

A White-boi's Life in the BNWO Future – 1

Summary – Just a typical day for a sissy-white-boi in the Black New World Order.

Note – This is a work of fiction, make-believe and sexual fantasy. It is not based on real people or actual events. You must be 18 or over to read these stories. This story contains race-play and humiliation. The author does not condone racism or unprotected sex in real life. It is OK to have fantasies, but turning a fantasy into reality can destroy lives. Don't fuck with other people's lives!

Shane Whitner applied a little more blush, pursed his lips and blew a kiss at his reflection.

“Pretty enough,” he said aloud, in a soft, feminine, voice. It was just another day at school, but like a good white-boi in the Black New World Order, he always strived to look his best. Nearly satisfied, he pulled his skirt up and tightened his blouse, trying to show a little more breast and thigh.

“Goodbye, mom!” he shouted as he opened the door. He grabbed his pastel colored bookbag, and with a swish of his hips and a flash of his panties, closed the door behind him.

Shane took a short-cut across his front yard to his neighbor's porch. He bounced up the stairs and knocked on the door. It immediately opened, and his ‘best friend forever’ greeted him.

“Morning, white-boi-friend!” Tabitha Jenkins said, giving her longtime friend a hug and peck on the cheek.

Shane liked hearing her call him her ‘white-boi-friend’, publicly acknowledging their friendship, albeit a chaste and celibate one.

“You're already ready? On time? What gives?” he asked, her perfume still lingering the air around him.

“Can't a girl be on time for once without all the questions?” she smiled. Her teeth were dazzling. So was the rest of her. Long blond hair, long legs, large breasts, and a fat ass. Tabitha was beautiful. Although, it wasn't so long ago she was a just a flat-chested tom-boy. She really blossomed.

“And you look...” Shane almost said “extra slutty”, noticing her make-up, tight bra-less top, and her favorite short skirt that showed off her panties. “You look...” he took a deep breath, “extra nice...”

“Thank you,” Tabitha said, understanding his confusion. She looked down at her tits and blushed. Tabitha's large breasts were trying to escape from her top. Her long, blond hair, freshly

curled, framed her tits perfectly, causing Shane's dick to twitch in his panties. Tabitha flashed him a nipple and stuck out her tongue before tucking it back in and adjusting her breasts.

Of course, Shane stared. Tabitha smiled at his reaction. She enjoyed teasing her white-boy-friend. Her favorite game was to give him a boner and then laugh at it; they called it the "point-and-giggle game". He loved hearing her laugh, and even more, he loved catching glimpses of her soft flesh and underwear.

"What's the occasion?" Shane asked, as the two began their short walk to school. "Why the extra effort to look smoking-hot today?"

"Well, let me tell you." Tabitha took a deep breath. "My friend Kathy Martz said that her cousin Becky Wallace talked to one of the guys on the varsity basketball team. And he said that Darnel Johnson, the star center, was hot for me, and was going to ask me out. Today. During black-history class!" She squealed and jumped up and down, causing both of her breasts to pop out of her blouse.

Shane stared at her unpixelated jiggling titties, his mouth falling open.

"Wow, lucky you," he softly. "I'm happy for you." And he was, but he was also jealous. Jealous of her and all white-girls. Often, he wished he was a real girl, with a real pussy between his legs, instead of his little, pink, dicklet. 'My nub,' he thought automatically. If he had a real pussy, he could have a baby someday. A cute, mix-race baby boy he could raise, so he wouldn't be alone the rest of his life.

When he was younger, he fantasized about marrying Tabitha and moving away somewhere, but the realities of the BNWO soon crushed those dreams. It wasn't just the societal pressures or propaganda that ended the fantasy. White-girls just didn't consider white-bois romantically.

Firstly, a white-boy's dick is way too small for enjoyable intercourse. Their pitiful condition was exacerbated due to white-boys being forced to take hormones at an early age, stunting their penile growth even further. Secondly, white-bois were naturally submissive, a by-product of Darwin's natural selection (after all, the survival rate for uppity white-bois was abysmal). Women wanted strong, alpha-males, not weak, submissive, little-dicked, white-bois. And finally, Black men ruled the world, so white girls quickly learned not to waste their time with loser, beta-bitch, white-bois.

Shane didn't blame Tabitha for being excited about finally dating a black man. He always knew she would start dating soon. She was hot. It was inevitable.

