end of the sofa, he scooted as far away from the sticky stains as he possibly could, nibbling on the tip of his thumb. The black man swept the TV table clear of rubbish with his shoe, then took a seat there and presented Andy with his palm.

Swallowing, Andy retrieved a stuffed envelope and put it in the palm. For a moment, they both stared at each other, then the black man opened it and peeked inside.

“Seems a little light,” said Lamar, plucking out the stack of bills.

“It’s- It’s all the machine will give me each time,” muttered Andy.

“So, what? We’re talking a hundred days before I get my money?”

“If- If you want it in cash, that’s all I can do. I’m- I’m sorry, but-”

“Don’t you own a bank? Isn’t there a vault back there?”

Frowning, Andy shook his head. Grinning, Lamar pocketed the money and threw the envelope at his feet. “Pick it up,” the black man commanded. Andy hurried to obey. “A’ight,” the former footballer cracked his knuckles. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Squirming on the spot, Andy didn’t budge. The black man cocked an eye.

“There’s... There’s something else, Lamar. Uhm...”

“If you don’t stop stuttering, you gon’ get a slap, boy.”

“Jillian,” Andy averted his gaze and blushed. “Jillian was wondering if...”

“Is she?” the black man cut in, his nasty smile turning into a nasty grin. “Well, you tell your wife I have a very busy day, and I don’t think I can... I’ve got this mess to clean up.” Casting him a glare, Andy hid his clenched fists behind his back. The black man slipped his tongue out of his mouth, snickering mockingly. “I’ll,”



Andy said with effort. "I'll do it." "You'll clean my apartment," Lamar leaned forward on his knees, "while I pay your wife a visit? Well... I don't know. I'm not sure if my conscience would allow that, boy."

"Don't," Andy groaned. Sniggering, the black man suddenly grabbed him by the face and forced his eyes up, black fingers clenching painfully around his jaw.

"Don't try to tell me what to do, faggot." The grip tightened. "No, I don't think my conscience would allow me to do that. Guess your wife will have to be lonely tonight." "N- No!" Trying to wrestle himself out of the harsh grip, Andy struggled to shake his head, looking at the black man pleadingly. Shrugging nonchalantly, Lamar let him go.

"Suppose you'll just have to convince me to go fuck your wife then."

Rubbing his chin, Andy huffed. For a moment, they both sat there in silence, then Andy slowly slid off of the couch with a pout, falling to his knees with a gentle thud.

"Please," muttered Andy with a scowl. "I want to clean your apartment."

"Can't hear a lot of enthusiasm in your voice, boy," Lamar stood up.

A fat bulge was now inches from his face, straining against the fabric of his jeans. It ran down one of his legs, twitching once as the black man took a step closer.

Gasping, Andy forced himself to continue: “P- Please let me clean your apartment, w- while you go home, and... While you go home, and... Oh my god...”

Unbuckling his belt, Lamar undid his zipper. Digging his fingers into the hem of his trousers with a nasty smirk, he slowly pulled down his pants, leaving Andy wide-eyed and speechless. A bush of black pubes appeared first, followed by the base of something monstrously thick. The scent of dick wafted out upon Andy, who whined unhappily.

“Better still know how to suck dick, boy,” grunted Lamar, edging so close that Andy had to lean backward to avoid having the bare crotch pressed against his face. A strong hand grabbed him by the hair and forced his head back, holding him tightly in place.

“You’re gonna have to clean this big, black cock if you want your wife to be happy.”

“I’m- I’m not gay,” wheezed Andy.

“You’re a white boy,” retorted Lamar. “Around here, that means you may as well be a woman. Now open that sexy mouth, bitch. I’ve got a present for you.”

Whimpering, Andy hesitated. The black man wouldn’t have it. A thumb wiggled between his lips and split them by force, then entered his mouth and pressed down his tongue. Pinned in place,

Andy had no choice but to sit there and watch as the pants kept creeping down.

A massive, black dick flew free from the constraints, smacking Andy square across the face with such force his head was thrown sideways. Grimacing, the white boy forced himself to look at it, his eyes turning wide as the brown beast was pointed in his direction.

“I’mma leave you to burp dick while you clean my apartment, bitch,” sneered Lamar, steering the tip of his mighty anaconda for his lips. “And then I’mma let your pretty wife chew on it.”

“I’m... I’m a man!” Andy whined, but just as he was about to continue, the mushroom-shaped tip slid past his kissers and into his mouth, cutting him off. Silenced by dick, Andy resorted to shaking his head, but the black man only nodded in response, feeding him another inch. As the taste of dirty dick spread across his tongue, a cringing Andy wrapped his lips around the girthy shaft and was rewarded a pat on the top of his head. Lamar snickered.

“If you were a man,” the former footballer began. He paused briefly, and another few inches of dick slid over the surface of his tongue. Terrified of hurting him, Andy covered his teeth with his tongue and let him press deeper, looking up at with doe eyes. “Ngh- If you were a man, you would’ve stood up for your bitchy wife at the party. You would’ve walked up and told me to back off. Ngh- You would’ve gotten your ass beat, but... You wouldn’t be here on your knees, sucking my big, black dick, begging me to go fuck your wife. Ah- Fuck.”

The cock slid out of his mouth with a loud pop, a rope of saliva connecting his lips to the rising shaft. In response to the words, Andy dropped his eyes to the floor and blushed. "You're not a man," Lamar dropped his hefty shaft on the top of his head. Flinching, Andy looked up, staring wide-eyed at the belly of the beast. "And your wife knows it. She's sick of your wimpy ass. She needs a real man. And a proper cock."

The monster of a prick slid down the side of his face, clashing with a black thigh. The hand on the back of his head guided him closer; Andy tried to resist, but the black man was too strong. As he was tugged closer and closer, he shut his eyes. A moment later, the thick length throbbed against his face, leaving Andy to shudder and squirm.

"This is what I'mma give her," teased the black man, shaking his hips, rubbing the sticky shaft all over Andy's grimacing face, "all twelve inches of this big, fat, sweaty dick."

"B- But I love her," whined the white boy, trying to withdraw as Lamar stained his features with the thick musky scent of his big prick.

"And I am sure she loves you too," said the black man seriously, releasing Andy. "Just not as much as she loves getting dicked by a big, black cock."

The massive member jerked. Flinching, Andy locked his eyes on it with a shaky sigh. In response to the warmth of his breath, the black man grunted, scooping the shaft up in his palm and hoisting it up. Pointing his dick straight at Andy, the former footballer slid his hips forward until the girthy tip prodded at the white boy's

lips. Tossing Lamar a scowl, Andy refused to part his kissers. A firm slap across his cheek changed his mind, and a moment later, the girthy dick slid between his lips. Lamar thrust forth with a groan, and the white boy widened his eyes, his hands searching for something to grab onto to keep himself steady. As the prick slipped a few inches deeper, he gagged, placed his hands on the dark thighs and tried to press his eager lover away, but that only seemed to encourage him to force his cock deeper. Eyes rolling into the back of his head, Andy slapped and smacked whatever he could reach, freezing to the spot as the black dick explored the cavity of his throat. Saliva filled up his throat, drowning the thick shaft in spit. The black man took a step forward, then another, forcing Andy's neck to strain backward as he straddled his face.

"I'mma steal your bitch," snickered Lamar, crossing his powerful arms over his barrel-sized chest. "And I'mma make sure your little whiny ass will thank me for it."

