

The White-boi Club – 03

Chapter Summary – John volunteers for BLM and the BNWO.

Previous Chapter Summary – The white-bois host a party, have fun at work, and have their weekly club meeting interrupted.

Note - This is a work of fiction, make-believe, and fantasy. It is not based on actual people or events. You must be 18 or over to read this story. This story contains race-play-fantasy, including white-male-humiliation and black-male-adoration. The author does not condone bigotry or humiliation in any form. It is OK to have fantasies, but turning a fantasy into reality can ruin your life. Please don't ruin your life. This is just a fantasy! Enjoy!

John noticed Richard walking into the office cafeteria Monday afternoon and waved him over. The white-bois at Shaftman's tended to sit together at lunch, while the taller, stronger, and more dominant Black men typically sat with pretty women, mostly white, but of mixed races. John looked over at the next table to see a new hire, a pretty blonde women with large breasts, placing her hand on a Black man's arm, while he whispered in her ear. He wished women would flirt with him like that.

Richard sat down and leaned towards John to tell him something. He had to talk louder to be heard over the giggles coming from the excited girl.

"I said, I have to tell you something! I went grocery shopping yesterday afternoon," Richard repeated. "You know? To cook a nice dinner for Tracy? With her being pregnant and all, she has to eat better."

"Definitely," John agreed, biting into his sandwich, and admiring his pretty, pink, sparkling, nail polish. He wanted to pull his pink panties out of his ass-crack, but it wouldn't be lady-like.

"When I was getting close to home, I saw a car leaving. It was Darius King, her boss, driving away in a new Cadillac."

"Tracy's getting a little BBC room service, huh?" John said. "Nice!"

"Yeah, I don't blame her, she's been really horny since she got knocked-up, I hear her vibrator buzzing almost every night, and she's leaving her Black dildoes out all over the place, but get this, when she told me she was pregnant a while ago, she said she was sure Darius is the father. So anyway, I go into our old bedroom to check on her, and there she was, lying on the bed naked. Blankets and pillows all over the place. And, she had this glazed look in her eyes, so I know he fucked her good."

"I bet," John said, remembering how his wife looks after getting fucked by a Black man.

"God, she looked so sexy!" Richard continued. "She had her legs spread and her fat titties still covered with sweat and his slobber. And, that cute little baby bump! And, her pussy was slick, gaping, and oozing his cum."

“Oh, my god, Big-Dick! You just gave me a boner!” John whispered excitedly.

“She gave me one too! All five inches!”

“What did you do?” John asked. He didn’t bother to correct Richard. He knew Big-Dick liked to brag about his Big White Cock, though he wasn’t quite a full five inches. He added, “What did you do with your BWC straining in your panties?”

“Well, I just stared at her, getting harder and harder. She looked so sexy, you know? Satisfied, relaxed, and so fucking happy. She smiled at me and licked her lips.”

“Probably had his cum on them,” John thought, wondering if he said that part out loud.

“Fuck, don’t keep me in suspense!” John said, raising his voice. He looked around to see if anyone noticed, and saw the Black man still whispering in the white-girl’s ear. His hands were under the table, groping her. John looked away and lowered his voice.

“What happened? I know something happened, or you wouldn’t be telling me this. Oh, god! Did you clean her up? Tell me you cleaned her up. You cleaned up her messy, fucking, creamy, cum-filled, cunt, while it was still fresh, didn’t you?” John imagined the scene. His cock was straining in his chastity cage, and he rarely got hard anymore. “You bastard. You lucky, mother-fucking, bastard!”

Richard looked him in the eyes, and said slowly, “She said I could fuck her. I swear to god, John, er Joan, she said I could fuck her. We haven’t fucked since..., when? Before we moved here?”

“She said she wanted to thank me; for being a good-husband, and taking care of her and her..., our..., his baby. The baby.” Richard continued, a little flustered. “Tracy said it was safe right now. Since she was..., you know..., pregnant.”

“It’d be like wasting your sperm,” John nodded. “Since Darius already fertilized her.”

John briefly wondered if a white-boi’s sperm would have a chance against a Black man’s seed in a woman’s fertile womb. “Those black-baby-makers would probably dominate a white-boi’s weak dribbles just like they do in real life. At least they’d outnumber our damaged ejaculate by a few ounces.” John thought. He imagined strong, black, spermatozoa, pushing aside weak and damaged white sperm in the race to fertilize the egg. Then, he reminded himself to beat his balls a little harder tonight.

“So, did you?” John asked huskily. “Did you fuck her?”

“You bet I did. I ripped off my shirt, pants, and panties and jumped on the bed. I put my hard cock into her. God, I was so fucking hard! I could smell him too. I could smell his breath on her body and his sweat on the sheets. And, I could smell his cum. It was so strong smelling, it almost made me dizzy!

“And then..., and then she giggled, and asked if it was in yet...” Richard lowered his eyes. “I said yes, and she starting laughing! I was almost ready to shoot my load, fucking her like my life depended on it, and she asks me if it was in yet!”

The girl at the next table was staring at Richard as he spoke. It had gotten quiet. She smiled, and spread her legs a bit more, kissing the Black man who was pleasuring her.

“Wow, and your pretty big, for a white guy,” John replied.

“You bet!” Richard said proudly. “I’m not as thick as a lot of guys, but I always thought I was long enough, you know, to pleasure a woman.” He paused. “God, was I wrong.”

“We all were. Go on,” John encouraged.

“Tracy started moving her hips, still giggling, and telling me how proud she was of me for being a good little sissy. You know, taking my hormones and wearing panties and make-up around the house. She can’t wait until I transition.

“I got hard again..., I..., er..., went a little limp when she started laughing, then, when she started telling me how good his cock felt, how it stretched her out, and how many times he made her cum. Oh, god, Joan! Her pussy was so sloppy and warm. There was so much of his cum - my baby-daddy’s cum. That’s basically what I was fucking. His cum. Her pussy was so loose, it was hard to feel her, too.

“It didn’t matter, because I came pretty quick. Even faster than usual. When she told me about sucking his big, thick, cock, and licking his heavy, black, balls, filled with his cum, before he put it in her, I came. I came so fucking hard!