"Aw, don't be sad, Shany!" Tabitha said, giving him a hug and pressing his face into her soft breasts. "We talked about this before."

"I know," Shane said. It still hurt. "Hey, I gotta go. I have my quarterly e-vals this morning. Can I walk you home after school, Tabby?"

"Of course! I hope to have something exciting to tell you!"

"Yeah, good luck with Darnel, he's really handsome."

"I know! And Kathy said his cock...," Tabitha looked at him with soft pity. She knew Shane was sensitive about his little nub. "Sorry."

"No problem. I'm sure he has a really, big, black, dick." Shane said, then cheerfully added, "Just don't get knocked-up until after graduation!"

"I'll try not to! Bye Shany!" Another jiggle, and kiss on the cheek, and she was gone.

Shane made his way to the whites-only entrance for his quarterly medical evaluation. The BNWO required all white-bois to be regularly monitored for hormone levels and phycological conformity. A blood test, a quick physical, a short meeting with a BNWO phycologist, and he should be back in class in time for gym. Of course, he'd first have to wait in line for his daily medications before another fun day of propaganda and humiliation.

Shane noticed how early he was. He had anticipated Tabitha being taking longer to get ready. There were very few white-bois around. Mostly black guys, arriving early, hanging around to humiliate them before class, like most days. Shane couldn't blame them. They were bigger and stronger. Besides, white-bois were an easy target. Small, weak and feminine.

"Oh, no!" Shane said, seeing a group of black guys coming towards him.

"Hey, it's 'Nubs'! How ya' doing Nubs?" said a tall, young, black-man.

"Hello, Tobias," Shane said. "Hi guys!" To himself he said, 'Smile and be friendly. Don't give them a reason to beat you up again.'

Tobias has called him 'Nubs' ever since their first gym-class together, when Shane entered the black-only showers by mistake; naked. Tobias and his friends laughed at his small cock while waving their long, thick, dark, meat-sausages at him. The memory still gets him stiff, if he thinks about it long enough.

"You look extra ugly today, Nubs!"

"Thanks, Tobias, I try."

Tobias put his arm around him and groped his small breasts. He then moved his hand down to Shane's generous ass and squeezed his soft, round, flesh.

“Your tits getting smaller, Nubs?” Tobias asked. “Better ask the doctor for more sissy-juice!” He pinched Shane’s fat, protruding, nipple. It grew fatter, and protruded ever more. Tobias and his friends laughed.

“Sure thing, I’ll do that,” Shane said, and realized he was being guided gently, but firmly, to a little used alcove entrance. The arm around his shoulder gripped him tighter. His other nipple was tugged and twisted painfully.

“Come here, I want to show you something,” Tobias said, and led him into the alcove. His friends surrounded them.

Shane cowered in the corner, waiting for the inevitable. Either a beating or forced blowjob. Once, they took his clothes. He hoped it was blowjob, although Tobias was pretty good about not hitting him in the face – it raised too many questions that neither of them wanted to answer. Beating white-bois, while common, was generally frowned upon, since they were no longer a threat.

Tobias unbuckled his pants and dropped them to the ground.

“You know what to do, Nubs,” he said.

“Yes, sir.”

Shane set down his book-bag and dropped to his knees. He could smell the dried leaves and stale odor of piss in the alcove. With Tobias sneering above him, he reached up and pulled down Tobias’s underwear.

Though he had seen it many times, the long, thick, black, cock was still impressive. It hung well below Tobias’s huge, heavy, ball sack.

Shane began to stroke his bully’s cock, jealous of his manhood, but pleased to be having sex again. Any kind of real-sex seemed like a treat, and sucking black cock was as real as it gets. He smiled, knowing he has had more black cock than his best friend Tabitha.

Shane felt Tobias’s cock growing in his hands. He continued to stroke him and leaned in and up to lap at Tobias’s ball sack. He lovingly licked and suckled each heavy ball before admiring Tobias’s nearly hard cock. It was long, thick, and black. Circumcised, with a purple, flared, head and thick veins running up and down his dark shaft. Shane wrapped his lips around the head and tongued Tobias’s glans before searching for any pre-cum escaping from his piss-slit. He slobbered up and down on Tobias’s shaft, making it nice and slick.

“You love my black dick, don’t you, Nubs?” Tobias asked. He pulled his cock from Shane’s lips.

“Yes, sir.” Shane tried to swallow his cock again. Tobias could get aggressive when fully aroused, so he wanted to finish him as soon as possible. Besides, he didn’t want to be late for his e-vals.