Gagging and choking, unable to breathe, Andy tapped the thighs, and when that didn't work, dug his fingernails into the dark skin. That led to a reaction.

But not the reaction Andy had expected.

Grasping him by the back of the head, the black man squatted and steadied himself before jabbing his hips forward, driving his dick balls deep in Andy's spasming throat. Flattening his nose against the bushy pelvis, Lamar kept fucking the throat, grunting and growling.

Andy had no choice but to hang there and take it; his head bobbing to and fro at a rapid pace, his lips kissing the base of the length over and over. Spit erupted from out of the corner of his mouth, trailing down his chin and dripping onto his chest. Obscene sounds echoed through the dirty room as the fat prick poked the back of his throat, each sudden thrust overpowering his meager struggles. Heavy balls slapped against his chin, the black pubes adorning the nuts tickling him briefly each time they bumped into him.

The world around him was fading. Panic set in. He was running out of air.

The cock withdrew, his plump lips rolling up the shaft before the length burst out of from his mouth, dripping with spit, swaying powerfully over his face. Collapsing to the floor, Andy heaved for his breath while the black man towered over him, his dick throbbing.

“Still a fucking wuss,” Lamar placed a foot on his chest as Andy tried to rise, shoving him back onto the floor with ease. “No wonder your wife wants nothing more to do with you.” “Th- That’s not true!” Whimpering, Andy fought to wedge his fingers underneath the heavy sole, but the black man leaned on him and kept him down with his weight. Talking hurt; his throat was on fire, the muscles down there felt battered and weak. “S- She loves me!”

“And for how long do you think she gon’ keep loving a weak, lil’ sissy boy who cannot even protect her? Ey? What you gon’ do when she needs someone to stand up for her? Get down on your knees and beg? Offer up your white sissy ass instead? What you gon’ do?”

“I’ll- I’ll protect her,” wheezed Andy. Snorting, the black man applied more pressure, his foot sinking into the scrawny chest. For a fleeting moment, he feared his ribs might give in.

“You were born to suck black dick, white boy,” Lamar growled down at him. “You’re no more a man than your fat-titted wife. Ha! From now on, I’mma call you Candy!”

“Please,” whined Andy. He had quit struggling.

“What’s that, Candy?”

“Pl- Please! It- I can’t breathe!”

The foot left his chest. Gasping, Andy rolled over on his side, then coughed, hugging his ribs with a wince on his face. A dirty sole prodded his nose to draw his attention.

“You know what, Candy? I ain’t ever gon’ catch you wearing boy clothes again. If I do, I’mma have to show you what it feels like to be a real girl. Do you understand?”

The black man didn’t wait for a reply. Kicking him over on his tummy, he wiggled his foot underneath the white boy’s crotch and lifted him up. Releasing a high-pitched squeal, Andy hurried to scramble up on all fours to ease the pressure on his balls, hissing from the pain. “Yes!” squealed Andy, lifting his ass higher and

higher in an attempt to escape the foot hooked between his thighs.  
“I understand! I understand! I understand!”

A sharp kick knocked him down, sending him face first back onto the floor. With his butt hoisted high in the air, Andy was made to taste the rug, groaning weakly.

Rough hands latched onto the hem of his trousers, tugging down his pants. A wide-eyed Andy could do nothing but lay there, his scrawny chest heaving. The fabric of his sweats slid down his hips and over his rump, then fell into a bundle around his knees.

“Let’s get that booty out, you stupid sissy,” Lamar growled, offering the pale butt a sharp swat. Jerking, Andy gritted his teeth and squirmed around, trying to look up at the black man towering behind him despite the awkward angle. What met him was a smirk.

An arrogant, nasty smirk.

“I’mma leave you a little gift, girl.” Lamar wrapped his fingers around the shaft of his cock and pointed it down at Andy. Sliding back and forth, his digits quickly picked up the pace as he began wanking himself off, the black dick only inches away from Andy’s rear.

“No,” Andy whispered to himself, his face flushing up with heat. His bare butt was spread naturally, and the thought of the black man staring at the brown eye between his milky cheeks caused him to cringe. It felt wrong, oh-so-wrong. It felt... Gay.



“Yeah, babe,” grunted Lamar, his palm smacking into his pelvis over and over. A hand shot out, clapping Andy on the ass once more, the fingers digging into the doughy buttock. They groped his ass without a care in the world. As if he was just another bitch. Just another girl. Whimpering, Andy lay as still as he could and kept his mouth shut, too frightened to move or speak up. He knew what the black man could do to him if he pleased. He knew he couldn’t resist. Eager digits slid between his buttcheeks, a single finger trailing down to his pucker. The digit prodded his butthole. Andy shot his eyes up and squealed.

“Oh, fuck,” groaned Lamar. “That’s right, bitch. Moan like a whore.”

“D- Don’t touch me back there,” gasped Andy, his cheeks pounding with shame. His brown eye twitched in response to the touch, grasping after the finger. The black man snickered. “Look at that hungry ass,” Lamar scoffed, jerking his throbbing cock faster and faster. “It’s begging to be fed big, black dick. What do you say, Candy? Want a good dicking?”

“I’m not a girl!” Andy cried out and was immediately rewarded with another gentle prod on his butthole. The man behind him was panting heavily now, fapping his dick furiously. “We’ll see what your wife has to say about that,” retorted Lamar with a sneer. The finger on his asshole disappeared; instead, the black man grabbed him by the waist and hoisted his bum further up in the air, the sounds of manly pleasure becoming louder and louder.

The fierce wanking stopped. Andy tensed, preparing for what was to come.

Rope after rope of hot goo spurted out upon his bare butt, painting his asscheeks. A high-pitched whine was all Andy could muster forth as the cum was sprayed across his rump, trickling down his plump buttocks and between his legs. It kept coming for what felt like ages: sudden bursts of nutbutter erupting out upon his naked ass. Behind him, Lamar ushered a deep and guttural groan, fapping the last drops out of the thick dick.

“That’s a good girl,” Lamar cocked his head back and shut his eyes with a sigh. As soon as he finished, he squatted down a bit and wiped himself off with Andy’s shirt, panting.

“I’m... I’m not a girl,” muttered Andy once more, pulling a face as a particularly thick stream of sperm trickled all the way down the back of his thigh. The black man ignored him.

“You know what,” the black man straightened up, tugging his well-worn jeans back up. “I think I’mma pay your wife a visit after all. Shouldn’t leave her all alone, should we?”

A puddle of cum was forming on the floor between his legs. Frowning, Andy kept silent. “That’s what I thought, bitch.” A hand patted him on the side of his ass before the black man wandered over for the kitchen, leaving Andy with his pants down, and his cum-coated butt sticking up in the air. Fetching a set of keys from a table, Lamar froze on the spot. “Actually,” he pocketed the keys, “you don’t mind if I borrow your car, do you?”

Clenching his fists, Andy pressed his lips together. He still said nothing.

“Good.” The black man made his way over. A moment later, he was rummaging around in the pockets of the sperm-stained pants. “Gas ain’t cheap. Eh, Candy?”

Andy pouted. “H- How am I supposed to get home?”

“Not my problem,” Lamar found the keys and stood up. “Get a cab.”

Scowling at the floor, Andy did not move a muscle until he heard the front door slam shut and heavy footsteps descend the staircase outside. His butt felt wet, sticky and gross. The puddle of nutbutter on the floor had expanded; now his pants were drinking it up.

