

The White-boi Club (M+F, M+M, BBC, Interracial, Race-play, Cuckold, Sissy, Gay, SPH, Humiliation)

Summary – Another pathetic, cuckold, loser finds companionship and acceptance in the white-boi club.

Note – This is a work of fiction, make-believe and fantasy. It is not based on real people or actual events. You must be of legal age to read this adult story. The author does not condone unprotected sex in real life. It is OK to have fantasies, but turning a fantasy into reality can destroy lives. Don't fuck up yours, or other people's, lives!

John sat in the locker room and watched the young man pretending not to stare at all the black cock. It was the guy's first day at the downtown gym, and John had noticed him eyeing all the big, black, cock, as the men walked to and from the showers.

It almost made John laugh out loud, the way he would peek from the corner of his eye, then openly stare when he thought it was safe, and occasionally adjust and fondle his cock underneath his towel.

“Like a kid in a candy store,” John thought to himself, remembering his first time in this locker-room.

The man had picked out a good location for BBC watching. His locker was just outside of the shower area, so he could see the guys as they walked back and forth from their lockers. And, since most black guys were not shy about showing off their huge cocks and balls, the guy was getting an eye-full.

He had been there since John entered the locker room, and it looked like he had no intention of leaving. He wondered if he should talk to the guy before he lost control and started jacking-off. That would be just one more embarrassment for all the other white guys in the gym.

Seeing his friend Dontrell heading towards the showers, he decided it would be a good time to introduce himself.

John waited until Dontrell had just passed the stranger and called out to him. “Hey, Dontrell!”

Dontrell stopped and quickly turned around, almost slapping the stranger in the face with his long, black, cock. John tried not to laugh at the stranger's open-mouthed gasp.

“Hey, Little-John! What's up?”

John walked up to Dontrell, his towel in his hand. John's small, pale, body and diminutive genitals were in stark contrast to by Dontrell's tall, dark, physique and large cock and balls. The

sweat glistened on Dontrell's body, and John wondered if the stranger could smell the manly scent wafting up from Dontrell's huge ball-sack.

"Hey, are you seeing Rachael Saturday night?" John asked.

"Nah, not this weekend. I hear she's going to a bachelor party with Jamal and Reggie. I got other plans. You know Dave, right? Little white dude with red hair? Super fine wife?"

"Yeah, he's a good friend of mine."

"That's right! He's part of your white-boi club, isn't he? You guy's crack me up! Anyway, he hooked me up with his little sister this weekend."

"Breaking in a new recruit, huh? Sounds like a good time. I met his little sister. Long, red, hair and a great set of tits. Try not to break her!"

"She'll be broken, all right. Hey! Gotta go, Little-John. Tell your wife I said, 'Hi!'"

"I will, see ya!"

John watch Dontrell walk into the showers. He glanced down at the new guy who was still checking out Dontrell's muscular ass.

"He's got a real, nice, cock, doesn't he?" John asked the stranger. They were the same age. Early to mid-twenties. Both were thin and decent looking.

The man's body jerked violently and he looked up, trying to regain his composure. "Uh..., I wouldn't know. I guess so."

"You were staring at it the whole time we were talking. Staring at his, and every other black cock in the gym."

"I WAS NOT!"

"Look, no judgements from me. I like BBC too."

"I wasn't staring. I was just thinking about something. You know, looking off into space. I..." The man paused and looked at John. He whispered. "Wait. You said you like black cock? You admit it?"

"Sure. Why not? Who doesn't like big, black cock? Ask my wife!" he laughed. "Besides, what's not to like? They're so long and thick and..., what's the word I'm looking for...? Powerful. Yeah, they're so powerful. It puts my little dick to shame." He wiggled his genitals. "And, this downtown gym is a great place to check out some huge, black, cock? Isn't it?"

The man relaxed. "Uh, yeah. I guess."

“Just a word of warning. You were being a bit obvious checking out the guy’s junk. And, rubbing your little stiffy in the locker room will get you in trouble. You can walk around with a boner, for all anyone cares. You might get laughed at, but no one here wants to see a white-boii rubbing his dicklet to BBC in the locker-room, OK?”

“Ahhhh... Got it. Understood.”

“I’m John, by the way.”

“Richard.”

“Nice to meet you, Richard.”

The two shook hands. Richard stared at John’s small dick, mentally comparing it to his own.

“Hey, I’m going to shower, and then grab lunch, you want to join me?” John asked.

“Uh..., Yeah! Sure! We just moved here last month. I don’t know anyone yet.”

“Married?”

“Yeah.”

“Me too.”

The two men walked into the showers together.

“John?”

“Yeah?”

“How’d you get the nickname ‘Little John’, anyway?” Richard thought he new the answer, but wanted to know for sure.

John pointed to his dick. “It’s obvious, isn’t it? Three and a half inches on a good day. How about you? You look pretty well hung, for a white-guy? What are you? Five inches, hard?”

“Just under,” Richard bragged.

“Nice!”

Surrounded by well-hung, black men, the two men showered. Richard noticed that John made no effort to hide his growing erection. Emboldened, Richard took a little extra time soaping up his own cock as he casually stole glances at the huge, black, cocks swaying back and forth in the steam-filled room. The two men left the showers, proudly spouting their erections.

“So, you work at Shaftman’s too?” Richard asked. The two were having lunch at a local downtown diner.

“Yeah,” John replied. “Going on five years. Met my wife Rachael there. Here’s a picture of her.”

“Wow. She’s hot!”

“Well, you’ve seen my dick, so you know she married me for my money.”

“HA!” The two men shared a laugh.

“Here’s my wife, Tracy.”

“Whoa! She’s a complete knockout!”

“Isn’t she? Tracy is the reason we moved here. One of the corporate guys visited our local plant and was impressed with her work. Offered her a promotion and a job at headquarters.”

“I see...”

“Yeah, it’s pretty cool, but she has to put in a lot of overtime. I hardly ever see her anymore.”

“Uh, huh.” John said. “Who does she work for?”