“Tracy noticed, and laughed at me for cumming so quickly. Rubbing it in my face, you know? She told me how long Darius lasted. How many times they fucked. And in how many positions. And then? And then..., she made me..., asked me to..., I would have done it anyway..., I..., I..., cleaned her up. Sucked and licked the cum from her gaping, sloppy, cunt. His cum and my cum. I licked her clean. I ate my baby-daddy’s cum from her sloppy, fucking, cunt! And then, I drew her a bath and made her dinner. When I went to sleep last night – alone - I jacked off again just thinking about his huge cock and the taste of his cum, and my cum, and Tracy’s pussy juice.”

“Wow. That’s hot! Let’s stop and see Frances before we head back to our desks. Oh, did you know he has keys to most chastity devices? So, if Tracy ever, you know, locks you up.”

“I could really use one of his blowjobs right now,” Richard said.

“He’ll want to hear your story too. Shit, look at the time! I hope there’s not a line,” John said. “Let’s hurry.”

The two white-bois cleaned up their table, and the now empty table next to them, and left.

After he was done working for the day, John walked to the elevator for the executive offices. Mr. Johnson was going to introduce him to the local Black Lives Matter organization tonight, so he could begin his volunteer work for the BNWO. He wondered if he would get to suck Mr. Johnson’s big, Black, cock again. He felt his pre-lubed ass ooze as he wiggled his way into the elevator. On the way up, he checked his lipstick and pulled his pretty, pink, thong from his ass-

crack. "Damn it," John muttered, adjusting his short skirt and wiping his slimy fingers on the inside of it. "I should have worn regular panties."

Belinda Logan greeted him. "Hello, Joan! Nice to see you again!"

"Hello Mrs. Logan," John said.

"Tommy told me what a great time he had at your little club last Saturday! He's was so excited to be able to play with the other white-bois. Thank you for showing him a good time."

"My pleasure. Tommy is a nice boi."

"Oh yes, he is. Very polite. Follows the rules. I think he'd make a great sissy too. A nice addition to the BNWO cause, don't you agree?" She looked at him, smiling.

"Yes, Ma'am," John agreed. "He's very cute."

"I'm encouraging him to become more feminine. God knows he's got no chance with women. Like you and the rest of the white-bois." Mrs. Logan was Black-only, and proud of it.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Mr. Johnson had me deliver a large box of hormone replacement therapy medication to your house. Tommy tells me you have a friend that deals in that kind of stuff?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Dave." John said. Dave sells all kinds of things a white-boi needs; Dildos, butt-plugs, poppers, and recently, female hormones.

"Mr. Johnson expects the medication to be given freely to any white-boi that wants it. Or at least, heavily discounted. He expects you to encourage the other white-bois to feminize too."

"I understand. I'll make sure Tommy and Dave are aware of it, and the other bois, of course."

"Good! You can go in. Mr. Johnson is expecting you."

"Thank you, Ma'am."

John knocked on the large, heavy, doors.

"COME IN!" a strong, loud, voice boomed.

John walked in. Mr. Johnson was sitting at his desk. There was another Black man sitting across from him.

John stood quietly by the desk, feeling a little nervous.

"Joan, this is Terrance Williams. He's here interviewing for a position in our organization, and I wanted him to meet you."

"Hello, Mr. Williams," John said. He was slightly confused.

“Terrance, as I said, until a few weeks ago, Joan here was known as John. Turn around for him, John.”

Mr. Williams looked dubious.

John slowly turned around, showing off his short skirt, high heels, and tight blouse. He flicked the hair out of his eyes and smiled at Mr. Williams.

“Show Terrance your tits, Joan.”

John took a deep breath, un-did a couple of buttons, and exposed his growing breasts.

“Kinda small,” Mr. Williams commented.

“Now, show him your little, white, dick.”

John lifted up his skirt and pulled aside his panties, exposing his small, pink, chastity cage.

“Even smaller!” Mr. Williams laughed. “You weren’t kidding! And, he listens to you? Takes orders like a submissive, little, bitch?”

“Exactly!” Mr. Johnson smiled broadly. “John..., er Joan. Suck Mr. William’s cock while we finish our conversation. Show him what obedient, little, white-bois are good for.”

John turned to Mr. Williams. “May I suck your cock, while you finish your conversation, Mr. Williams?” John slowly fell to his knees in front of him and licked his lips sensually.

“Well, I’m not sure...” His eyes went from John to Mr. Johnson and back again.

“Terrance, like I said, our ultimate goal at the BNWO is to completely dominate the white race. It starts by humiliating white-bois, like John here, every chance we get. They need to be put in their place. Don’t you agree?”

“Yes, of course.”

“We both know a sissified white-boi will never replace a real woman for sex. But white-bois are naturally born feminine and submissive. Think of them like a third sex. They have great lips and a tight ass. Many have tits, like John here. And, when properly trained, they will never say no to a Black man. This can be useful to us. Very useful.”

“I see.” Mr. Williams said thoughtfully. He looked down at John, with his high-heels, pantyhose encased legs, short skirt, still exposed breasts, and wet, red, lips.

“Suck my cock, white-boi,” Mr. Williams sneered. He leaned back in his chair and spread his legs.

“Thank you, Sir..., Master...” John mumbled. He reached over to take out Mr. William’s cock, curious to see what he had between his legs. He could see the bulge of his heavy balls and found his cock snaking down his pant leg. John unzipped him and undid the man’s belt, then fished out his large, heavy, black, cock. John was not disappointed. He began to service his superior.

“So, the white-boi sucking your cock just joined the BNWO as an unpaid volunteer. His wife has been a member for a while now. And soon, his two daughters, who are already Black only. He’s currently raising his wife’s mix-raced child as well. My child. With no compensation whatsoever.”

John paused. “His child?” he thought.

“John, what is your purpose in life?”

John took his lips off of Mr. William’s cock only for a moment.

“To serve black men and women and promote the BNWO agenda whenever possible.”

He returned to sucking Mr. William’s thickening cock. It was nearly hard. John admired it for a moment before licking its entire length and lapping at his sweet, odiferous, swollen, balls.

“What about the white-women you mentioned.? I’m not sure I want to fool around with faggy white-bois, even once in a while. They’re disgusting.”

John sucked him deep. He’d show him what a white-boi could do.

“You don’t have to, of course. It’s only a small part of the master plan and there are plenty of white-women to go around. You’ve seen his cock. No woman wants that. We’ve been successful making white-women desire and even demand better sex. Now, most of them shun white-bois, and they actively seek out Black partners.”

“But what about those “happily married women”? They have a nice life and loving family. The only thing that’s missing is decent sex. And, they try to live with that. That’s where a white-boi can help.