With a shaky sigh, he eyed his surroundings. The apartment suddenly seemed worse than it had been before; the job would take him several hours, and he had no idea where to start. His thoughts drifted to his wife. Her supple rump... Her wobbly breasts... Her plump lips... The velvet flower between her legs... The warm smile she sent him when he came home a late afternoon, weary and tired of the world... The day she told him she wanted a baby... With a trembling lip, Andy shuffled to his feet and got to work.

Chapter Seven

A woman cried out in pleasure.

It was dark by the time Andy stumbled through his own front door, sweaty and knackered. In the cab on the way home, he had dreamt of a warm shower and his cozy bathrobe. The only problem was: he had forgotten that Jillian wouldn't be by herself.

Loud moans stemmed from the living room. Bodies clapped into each other. Feral growls were exchanged between the two lovers fucking each other out of sight.

She never made those sounds with him. Never.

Scowling at the doorway, Andy quietly approached. Cocking his shoulder against the corner, he took a deep breath and peeped inside. The sight that met him stung his heart.

Pale legs were wrapped around a dark waist. Milky tits were squished underneath a black chest. Brown buttocks tensed with every thrust, driving the petite woman into the sofa. Jillian lay on her back, her arms wrapped around the powerful neck of her lover. Dreamy eyes lovingly gazed up at the man pinning her down, her glossy lips parting each time he drove his cock deep into the depths of her pink flower. Completely at his mercy, she did nothing but hang on to his strong frame while he drilled her, digging her nails into his skin.

“You’re... You’re so big,” she mewled. She was rewarded with a deep kiss, the tongue of her lover prying her painted lips open to explore her mouth. Each time he battered her with his hips, her supple frame vibrated, the flattened breasts wobbling seductively.

“So much bigger than him,” she kept cooing as their kiss broke, biting after his lip. She missed it and was rewarded a sharp slap instead. It caused her to jerk, then slip her tongue out of her mouth, leaving it to dangle freely as the black man humped her.

Pressing himself into the corner, Andy watched in silence. A small tent was forming on his crotch, his little prick digging into the wall behind which he hid. He couldn’t look away. “Look at your stupid face,” growled Lamar, forcing his cock balls deep between her creamy legs, providing three rapid thrusts that made her squeal. “Don’t care about your sissy husband at all, do you? Hm? As long as you get dicked by a big, black cock?”

“I l- I love- I love black cock,” Jillian gasped, pressing her hips up, taking the entire length with a soft and long-drawn moan of sheer and utter pleasure. Andy could barely believe his eyes; the dark shaft split the pink flower open to the point where it looked like it might rip. The velvet lips strained to accommodate the thick girth, squeezed around the fat dick. “Yeah?” The black man pounded her into the couch, “And what about your bitch ass husband? Eh? How does that sissy compare to my big cock?”

Widening his eyes, Andy held his breath.

Parting her lips to speak, a sharp thrust cut her off and left her to mewl instead. Bulky arms embraced her and brought her along as Lamar fell on his ass, planting her on his lap. He hugged her against his torso and held her tightly, leaving the quivering woman to slowly slide all the way down on his massive shaft. Squeezing her eyes shut, she clenched her arms around his neck as if her life depended on it, her flustered face twisting into a grimace. “What’d you pick? Hm?” Lamar brushed his lips over her ear. “Your hubby? Or my dick?” Whimpering softly, Andy slid a hand into his trousers, rubbing his throbbing nub with the palm of his hand. His wife looked so blissfully happy where she sat, trembling on the brown cock. A dumb smile adorned her plump lips, and as they parted, she flashed a wicked grin. “I’d- I’d pick you,” she murmured with a shaky sigh. “I- I don’t care about him.”

Battling to stifle a sob, a teary-eyed Andy wanked his prick between a pair of fingers. The mere sight of his wife, now gently bouncing on the black lap, caused his cock to ache.

“I’m... I’m so glad you came along,” Jillian gnawed on her lip as she rose her hips, then slapped them down on the dark lap. “I’m... I’m so tired of that wimp.”

“I’ll beat him up for you if you want,” whispered Lamar, just loud enough for Andy to hear. “I’ll beat his ass and throw him out of the house. I’d do it with pleasure, slut.”

Manly hands grasped the slim waist. Brown fingers sank into the pale flesh. Taking a firm hold of her, the black man began to

bounce her up and down forcefully, slamming her plump ass down on his crotch over and over, watching her fat tits bob on the scrawny chest.

“Owfh- Fuck! No! Don’t- Don’t beat him up! I do- I don’t want that!”

“Yes... You... Do...” Lamar cracked her a nasty grin, then grabbed her by the throat and forced her to meet his gaze, holding her steady. “You want me to teach your faggot husband a lesson. I can see it in your eyes, slut. I’mma show him who’s boss around here.”

“No,” Andy whispered to himself, staring pleadingly at his wife.

Staring her lover in the eye, a flustered Jillian bit her bottom lip and hesitated. For a fleeting moment, Andy thought she’d protest, thought she’d stand up for him.

She parted her lips. But Andy never found out what she was about to say.

Before she was able to utter a word, her eyes flicked to the doorway, and then they glued themselves to where he was hiding just behind the corner. She parted her lips further.

And let loose a heart-wrenching scream.

Flinching as if struck, Andy stumbled backward and tripped over his own feet, his ass hitting the floor with a thud. The black man never let go of Jillian as he shuffled in his seat to cast a glance over his shoulder. A heavy silence fell as two pair of eyes locked

themselves upon him while he scurried backward, struggling for a moment to find his feet.

They watched him, looked him up and down, pondered. Swallowing audibly, Andy said nothing. Squinting his eyes, Lamar slowly hoisted Jillian off of his lap.

With a whimper, Andy spun on his heels and darted for the stairs.

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Lamar was on his heels, wearing only his jeans.

Dashing up the staircase, Andy threw himself into the bedroom and tried to shut the door. His pursuer beat him to it; a black arm shot inside the door before he was able to close it.

“Ngh- I didn’t mean to spy on you!” Andy kept pushing on the doorframe, but the black man wedged himself inside, using his weight as a lever. Grasping after Andy, he barely missed, and that was when the white boy gave up and fled deeper into the room.

“Think you can creep on us and get away with it?” The hulk of a man slowly stepped inside, his towering frame approaching. Panting heavily, Andy took in his surroundings. There was



nowhere to go; the only way out was through the door, and he'd never make it past Lamar. "I'm sorry!" Andy cried out, backing up.

The black man smirked, then shook his head. "Ain't gon' let you get away so easily. I thought I made it clear I never wanted to see you in boy clothes again, Candy."

The frame of the bed stopped Andy dead in his tracks. He was trapped.

"What are you doing, honey?" Jillian slipped through the door, a deep frown on her pretty face. Unlike her black lover, she had taken the time to dress, and now she was back in her cozy pajamas. "Why did you sneak up on us like that? Do you think that's okay?"

"It's," Andy began, clenching his fists. "It's... It's my house."

Jillian froze to the spot, sharing a quick glance with Lamar.

"What?"

"This- This is my house," Andy muttered. "He... He's just a guest."

The black man rubbed his eyes with a sigh. Jillian stared daggers his way.

"So," his wife continued after a while. "You were what, touching yourself?"

Widening his eyes, Andy hurried to shake his head. "N- No!"