“Ha, ha, ha! Stupid faggot white-boi!” His friends laughed too. Tobias pulled his sloppy cock from Shane’s slurping mouth and began to smack him with it.

“Fucking faggot!”

Slap!

“Fucking cock-sucking-faggot-white-boi!”

Slap!

Spit and pre-cum splattered on Shane’s face.

“Why are you so mean to me, Tobias?” Shane whined. “I’ve never done anything to you, and I always do what you ask!”

“Because you’re ugly, white-boi! An ugly bitch-wannabe with small tits and a flat, white, ass!”

Shane sniffed away a tear. His breasts weren’t that small, and he’d been working out diligently with Tabitha, to make his ass nice and fat.

“My tits aren’t that small!” Shane challenged, and exposed his breasts. While not as large as his friend’s, he was very proud of them. He was hoping to distract Tobias.

“Not enough tit to wrap around my cock.” Tobias reached down and tugged on both of Shane’s fat nipples, giving them a final, violent, twist. “Now, shut the fuck up, fuck-face. Oh man, I’m gonna tear you up, whitey,” Tobias said. “Open your faggot, white-boi, mouth!”

Shane opened wide. Tobias quickly filled his mouth with hard, black, cock, grabbed his hair and began to fuck his face.

“Gack!”

“Gack!”

“Gack!”

“Tilt your head up!”

Shane did, and Tobias pushed his hard shaft deep into Shane’s mouth, spreading apart the soft tissue, and sliding his fat cock down the white-boi’s throat.

“Gack!”

“Fucking faggot-cock-sucker”

“Gack!”

“Gack!”

“Gack!”

“Little-dicked loser.”

“Fuck him, Tobias! Fuck the uppity little faggot!”

To Shane, the face-fucking and humiliation seemed to go on forever. He breathed when he could and tried to keep the spittle from landing on his blouse. He was now nothing more than a warm, wet, hole for a black-man’s cock. He went limp. His eyes teared up. Mascara ran down his face. He felt his drool fall onto his exposed breasts. More fell on his skirt.

“Gack!”

“Gack!”

“Gack!”

“Gack!”

Finally, Shane felt Tobias’s cock swell, stretching his throat even more.

“Aw, fuck, I’m gonna nut!” Tobias announced.

Three more hard thrusts.

“Gack!”

“Gack!”

“Gack!”

Then, Tobias pulled Shane tight, cutting off his air supply, and holding him firmly against his groin. He humped his cock a few times, smashing Shane’s lips, and then held his personal-cum-receptacle tight as he pumped his thick, heavy, load down his throat.

“Take it, white-boi! Take my cum, you fucking faggot!”

Shane did take it. He had no choice. He felt it filling his belly, spurt after spurt, before his eyes grew dim. He could feel the cum surging up Tobias’s shaft, pulsing against his tongue. His smashed lips felt the man’s balls contracting over and over. Just before he passed out, Tobias pulled his massive, oozing, shaft from his throat. Shane fell over and began gasping for air, his warm drool and remnants of Tobias’s sperm dripping onto the cold concrete. He coughed and wiped his mouth.

“Clean me up, bitch!” Tobias said after a moment, watching Shane intently. His cock was still hard. He pumped it as Shane looked up, smiling at Shane’s admiration for his prowess, his ruined make-up, and his utter humiliation.

Still gasping for air, Shane sat up, slurped his spit, and gently gripped Tobias’s cock. He lovingly sucked and licked his bully dry, lapped at his sloppy balls, and leaned in to give Tobias’s cock a gentle kiss. Tobias always made him kiss his cock afterwards.

“Thanks for letting me suck your cock, Tobias,” Shane replied automatically.

“You’re welcome, faggot,” Tobias said, and spit in Shane’s face. “Anyone else want a white-boi-blow-job?”

“From that ruined, ugly, bitch?”

“Fuck no!”

“What do you see in the little faggot, Tobias?”

“Yeah, what?”

“I just like picking on the little white-boi. It’s fun, and I get to cum.”

The guys continued to laughed and talk as they walked away.

“Did you see his face?”

“Man, white-bois sure can take it!”

“When you going to fuck his ass, Tobias?”

“Yeah, when? I can’t wait to see that!”

“Soon.”

“Yeah! All right! Make him cry like a little, fucking, bitch!”