“By conditioning them to recognize their inadequacies, and by training them to serve, they will actually encourage their wives, sisters, even their daughters and mothers to go Black. They want their women to be happy, after all. That’s why they cook, and clean, and wait on them like a devoted puppy-dog.

“A properly trained white-bois is critical They need a strong hand and a big, Black, incentive dangled in front of them. Think of it as a necessary evil. White-bois crave sex. They stroke their little dicks with two fingers whenever they get the chance. And since most of them are pussy-free, eventually they’ll turn to other white-bois for sex, wishing they were sucking a Big, Black, Cock instead. They are so jealous of the white-girls, they try to be one. So even if you don’t give it to them, let them keep a little hope. And if you do let them see it, touch it, or pleasure it once in a while, they will tell their friends, and we corrupt even more white-bois, and their families.

“Eventually, they are the ones left at home and raising our Black children. Besides that, they contribute monetarily to the cause. And, most importantly, there are still little-dicked white-bois in charge of the world. Our goal is to change that, from the inside.

“It takes a special kind of man train white-bois, I admit. Not everyone can do it. There is a delicate balance. You have to encourage them without forcing them to begin with. Make them

crave black cock and only let them taste it once in a while. Lock them up, and keep them horny and compliant.

“Although, when you are face-fucking a stupid white-boi, or when you are fucking his tight, little, ass harder than most bitches can take it. It can be very rewarding. They don’t complain. They don’t want you to buy them dinner. Hell, this one ate my ass, and a dozen others last week without complaint, for hours. You can take out a little aggression on them, humiliate them, spit on them, and they’ll come back for more.”

“Hmmm, I’m starting to see the attraction.”

“Think of it as reparations. We get ours, while paying whitey back for generations of disrespect, and worse.”

Mr. William’s looked thoughtful for a moment. He looked at John still sucking his cock and grabbed John’s head with both hands. He started fucking John’s face, driving his cock deep. He felt John’s throat constricting and he forcefully pushed through the soft barrier. John gagged, and tried to relax his throat, breathing when he had the chance.

“If you want this kind of power, Terrance. Power over white-bois and their women. You should join us....” Mr. Johnson paused.

John choked on Mr. William’s thick cock. Spittle ran down his chin in long, heavy, slimy, strings.

“Gaack!”

“Gaack!”

“Gaack!”

“Gaack!”

“You can help us change the world, Terrance.”

Mr. Williams fucked John’s face harder and faster. He treated John as if he were a fuck-toy, not a person.

“Gack!”

“Gack!”

“Gack!”

“Gack!”

Mr. Williams grunted and held John tightly to his crotch as he unloaded his thick, potent, sperm down John’s throat. He slammed his cock into him three more times, shooting large amounts of thick, creamy, fluids with each thrust. He again held him tight, grinding into John, as he pumped and oozed his remaining ejaculate.

When Mr. Williams finally released his grip, John pulled his bright, red, face off of Mr. Williams' cock in one long, slow, motion. He took a deep, shaking, breath, slurping his spit, and filling his lungs with precious air.

"Count me in," Mr. Williams stated. "What's the job description? What exactly do you want me to do?"

"We'd like you to start a new marketing and advertising initiative to further normalize Black on white sex. Use your advanced degrees to manipulate weak-minded bois like John here. I need to take a step back to focus on politics. We have an immigration reform bill just sitting in committee for months. And, we have a new breeding facility opening soon. With you taking over, and improving our marketing and media incentives, I think we can both accomplish great things.

"You'll have a generous porn budget. But we expect to make a profit on every movie. This should be a money maker, and we need to dominate this portion of the industry. Growth is steadily rising. Once we tip the scale, it should exponential. We also want new sites; whatever our competition is doing, we do it better. And cheaper. Perhaps buyout offers to up and coming websites. Buy their infrastructure. If we can't buy existing sites, then we'll infiltrate and influence white-dominated sites to push more interracial porn. To summarize, your job description is to do whatever is necessary indoctrinate more white-bois and white-women to the cause. Use science to improve conditioning, reinforcement, and hypnosis.

"I especially want you to focus on feminization and lifestyles. Make them weak, and make cuckolding normal. Expected, even. Black superiority should be 'normal'. I want you to drive more white-bois into very specific porn. Not only interracial, but with heavy humiliation, cum eating, pegging, hypnosis, feminization, the works! We've been doing great with our Black on white porn, convincing white-women to go Black. But we never expected the overwhelming positive response from the white-bois. But it makes perfect sense, once you understand their psyche. Terrance, we want you to take it to the next level.

"Your title will be our 'Director of Internet and Social Media Content' With the possibility of becoming a VP, if things work out like I know they will. This is big. We want market saturation. With at least one popular account on all of the top sites. Even the R-rated sites. PG also. We want a voice everywhere.

"And, one more thing. A pet project of mine, if you have no objections. I want you to promote John here, and his white-boi club across social media. Not your top priority, of course. And, I don't mind if you delegate. Just keep an eye on things, as a personal favor to me."

"Ah, the white-boi club you mentioned. Sounds fascinating. I could see that taking off."

"I was thinking of live-streaming their meetings. Get a few thousand followers. That's a few thousand white-bois who pay us while we corrupt them. Maybe a podcast. Look into organizing a grass-roots campaign to start even more clubs. We might want one in every Shaftman's location in the US and Canada. The more pussy-free, compliant, white-bois we have in this world, the better. For now. And, as a benefit, you can use their families for your Black propaganda porn. They already made a ton of porn on their own. Whatever you decide, you are

in charge, even granny porn, if think there's a market for it. John's mother recently went Black-only, didn't she John?"

John nodded, remembering when he first saw the pussy that birthed him stuffed, spread, and fucked by Big, Black, Cock.

"Hmm, the older generation's acceptance of interracial sex? There could be an angle there. Maybe plant some network interviews on the growing mixed-race population explosion."

"I knew you were the right man, Terrance." Mr. Johnson stood up. "Our lawyers will send over the consent forms. Names and addresses, their dossiers too."

John reluctantly stopped lapping and suckling Mr. Williams' cock to allow him to stand up to shake Mr. Johnson's hand, first giving it a kiss, before tucking away his massive slab of dark, black, meat. He had heard everything the men said, of course. And he was OK with it. He knew the BNWO was inevitable, so he might as well do what he could to move it along faster. He considered his actions noble. Spreading the truth about BBC, natural selection, improving man's genetic traits, and encouraging white-women to enjoy the exquisite joys of interracial sex. That way, everyone is happy.