“There’s a stain on your crotch, honey.” She cocked a dull eyebrow. “And while it wouldn’t surprise me if you peed your pants, there’s no smell, so...”

There was a stain on his crotch. Andy whimpered.

Clicking her tongue, Jillian stepped up beside Lamar, hooking her arms around his. “I thought we came to an understanding, honey. When Lamar is with me, you stay away.” “B- But I was done with his apartment, and...”

“Shut the fuck up.” The black man came closer. Staggering backward, Andy tripped on the bed and fell into a seated position, crawling up on the sheets with wide eyes.

“There’s no but, honey,” sighed his wife. “That was our agreement.”

“But- But- But... This is my house! And you are my wife!”

“This is my house,” Lamar mimicked, putting on a childish and high-pitched voice. “And you are my wife! Wah! Wah! Wah!”

Gripping the sheets to the point where his knuckles went pale, Andy blanched.

“Stand up,” the former footballer pointed at the floor.

“No,” Andy hissed through clenched teeth.

“Do as he says, honey.”

“You- You can’t just come in and take over my life! This- This has to stop!”

Rolling her eyes, Jillian cocked her head back with a groan of annoyance. “We’ve been over this so many times, babe. Lamar can do as he pleases.”

“Stand up,” the black man said icily.

Pouting, Andy shuffled up to his feet with a huff. After a moment of hesitation, he stepped onto the spot where the black man was pointing, glaring at his wife.

A strong arm locked around his throat before he had a chance to react. Yanking him effortlessly into his chest, Lamar pinned him to his larger frame, snickering.

“It’s time we taught you a lesson in respect, honey.” Smacking her lips, Jillian went over to the closet and tugged open the doors, beginning to rummage around inside.

“N- Let me go!” Andy wailed, struggling and wriggling in the firm grip. In response, the man behind him hoisted him up from the floor with ease, leaving him to choke and kick his legs. “I’mma show you what happens when you act up like a little brat,” Lamar carried him over towards the closet, oblivious to the wild squirming. “Not that one. The pink one.”

His wife was going through her drawer. But not just any drawer.

It was the drawer full of her lingerie. Andy shook his head and squirmed harder.

“He’s so fucking weak,” laughed Lamar, loosening his grip a little only to yank him violently back in the unpleasant hold. “I can’t believe you’ve actually slept with this faggot.”

Giggling, Jillian straightened up with a shrug, bringing along a pair of pink panties. It was the same pair from before; a skimpy thong with a narrow crotch and a string at the back. She stepped closer, dangling the underwear in front of his face. “You’re going to wear this.” “No!” Andy kept shaking his head, fighting the arm secured around his throat.

“If you don’t wear this,” the panties floated closer, settling on top of his forehead, “that sweet therapist of yours is going to discover some *very* interesting photos on her phone tonight.” The squirming ceased. Trying to control his breath, Andy sent her a pleading stare.

With a dazzling smile, Jillian shook her head. The panties fell to his feet. “Put them on.”

“N- Not in front of him,” Andy whined. “P- Please. Not in front of him.”

“Yes,” his wife sneered, marching all the way up in his face. Her supple lips were but an inch from his, and she bared them to flash him a wicked grin. “Right in front of him.”

The arm around his throat loosened. The moment he was free, Lamar grabbed him by the neck and bent him over, pushing him towards the panties. “Pick them up.”

He did as he was told. A moment later, Andy had discarded his clothes in a bundle on the floor, now wearing nothing but his boxers, clutching the soft fabric of the panties.

With her hands on her hips, Jillian nodded for him to continue. Lamar loomed in the background, pacing back and forth, eyeing him up like a predator on the hunt for prey. “What are you waiting for? He already knows you have a tiny cock, honey. Don’t be shy.”

Cringing, Andy slid his boxers down. The eyes of his wife lit up at the sight. At his rear, the black man whistled mockingly. Blushing up furiously, he stepped into the panties and pulled them up. The soft fabric embraced his junk as the string slipped up between his buttocks. Taking a seat on the bed, Jillian crossed her legs and pondered. “What do you think he should do to make it up for us?” she asked, her gaze trailing to Lamar.

“I don’t know,” said the black man, creeping closer. When a pair of hands found his waist, Andy couldn’t stop himself from gasping out loud, tensing up on the spot. “I think he could use a long, hard lesson. Maybe that’ll teach him to respect black dick.”

A cruel smirk formed on her lips. Nibbling on her thumb, Jillian agreed.

“What-” Andy began, but the black man cut him off. Before he had a chance to say anything else, his feet left the floor, and he found himself sideways underneath a powerful arm. “Wait!” said Jillian, smirking further. “We’re not done.”

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“No,” muttered Andy, kicking his feet. “No! Stop!”

They headed for the makeup table. Lamar, his powerful arm flexed around Andy’s tummy, carried him over with ease. When they reached it, the black man turned around and planted the white boy’s bottom in the seat of a chair. It stood before a round mirror.

“We can’t have you looking like this,” purred Jillian, rummaging around in a drawer a few feet away. “You look like a boy, Candy. You won’t please my boyfriend like this.”

“Sit your ass down, girl,” growled Lamar.

Andy, halfway out of the chair, paused. A strong hand grabbed his shoulder, forcing him back in the seat. With a huff, he crossed his arms over his chest and pouted.

“Let us see,” his wife paid him no attention, fetching forth a variety of cosmetics, placing everything on the smooth wooden surface of the desk before which he sat. “Alright. You’re going to have to sit still now, Candy... Don’t move a muscle.”

A stretchy headband appeared from the drawer. Jillian gave it a gentle tug, then spread it over Andy's head, gathering up his brown locks before letting the headband pin it all out of his face. She fetched a tube from the table, squirted a glob of clear gel onto a finger and bent over, her lips parting in a wicked grin as she carefully began to apply it to his face.

“Don't look so frightened, honey. It's not poison.”

Andy, frozen to the spot, kept as still as he possibly could, blushing to the roots of his hair. The string up his ass pressed against his buttohole and squeezed his junk, providing him with a constant wedgie that would not go away no matter how many times he tugged on it.

Jillian withdrew; a small, rectangular glass bottle was the next item on her list. It took Andy a while to realize that it was foundation; she applied it deftly, all over his face. The clear gel had been odorless, but this definitely had a smell - a powerful, sharp, feminine scent.

“You're gonna be such a pretty white boy,” snickered Lamar, tapping him on a shoulder. “No,” retorted Jillian, grasping a square metal box and a pencil. “He won't be a pretty white boy at all... *She* will be a pretty white girl when I am done with her.”

Whimpering, Andy saw his wife pop up the lid on the metal box with her nail, run her pencil through a circle of eyeshadow and then turn his way, squinting. With no choice but to shut his eyes when the pencil approached, he held his breath, feeling her paint his eyelids.

“I picked a special one for you, honey,” giggled Jillian. “It’s Lamar’s favorite.”

“I’m not a girl,” was all Andy could muster. A finger on his lips shut him up. Jillian finished applying the eyeshadow in silence, following up with what could only be concealer for the dark wrinkles underneath his eyes. The moment Andy finally dared to open his eyes, his wife held a small comb. She ran it through his eyebrows before applying eyeliner, combing the brows upwards to give each a sharp arch. She worked carefully, with precision.

“Oh my,” she said suddenly, leaning back. “Now you’re really starting to look like Candy.” “But I don’t want to be Candy,” Andy began. He was promptly interrupted. A fresh brush appeared, and he was forced to shut his eyes once more as she curled his lashes, defined them with a touch of mascara, then curled them some more.