“Darius King, VP of accounting.”

“Darius can pick them, alright.” John said. “So, to be blunt, how’s your sex-life been since the move?”

“Oh, you know...,” Richard said.

“Tell me.”

“Well... Actually... Not so good...”

“I figured as much. So, she’s fucking him, then?”

“How’d you know? Is it that obvious? But, yeah. They are fucking like rabbits.”

“Sorry, man.”

“No, it’s OK. Tracy and I have an agreement. An ‘Open Marriage’ so-to-speak.”

“Un, huh.” John smiled. “Rachael and I have an ‘Open Marriage’ agreement too. Meaning she opens her legs for every black guy with a big dick, and I get to stay married to her.”

“Wow... So, it’s not just me and Tracy, then?” Richard said. “That’s good to know.”

John laughed loudly. “No, not just you!” He leaned in closer to Richard. “The world is changing, my man. There’s lots of white-guys just like us, and more every day. Our wives are going black, and they not coming back. It’s just the way of the ‘Black New World Order’. Darwin’s Natural Selection, you know? The female searches for the best mating partner; the biggest, strongest, most dominant, man she can find. And, since women want the guys with the biggest dicks, well that’s too bad for us tiny, white, guys.”

“Yeah. I get that. After Tracy came back from a date with Darius, we tried to make love, and she said she couldn’t even feel my dick inside of her. ...She laughed about it! That’s the last time we had...” Richard’s voice cracked. He sniffed and wiped his eyes.

“Hey! It’s not all bad, right?” John said. “We can still have sex. Just not with women! Hell, I have so much white-boi sex now, it’s crazy! And, Rachael doesn’t mind at all, as long as I don’t do it in front of her.”

“White-boi sex?”

“Huh? You don’t know...?” John looked at him in disbelief. “Oh. I forgot! You are new to all this. Yeah, ‘white-boi sex’. So, you watch a lot of interracial porn, right?”

Richard paused, as if embarrassed. Then nodded. “Yeah. It’s pretty hot. I’ve been watching a lot of it lately. Especially since Tracy...”

“Soon, it will be the only porn you watch, if it’s not already. That’s what white-boi sex is; masturbating while watching interracial porn. There’s other stuff you’ll find yourself getting turned on by, like small penis humiliation, ball-busting, female domination, feminization--”

“Wait, what?” Richard said. “Feminization? Turning into a girl? A sissy?”

“Yeah, it’s the natural progression, really. Wearing panties is usually the first step. Then pantyhose, bras, dresses, make-up, high-heels, etc. Don’t knock it until you’ve tried it. Hell, with our tiny, white, clitties, we’re mostly female anyway, am I right?”

“Ha, ha...,” Richard laughed uncomfortably. “Well, I don’t know about going *that* far.”

“Denial is our best defense mechanism. No worries. No judgments. I’m just trying to be your friend, help you cope in this crazy world, and share my experiences with you.”

“I appreciate it.”

“If you want to know more, and maybe learn how other guys deal with it, come to my place this weekend. A few of us get together - guys like you and me - and have fun. A lot of us lost our wives to BBC, but the younger guys are just pussy-free betas; they’ve never had pussy and they never will. But, hey! If you don’t like what we’re all about, you can just leave. No judgements from any of us, that’s the first rule, OK? But I think you’ll like it. We have a lot of fun, and it can get a little wild sometimes. Really wild.”

“How many of you. Of us?”

“Oh, there’s about a dozen white-guys in the club. A friend and I started it a few years ago, and as we met more guys like us, it just starting growing. Not everyone will show up, of course. My buddy moved a while ago, but we always have a few regulars. The rest..., you never know. Saturday night can be a busy time for a white-boi. Helping their girls get ready for their dates, then hanging around, waiting for them get home, to hear about their date...,” his voice dropped, “and maybe help... with stuff... You know?”

“We have a great time. No kids. No wives. You can bring some beer, or a bottle. Some weed, pills, whatever turns you on. My mom watches our kids every Saturday night. She knows Rachael will have a date with at least one black guy, and my mom wants me to have some fun with my white-boi friends. It’s only fair, right?”

“White boyfriends? They’re your boyfriends?”

“What? Oh! No! Not really. ‘White-boi, space, friends.’ White-boi friends. Though, we are friends, and we are boys. We just get together, get a little high, get comfortable, hang out, tease each other about our little dicks, talk about our wives and daughters going black, you know? Typical white-boi talk.

“Hey, I don’t want to give you the wrong idea, so truthfully? We do all of that stuff, but mostly we just sit around and edge to interracial porn. Fair warning, it can lead to white-boi-sex. Either in public, or in private. We decided that if we are going to be pitiful, beta-cucks, we might as well be pitiful together. More fun that way.”

“Wow. I’ve not jacked off in front of someone in a long, long, time. It might be fun to do it again. Lord knows I’m not getting any action from Tracy...” He scratched his chin and adjusted his cock.

“No promises once I get there, but yeah. Sure. I’ll come by,” Richard said.

“Great! You’ll love it!”

The two men exchanged contact information. As they were getting ready to leave, John held up his phone and showed Richard a video. It was a close-up of a huge, black, cock fucking a tight, white, pussy. Even with the sound low, you could hear her moans of pure pleasure.

“Holy shit!” Richard exclaimed.

“Recognize it? That Dontrell’s cock, from the gym, and the white girl is my wife, Rachael. I just sent it to you. Enjoy!”

“Hey, thanks for meeting me at the gym! It’s good to have a workout buddy!” John said to his friend Richard.

“No problem! I’m looking forward to having a good workout!” Richard said.

John whispered to his friend as they found a couple of empty lockers. “So, I picked today to work out with you because it’s noon on Thursday.”

“So?”

“Lunch time on Thursdays is when they play the pick-up basketball game. Shirts VS skins. Mostly black guys.”

“I’m not into basketball that much.”

“Me neither, I’ll watch them sometimes, but the best part is afterwards. Picture 10 or more sweaty black guys taking a shower together. And us. Up close and personal.”