"John, go get cleaned-up while Mr. Williams and I finalize some details. Your make-up is a mess."

"Yes, Sir." John started to turn away.

"Aren't you forgetting something, John?"

"Thank you for letting me suck your cock, Mr. Willimans... Master..."

"Mr. Williams is fine..., for now. Damn! What a weak-sissy-slut-faggot-white-piece-of-shit, you are, John."

"Thank you, Sir." John looked at the ground before standing up. He nodded, almost bowing, to the two black men, before walking towards the door.

"Excellent!" Mr. Johnson said. "I expect you two to get along famously! Use him whenever you wish, Terrance. I'll have my secretary e-mail you his contact info. There are other white-bois like him working at Shaftman's too. Use them. Use their families. I'll introduce you to his friend's wives and daughters. And, I'll have Rachael, his wife, schedule one of John's famous parties I told you about. And you should check out their white-boi club. It's a hoot."

"I'd like that. Get to know the enemy, so to speak."

"You'll find there are no enemies here, Terrance. They are on our side already."

Mr. Williams laughed loudly.

"If you want some extra expense money, the stupid whiteys will pay just to see your dick. And more, if you let them. But make sure they know who's boss. Think of it as BNWO training. And, don't you dare them a discount. It all goes to your entertainment expenses. Just make sure you are pushing the cause."

“I feel like a pimp.”

“Speaking of which, I’ll set you up with John’s wife. That will give you an excuse to meet them. Rachael is a hot fuck, but I’m ready to move on. His daughters are prime. And ripe.”

“I can’t wait to get started!”

“What kind of company car do you want, Terrance. SUV, sports car, truck? Take a look at the first-floor designated parking, and let me know.”

John returned to Mr. Johnson’s office after freshening his make-up. The door was opened, but he knocked anyway. Mr. Johnson waved him in.

“Nice work, John. I knew I could count on you. You’re such an obedient, white-boi.”

John kept quiet, but basked in his praise.

“Now then, I’m taking you to our local Black Lives Matter office. It’s a front for the BNWO, of course, and not everyone there knows, so be on your best behavior.”

“Of course, Sir.”

“Let’s go. I’ll explain more on the way.”

The two took the elevator to the parking garage, where John and Mr. Williams drove away in a large, black, SUV.

“You’ll do whatever they need you to do, John. There is a recruitment drive going on, so helping to organize, hanging posters, cleaning up, sucking a few cocks, whatever you can do to raise awareness and bring people in the door. Just be a typical, sissy-white-boi for the BNWO. Be an example. Strut your stuff. I’m sure you’ll make me proud.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“And, I don’t have to explain what happens to bad, little, white-bois, do I?”

“No, Sir.”

“You’re getting in deep, John. But I have faith in you. Just don’t disappoint us, got it?”

“Yes, Sir. I mean no, Sir.”

“As an incentive, and if – I said ‘IF’, you continue on this path, there might be an opportunity for you to participate in one of our white-boi breeding programs.”

“Breeding program? For white-bois, Sir? I’d be allowed to breed? With a woman? But I thought—”

“Don’t be stupid, John. You won’t get to fuck a girl. Ever! You’ll simply provide a sample, in the most humiliating way possible of course. It typically includes anal stimulation, nipple

pressure, ball-busting, whatever kinks the on-call doctor enjoys. And if your sperm is still viable, we might use it.”

“But, why?” John asked. He thought the elimination of the white race was the ultimate goal of the BNWO. Then, he caught himself. “Sorry, for my impertinence, Sir.”

“I’ll allow it for now, but you better learn your place quickly. No questions. No refusals. The answer is that many of us in leadership roles don’t want to see the white race eliminated, not entirely. We like fucking white-bitches with pale skin and long, blonde hair. Like a find desert, we like chocolate as well as vanilla. But with vanilla, we get to have fun humiliating little-dicked white-bois like yourself. So, we don’t want your race to disappear. We want controlled breeding, with the right donors, and your offspring raised in the proper environment. There are real possibilities there.

“And you check all the boxes, John. You are a prototypical example of the perfect white-boi. Submissive, small framed, weak, with an exceptionally small penis, of course. You had very high estrogen and low testosterone levels naturally, even before you started therapy.

“With your weak, genetic dispositions, you typically create attractive females, as long as your mate is attractive. That’s where your hormone levels are beneficial. And male children should take after you, of course.

“We are actively breeding for those specific traits. We need more sissy-white-bois to join the cause. We are also looking other options, like genetic modifications – to make your cocks even smaller, perhaps to where they are non-functional. We also have insiders at major invitro fertilization clinics, ensuring only the weakest white-sperm is used for fertilization. We’ve even considered a virus, or adding something to the water supply, to make your entire race more feminine.

“Well, I’m getting ahead of myself. Forget I said anything, John. That’s an order.”

“Yes, Sir. May I ask a question, Sir.”

“Make it quick.”

“Who would raise my children?”

“I can see how that might interest you. It depends. Someone within the BNWO organization, of course. It could even be you, since you are already raising your mixed-race son, actually my son, with more on the way. And your two Black-only daughters seem to be indoctrinated nicely. Plenty of good influences in your household. So, it’s a definite possibility. If you were given your own white-boi to raise, I’d expect him to be just like you. Submissive, obedient, and knowing his place in the New World Order, understand?”

“Yes, Sir. Of course, Sir.” John’s mind was racing! More on the way? Is Rachael pregnant? His daughters, maybe? Wow! He’d have to start a freaking daycare! And another son. Just like him. His own boy. He would raise him right and teach him how to be a weak, white-boi in the Black New World Order. He’d teach him how to keep a clean house and how to clean up sloppy pussies. He would teach him be subservient to Black-men and how show Black Masters the

proper reverence. And, how to pleasure BBC. He could teach him how to take BBC without crying. Maybe they could even suck cock together? That would be fun! Oh, god! Just to watch his son take his first Big, Black, Cock up his sissy-white-boi-pussy!

“Please Sir. I’d do anything!”

“I know you would, John. You are a good white-boi, so far, anyway.”

John beamed. Mr. Johnson seemed to like calling him by his boi name when in private. Probably to humiliate him further and remind him that he only a sissy and no longer a man, even if he is dressed in women’s clothing. John didn’t care. He was getting used to the humiliation that came with being a white-boi in the BNWO. In truth, he was starting to enjoy it.