“You’re gorgeous, honey,” Jillian laughed sweetly, fetched forth a brush and a few new containers, applying blush and powder to his pale features. “Almost done.”

The round mirror was turned away. Unable to see himself, Andy cast the glass a look, and as he expected, Jillian caught on to it. Instead of turning it towards him, she shook her head slowly, studying a variety of lipsticks that lay on the table. “Be patient, sweetie.”

Andy widened his eyes. “I- I don’t need lipstick, Jillian. It’s- It’s fine.”



“Of course you need lipstick, honey,” she rolled her eyes. “All men love a pair of plump, glossy lips... How about a shiny, sparkly pink? What do you think?”

Stifling a sob, Andy shook his head. Jillian pondered for a moment.

“Yup,” she said finally. “Sparkly pink it is. Pucker up, babe!”

The gloss left his lips sticky. At the command of his wife, he pursed his lips a few times, a raging blush dancing like flames on his cheeks. His skin felt strange, unnatural; the thick layer of cosmetics may as well have been cement and stank of chemicals.

His wife leaned back, biting her lip as she took in the sight of her work. A soft sigh escaped his painted lips as his wife eyed him over, then nodded and offered forth a hand.

“Your nails,” she said sharply, grasping his hand and placing it on her thigh the moment he obeyed. A bottle of polish was swiftly brought out from the drawer, and before Andy could mutter his protests, she was already painting his nails the same color as his lips. She filed his thumb and his pinkie - evidently pleased with the rest of them, then did the same with his other hand before she put the polish away and shut the drawer.

“There.” She smiled, tossing Lamar a coy glance. “You’re all dolled up.”

“I- I didn’t mean to spy on you.” Andy eyed his nails, his face contorting into a grimace. “Can- Can I go now? I’ll- I’ll leave you two alone, I promise, I- I’ll give you privacy.”

Deep laughter rang through the bedroom. Lamar, shaking his head, patted Andy on a shoulder and made his way for the bed. He spun, then dropped his bum on the mattress. It sank under his weight with a creak. “No,” said the black man. “We’re just getting started.” Jillian, grinning wickedly, got up and scurried for the dresser. She yanked the double doors open and began flicking through her dresses. In his chair, Andy swallowed.

“How about,” she muttered, snatching a coat hanger from which hung a dark, smooth, silky dress with a plunging neckline, “this... No, that won’t fit... Maybe this will fit...”

Andy, feeling his heart pounding in his chest, flicked his gaze between Jillian and her dark lover who sat on the bed. Lamar, watching his wife as she bent over and stuck out her rear-end, gave a stifled grunt and placed a hand on his thigh, rubbing his bulge through the jeans. “How about...” Jillian snatched another dress from the closet, spinning on her heels to show it off. It was pink, complete with white frills and thick sleeves. She tugged the fabric, twirled it around and cocked an eyebrow. It wasn’t Andy she looked at.

She looked at Lamar.

Touching his dick, the black man let his wife flash every inch of the dress before he threw Andy a sideways glance. And nodded once.

“No,” choked Andy, parting his lips. “I’m- I’m not wearing that. No way.”

“Good girls don’t talk back,” retorted Jillian, smiling playfully as she approached. “You’ll look great in this, honey. You have to trust me. I promise.”

“But, I- I don’t wanna be a girl-”

“Shush.” She placed a finger on his lips, and Andy fell silent with a whimper. “Lamar is the man of the house now, and he wants you to be a girl. That’s just the way it is, honey.”

She flung the dress across the makeup table. “Put it on.”

Andy hesitated. In the corner of his eye, he saw the black man get up and step closer, the bulge on his thigh fatter than it had been when he sat down.

“Girls who talk back,” Lamar approached slowly, “have their sweet booties slapped until they listen. Are you gon’ make me give you a sore ass, Candy?”

With a huff, Andy blushed and shook his head. Crossing his arms over his chest, Lamar stared him down. Standing up on shaky legs, Andy snatched the dress, turning away.

“Hold up.” Darting over to the closet, Jillian tugged open a drawer and rummaged through the contents, brushing away panties before taking out a matching lace bra. She didn’t stop there, digging deeper until she suddenly paused, squinted, and pulled something up.

The water balloons. Bloated and fat. She gave each a squeeze.

“Don’t forget these, sweetie.” Jillian held them out with a smirk.

Pouting his pink, glossy lips, Andy whimpered and walked over.

## Chapter Eight

Andy looked like a girl.

He could barely believe his eyes. The dress, a tight fit, clutched his figure in a way that gave the impression of wide hips, a narrow waist, and a massive bosom. His makeshift breasts jiggled as he stepped closer to the mirror, looking himself over with wide eyes. He didn't just resemble a woman; the makeup and the dress took at least ten years off his age. Raising his hands up in front of the round mirror, he stared at his glossy nails, then turned sideways and gulped as he spotted the way his chest strained the frilly fabric of his dress.

In the background, Lamar closed in.

“It's time, honey,” giggled Jillian.

Andy slowly turned. The black man, a nasty smirk on his lips, stood close, extending a hand out towards him. Shaking his head, Andy staggered into the table, knocking over a few of the cosmetics his wife hadn't yet put away. His bully kept approaching, his bulge twitching. Andy looked at the door, his wife, Lamar. And then made a run for it.

A strong hand grabbed his shoulder, spun him around and bent him over. A powerful arm snuck around his waist, and before Andy could react, his feet left the floor.

Lamar carried him towards the bed.

“What- No! Stop! I’m not gay!”

“It’s not gay, honey,” sighed Jillian. “It’s a sign of respect.”

“I’mma drill your booty, girl,” Lamar flung him down at the mattress. He landed not far from his wife, bouncing up and down on his tummy. As he was about to crawl away, a strong hand pressed down on the small of his back and pinned him in place. Andy was panicking.

“N- No! Jillian! Please! We’re- We’re supposed to have a baby. I-” A sudden smack on his ass shut him up. Jerking, Andy shot Lamar a glare.

“Good girl,” the black man muttered, struggling to unbuckle his belt with one hand. His wife came to the rescue, scurrying over on all fours, undoing the belt buckle and unzipping his trousers. Andy whispered her name, but she didn’t care; her small hands slid the well-worn jeans down the dark-skinned hips until they fell to his feet.

The cock dropped on top of his rear, the brown surface sticking to his pale skin. The sheer weight of it sent a shiver up Andy’s spine; he had never before had anything up his ass, and the idea of something so girthy penetrating his butthole was absolutely terrifying.

Jillian crawled off the bed and disappeared out of sight. She tugged open a drawer, but Andy never heard her shut it. By the time he dared to glance over his shoulder, she was already back by his side, holding an oval-shaped bottle in her left hand, her right hovering beside it. “We’re not expecting you to take him dry, honey,” she reassured him with a smile. Pressing down the top of the bottle, she squirted a puddle of lube into her palm, then grasped the flaccid dick and rubbed it in. The brown skin shone in the reflection of the overhead light.

“You- You can’t be serious,” Andy panted, wide eyes flicking back and forth between his wife and the dark length which she wanked softly.

“It’s time you quit thinking about yourself and started considering what I want.” Her voice, dripping with sweetness, trailed off into a moan as she started fapping the cock faster. It grew at a rapid pace, and Jillian held it in such a way that Andy felt every throb. “You’ve been so selfish lately. But that’s about to change, hubby. From now on, you’ll obey.”