Shane listened to their comments as he caught his breath and wiped away his tears. ‘My poor butt-hole,’ he thought. He knew he wasn’t ready for a massive, black, cock up his tight ass. He’d have to ask if Tabitha had any big, black, dildos he could borrow. He knew she had the small trainer dildo all white-girls get, but never saw any larger ones.

He stood up and inspected his blouse before buttoning it. A few stains. He wiped his knees. A little scratched, but not bleeding. He used a compact to inspect his face. He was a mess. Shane cleaned up as best he could, but still kept his head down walking into the bright lights of the white-boi entrance. He scanned his ID card and went straight to the bathroom to fix his make-up. He still had time, but had to hurry.

In the white-boi bathroom, there were a few other guys chatting and checking their make-up too. It suddenly grew quiet.

“Wow, Shane, who got you?” said a cute brunette sitting on the counter, legs spread wide. Another white-boi was sucking his white-boi-sized dicklet.

“Hey, Bruce. Hey John,” Shane said, before scrubbing his face and starting over again. “Tobias and his gang caught me on the way in.”

“All of them?”

“Just Tobias this time.”

“Lucky!” John said, taking his lips off of his friend’s cock for a moment. “He’s got a nice one!”

“Yeah, lucky me,” Shane said.

As Shane was dabbing at his blouse to clean and dry the slobber stains, a boy he didn’t recognize came out of one of the stalls.

“Who’s that?” Shane asked, nodding to the new kid.

“Oh, that’s Dave,” Bruce said. “Hey, Dave! Come here. Dave, this is Shane, one of our friends.”

“Hi, Shane.”

“Hello.”

“What happened?” Dave asked.

“Face-fucked, by the looks of it. By Tobias Jackson, Shane’s boyfriend.”

“He’s not my boyfriend; he’s just a bully who likes to pick on me.”

Shane looked Dave over. While he was wearing a standard white-boi outfit; skirt, blouse, make-up and shoes, he couldn’t hide his fading masculinity.

“Dave’s pretty cool, Shane. Hey! Show him your cock, Dave!”

Dave pulled down his panties and showed off his generous package.

‘Probably a good five or six inches, when hard,’ Shane supposed. “How big does it get?”

“Almost five and a half.”

“Nice. How the fuck did you get such a big dick?”

“His mom home schooled him until they cleaned out the encampment back in Preston’s woods a few months back.”

"I heard about that."

"I was born at home, too," Dave continued, "so I never was registered at birth."

"Don't put your dick away, I'm about to cum!" Bruce said. Dave waved his dick until it got hard and Bruce humped his friend's mouth. "Unnnhhh!" "Ohhhh!" "Making cummies!"

"So, you've not had any mandatory hormones or BNWO indoctrinations your whole life? Wow, what the actual fuck?" Shane said, while putting on fresh lipstick. "I can't imagine!"

"Not until they found us. Believe me, I've been on some pretty heavy hormones and testosterone blockers since then. Growing tits already, see?"

Dave opened a button on his blouse to show off a fat, puffy, nipple.

"He even fucked a girl back in the woods. So, he says..." John added, licking his lips before squeezing Dave's dick for any remaining sperm. Everyone knows white-boi cum tastes sweet, at least to another white-boi.

"It was just my sister," Dave explained. "We were fooling around and it slipped in. I came so fast. I couldn't pull out in time. Mom beat the shit out me. Kicked me in the balls too. Said an unplanned white-baby would bring shame on the entire family. I lost my dad a long time ago, and no one bothered to explain to me about being pussy-free, they just assumed everyone knew. I know now. Months and months of indoctrination has cured me. 'Long live the BNWO!' 'Pussy is for Black-cock only!' 'White-bois must never breed, for the good of society, and must remain pussy-free forever!'"

"Ha, ha, ha!" everyone laughed.

"But we can still have sex with each other, right guys?"

"Right!"

"Oh, shit. Look at the time! Gotta go!"

"Hey, Dave! Wanna join our club?"

"What kind of club?"

"A white-boi club, of course. We hang out on Saturday's and watch interracial porn, have white-boi-sex and stuff. Talk about our pathetic lives and tiny dicks. You'd be really popular. And, we have the best club; John's father is in the propaganda ministry. He lets us watch all the new indoctrination material and experimental porn. You know, the latest high-tech stuff; hypnotism, learning to love humiliation, that kind of stuff. Pays us for it too. More money for panties and dildos."