“And one last thing. About my son. Our son. I want him raised properly. Teach him how to treat white-bois and white-women; that they are put on earth for his amusement. I expect him be using your mouth or fucking you whenever there are no white-bitches around. And I want him regularly fucking your women, and all of your friend’s women, too. I want my lineage to live forever. Understand?”

“Absolutely! I’ll treat him right, Sir. I’ll make sure everyone treats him right!”

“Good boi.”

Mr. Johnson drove past the building before pulling into the back parking lot. John noticed the building had a prominent Black Lives Matter banner across the front, and seemed to be recently remodeled. He noticed a few black men hanging out in the parking lot. He smiled at them and waved.

“Keep your panties on, John. You have work to do.”

John followed Mr. Johnson into the back door and proudly showed his BNWO membership card to the security guard.

He took a look around. There was a lot of activity. A lot of Black people, and quite a few pretty white-women. John wondered how many of them were white-bois like him.

A white couple noticed Mr. Johnson and came to greet them.

“Hello, Malcom!”

“Joan, this is Senator Thomas Sloan, and his wife Sonya.” Mr. Johnson kissed Sonya on the lips and cupped her ass. Right in front of the Senator, who was basically ignored. John immediately understood. The senator was a cuckhold, just like him. His wife was gorgeous. Tall. Blonde. Huge tits.

“Is this one of your projects, Malcom?” Sonya asked, extending her hand to John.

John shook her hand weakly. “Malcom? He had forgotten his name. Malcom was his son’s name. It all made sense now.”

“Yes, this is John. Or Joan. Whatever.”

“Oh! Hello, Joan! You look so cute! So slutty!” She looked John over. “I wish my Thomas would dress up like that, in public anyway. It would be so hot to watch him give a speech in a short skirt like yours, wearing pretty pink panties, with his little wiener locked up tight, and a big, black, butt-plug up his ass!” She laughed. Senator Sloan looked embarrassed. John wondered if he was wearing those things underneath his expensive, tailored suit, right now.

“How’s our Immigration bill coming along, Senator. You know how important that is to us. To all of us.” Mr. Johnson said. “There are a lot of safe-houses waiting for our African immigrants.”

“Yes, that’s what we came by to discuss, Mr. Johnson,” Senator Sloan said. “Can I speak openly?” He looked at John.

“John is a real up and comer in our organization. You can trust him. He knows his place.”

“I see. Well, we’ve run into some opposition, but Sonya has an idea. She’d like to hold a ‘ladies tea’ and invite the opposition’s wives. Perhaps convince them to become sponsors. We think you can help us turn a couple of my colleagues to the cause, by starting with their women.”

“Of course. I assume you want to hire some of my staff to assist the lovely ladies with their afternoon soiree? Maybe some photographic evidence as well, if it comes to that?”

“We think alike, Malcom,” Sonya said. “It would be best to turn their husbands into submissive duplicates of Thomas here..., or John. But, one step at a time.”

“Let’s discuss the details in my office,” Mr. Johnson said. He waved over a strong looking Black woman.

“John, this is Shantrel. Shantrel, we have a new recruit. This is John. Joan. Whatever. Obey her as if it were me, John.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Follow me, cracker,” Shantrel said. She led him into a small office and closed the door behind her, locking it. She then shoved John against the wall, holding the smaller man by the neck.

“Listen, whitey! Lesson number one. These are my men. Me and my sisters. This is our crib. Understand?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

SLAP!

“SHUT THE FUCK UP! Lesson two, keep your sissy-white-boi mouth closed, unless you’re sucking a big, fat, black, dick, or slurping on my pussy!”

John nodded his head. Vigorously.

“And, don’t think you and your white-black-baby-factories can take our men away. The Black men are number one around here. We are number two - my sisters and I - and white-bitches and

you sissy-faggots are way down the food chain. You are lower than a fuck mongrel dog! Understand?"

John nodded.

SLAP!

"I SAID UNDERSTAND?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Yes. I understand!"

"Now, see this?" Shantrel held up a huge, black, dildo in a harness. You have five seconds to drop your pants and lube your sissy-white-pussy. If you don't have any lube, suck it clean and spit on it. Otherwise, it's going in dry."

John smelled it when she held it in front of his face. It didn't look or smell clean. John quickly dropped his panties and squirted a generous amount of lube into his hand before greasing up his pussy. He wiped the rest onto the dildo, the more lube the better.

"Pretty smart, for a white-boi. Assume the position!"

John braced himself by placing his hands on the desk. He wondered how many white-boi volunteers met this very fate. He extended his ass and looked over his shoulder. Shantrel was stepping into the harness. The black phallus looked huge. She tightened the straps aggressively.

"Uh, oh..." John said under his breath as she walked towards him. He tried to steady his nerves and took a long, deep, breath. He immediately felt the dildo against his asshole. The dildo was hard and cold. Very hard. Very cold.

Shantrel didn't waste any time. She pushed into John firmly, forcing her way past his tight, little, ring. She never stopped until she could go no further.

John bit his lip to keep from crying out.

"Mmmmmph!"

"Yeah? You like that white-boi? You like that Big, Black, Dick? You gonna moan like a little bitch for me, white-boi? Are you?"

She pulled out steadily until she saw the flared head of her fake cock extending from his ring. Then, she pushed it in again, until she once again bottomed out in John's sissy, boi-cunt. She ground her generous hips into him, rearranging his bowels. Then, she started to fuck. Hard. Aggressive. Fast. She started slapping his ass.

"Listen whitey! Don't you ever wiggle your sissy-white-ass around our men without first asking my permission. Understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" John shouted.

"THAT'S YES, MISTRESS SHANTREL, BITCH!"

“YES, MISTRESS SHANTREL! YES!”

“And, don’t ever think your weak, white, bitches will ever take our place. You and your white-sluts are just toys for us to use, got it?”

“YES, MISTRESS SHANTREL! I’M A TOY FOR YOU TO USE!”

“Malcom said you were an obedient little, bitch. We are going to have fun with you!”

Shantrell fucked him hard, until she was breathing hard, nearly matching John’s gasps. She kept slapping his ass, alternating hands, until his cheeks were bright red.

“You white-bois need to learn your place. You need to respect us Black-women. You need to be fear us, because WE WILL FUCK YOU UP!”

John couldn’t help himself. The tingles started. His knees shook. He squirted!

“Eeeeeiiii!” John squealed. He pumped his worthless, pathetic, load on the cold tile floor.