“I’ve- I’ve done everything you’ve told me!” Andy wailed.

“But you haven’t done it with a smile,” shrugged Jillian. “And that’s a problem.”

“I’ll- I’ll- I’ll smile from now on! Promise! I- I’ll be better! Just-”

No one ever found out what Andy was about to say. A prod at his buttock cut him short and left him to gasp as something thick

and hard pressed against the pink fabric of his thong. “Ngh- You’re so tight, Candy,” said Lamar, taking a firm grip of the white hips. “It’s about time you had this sweet ass broken in. I’mma take your virginity, boy.”

“Jillian!” Andy split his lips with a loud gasp, arching his back like a cat. The bulbous tip explored the cavity of his buttocks while a pair of rough hands dug into the soft flesh and kneaded each asscheek like a pile of dough. Taking a seat next to him, Jillian smirked.

“It’s fine, honey,” she purred, edging closer. “Don’t fight it. Just give in.”

“No,” Andy whimpered, pulling a face as the string of his thong was tugged slightly to the side, baring his butthole up at the black man at his rear. A finger found his sphincter, the very tip tracing the wrinkly hole in circles. His asshole twitched. Lamar laughed out loud. “Begging for dick, are you, sissy? Can’t wait to be blacked, can you?”

A slap caught him off-guard, sending his face sideways. His wife crept up in front of him on all fours, baring her teeth in a sneer: “You don’t have a choice, honey. I’ve told you I don’t want your baby anymore. Pussy is for real men. You’ll have to settle for black dick.”

“But I want you,” sobbed Andy, gazing into her blue eyes. She retorted with a snort, pressing a finger against his lips and uttered a hush.

“Say goodbye to your manhood, sissy.” With a groan, Lamar wedged his cock between his supple buttocks and thrust forth, sliding his shaft up the valley of butt.

Andy couldn't control himself. A high-pitched moan slipped out of his split lips as he felt the throbbing dick between his cheeks. Grinning wickedly, his wife moaned in return, brushing a loose strand of hair out of his face before cupping his cheek, stroking him soothingly. Digging his fingers into the white boy's hips, Lamar ushered a deep grunt, then steered his cock at the rump. The mushroom-shaped tip flattened the pucker, leaving Andy to wheeze through gritted teeth, his pale frame quivering from the anticipation.

“Here it goes,” the black man applied pressure. Andy shot his eyes up, his lips taking the shape of a wide circle, staring right into the eyes of his wife with surprise. His butthole fought to resist the invader, but the cock kept pressing deeper and deeper and deeper.

And then, with a pop, the lubed mushroom slipped inside.

Andy, Vice President of Charles Stanley, squealed like a girl.

Cursing under his breath, his newfound lover steadied himself, then slowly pushed his hips forward, feeding the convulsing butthole inch after inch of black dick. His ass tightened around the massive shaft, clenching with all its might as the girth painfully forced it open.

“Mmm,” Jillian bit her lip. “Doesn't that feel good, honey? Can you feel how big he is?” Clamping his eyes shut, Andy groaned as he fought to hold back his tears. It felt like someone had lit his



butthole on fire; a constant stinging burn lingered in his backside. It didn't grow the worse; the pain stayed the same, but it was quickly becoming too much to bear. There was no doubt about it: Lamar was far too big for his ass. As he collapsed onto his elbows, heaving for his breath with his butt raised high in the air, he thought of Jillian. And the pain he had expected her to endure only yesterday. Except...

Andy couldn't hurt her. Because he wasn't man enough.

Gliding deeper into his pooper, the thick length throbbed and spilled a trickle of liquid. It tickled his insides, and a stupified Andy rolled his eyes into the back of his head with a grunt. Or was it a moan?

Lamar halted, his cock hilted in the tight butt. "Push that booty back, sissy," he said, seeking to guide him backward. Andy was in no position to protest; his breath was gone and the tears welling up in his eyes blinded his sight. Slipping his tongue out of his mouth, he sat back with the help of the strong hands on his hips, his bottom eating up another few inches. "That's right," Jillian trailed her thumb over his lips. "Take your dicking like a good boy." "You're... Too... Big..." Andy moaned, barely able to register the words of his wife. Not a moment went by without his pooper hungrily chewing on the shaft, switching between trying to spit out the large invader, and attempting to swallow the whole thing up.

“If you think I’m big now,” growled Lamar, offering him a swat across the ass. “Wait and see how it feels when I start fucking this booty properly.”

A shaky sigh was all Andy was able to utter. He didn’t react to the slap; the pain in his backside overpowered the brief sting on his wobbly buttcheek.

“I’mma turn you into a girl now,” continued the black man. A hand found the back of his neck and squished Andy into the covers as his dark lover leaned over, growling into his ear. “And I’mma do it while your silly, little wife watches.”

Andy felt the hips behind him embrace his buttocks, the shaft which was only halfway in bending awkwardly to accommodate. Biting down on the sheets, he tried to prepare himself for what was to come, largely oblivious to Jillian, who sat down by his head, spreading her legs and sliding her crotch towards his face. Her palm pressed down on her clit, and she began to move her hand in circles, showering him in soft moans from above.

“I’ve always wanted to see you get buttfucked, honey,” she whispered shakily. “You’ve always been such a wimp... Ah... It’s about time someone put you in your place.”

The pressure on his rump increased as Lamar tried to push deeper, the steady pain freezing him to the spot. A manly grunt erupted from his lover, who snuck an arm around his throat and hugged him to his frame as he drove another few inches into the soft boy butt.

“I’m... Not... Gay...” Andy moaned with effort, leaving his tongue to dangle freely. They snickered at him in unison, his wife slipping a couple of fingers into her swollen lips.

“It’s too late to go back now, honey,” her fingers slid in and out of her pussy with sloppy squelches. “Once you’ve gone black... You never go back.”

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The bed creaked with each thrust.

Andy howled each time the black man forced himself balls deep in his butt. He fucked him at a sideways angle, banging his pelvis into one of his buttocks, forcing it to jiggle. It took half a bottle of lube before Lamar was able to hump him like this, but it wasn’t the slippery surface that allowed for such easy thrusting; Andy’s butthole was now too weak to resist. Each time the powerful hips collided with his ass, he was jolted forward, fucked into the mattress. He had no choice but to lie there and take it, feeling how the strong shaft slowly broke his rump. Lodged deep inside, the dark cock drooled precum, which trickled into his tummy. The way his pooper constantly spasmed was no longer enough to slow down the black dick, the bite of his butt no longer enough to restrain the throbbing member. The cock had won.

The smell of pussy surrounded him. His hazy gaze was filled up with pink lips, a swollen clit and fingers dripping with juice. If he stuck out his tongue, he'd almost reach her.

But the pussy wasn't his to touch. Not anymore. And probably never again.

The black man suddenly froze with a guttural groan, panting rapidly. The dick in his butt gave three strong throbs, and a gush of liquid squirted into his bowels.

“You won't get away so easily, sissy,” growled Lamar, slowly beginning to retract. Widening his eyes, Andy released a breathless squeal, the sensation of cock sliding out of his ass overpowering the rest of his senses and, for a fleeting moment, driving his mind blank.