“Oh...”

“When you hear the heavy, outside, door slam, and hear a bunch of dudes talking smack to each other, you’ll want to follow me into the showers right away so we can get a good spot.”

The two removed their clothes to put on their workout gear. Richard immediately noticed John was wearing panties. He stared. John noticed his surprise.

“Hey,” John said, “I like to wear panties, OK? Rule number one. No judgements.”

“No judgements from me.”

“Besides, they are really soft and they make my dick hard. Rachael likes me to wear them.”

“Uhm, huh.” was all Richard said.

The two worked out together, congregating in the corner with the other white guys. They tended to hang out together by the stationary bikes, while the bigger black guys focused on lifting weights.

Just watching all the well-built, black men; with their bulging muscles and bulging crotches, caused Richard’s dicklet to stay half-hard the entire time they worked out. He even sprouted a

very hard erection watching one black guy do leg presses. The man's long, black, cock was clearly visible through his tight workout pants.

Occasionally, one of the black guys would come by to tease them. While Richard was attempting some light bench-presses, a man named Darnell stopped by and offered to help.

“You need a spotter? Here, let me. What are you lifting? Ten pounds, twenty? Nah, man. You got to do at least thirty! Are you a wimp? A wimpy, white-boi?”

The man added some weights to both sides of the bar, and instructed Richard to get on the bench.

“You can do this, man! Just close your eyes and focus. When I say ‘three,’ you lift. Focus first. Eyes closed. On three. Ready? Now, focus!”

The black man dropped his shorts, cupped his cock and balls, and squatted over Richard's face. “One, Two, Three. Lift!”

At that instant, the man flopped his cock and heavy balls on Richard's face. Poor Richard opened his eyes as Darnell was wriggling his balls all over his face. He could smell the man's sexual aroma, as he prepared to extract himself. He tried to sit up, but that only pressed his face into Darnell's ass. He tried to roll over, but the bars on the bench-press blocked his escape.

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” Darnell laughed. He pulled up his pants and left.

“Yo, Darnell! Nice tea-bag!” someone shouted.

“Wow, I really fell for it, didn't I?” Richard said.

“You sure did. But don't worry. They do it to all the new guys. Well, to us white-bois.”

“You knew, and you didn't tell me?”

“Well, it happened kinda fast, and would you really have wanted me to stop him?”

Richard thought about it. “Nah, I guess not. How many other white guys can say they've had huge set of black-balls rubbed in their face?”

“I can!” Janus said. He was one of the guys they've been working out with.

“We all know that, Janus,” his friend Toby teased. “I'm sure it happens every night. But, did you have to embarrass us, by getting a stiffy while that guy was working out?”

“I didn't!” he protested. “Well... OK... I did. But, did you see that guy's cock? It was huge! And it was falling out of his shorts!”

“Of course, I did! You'd have to be blind—”

“Hey!” a voice loudly hissed. They turned to look. A tall black guy came up to them and whispered, “Any white dudes wanna suck my cock right now?” He pulled down his gym shorts to briefly flash his nine-inch penis.

He wasn’t even completely hard. Four white-bois stared.

“Limited time offer. Can’t be late for work!” the man pulled up his pants, shrugged, and began to walk away.

“I’ll do it.” Janus said, raising his hand as if being called on in school.

“Cool, follow me, Janice. That’s your name, isn’t it? I heard about you.”

“No, it’s Janus.”

“That’s what I said, ‘Janice’. I heard you’re good at sucking cock, Janice. You got a pretty mouth.”

The man led him into one of the private shower stalls.

“Wow,” Richard said. “Does that happen a lot in here? White guys sucking off black guys?”

“It happens..., well let’s just say things like that..., and other things..., happen ‘occasionally’.”

“More like, ‘often’,” Toby interjected. “With Janus around, I’d say ‘frequently’.”

John and Richard were gently riding stationary bikes when they heard the outside door slam.

“Let’s go!” John said. The two friends walked quickly to their lockers and stripped out of their clothes, before heading to the showers.

They picked two shower heads in the back corner of the room. They were soaping-up when the other men walked in.

At first, the men just talked about the basketball game, but soon, one of the black guys started telling everyone about the slutty white girl they fucked the past weekend.

“She had tits out to here!” he pantomimed. “And she couldn’t get enough of my dick!”

He started washing his cock and balls, lathering them up and stroking as he talked.

“She had the tightest, white-girl, pussy until I stretched it out for her.”

Using both hands now, he's practically jacking off as he telling stroking and fondling his heavy balls, as he loudly told everyone the details of date.

"And while she sucking me, I said, "Damn Rachael, I bet you could suck the chrome off my BMW!"

"Rahael? That sounds like Little-John's wife!"

John spoke up. "Blonde girl? Yay tall, big tits?"

His comment elicited a reply from the guys.

"Aren't all snow-bunnies blonde with big tits? HA! HA! HA!"

John ignored them. "Hey! Did the girl you were with say to you, "You've got the best tasting cum I've ever tasted?"

"Huh, Yeah, she did!"

"That's my Rachael!" John yelled. "You gave her at least two loads, right? Cause she liked it so much, right?"

"Yeah, three actually. She was nearly begging me for it! Wore me out, and I had to call my cousin to come over. Wore him out too!"

"That's my Rachael!" John yelled again. "Hey, what's your name? ... Tyrell? Tyrell, you didn't happen take a video, did you? So, I can have it for my collection? Great! What's your number? I'll text you Rachael's phone number too, so you'll have both.

"Yeah, have your cousin send me his, too. I owe you one. Both of you! Or even two!"

"Hey John, Who's your friend?" Dontrell asked, walking up to them.

"Hey, Dontrell," John said. Richard noticed it didn't seem to bother John to be standing naked and mere foot away from a much bigger guy, with a much bigger dick.

"This is Richard," John said.

The two men shook hands. Being naked and surrounded by large black men was very intimidating to Richard. Now, there was one standing very close to him. He had a hard time trying not to stare at his huge cock. He felt so inadequate around the bigger man. It's no wonder why Tracy cheated on him, he thought.