“DID YOU JUST CUM, WHITE-BOI? WITHOUT PERMISSION????”

Shantrel pulled the cock from John’s ass and spun him around.

“CLEAN IT!”

John fell to his knees and tried to engulf the dirty phallus with his mouth, Shantrel slapped his face with, waving it back and forth, smacking him repeatedly before John was able to capture it. He quickly sucked and slurped it clean. The taste of ass and lube filled his mouth. Shantrel grabbed his hair and fucked his mouth a few times before stepping away to catch her breath. She undid the straps and dropped the device onto the floor.

“Clean this mess up, bitch. Put on these clothes, grab a pair of heels from the shelf, and meet me by the front door.”

“Yes, Mistress Shantrel.” John picked up the dildo and looked around for a rag to wipe up his sperm.

“No, use your tongue. I want to watch.”

Holding the dildo, still warm from his ass, he lapped up his meager sperm, searching for every drop and dribble. He looked up at her.

“Remember this every time you think of crossing me, whitey. Welcome to the BNWO”.

As Shantrel walled to the door, she muttered, .“Stupid-fucking-white-bois.”

John looked at the clothes laid out for him; a Black Lives Matters t-shirt. Pink hot pants, and pink fishnet stocking. He put his clothes in a basket while wishing he had worn a bra today. The shirt was thin and a little tight. His tiny breasts and protruding nipples were prominently displayed.

“More humiliation,” John sighed, seeing his chastity cage clearly outlined in the tight hot-pants.

He looked for the shoes. They were all stilettos. Pink. He found a pair in his size and teetered around in them to get his balance. He had never worn anything so high before. His toes were crammed into them almost painfully, and each step made his ass stick out and wiggle provocatively.

He went to find Mistress Shantrel.

“Well, don’t you look cute!” Shantrel sneered. “Here take this, let’s go.” She handed John a large box containing Black Lives Matters posters, tape, and a stapler.

He followed Shantrel out the front door, walking past both Black people, and white-women. His face turned red as he clicked his way onto the sidewalk. He heard the giggles as the door closed behind him. He followed Shantrel down the street, wiggling his ass and tottering on his heels.

“Now, the goal here is to put up posters in a one-mile radius, bitch. We want Black men and white sluts to come to the BLM building and untimely join the BNWO, Understand?”

“Yes, Mistress Shantrel, but why do I have to dress like this?” John replied softly, nearly expecting to be slapped again.

“Malcom says people need to see how pathetic a white-boi can be, to normalize your humiliation. And we are going to use your body and your white-boi lips to entice Black men to join the movement.

“The men get BNWO training, and you white-whores get turned into Black-only sluts and cock-sucking sissies. You up for that?”

“Yes, Mistress Shantrel.”

“Good.”

John watched her pull out a fat joint and light up. She took a deep hit. She blew the smoke in his face. “Get busy, bitch!” She waved her arm and pointed to the street lamp at the corner. John clicked his way to the pole and taped up a poster. Then, he went to the other corners and hung up more.

“Nice...,” Shantrel said, watching his ass wiggle. She gave it a slap. John noticed her eyes were glazing over. “Wanna hit, whitey?”

John hesitated. “What the hell,” he thought. Maybe it will make the day go faster. He took a huge toke and held it in. Then one more. He wasn’t used to smoking pot, not having any since college.

Shantrel gave him a push and they walked to the next corner. John slowly noticed his heels clicking on the pavement. They seemed to be getting louder with each step. He was getting high. He soon became fucked up.

“What was in that shit?” he wondered. He clumsily hung more posters at the next corner, and they walked to the next street.

Passing an alley, Shantrell called out to some Black guys leaning against the wall. “Hey, guys! What up?”

The group quickly surrounded them. John’s face turned red as they eyed him up and down. One guy groped his ass.

“We are working for Black Lives Matter,” Shantrel said. “You should check it out!”

“What’s in it for us, sugar?”

“Yeah, we ain’t got time to be putting up posters and shit!”

“Reparations, my brothers,” Shantrell said. “Reparations.” She lit another joint and passed it around.

“How do we get reparations?” one man asked.

“We take it. We take it from the man. We take it from white-bois like this bitch.”

“He’s a white-boi?” The guy looked at John closer, noticing his chastity cage pressed against his hot pants.

They laughed. The man twisted both of John’s nipples, leaving them fat and swollen.

“What’s he got that I would want?” another asked.

“He’s got a mouth and he’s got a tight, white, boi-pussy. And, he’s an obedient little slut to Black men, aren’t you bitch?”

“Yes, Mistress Shantrel.”

“You want whitey here to suck your dick?” Shantrel asked the men.

“I’d rather have your lips, honey.”

“You can have both. Come on, I’ll tell you about the BLM movement while this slutty bitch takes care of you all.”

John followed Shantrel and the young men into the alley.

When they were deeper into the darkness, Shantrel kindly passed John the joint and then told him to get busy.

John took another huge hit and fell to his knees. He looked up at the closest man.

“May I suck your cock, Master?”

They all laughed.

“Hell, yes, you can suck my cock, you faggot white-boi. Hey! This cracker called me master!”

“I’m next!” someone shouted. “Are all white-bois in Black Lives Matter like this?”

“Most of ‘em,” Shantrel said. “With your help, all of them.”

John pulled out the man’s long, fleshy, cock and briefly wondered if any Black man had a normal-sized cock. “Probably not. Maybe a rare genetic outlier.”

He did his best to pleasure the man while Shantrel told them all about BLM; besides sex, they’ll get free training (“to teach you how to take what you want from whitey”), and she went into detail about the hot, white-women and sissy white-bois who volunteer, and are looking for Big, Black, Cock.

John felt someone groping his ass. Then, he felt his hot pants being pulled off. He helped the man while never taking his mouth off of the cock in front of him. He felt the man rip a hole in his pink, fishnet, panty-hose and tugged aside his thong..

The man behind him mentioned he had a pretty pussy just before he felt a massive, hard, cock pressing against his hole. He was actually grateful Shantrel had stretched him out earlier. The man fucked him deep and slow, sending tingles down John’s spine.

With the pleasant buzz in his head, his lips wrapped around a tasty Black Cock, and with his boi-pussy stuffed with BBC, John smiled, enjoying his new life of Black servitude. He saw Shantrel sucking someone’s cock while she shimmied out of her panties, only after receiving promises that the men would be visiting her office soon.