“Yeah, OK. A white-boi club, huh? I think some other guys tried to ask me already, but I like you guys more.”

“Cool! Meet us after school in the parking lot!”

“Yeah, we’ll take you over to John’s house and show you around. Maybe watch some porn.”

Shane swiped his ID card at the e-val center.

“Name?”

“Shane Whitner.”

A white-man in the white nurse’s outfit checked his computer to confirm his identity.

“Number 11, have a seat.”

Shane waited until his number was called. Then, he went behind a screen and stripped off his clothes.

First, a blood draw, then weight and measurements.

“How big are they?” Shane asked, while the tape was still surrounding his breasts.

“Unchanged,” the nurse said. “Still a “B” cup, almost a “C” though.”

“Almost isn’t good enough...” Shane muttered. “Come on, double-D’s!”

“Your cock and balls seem to have gotten smaller, though it’s cold in here.” She put away the tape.

“Yeah, it’s cold...” Shane laughed at her joke. He was still sweating from his encounter with Tobias. He thought it even funnier when the nurse called his dicklet a ‘cock.’

“Too bad the tits don’t get bigger when the dick gets smaller, right?” the nurse said.

“Yeah, right.” He’s heard that joke before. “I’d have “H” sized titties at least.”

“Me too,” the nurse said.

“We’ll skip the hardness test and measurement this time around. I don’t expect a change. Just note on the form if you can still get it up once in a while, OK?”

“OK.”

“Now, get dressed and have a seat. The doctor will see you soon.”

Shane completed his psychiatric form and waited until he was called into the doctor's office. He shyly handed it to the handsome, black, doctor and sat down.

The doctor ignored him, staring at his computer and cross-checking the form Shane had filled out.

"Still masturbating?" the doctor asked. "Wasting your sperm like a good, little, white-boi? Keeping yourself docile and satisfied?"

"Yes, sir. Sometimes twice a day. Three times on the weekend."

"Hmm, I see."

"Any thoughts of having sex with a real woman?"

"No. No, sir. Never. Pussy is for black-cock. I know that."

"Excellent. Do you watch a lot of interracial porn?"

"Of course."

"Do you watch anything else?"

"No... Well, yes. Sometimes. Not often. Mostly BNWO certified porn on the white-boi channel; they have the best BBC and the sexiest women. I also like watching white-boi-sex clips and humiliation videos. They're hot. Oh, and some sissy-hypnotism. Being turned into a mindless BBC slut can get me really hard. That's all allowed, right?"

"Yes, of course. Typical white-boi porn. However, I see you performed a search for lesbian porn a couple of times last week and spent almost 20 minutes gooning to it. Care to explain?"

"Well..., Uh..., I was just wondering how girls do it. Without a big, black, cock..., you know? I..., uh..., I was hoping to get the surgery one day and was wondering..."

"Humph! Hate to break it to you..., " he looks down at his computer to find his name, "Shane. But you don't have enough white-dick to make a pussy. Even if we used your tiny-gum-ball sack. You need a lot more flesh than what you're packing to make a proper pussy."

"Oh, I didn't know."

"No harm done, I guess. Most of the good bits in the videos were pixelated anyway. But, be careful. We don't want you to see white-pussy without a big, black, cock in it, do we? Might give you ideas. But, how you white-bois can jerk off to that pixelated shit is beyond me."

"You have to use your imagination."

"I see." The doctor looked him over. "We better do a full exam. Your sex-drive seems a little high for a white-boi. And, the nurse failed to measure you properly. She'll be punished..., again. Drop your panties."

"Here? Now?"

"Don't make me repeat myself, white-boi."

"No, sir. Yes, sir!" Shane dropped his panties and pulled up his skirt. His panties were still stained with pre-cum from sucking off Tobias. How embarrassing! At least his uncircumcised dicklet was mostly dry now. Just a little sticky.

The doctor squeezed and wiggled his dicklet between his two massive fingers, hard. Shane heard him chortle.

"Does it get any bigger?" the doctor asked.

"A little."

"Make it hard, you can still get hard, right?"

"Usually. If not, I just rub it like a girl and play with my butt-hole and titties until I make cummies."

"Typical. Here, maybe this will help." The doctor clicked his computer and turned it around so Shane could see. Interracial porn was showing. Loudly.

"Oh! Fuck me! Fuck me with your big, black, dick!" The girl was getting absolutely plowed. Her cunt was stretched and her tittles were flopping. She looked a lot like Tabitha.