"Richard and his wife just moved here from the Atlanta branch. He's thinking about joining the club."

“Ah, the infamous white-boi club!” Dontrell glanced down at Richard’s painful erection. “You’ll fit right in, I’m sure. Hey, who’s your wife. Maybe I’ve had her already?”

“She’s in corporate accounting. Her name is Tracy.” Richard said.

“Wooh! The new girl? Blonde hair? Big tits? That bitch is hot! Can you hook me up with your wife, Richard? Or, do they call you ‘Dick?’ I can call you ‘Dick,’ right, Dick?”

Dontrell put his arm around the much smaller man. His cock was long, thick, and heavy. Standing next to Richard, the base of Dontrell’s cock began at least six inches higher than Richards, yet hung far below Richard’s tiny ball-sack.

“Dick, I think your wife is hot. I wanna put this dick inside of her. Is that OK with you?” He grabbed the base of his cock and made it swing up and down. “And, you know your wife..., Tracy, right? You know Tracy wants it too. So, can you hook us up? Or give me her number? I’ll tell her I know you from work.”

Dontrell kept waving his cock around. Richard’s dick began to ooze, while he openly stared at Dontrell’s massive, mass of man-meat.

Dontrell noticed his stare and his hardness. He moved closer and their cocks actually touched. He grabbed his cock again and slapped Richard’s hard, thin, cock with his own heavy tube of flesh.

‘Slap!’

‘Slap!’

‘Slap!’

“So, you gonna hook us up, or what, Dick? Hey, you got a big dick for a white guy, don’t ya, Dick. Ha, ha! Big-Dick! That’s your nickname, now. Big-Dick and Little-John!”

The crowd chimed in. They had been listening;

“Aren’t they both Little-Johns, since they have white-boi dickies.”

“Clitties, you mean!”

“Nah, too small for clitties. Pimples, maybe?”

“Yeah! Pimples! Ha!”

John spoke privately to Dontrell, as if he was negotiating a contract. “Is he allowed to watch?”
“We’ll need it filmed, too.”

“Well, sure Big-Dick can watch. When we’re doing it at his house. And, if he stays in the closet. No, I’ll tell you what. He can even sit really quiet-like in the corner and watch..., while I smash his wife with this big, fucking, dick.” Dontrell gloated.

Richard’s hard, white, cock began to drip.

“Yeah. I can film it. You still got the lights and camera you bought to film me and Rachael?”

“Yeah.” John said.

“I’ll need to borrow it, or we can do it at your place, Little-John. Yeah! That’s it! You can buy some booze and hooch, all right? And sandwiches and stuff. I’ll invite my cousins. Hey, make sure you invite Rachael. Never mind. I’ll call her myself, and let you know when we can do it.”

“Uh..., yeah... Sure!” John stammered. We’ll text you her number after we get dressed. Come on, Big-Dick, let’s go.”

“God, am I hard!” Richard said, as they were leaving the shower room. He was trying to cover his embarrassment with both hands.

“Fuck, yeah! Me too!” John replied, making sure no one was watching, before stroking his cock.

They both dressed, with John shoving his hard pecker into his panties, and Richard’s into his boxers. They then texted Tracy’s phone number to Dontrell before they left the gym.

“Come on, let get back to the office,” John said. He immediately made a phone call. After he disconnected, he said to his friend, “Hey, you want a blowjob, Richard?”

“Right now? From you?”

“No, in ten minutes. From Mr. Dewitt. In in his office. He’s a friend. He’s in the club.”

“The White-boi Club?”

“Yeah. Mr. Dewitt is the best cock-sucker around. Black cock or white.”

“Well... I don’t know...,” Richard said, his mind racing;

‘Did he really want his cock sucked by some strange guy at the office?’

‘Wouldn’t it be gay?’

‘Is that what us white-bois do?’

‘Is this what the club is all about?’

‘Are white-bois going gay, while black men fuck our women?’

‘Fuck, it’s so hot, though....’

Richard still wasn’t sure.

“We can talk about the guys from in the locker room. And, I’ll tell you what happened with Tyrell when Rachel got home that night. She told me all about it, and—”

DING!

John looked at his phone. “Tryell just sent the video!” John exclaimed. “We can watch it while we get our cocks sucked!”

“Yeah, OK! I’m in. Let’s go!” Richard said, slapping John on the back. Then he said softly, “I’m so fucking hard right now! just thinking about what Dontrell’s big cock is going to do to my little Tracy’s pussy! OMG! His cock was right next to me! I could have reached out and grabbed it! And did you see him rub his cock against mine? Then, he slapped it with his big, fat, fucking, black, cock! It was so heavy! Slapped it three times!”

“I’m surprised you didn’t cum. I would’ve,” John admitted.

They soon arrived, and Mr. Dewitt ushered them in. He locked the door behind him.

“Who’s this?”

“Frances, this is Richard. They call him Big-Dick. He’s thinking about joining the club. His wife is one of our VP of accounting’s plant transfers.”

“He always picks the best! Well, what’s the emergency? Why do you need blow-jobs now?”

“Well, it’s Thursday....”

“So?”

“Pick-up basketball game at the gym?”

“Oh.”

“We just came from showers.”

“Something happen? Tell me about it while I suck your cocks. We gotta make this quick. I have a meeting in 10 minutes. Who’s first?”

“I am,” John said, as he loosened his belt. He didn’t want Richard slinking away after he got his dick sucked.

Mr. Dewitt sat John on the edge of the desk with his pants and panties around his ankles. He sat in his soft office chair and grabbed John's hard, wet, dick and licked and sucked all of the pre-cum before tacking is entire cock into his mouth.

"Ahhhhh!" John sighed. Relieved to know he was finally getting some release.

"So, we are all in the showers. Richard and I, and all they guys from the game. We were surround by sweaty black guys. All of us naked..."

"One guy starts stroking his big, fat, dick (it was huge!), and telling everyone about the white-bitch he fucked last week."