The man in his mouth came without warning. John swallowed awkwardly, sending thick cum into his sinus cavity. He sniffed and swallowed and gulped down the warm, thick, never ending, goo.

When the man finished, John gently sucked and lapped at the man’s cock, trying to get the last bits of cum. But he was pushed away, and another took his place. It was even larger, John realized, as he began sucking his third BBC of the day.

The man in his ass grabbed his hips and began to take control, fucking him fast and hard. John grunted, his body heaving, and he felt his pantyhose ripping at his knees.

The man filled his ass with a huge load of thick, potent, sperm, driving deep. John felt the warmth inside of his bowels. The man fucked John for a few more strokes, then pulled out and wiped his dick on John’s discarded pants. Soon, the man in his mouth came, sending another huge load into his belly.

John licked his lips, searching for more. The men put away their cocks, thanked Shantrel, promised to volunteer for the cause, and walked away.

“Thank you for fucking me!” John yelled after them. “And thanks for letting me suck your cocks!”

The men laughed.

As John was getting dressed, another Black man stumbled into the alley.

“Those guys said I could get my cock sucked by some cute white-boi,” the man said. He looked like a bum. Dirty and unshaven.

Shantrel pointed to John.

“He is cute,” the man said. “I ain’t had a white-boi’s lips on my cock for years!”

“It’s your lucky day, then.” Shantrel said.

John waited on his knees while the man took out his cock. It was nice and long. Uncircumcised, with a thick, Black, foreskin. John smelled it. It smelled dirty. John tasted it. It tasted like piss and smegma. Without hesitation, he cleaned it with his tongue, pulling back the foreskin and running his tongue around the stiffening head.

He began bobbing his head up and down, trying to get the man to cum. He knew he has more posters to hang, and it would soon be dark. In his buzzed condition, even the man’s funky taste was pleasant, filling his senses with heady, Black. pheromones. He breathed deep.

“Yo, bitch!” Shantrel said.

John looked up.

“I’m leaving. When you get done hanging all the posters, you can go home.”

“How will I get home?” John asked. “What about my clothes?” He quickly added, “Mistress.”

Shantrel shrugged. “That’s your problem. The office will be closed soon. I guess you can catch a bus, or maybe ask one of your new friends.” She pointed at the bum and laughed as she waked away.

John kept sucking. His mouth was getting tired, being stretched open for so long. The man took ages to cum, finally grunting and filling John’s mouth with more potent, but foul tasting, sperm.

“Thanks, boi,” the man said, and almost swaying on his feet. “Are you coming back tomorrow?”

“I’ll be around a lot,” John promised. “I volunteer at the Black Lives Matter office, the next block over.”

“Nice! See you around. I’ll tell all my friends about you.”

The man acted like he was doing John a favor. Maybe he was.

“Thank you for letting me suck your cock, Master.” John almost forgot to thank him!

He adjusted his clothes, found his shorts, and inspected his torn stockings and scratched knees. He found his purse tossed behind dumpster. His wallet was missing. “Oh, great!”

He limped out of the alley and finished putting up the rest of the posters, walking up and down the mostly empty streets. His ass was leaking lube and cum, and he was sure his tight, pink, shorts had a huge wet stain in the back by now, just like his leaking dicklet had caused a stain in

the front. He wished he had brought a butt-plug, and resolved to keep one up his ass, or at least a keep spare in his purse.

After hanging the last poster, with the sun sinking below the horizon, he discarded the empty box in the trash, but placed the tape and stapler in his purse. "Shantrel will fuck me up if I come back without them," he theorized. His calves hurt from the stiletto heels, his mouth was tired, and his ass was burning and leaking. He had to ignore the cat calls from passers-by, and while wanting to pleasure more Black men, he was just too tired.

He called his wife for a ride, but she just laughed at him. Richard didn't answer.

He finally found a bus stop and waited in the darkness. Realizing he had no way to pay, he asked strangers for money. All refused, but one Black man suggested he suck his cock for the bus fare. John agreed, and blew him in the bushes. The man gave him five bucks. He hoped it was enough. If not, he would do what he had to do.

On the bus, John sat in the back and passed the time watching people come and go. He automatically looked at every Black man's crotch, estimating its size. John felt good about his work today. He helped the BNWO by get new recruits and even more should show up to the BLM office, with the downtown area covered in posters. And, he showed them how a white-boi can serve them in the BNWO. Not to mention all the BBC he received today.

As he mused about his day, a young Black man noticed him and stood right in front of him, as if he was waiting for something. John was eye level to his crotch, and he stared at it. Finally, the man pulled out his large cock and waved it at him.

John automatically reached for it and started stroking and sucking, cupping his balls with his other hand.

"I knew it. Another sissy-white-faggot, working for BLM just to suck some BBC."

"He isn't too far off," John thought, as he sucked yet another Big, Black, Cock. He noticed a young girl filming him with her phone. John proudly showed off his Black Lives Matter shirt while he sucked and smiled for the camera.

Life was good.

John set down another box of tissues, getting ready for the weekly white-boi-club meeting. There should be good attendance tonight, so they'd need extra tissues for all the useless white-boi sperm they would be discarding tonight.

John had been getting a lot of inquiries at work about people wanting to join. He even asked Mr. Johnson if he was giving people his contact information. Mr. Johnson confirmed it, since he liked the idea of the white-boi-club and wanted to promote it as part of the BNWO.

Most of the people contacting him were sexy white women, wanting him to call their husbands, sons and brothers and convinced them to join the club. However, most of the guys he called had

no idea what the club was about. They'd just mention their wives, mothers, or sisters suggest it, and gave them John's phone number, suggesting it would be fun for them.

While it would be fun, the women were leaving it to John to convince the clueless white-bois. It was obvious some didn't even know they were being cuckolded by strong, Black, men.

Maybe he should make a pamphlet for the women of the office to hand out? He'd would add it to the agenda for tonight. Maybe have a sub-committee work on it. Or, what about an automated 800 number? "Press 1 if you're a little-dicked-white-boi who wants to make friends with other pathetic white-bois. Press 2 if you are a sexless cuck and want more information. Press 3 for a membership information, form, and a \$20 processing fee."

"Hmmm," John thought. The ideas have possibilities. Maybe they needed to hold a membership drive or hold a seminar? He would ask for a meeting with Mr. Williams next week, he decided. Maybe he could help?

His thoughts were interrupted by his front door opening, after a quick, staccato, knock. It was Tommy, the son of Mr. Johnson's secretary.