The soon doctor turned off the video measured Shane's hard, little, dick. "Two and a half... Well, I'll be generous and say two and three-quarters of an inch. "Yes, a little smaller than a year ago, but not much. We can fix that. I'll update your records.

"No, Shane, you definitely do not have enough skin to make a functioning pussy. You need a good five inches of penile material. Even then, and using your little ball-sack as well, would only get you a few inches of actual fuck-hole depth. Not enough for a black-man, but enough for one of your little-dicked white-boi-friends, I guess. Too bad for you."

"Uh..., too bad... Well, thanks for the information, doctor." He was crushed.

The doctor saw his face and softened, just a little. "Must be hard being a white-boi sometimes," he muttered. He looked at the chart.

"The nurse mentioned you were unhappy with your breast growth?"

“Uh, well..., I’d like them bigger. I get teased a lot.” He was thinking of Tobias.

“Take off the rest of your clothes. Let me see them,” the doctor said.

Shane kicked off his panties, dropped his skirt and removed his blouse. He stood at attention, feeling the doctor’s gaze.

The doctor stood up and came closer. “I’m going to check your breast tissue now.”

“OK.”

“Hmmm,” he hummed, groping Shane’s breasts. He pitched his nipples and noted the response.

“Yes, on the small side. Maybe a “B”? Or a “C”?”

“Yes. Exactly. Not quite a “C”.

“Your nipples are nice. They harden real plump and appear very suck-able. I like the way they get so fat and puffy.”

“Thank you. They take after my mother’s.”

“Let me see your ass. Turn around.”

Shane turned around. The doctor inspected his ass, grabbing two handfuls. “Nice. Small, but your measurements have improved since the last time. Getting a little junk in the trunk, are we?”

“Yes... I’ve been working out.”

“Commendable. Now, bend over and grab your ankles.”

He wondered what was going to happen. His delicate dicklet and balls were on display. His tight, pink, asshole was exposed. He heard the sound of latex gloves being pulled on. Then, the sound of lube. “Eeeep!” Shane squeaked.

“I’m checking your prostate now, white-boi. No moaning or ejaculation, or you will be punished.”

“Yes, sir! Oh, no, sir!”

A thick, black, finger pressed against his anal opening. A little pressure and guidance from the doctor to ‘push out’ and the finger slipped in. It went deeper and deeper before Shane felt the thick digit poking and prodding at something inside of him.

“Ahhh! Mmmmph!” Shane squealed. “Ouch!”

“Just a little more. Don’t you dare cum without permission, white-boi!”

“No, sir!”

The finger finally stopped probing him. His dicklet was leaking. A long strand hung down from his two and three-quarter inch hard, little, dick.

“Very tight for a white-boi. Especially one as old as you. Are you an anal virgin for BBC?”

“Uh..., yes sir.” He hung his head in shame.

“Why?”

“I don’t know sir. Too ugly, I guess.”

“Nonsense. You’re cute enough. Nice mouth. Cute tits. Round ass. Let’s check your mouth while we are at it.” He grabbed a tongue depressor “Say ahhhh.”

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

The doctor put the wooden stick halfway down his throat and held it there.

“No gag reflex. You have a lot of experienced sucking BBC, white-boi?”

“Yes, sir. More face-fucking than sucking, though.”

“It shows. Your throat is a bit raw right now. I assume someone fucked your cute, white-boi, face just before you came in here?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Ah, ha! Excellent! Boys will be boys!” He looked at his computer screen again.

“Well, your hormones regimen is well within the normal range. But, since you are a good, little, white-boi, I’ll up the dosage and see if we can get those cute little titties to grow. I’ll need to lower your testosterone a little; to keep you focused on BBC and stop those naughty web searches you’ve been doing. OK?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I’ll prescribe some cream for your breasts – apply it once a day. And, here, take one of these.” The doctor opened a cabinet and pulled out a large, black, dildo. Very realistic, but not as big as Tobias’s. “I’ll toss some lube in your bag as well. Now, Shane, I want you to stretch that tight, white, ass of yours, or some black-boy will split you wide open soon, understand?”

“Yes sir!”

“I’ve stitched up too many white-boi pussies and don’t want to see your pretty, pink, hole ruined.”

“No, sir. Thank you, sir.” Shane wondered if Tabitha would want to use it. Maybe they could use it together?