Mr. Dewitt unzips his own pants and pulls out his dick. He begins stroking.

"So now, this black guy has a massive hard on. And his balls are swinging back and forth. Half the other guys are almost hard now. And, this guy is waving his hard cock around telling us about the white-bitch he fucked. Guess who the girl was? It was my Rachael!"

John moaned again and humped his cock into Mr. Dewitt's mouth.

"Tyrell just sent me the video." With shaking hands, he began to play it.

"Damn!" Mr. Dewitt said as a women's moans began echoing throughout the office. He began to stroke faster. "Send me a copy."

John made no effort to turn the sound down.

"Fuuuuuck..., look at that cock. My poor Rachael... He's giving it to her good."

Richard stood next to John, watching the video over his shoulders. He looked at the video, then at Mr. Dewitt's head bobbing up and down on his friend's little cock.

"Look at him fucking her. Fucking my precious Rachael. Fucking that tight, white, pussy..."

"Look! Look at her face! She's so happy!"

"Fuck. She cumming now. Fuuuuck! She's cumming! Listen to her cum!"

"I never made her cum like that!" Little-John said, as he imagined how his gorgeous, once faithful wife's pussy felt being filled, stretched, and fucked hard! He listened to her orgasmic moans. Then, he heard her scream as the black cock pounded her

"Uhhhhnnn," John grunted as he came. Unnnnhhhh! Ohhhh... fuuuuuuuck..."

Mr. Dewitt slurped and swallowed John's meager spunk.

“Under two minutes,” Mr. Dewitt said, wiping his lips.

“Next! OK Big-Dick. Let’s see that oversized clitty and tell me about your slutty wife. I still haven’t gotten off.”

Richard took John’s place on the edge of the desk and dropped his pants.

“Nice one,” was all Mr. Dewitt said before he took Richard’s 5-inch penis into his mouth.

“Tracy... My Tracy... This guy..., Dontrell... He’s going to fuck Tracy. I gave him her phone number. Those big, black, hands are going to be squeezing those firm, white, breasts. So soft...so perfect.”

“They’ll be perfect for feeding her black babies,” John thought. Then, he spoke. “Tell him about touching his cock”

“You touched it! Lucky!” Mr. Dewitt said, stroking harder.

“He asked me about Tracy in the showers... His big fucking cock...”

Richard began to breath heavier.

“He put his arm around me. He was so big!”

“They were both naked,” John reminded him.

“His cock touched mine. His big, fucking, cock rubbed up against my hard, little, stiffy.

“He asked about my wife. Said he wanted to fuck her with his big, fat, black, cock!”

“Mmmmm,” Mr. Dewitt moaned.

“He took his cock and slapped my dick. HE SLAPPED MY TINY, LITTLE, DICK WITH HIS HUGE, FUCKING, COCK!” Richard was almost shouting.

“He slapped it over and over again. The massive hunk of meat. It was so heavy! So big! He going to put it in my Tracy!

“Unnnnnhhhh-uuuuuuuhhhh. Unnnhhh! Unnnhhh!” Richard grunted as he came, recalling the weight of the Dontrell’s cock and the nearly painful slaps against his own. It was so emasculating! So humiliating! And, he imagined that cock fucking his wife and making her cum. It made his body shiver and shake as he came.

“Eeeee! Eeeee!” he squealed.

Mr. Dewitt felt Richard splashing in his mouth and it triggered his own orgasm. He squirted into his hand, his body twitching. When he was finished, he sucked Richard clean. Then, with practiced motions, he licked up his own sperm, opened his desk drawer, removed some wet wipes, offered some to his co-workers, cleaned himself up, sprayed some air-freshener, popped a breath mint into his mouth, and stood up.

“That was a nice break! Thanks guys! But I have to go. Nice meeting you Richard. Next time, try to keep it down. My office is at the end of the hall for a reason, but it’s not soundproofed!”

“Sorry. Thank you, Mr. Dewitt.”

“Call me ‘Frances.’”

“Thank you, Frances,” John replied. “Are you coming this Saturday?”

“Yes. Absolutely! My wife’s out of town for the weekend. Something about a bachelor party in Vegas. So, I won’t be on clean-up duty.”

“Yeah, Rachael’s going too. She told me about it last night. Bought a new outfit and shoes, too.”

“Ouch! It can get expensive, being married to a popular snow-bunny!”

“They have to look slutty for the real men, right?”

“At least we get to watch them get dressed!” Richard said. “Too bad we aren’t the ones to take their clothes off.”

“Dream on, brother! Right? Hey! I gotta go!” Mr. Dewitt left the room.

John set two boxes of disposable tissues on the coffee table, just as someone knocked on his front door.

“Knock, knock.”

He walked to the door, proudly wearing his pink panties, pink high-heels, and pink fishnet stockings. He adjusted his pink, jeweled, butt-plug and his small, pink, chastity cage before attempting to answer the door.

“Knock, knock.”

He peeked through the curtains and then opened the door wide.

“Richard!” he said, shaking hands and inviting his new best friend inside. They had been spending a lot of time together, having lunch, and hanging out at the gym.

“Thanks for coming early. Gives us a chance to talk before everyone gets here.”

“Love your outfit!” Richard said. “I think pink is my new favorite color. I’m wearing blue.” He pulled down his pants to flash his lacy, baby-blue, panties.

“Oh, they match your eyes!” John teased. “They look nice! Come in, let me show you around before everyone else gets here!”

“John? Wearing a chastity cage? That’s new.” Richard waved and pointed to his friend’s chastity cage, visible through his thin panties.

“Rachael’s idea,” he sighed. “She locked me up before my mom took her to the airport.”

“Too bad...” Richard said.

John shrugged. “Yeah...” he said, resigned to his fate. “Hey! Did you buy your panties at the shop downtown, the one I told you about. Did you meet Denise?”

“Yeah, Denise. The black girl. What an ass on her! Yeah, she waited on me. It was so embarrassing! She knew the panties were for me, right away!”