It escaped his butthole with a pop. The white boy whimpered, his gaping butt winking continuously as it desperately tried to close. In the confines of his pink panties, his own flaccid prick leaked onto the fabric. It never grew; it just kept leaking.

Strong hands grabbed him by the hips and flipped him over. When he was on his back, the black man took him by the legs and hoisted them high in the air, spreading his thighs. The string had slipped back into place now, blocking the entrance of his wide-open butt.

Lamar eyed him over with a nasty grin, then shared a glance with what could only be his wife. With a backward nod, he beckoned her over. Andy, staring cross-eyed at her, only groaned as she crawled up on top of him and took a seat on her knees on his tummy. Shooting Andy a quick glance, she giggled and shook her head, wrapping her arms around the neck of the black man, pulling him closer. Their lips met, and she kissed him softly, then wiggled her tongue between his kissers to explore the warmth of his mouth. While they made out, her fingers sought for the string, and upon finding it, yanked it out of the way.

Squatting, without breaking the kiss, Lamar steered his cock at the gaping butthole and shoved himself back in with a fierce thrust. Jerking, Andy released a shaky sigh.

She licked him in the mouth, and only stopped when he gave her a slap. Huffing, she leaned backward and parted her lips. Clearing his throat, Lamar spat between her kissers, picking up the pace of his thrusts; Andy's brown eye weakly tried to hug the fat dick in vain.

Jillian leaned over him and stuck out her tongue. The glob of spit on the surface slowly slithered down and formed a gooey rope, then broke off, splattering on Andy's forehead.

"You're such a man, honey," Jillian sniggered, stroking a hand back and forth across his smooth chest. He didn't respond, gritting his teeth as Lamar sank balls deep and remained there,

evidently enjoying the way the battered pooper was trying to close around the shaft.

“I can’t believe you ever thought I wanted you to fuck me,” her voice, soft but cruel, was as smooth as silk. “And I can’t believe you thought you could satisfy me with such a tiny dick.” The cock twitched deep in his butt. Another trickle of precum escaped it.

A small hand crept underneath the panties, embracing his aching nub. Grabbing it between a pair of fingers, Jillian snorted and began to wank it gently, looking down at him with displeasure written all over her features. “You’ve always been a loser, Andy... But when Lamar told me you sucked his dick in high school... That’s just pathetic, honey...”

With a deep grunt, Lamar began to thrust, humping the butt with a steady rhythm. Combined with the hand toying with his penis, the sensation drove him dangerously close.

He couldn’t cum. Not in front of her. Not in front of him.

But he did. And he did it with a squeal, squirming on the bed underneath the weight of his wife, flexing his thighs and squeezing his eyes shut. His asshole went wild, convulsing around the thick shaft hilted in his ass, clamping down on the brown cock over and over as if it was trying to bite it off. He heard Lamar groan with pleasure, felt him dig his fingers into the flesh of his hips and bounce into his buttocks, the spasming brown

eye chewing on the base of the girthy length. Andy shot his load into the panties with a high-pitched cry, coating the crotch of his thong and the two fingers that gripped his nub in his gooey mess.

His orgasm did not last, and before long, his little prick was soft and no longer aching with need. But Lamar, humping his butt, showed no signs of slowing down, and suddenly the sensation of having his rump filled to the brim felt far more awkward than ever before. Retracting her hand with a girlish giggle, his wife wiped her palm on his chest and smacked her lips. “Oh my god... You just came from a black dick fucking your butt, honey.”

“I told you he was a faggot,” grunted Lamar, speeding up his thrusts, smacking into the same pale buttock over and over, leaving the brown eye to roll up and down his throbbing shaft. Jillian caught her lip between her teeth, stifling a soft moan as she put a hand on the chest of her dark lover, trailing painted fingernails across the black skin. “You’re so fucking hot.” Through teary eyes, Andy could do nothing but watch as she reached up to meet his lips. He bobbed back and forth, unable to contain a flowing stream of short moans as the fat girth bottomed in his rear, forced to look on as they made out in front of him, their lips squished together in a sloppy kiss. Tossing him a glance over her shoulder, his wife flashed a wicked grin and folded her hands on the back of her lover’s neck, tugging him back into her mouth. The dark invader pulsed in his ass, dousing him in shame, taming the wild jealousy that flared up in his chest. As he watched them

wrestle with their tongues, he realized she'd never look at him the same way again. He had been fucked in the ass now.

Now and forever.

Jillian fell sideways suddenly, pushed out of the way by her lover. The black dick never left his butt as Lamar grasped his hips and rolled him over on his side. "Look at me," the black man demanded, then gave him a swat on the ass. "Look me in the eyes, faggot."

Andy hesitated. His face felt like it had caught fire. Another whap across his buttock led him to try, but as their gazes met, he whimpered and lowered his eyes submissively. His wife came to the rescue. She grabbed him by the hair, purred into his ear and forced him to look back up. With a pout plastered to his lips and tears streaming down his cheeks, Andy looked his bully in the eye, struggling to muffle his moans. Clenching his jaw, the black man grunted a deep, "Good girl," then thrust faster, drilling the blushing white boy in the ass.

"You're his bitch now," whispered Jillian into his ear. The silky voice led him to shudder and try to look away, but she kept his head in place, stroking his cheeks with her thumbs. "You can't unfuck a cock, honey... You'll always be his bitch... His little, white, girly bitch." Driving his cock balls deep in the pale butt, Lamar dug his fingers into his hips and pinned Andy in place. He knew what was about to happen before it hit him; the dick hilted



in his posterior throbbed as it had never throbbed before. With a roar, the black man exploded.

A gush of hot, sticky, creamy liquid erupted into his ass, flowing out of the spasming cock that stretched his rump so painfully, the potent nutbutter painting his insides white.

Squealing like a little girl, Andy stuck out his tongue and rolled his eyes up, feeling rope after rope of thick sperm spurt deep in his butt. His asshole kept clenching down on the fat beast of a dick, milking the cum straight out of the dark leathery balls. He had no control of his own rump; the butthole hungrily sucked up every last drop of potent seed until there was no more, and his bully slowly pulled himself out with a groan and a pop. The moment the bulbous tip withdrew, his butthole spat out a rope of nutbutter. Jillian burst out laughing.

“Oh, honey!” she giggled. “Your first cum fart! Congratulations!”

Sobbing softly, Andy kept looking up at the black bully looming over him. The man was panting, bent over the bed, his bulky arms flexed. Andy eyed those arms, the way the thick muscles stirred underneath the skin, the way they tensed when they grabbed his hips.

He could protect with those arms. They were strong.

“C’mon, Candy,” those bulky arms reached for him, embraced him, wrapped themselves under his form and hoisted him up as if

he was a wife, and Lamar his husband. “I’mma have a round with your wife now, but she doesn’t want you to watch. So while I give her the dicking she needs, you’ll start on dinner. And don’t you dare wash your ass.”

His bully carried him through the room. In the corner of his eye, he saw Jillian roll over on her tummy and spread her legs, ankles high in the air. When they reached the doorway, the black man slowly put Andy down on his feet. Whimpering, wearing his pink thong, Andy put his hands on his butt and sniffled. Lamar patted him on a cheek, “You've got a choice to make, white boy. Leave your wife with me... Or stay and serve us both.”

Blushing up fiercely underneath the mocking grin, Andy lowered his eyes. And for a fleeting moment, he thought his bully expected an answer now. He hesitated, then went to speak... The door slammed shut in his face. A girlish giggle sounded through the door.