“There are videos on the white-boi BNWO channel for proper bussy-care. I suggest you watch them diligently. And, ask your mom about getting some butt-plugs. You need to be ready at all times. Carry that lube with you everywhere. Never leave home without it.”

“I will, sir. Thank you, sir. Can I go now? Sir?” He wanted to show his friends his new big, black, dildo.

“One more thing, white-boi.”

“Yes, sir?”

“Where is your earring?”

Shane’s hand shot up to his ear. His earring was missing! ‘Oh, no!’

“I don’t know sir! It must have come off when..., when I sucked..., when he fucked my face..., hard..., and grabbed my hair, he was rough..., and I almost passed out..., and... SOB!” Shane began to cry.

“Here is another one. Standard government issue. I keep a supply in my desk if you ever lose one again. Come see me, OK?”

“OK..., sniff..., I will..., doctor.” Shane placed the small, pink, penis earring in his ear. How else would everyone be able to tell he wasn’t a real white-girl?

“You still have to be punished, of course.”

“I know.”

“We can do it now, in the privacy of my office, would that be OK? No public humiliation, unless you want to?”

“Now is fine.”

“Excellent. Come over here and take off my pants and underwear, then bend over my knees.”

“Yes, sir. Should I put my panties back on?”

“That won’t be necessary. I won’t mind if you leak.”

Shane walked up to the doctor who was now standing next to his chair. He got on his knees. He used his dainty, manicured, pink-polished fingers to undo his heavy belt. Then, he unbuttoned the doctor’s pants and unzipped his fly. The pants fell to the floor. He shyly looked up at the

doctor, smiling slightly, and pulled down his boxers. The doctor's cock was not disappointing. Long, black, and thick.

"I'm sorry I lost my earring..., daddy," Shane said. He kissed the tip of the doctor's cock and stood up. He was here to get punished, not to pleasure the doctor, but he hoped to encourage the doctor to go easy on him. While he had only been punished one other time (since he always strived to be a good, little, white-boi), he knew what could happen, and white-bois usually preferred private punishment, if offered. Public spankings could be embarrassing and extremely painful. Forced to strip down to your panties, and then forcefully spanked with many people encouraging the punisher to hit harder. Many a white-boi made cummies in their panties while getting spanked by a strong black man, especially when they felt their hard, black, cocks poking them in the stomach. Even then, Shane knew bad things could happen during private punishments too, but they sometimes led to other, more enjoyable things...

He carefully bent over and placed himself over the doctor's lap. His hard, little, white, dick was pressed against the doctor's thigh. The doctor's cock was half hard and Shane laid his body on top of it.

The doctor groped Shane's ass. "I think 10 spankings should be enough, don't you?"

"Whatever you think is right..., daddy."

SMACK!

"Eeek!"

"Yeah, that's right, white-boi. I'm your daddy."

SMACK!

"Count them off!"

SMACK!

"Three!"

"What happened to one? Can't you count, white-boi? Head too full of big, black, cock?"

SMACK!

"One!"

SMACK!

"Two!"

SMACK!

“Three!”

Shane’s hard cock rubbed against the doctor’s leg in a pool of his own pre-cum. ‘Oh, shit!’

SMACK!

“Four!”

SMACK!

“Five!”

The doctor’s cock was growing. It became thick and hard against Shane’s stomach. ‘Oh, gawd!’

The doctor grabbed Shane’s ass and groped him, forcefully rubbing his body against his thighs.

“SMACK!”

“Six!”

The doctor’s groping hand found its way onto Shane’s pussy-crack, still moist and slippery from the lube. His fat fingers probed his sphincter. One slipped in and tugged against his tight flesh-hole.

“Unnnhhggghhh!” Shane moaned.

SMACK!

Shane forgot what number he was on!

“Uh..., Four! No! Six!”

“Four it is!” The doctor used one hand to beat Shane’s ass and his other one to finger-fuck, probe, and tug on his tight, pink, fuck-hole.

SMACK!

“FIVE!”

SMACK!

“SIX!”

The doctor’s hard, black, cock pressed against Shane’s belly, leaving its own trail of slippery cock-slime.

SMACK!

“SEVEN! Oh, my gawd! SEVEN! It hurts! But it feels good! Owie, owie, owie!”

SMACK!