“Yeah, but at least she helped you get the right size.” John said. “And she’s cool about it.”

“Yeah. She’s so persuasive! She even made me buy matching bras. I bought a lot of stuff I didn’t intend to!”

“Oh! A matching bra? You have to wear it tonight!”

“Well..., I don’t know,” Richard said. Pretending to think about it. “OK! I’ll wear it!” he said immediately, laughing.

“Great! And hey! Be careful with Denise! She’s a dom and likes to peg little, white, bois!”

“Has she ever done you?” Richard asked.

“Let me show you where to change,” John said, not answering the question. He seemed embarrassed. He showed Richard to his room, near the garage entryway.

“This is my room. Make yourself at home. I don’t sleep in the same room with Rachael anymore. She calls this my ‘sissy sanctuary.’”

“Nice! A lot of pastel!”

“Yeah, Rachael’s idea. Hey, do you mind if I get made-up while you change?” John gestured towards the make-up mirror.

“Not at all.”

“The closet is big enough, if you ever want to store a few things here,” John said. You can even borrow some of my stuff, if you want. They should fit.”

Richard removed all of his clothes, except his panties. He put on the matching bra and stuffed it with some tissues. He then pulled on some blue-striped leggings.

“Wow, I love your make-up!” Richard said. He knew John must have done this often to become so good at it.”

“Thanks, can I do you?”

“Me? Make-up?” Richard thought. “Oh, why not! Just a little bit? Panties and a bra need a little make-up, right?”

“You are going to look so cute, Richard!” He quickly applied some foundation, blush, mascara, and red lipstick to his friend.

“Don’t look yet!” John said, before opening his closet and pulling out a long, blonde, wig. He put it on his friend, brushed it out, and then let him look at his reflection.

“OMG! I look so CUTE!” Richard said. He admired himself for a while, licking his lips and blowing kisses.

John put on another long, blonde, wig, with pink highlights. As he was adjusting it, he said, “If you ever want to come over, I can show you all I know about make-up.”

“I’d like that.” Richard said. He followed John out of room and into the kitchen, where they grabbed a couple of beers.

“I must say, you’ve taken to the white-boi lifestyle pretty quickly,” John said, sitting down in a living room chair. Richard sat across from him, waiting for the others to arrive.

“Yeah,” Richard said. “I mean..., why fight it? You know?”

“Yes, I know,” John replied. “All too well. What’s the point, right? Just go with the flow and try to find some joy in our pussy-free lives.”

“Exactly!” Richard laughed, taking a long sip of his beer. “Tracy thinks it’s a good idea too. She made me dress up for her the other night. I had to shave my legs.”

“I noticed. Nice!”

“And..., she’s stopped taking birth control,” Richard sighed. “I’m going to be a daddy. Well, you know. Not the actual father, but—”

“Congratulations!” John said. “You’ll be a great surrogate dad! And, just wait until the titty-fairy comes to visit Tracy! Her tits will get even bigger than they are now, to feed all those black babies!

“Two of mine are black – the younger ones, both boys. And the twin girls - I somehow got Rachael pregnant in high school - are definitely going to be black-only. Rachael says we have to start them young, for the new world order....”

John paused and took another sip. “She has me on hormones now. Started last week.”

“You’re OK with that?”

“Of course!” he scoffed. “I can’t wait to grow a set of tits!” He took another sip of beer and belched. “Sorry, not very lady-like.” He belched again.

Richard looked down at his own tissue-stuffed bra and was contemplating a huge set of breasts, when the doorbell rang.

“Well, here they are,” John said, standing up. “We should have a decent crowd tonight.”

He opened the door. “Hey guys! Punctual as always!” A few of his friends walked in. He left the door opened and unlocked for any late-comers.

“That’s what white-boi are! We’re on time, polite, and we thank the big, black, men for fucking our wives!”

“And daughters!”

“And, my mom!”

“Guys, this is my friend Richard. You might have seen him at work.”

“It’s Big-Dick!” Frances Dewitt yelled out! “How’s it hanging?”

“Short and shriveled,” Richard said. “Like the rest of us!”

Frances was wearing a bimbo outfit. Huge fake tits, a short skirt, high-heels, and a huge, blonde, wig. The guys he came in with were stripping off their clothes, leaving them in a heap by the front door. All were wearing panties and some of them were also locked in chastity.

“John! I’m going to use your make-up table!” one guy said. Obviously, he was too shy to travel wearing make-up.

“Hey! Look what I got on Amazon! It’s a tiny gavel! Like our little dicks! For our club!”

“A gavel? Shouldn’t it be a ‘club’? Like a little, white, baseball bat?”

“No! A gavel! Like, you say, ‘Come to order!’ and you start the meeting by banging the gavel!”

“Cum..., to order? Uhhh? I don’t get it... Are you high?”

The two men continued their conversation as John led everyone to the living room.

“Everybody ready? Panties on? Caged and plugged?” John asked.

“I’m not caged,” one guy said. “And, I’m not going to. White-boi night is the only time she lets me out! Little Willie is free!”

“Well, let’s get this party started! Whoo, hoo!” John said, and started an interracial video on the huge, high-definition, television.

All the little white-bois made running commentary as they fondled their small cocks and wiggled on their butt-plugs

“Damn! She’s small compared to him!”

“Look at the size of his cock!”

“Did you see her face when she pulled it out! Gets me every time!”

“Oh! Look! Look at her face now! He’s putting it in.”

“She’s like ‘Fuck, he’s big!’”

“I think I made a big mistake!”

“That ain’t no white-boi dick, sister!”

“It’s not going to fit! It’s not going to fit!”

“Look at her now! She fucking loves it! She’s cumming already!”

Someone passed around a joint. Everyone was feeling horny, sexy, and high. One of the guys pulled a big, black, dildo out of his backpack and began sucking it. He also pulled out a tube of lube. Two of the guys were kissing, and fondling each other on the couch.

John turned to his friend Richard. “You doing, OK? Not too crazy for you, yet?”

Richard had a glassy look in his eyes. He was stoned.