And the moans that soon echoed through the house lasted the whole night.

Epilogue

A thin woman appeared in the doorway.

“Jake,” said Bianca with a bright smile, stepping out to embrace him. Thea tensed by his side but kept quiet. “How are you? I heard what happened. Are you okay?”

Jake scoffed. “It’s almost a year ago, Bianca. I’m fine.”

“Well,” the thin woman motioned for the door. “A word of warning: I didn’t want to invite Lamar this year, but he decided to show up unannounced, and I can’t ask him to leave.”

“It’s fine.” Flashing her a grin, Jake tugged Thea along, heading into the hallway.

Their host was not far behind. Like last year, she wore a frilly dress, though as far as Jake could remember, the one she wore then was not nearly this skimpy. “I’m so glad the two of you could make it. The last one ended so suddenly - I thought we’d try again.”

“We’re so grateful that you’re willing to host this,” said Thea, smiling politely. “And we’re so thankful that you decided to invite us once more, despite... Well, last time.”

“There wouldn’t be a class reunion without Jake,” giggled Bianca, leading them into the kitchen. A variety of drinks were lined up in neat rows on the kitchen table. As they passed them by, Bianca snatched a couple of glasses and handed them over.

Jake accepted his with a slight bow. “Did everyone make it?”

“John couldn’t show up,” Bianca slid open the glass door, filling up the kitchen with the sound of ceaseless chatter and loud laughter. “Everyone else is here. Though Andy...”

Jake lit up. “Andy is here? What about him?”

“He’s,” the slim host bit her bottom lip, “different.”

“Different? What do you mean, different?”

“You’ll ueah... You’ll see for yourself.”

They went out on the terrace and Bianca shut the door. Last year, the reunion had taken place in October; insects weren’t a problem then. Now it was June, and a myriad of bugs was buzzing around the nearby bushes. Bianca hated bugs with a passion.

It was noon; the sun was at its highest point, and the intense heat hung heavy in the air. The pool was crowded; small groups of old familiars sought refuge in the water, their colorful drinks scattered around the edges. Emily the Goth lay on her tummy by the pool, stretched out on a towel, her milky white skin drinking in the bright sun rays. Paul and Danny sat at a table not far away, facing the pale girl with the black hair. Both wore sunglasses, but Jake knew precisely where they were looking; Emily only wore a thong.

Thea nudged his arm. “Look. There he is.”

Following her gaze, Jake parted his lips. Lamar, the black hulk of a former lineman, sat by a round table across the pool. And he did not sit by himself. A girl sat by his side.

Thea shielded her eyes from the sun and squinted. “Is... Is that Jillian?”

“Yeah,” Jake nodded slowly. “And that’s one hell of a bikini.”

She hit him on a shoulder and flashed a pout. Jake was too deep in thought to notice. That was Jillian alright... But where on earth was Andy?

“I’m gonna go talk to them. Ask Jillian where her husband is,” said Jake. Before he was able to take a single step, his girlfriend latched onto his arm and held him back.

“Don’t,” she retorted, shaking her head. “You remember what happened last time.” Scoffing, Jake tore himself free. “I can talk to them if I want, Thea. It’s not as if he’ll just jump me for no reason. I wanna find Andy - I need to see how he is.”

“Be careful,” Thea muttered. Wafting a dismissive hand, Jake stepped over a pair of lovers frantically making out on the middle of the patio, making his way over.

“... finally took her pills today. I didn’t even have to prompt her.”

“Hey,” interrupted Jake, forcing forth a smile. Lamar, having discarded his shirt to no doubt flash his bulging muscles, sat up. He didn’t return the smile. Jake swallowed.

Jillian, falling silent, cocked a dull eyebrow. “What do you want?”

Keeping his eyes away from the pale breasts squished together by a tiny, black bra was a struggle. Yet he didn’t look; the way the black man stared him down helped a lot. “I was wondering where Andy is... Bianca said he’d be here... I figured you’d know.”

They shared a look, the blonde woman and the black man. Hiding her lips behind a limp wrist, Jillian cleared her throat. Lamar, spreading out in his chair, smirked.

Jake narrowed his eyes. “Am I missing something here? What’s so funny?”

“Didn’t you recognize him?” asked Jillian, evidently struggling not to smile. “You walked past him on your way here, he’s right over there.”

She pointed across the pool. Jake turned in that direction but saw no one resembling his old friend; only Emily, the two jocks and a woman he had never seen before. She stood by herself by the bushes, wearing a frilly pink dress and a pink bow in her hair to keep her glossy locks out of her face. A baby stroller stood not far away, and the pretty woman was rocking it gently, muttering softly to the child that lay sleeping within.

“I don’t see him,” Jake shielded his eyes from the sun, squinting.

“He’s right there,” Lamar nodded in the same direction. But once again, when Jake turned to look, Andy was nowhere to be seen. Rolling his eyes, Jake wafted a dismissive hand.

“You know what... Whatever. It was a pleasure catching up with you two. When your *husband* returns, why don’t you point him over in my direction, eh?”

Beaming a bright smile, Jillian fluttered her eyelashes. When she sat up to reach for her drink, her creamy breasts squished together like dough, the skimpy bra forced to stretch to

accommodate them. The sight itself froze him to the spot - Jake forgot to breathe.

A bulky, black arm embraced her shoulders. “The pleasure was ours,” said Lamar with a nasty grin, tugging the blonde closer. She spilled her drink and fell into a fit of giggling. That was his cue. Tearing his gaze away, Jake trudged back to his girlfriend.

“I thought she was married to your friend,” Thea wrinkled her nose, looking over at the couple whom he just left. He threw them a quick glance. Jillian had rolled out of her chair and upon her companion, whispering and snickering, their faces not even an inch apart. “She is,” retorted Jake with a frown. “So where the fuck is he?”

“There’s someone heading there,” Thea pointed. “Look!”

The woman in pink pushed the stroller past a table occupied by three middle-aged men. She didn’t see the hand that flew through the air. But she felt it. She jumped on the spot and grabbed her own ass, her pale face flushing up with color. The man who had slapped her on the butt leaned back in his chair with an arrogant smirk and took a drag from his cigar.

To the right, Jillian and Lamar, sharing a single chair, burst into laughter. The black man rose a hand and flicked his fingers, and a moment later, the pink woman darted over.

“Thea,” Jake watched as the strange woman pushed the stroller all the way up, then turned it around so that Jillian could have a look

inside without having to get up. “Who is that?” Sipping her drink, his girlfriend shrugged. “How on earth should I know?”

Jillian dipped a hand into the stroller; now she was addressing the child inside, a warm smile adorning her plump lips. The other woman kept her head bowed and her gaze glued to the floor; she didn't even look up when the black man clearly said something to her.

Retracting her hand from the stroller, Jillian turned her attention to Lamar, beaming him a bright smile. Resuming their conversation, they left the third wheel to stand there, rocking the stroller and awkwardly eyeing the terrace. Jake suddenly thought she looked awfully familiar. The baby wept. Jillian had disturbed the child. It drew the attention of several guests; some which frowned and sighed; others who smiled at each other knowingly.

Lamar said something, pointing a finger in the pink woman's face. She flinched, then rushed around the stroller on her high heels, bending over to scoop up the child in her arms. She retrieved the baby out from the stroller and pressed it to her chest, rocking it gently.

The baby, hugged tightly by the woman in the pink, frilly dress, was black.



The End