“EIGHT!” Shane felt his tiny balls tingling. The strong, black man was rocking his world! Pain and pleasure surged through him. Each slap sent electric jolts through his ass and into his delicate, little, cock and balls. The thick, anal-invader plunged and tugged inside of him. He felt it press against his special spot, deep inside his ass. The doctor’s hard, massive, slippery, cock poked and prodded his abdomen and chest. The doctor was so strong and manly, while he was so weak and feminine! Just the way it was meant to be! He became dizzy with lust and love.

SMACK!

“NINE! NINE! NINE!” Electricity surged from his balls. He couldn’t hold back and longer. He came. “Cummies! Cummies! Ohhh! Ahhh! Making cummies! I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I’m sorry!”

SMACK!

Shane blasted his load immediately after the doctor’s large palm forcibly landed on his bright-red ass for the final time. He squirted all over the doctor’s thighs, squealing like a little girl, until the doctor’s finger, plunged deep into his ass and lifted his entire body up. Then, his thin, but forceful squirts sprayed across the doctor’s lap landing on his thick, leaking, cock and dripped down to his huge, black, balls.

The doctor groped his ass, fucked him with his finger, and slid Shane’s body around in his it’s slime until the tingles finally left him.

SMACK!

“Ouch!”

“Did you forget something, sissy?”

“Uh... Oh... TEN!”

“And...?”

“Thank you for punishing me..., daddy.”

“You are welcome. You are such a pretty, obedient, white-boi. I hope you learned your lesson. Now, clean me up.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Right away, sir.”

Shane grabbed his discarded panties and reached over to wipe up his splattered cum. Both of their bodies were wet and slimy, glistening in the office lights. The doctor’s cock was still hard.

“No. Use your mouth, white-boi.”

“Yes, daddy. Of course, daddy.”

“I hope you appreciate me opening up your pussy for you. I expect to see improvement next time. I want to see your sissy-cunt gaping. Understand?”

“Yes, sir!”

With his ass burning, Shane licked all of his cum from the doctor’s thigh. Then, he spied the splatter on the doctor’s leaking cock and noticed the moisture on his balls.

“May I serve you after I clean you, daddy?”

The doctor looked at the clock. “If you hurry, faggot.”

Shane wasted no time slurping his cum and the doctor’s precum from the large, hard, big, black, cock. After licking him clean, he engulfed his cock while he fondled the doctor’s massive ball-sack. Shane throated the doctor’s shaft, only pausing to lick and suck on his huge, sensitive, deep-purple-colored head, or lap at his tasty, tangy, big, black, balls.

“I want to try out that throat of yours,” the doctor said.

“Yes, sir.” Shane opened his mouth wide and tilted his head. The doctor pushed his cock down his throat and didn’t stop until his big, black, balls rested on his small, white, chin. Shane actually felt grateful to Tobias at that moment.

“Nice! Better than most white-girls,” The doctor commented, and began sliding his cock in and out of Shane’s throat. He grabbed Shane’s head and ground his cock into him, sliding it left and right, up and down, in and out, using him like an artificial pussy.

The doctor occasionally pulled out his cock and allowed Shane to lick and suck it for a while, before plunging it back, fucking him over and over. After a long while, the doctor looked at the clock and began fucking Shane’s face faster.

The doctor didn’t warn him when he came. He just filled his mouth and throat with globs and globs of creamy, potent, cum. The thick, white, black-baby-batter leaked out of the corners of Shane’s mouth and some was forcefully pushed down his throat. He swallowed it all like a champion, and licked and suckled the doctor until he was fully drained and satisfied. He smiled up at him, smacked and licked his lips, before asking if he could do anything else.

The doctor patted him on the head and sent him on his way, reminding him to stretch out his ass-pussy, implying he’d be using more than a finger during the next medical e-val.

‘I think he likes me!’ Shane thought, wearing a bright, happy, smile.

Shane stood in line at the dispensary to receive his increased estrogen cocktail, testosterone blockers, and breast cream.

He was looking forward to stroking his little dick again tonight, re-imagining and fantasizing about the big, black, cock he was lucky enough to suck. Tobias scared him, but he had a great cock. The doctor practically promised to fuck him during his next e-val. And, he could tryout his new big, black, dildo tonight. He wondered if his platonic best friend Tabitha had a big, black, dildo. 'Probably. I bet it's bigger than the one I have. Maybe she will want to share?' He couldn't wait to try it. Besides, he had to be ready when Tobias decided to rape his tight, pink, virgin, fuck-hole.

Just another typical day for a sissy-white-boi in the Black New World Order.

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