“Nah, I’m good,” Richard said. “Really, really, good.” He had an erection.

The screen-door opened, and a pale, red-haired, guy came in carrying a duffle bag.

“It’s Dave!”

“Dave’s not here, man!”

“Dave! How does it feel knowing your little sister’s pussy is getting ruined for white-dick right about now? HA! HA! HA!”

“Richard, this s Dave,” John said, making introductions. “His little sister is the girl Dontrell he was fucking this weekend. Dave is cool. He can hook you up with any supplies you might need.”

“Supplies?”

“All your white-boi needs!” Dave said. “Dildos, butt-plugs, poppers. You name it. I got it!”

“Cool. Can I get a butt-plug and a chastity cage?” He turned to John. “Tracy said I could watch next time, but only if I’m caged and plugged. She thinks it would be funny. Oh! And can I get a dildo! And some lube!” Richard’s cock was leaking through his panties.

Dave opened his bag of goodies and pulled out a few items for Richard to choose.

“Check out my white-boi starter kit,” Dave suggested. “You get three different sized plugs for training, two different sizes dildos - black of course, one to suck on and one to bounce on - and a chastity cage of your choice. And, I’ll throw in some lube and poppers for free. Hight quality stuff. All for one low price.”

“Dave is quite the entrepreneur,” John said.

“Just following the money. There’s more and more pussy-free white-bois joining the BNWO every day. I might be expanding my line-up to include hormone treatments. Can I interest you in some white-boi juice, John?”

“Uh. No. Not right now,” John said. He looked thoughtful.

Dave took Richard’s credit card and completed the sale.

“Hey guys! I have a surprise for everyone!” John said. “You all know my Rachael. Well, her lovers sent me some new videos. She takes on two guys at the same time!”

“Aw, man! I love me a good spit-roast!”

“Put it on!”

John flipped his phone over to the big screen and started showing the video of his wife getting first fucked by Tryell, then by Tyrell's cousin, then the both of them.

Dave spoke up. "Hey, next week we can watch my little sister getting blacked. Dontrell's promised to send me the videos!"

John just stared at the screen and mentally lamented his hard dick encased in even harder plastic.

Richard looked around the room. The guy that was sucking on the dildo was now sliding it in and out of his boi-pussy and sniffing poppers. Two other guys were rubbing their small dicks together, and Frances was sucking off another white-boi. Dave was naked, and stroking his dick with two fingers.

Everyone applauded after the video was over.

"Thanks! I just texted her, to let her know we all watched it," John said. Just then, his phone rang.

"Quiet! Rachael's face-timing me!"

John answered. Rachael's live image was now being broadcast on the large TV. She was naked, in a dimly lit hotel room.

"Hi, loser!" she said cheerfully. "So, you and all your little friends got all horny watching a white-girl get fucked properly?"

"Yes, dear."

"Those black cocks were so much bigger than your little clitty, aren't they, John?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mrs. Dewitt is here! Do you want to say 'Hi' to all the white-bois back home, Nancy?"

Rachael pointed her phone at the bed. Nancy was getting fucked hard by a huge, black, cock.

"Nnnnnnnhhhhhh! Ahhhhh! Fuck! Fuck! FUUUUUUCK MEEEEEE!"

"She says, 'Hi!'"

"I know you and all your little white-boy-friends are having so much fun together!" she laughed. "Wearing panties, watching 'Blacked', rubbing your little dicks together, sucking and fucking with your little nubs! How fun for you!"

“Oh! Little-Jonny! I hope the cage is not getting in your way tonight. I had to shop three stores before I found one small enough! (giggle!) Oh! And I forgot to tell you. Our daughters came with me. That’s right, LOSER! It’s time Kimmy and Kayla get some BBC! They’re almost sixteen, after all! Kayla wants to get pregnant right away, but I’m making her wait until after her birthday party.”

“Please mom! I want a baby, now!” a young girl’s voice whined. Rachael turned the camera to John’s twin daughters. Kayla was on the couch getting fucked by a long, fat, black, dick. Rachael zoomed in to show the once-tight, pale, pink, teenage, pussy stuffed with hard, black, cock. The sounds of wet sex and a girlish squeal filled the living room.

“Hi Daddy!” his other daughter said. Rachael pointed the camera to show Kimmy sucking a big, black, cock. She panned back to show a large black man fingering her virgin pussy. “His cock tastes so good, daddy! Mommy said it would! He’s getting married next week. I wish he was marrying me!” Kimmy rubbed the man’s cock all over her face, leaving wet marks. She was obviously black-cock-drunk.

“Well, I gotta run, losers! Jamal and Reggie are waiting for me. They promised the groom here I’d eat his ass while he fucks our little Kimmy! Cum-flavored kisses for you, dear! Mmmm, wwwaaaa! Oh! And your mom went black. Bye!”

She disconnected.

“You lucky bastard!” Dave said to John.

“Are you crying?” Richard asked, noticing John wiping his eyes.

“I’m so proud!” John choked. “I hope someone is filming it.”

“Jamal’s there. He always takes great videos. They still have that thing going where they film themselves fucking white-girls each week. Whoever makes the bitch absolutely lose her fucking mind, wins.

“What about your mom?”

“I was just a matter of time. I saw it coming.”

“Hey! The new “Blacked” is on! We’re missing it! Tun it on!”

John explained to Richard, “I have a premium subscription to Blacked.com. New movie every Saturday. White-boi HDTV at its best!”

It soon became very quiet in the room. All the good, little, white-bois were watching intently. No one said a word, only the occasional grunt, moan, or sigh broke the silence.

The bois in chastity were riding their big, black, dildos hard, trying to make themselves cum. The guys without cages were either stroking each other or rubbing their hard, little, clitties together. Frances and Dave were stroking each other's dicks, staring at the TV screen.

John looked at Richard. He stood up and wiggled his ass for his friend. "Wanna fuck? My dicks not getting any action tonight, but you could do me a favor and fuck my boi-pussy."

Richard stood up and pulled out his cock. John grabbed some lube from the table and readied himself. He bent over the chair, towards the TV. Richard got behind him and pulled aside his panties.

"Nice ass," he said, before putting his cock-head against John's asshole. He pushed it in easily and began to fuck.

The girl on the TV was moaning loudly and screaming out her joy and love for big, black, cock.

Before long, the boys in the room erupted one white-dick after another, wasting their sperm by eating it, or adding their spent tissues to the pile on the coffee table, to be ceremoniously flushed at the end of the night.

Richard slapped his hard, 'nearly' five-inch, cock into John's ass again and again.

John's three and a half inch dicklet flopped uselessly in its pretty, pink, cage. When he felt the wet warmth of Richard's cum inside of him, he squirted. It surprised him. He didn't think he could have sissygasm without using his big, black, dildos. He barely had enough time to catch it in his hand.

"Uunnhhh!" John grunted, pumping his dick and squeezing his ass. He ground his ass on Richard's cock.

His friend collapsed onto his back. John wiggled his ass and smiled. It was so nice to make new white-boi friends.

Eventually, the movie ended. The pile of spent tissues on the coffee table were spilled out on the floor. The guys were helping John pick up.

"Well, thanks for the invite. I'll definitely be back next week," Richard said.

"You don't have to leave. I have the place to myself until I pick up the boys tomorrow. Rachael and the girls won't be back till late Sunday" A worried expression changed his face. "I hope she remembers they have school Monday."

"Well, I don't know..." Richard hesitated. "I didn't bring anything."

“I have nighties that will fit you, or just sleep in your panties, if you’d rather. Or naked. I thought you might want to see the rest of my porn collection, and maybe help me find the key to this damn thing?” He smiled.

Richard considered it. He was still horny, having only come once. Maybe John could provide him a little more comfort and advice on living his new, pussy-free, life.

“You know what? Yeah, Thanks. I had a really great time, and Tracy is staying over at that VP’s house anyway, and--”

A loud shout interrupted them.

“HEY, GUYS! I’M GOING TO FLUSH!”

“To white-genocide!” everyone said loudly in unison, and punched themselves in the balls.

FLUUUUSSSSHHHH!

Richard laughed.

Once the place was relatively clean, the guys prepared ready to leave, still commenting on a particular scene, or John’s daughters becoming officially “Blacked”.

“See you later, guys,” John said.

Nice meeting you, Big-Dick,” Dave said. “The WBC Drools! I mean ‘Rules!’”

“Yeah! The White-boi Club!”

“The WBC!”

“The White-boi Cuckolds!”

“The White-boi Crossdressers!”

“The White-boi Cucks!”

“The White-boi Cunt-lickers!”

“The White-boi Creampie-eaters!”

“The White-boi Cock-suckers!”

“The White-boi Cum-wasters!”

“The White-boi Castration-candidates!”

“The White-boi Chastity-wearing-pussy-free-little-dicked-cum-loving-panty-wearing--”

“Get out of here, guys!” John finally said, pushing them out the door and closing it behind them.

“They’re a lot of fun,” Richard said. “I like them.”

“A bunch of fucking goof-balls,” John said laughing.

A quick search of Rachael’s bedroom produced the key to John’s chastity cage. “In her jewelry box, as I suspected,” John said gleefully. He unlocked himself and replaced the key.

The two men used the bathroom together - Richard noticed John sat down to pee - and then John freshened-up their make-up and hair, with John sharing make-up tips. Richard picked out a pretty chamise to wear to bed, and John wore a pink one.

As they climbed into bed together, in John’s sissy-sanctuary, Richard mused, “This has all happened so fast, John. I went from an Alpha-male heterosexual, to beta-bitch homo, in no time at all. Are you sure this is the best way to cope in the Black New World Order?”

“Let me ask you, do you like to cuddle after sex? Hold hands? Tell Tracy that you love her constantly? Do pretty much everything she asks of you? All to make her happy?”

“Yes. Of course.”

“That’s typical white-boi, beta-bitch, behavior. Since we can’t please them with our tiny cocks, we do everything else to make them happy. Do you think a Black-Alpha does all that shit? No. He doesn’t. You’ve always been a beta, Richard. Like me and all the other white-bois.”

“You’re right. But..., just thinking about her pink, little, pussy getting ravaged by those massive black cocks! Her poor, white, mouth. It’s so small and those cocks are so huge! Oh god! Her poor asshole!”

John reached over and felt Richard’s hardness. He began to stroke him gently.

“Yes. And she will have the best sex of her life. Better than anything she could have dreamed of with you. And, you will be there for her when she comes home every night.”

“I will.”

“You’ll draw her bath, rub her feet and lick her poor, abused, ass and pussy while she tells you what all those men did to her.

“And, if she loves you, like my Rachael loves me, she might peg you once in a while, stroke your little, white, dick while she teases you, or even let you jack-off onto her pussy or feet. Just be sure to clean it up afterwards,” he cautioned.

“I mean, Rachael will never fuck me, or suck my cock again. Well, without laughing anyway - I’m hoping for my birthday or our anniversary - but, even if she doesn’t, I have a good life, a great family, and a decent sex life. Once I grow some breasts, Rachael said she might invite me for a three-way. Then, I’ll be getting some BBC of my own.”

“Think Tracy will treat me that well?”

“Why don’t you text her? Right now? Tell her you love her and ask what she’s doing. Ask for pictures. Just don’t expect an answer.”

Richard sent his wife a text, while John started his favorite playlist on his computer.

DING

“Tracey replied,” Richard said excitedly. “She says she’s sucking Darius’s cock right now and that she’d see me tomorrow afternoon.”

DING

“She sent a picture!”

The two men started at the image of Richard’s wife sucking a huge, black, cock.

“Beautiful,” John said. Richard’s wife was very attractive.

“Yeah! Isn’t it? Look at how big it is! Check out those veins!” Richard said. “Hey, can I suck your cock? I need to practice.”

“Sure! Panties off or panties on?”

“Panties on!”

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