"I wanted to get here early. Mom bought me some new panties and party clothes, and I was wondering if you could help me put on a little make-up? Not a lot, just enough to make me prettier."

Tommy showed off his new, lacey, panties and held up his flimsy negligee.

"Of course!"

John was applying make-up to Tommy, when his daughter Kayla interrupted.

"Hey losers!"

John introduced his daughter to Tommy.

"Hello Kayla. Gosh, you are pretty."

"Ewww! Gross! You're disgusting, white-boi! Don't talk to me! Daddy, I need some money. Cash. Kimmy and me are going out with the guys. A few hundred should do it. I told them I'd make you buy tonight. Some kind of underground club. Probably an orgy later. Mom told us about the place."

John handed her three hundred dollars from the tip money he had earned at yesterday's budget meeting. His ass was still sore.

"Thanks, daddy!" She turned away, then back. "Oh, I think I'm pregnant. I hope it's Isaiah baby." She turned away, and then back once more. "Kimmy might be pregnant too. She is such a copy-cat!"

"I thought mom said to wait until you were sixteen?"

"Daddy! This is what happens when white-girls have sex with Black guys! Duh!"

“I’m going to be a grandpa,” John thought. He wondered if his wife Rachael was pregnant too. Mr. Johnson hinted as much.

“Congrats!” Tommy said. “White-girls are so lucky! Getting BBC all the time and getting knocked-up with Black babies. I’m so jelly!”

John played the good host, greeting the new members and welcoming the old. When one new recruit saw two guys humping each other on the John’s couch, the white-boi asked, “Is that a girl? Are they fucking?”

John looked over. “No,” John replied, “Just two white-bois rubbing their little nubs together. Pre-cum is a great lubricant. With a little make-up and some pretty clothes, it’s almost like having sex with a real girl.”

“Oh! Nice!”

As John was bringing in extra chairs from the dining room, Tommy came up to him. He looked so cute in his make-up, panties, and skimpy lingerie.

“Can I play with your tits again tonight, John? I like doing it with you. It’s almost like having sex with a real girl. And, I’ll never know what that feels like.”

“Uh, uh,” John thought, “Richard has some competition.” He knew Big Dick wouldn’t care if he fooled around. Besides, the kid was cute. Not real masculine, but he was sexy and admired John very much. “Yeah, sure. Come find me later, I’ll let you play with them. We can kiss and stuff. I’ll try to act real girly for you.”

“Thanks, John! I mean, Joan.” He blushed.

John and Richard were becoming popular during the WBC meetings. since their titties have gotten noticeable. Most of the white-bois had only seen real breasts on the internet. And the opportunity to touch them and actually suck on a real fleshy, tit, was a tremendous turn on.

When Richard arrived, John pulled him aside and told him how he had promised to fool around with Tommy tonight. “It’s not fair I get to always play with the biggest dick in the club. Your five-incher should be shared with the rest of the guys.”

“Really? Who wants this little thing when we have so many black dildos available?”

“I know, right? Hey I have something to show you, girlfriend,” John said to Big-Dick. He flipped up the front of his skirt and pulled away his panties to expose his pink chastity cage.

“Tada! I put a condom over it” John said. “It’s less messy this way, especially during an edging session.”

“Great idea,” Richard said. His dick was always leaking. He noticed the color of the condom matched John’s chastity cage. “He always was fashionable,” Richard thought.

“Oh, and the wife’s happy that I don’t drip on the furniture. And, I like that it doesn’t stain my skirt. Or my panties, if I’m wearing any.”

“But you can’t...,” Richard said. Then, he made a groin-to-mouth movement while looking John in the eyes.

“Yeah, bummer. I love pre-cum too. But then again..., you know,” John pointed to his crotch. “Later?”

“Almost a mouthful,” Richard said.

“Exactly! Besides, I dribbled on her leg yesterday, and I don’t want to make her any madder. She might take away my vibrator, and she gets pissed if I try to use hers. It’s been different since she..., uh..., since she found out I was letting myself out of chastity. She was really mad. Now, she keeps the key around her neck and wears it all the time. She is always fingering it. Teasing me. I haven’t been let out in almost a week. And, she loves it when people ask her about it.”

“It’s a key, but not to my husband’s heart.” John mimicked. “Then, she asks me if I want to show everyone what it’s for.”

“Brutal,” Richard said.

“Yeah, but I deserve it.” John said, then soliloquized, “You know, a chastity cage really keeps you from stroking your little dick constantly. And, it’s so much harder to cum now – great for edging while watching interracial porn, you can goon for hours! I know if I’m going to try work up an orgasm, I’m going to need an afternoon rubbing my little-caged-clit with a vibrator and with a stiff dildo up my ass. Rachael will peg me sometimes, usually as a punishment, or if she had a bad day, but if she’s in a good mood, and if I ask her nice, she might peg me until I cum, humiliating me the whole time. She can be nice when she wants and I kinda like it when she gets rough. Though, she doesn’t have much patience with me.

“I had more orgasms when she liked to ruin them, laughing at my squirts after stroking me a minute or two. Sometimes she’d slap my dick as I was cumming, or flick my balls with her fingernails; maybe squeeze them - I never knew what she was going to do – smear my cum in my face, make me lick her fingers, eat her ass - it was all part of the fun. Of course, she’d make me lick up every drop, especially her shoes - even if there wasn’t cum on them. There I’d be, cum dripping from my ruined orgasm, while I’m on the floor licking her feet while thanking her for letting me to cum.”

John looked thoughtful. “Ah, those were the good ol’ days. Of course, I can cum pretty easily while getting fucked by a black-guy, but how often can I count on that to happen?”

“There’s always the budget meetings,” Richard said. “That was wild! I never ate so much ass in my life! Thanks for getting me in!”

“Yeah, it’s kind of a tradition, I guess. What did you think of Mr. Williams?”

“He’s got a great cock,” Richard said. “Oh, you mean him helping with the club? It sounds great. It could really help the cause. But Tracy didn’t want to let me out of my cage when I got home. I hope she doesn’t start locking me up all the time.”

“I’m sure she will. She hangs out with my wife, and Rachael says all white-bois need to be permanently locked, just like the Black man was shackled for so many years. It may be one of the tenants of the BNWO, I’m not sure, but enjoy it while you can.”

“Did you make a copy of the key while you had the chance?”

“No, Rachael would kill me if she found out. It’s like cheating on her, she says. Besides, I’m starting to like being locked all the time. I don’t know..., I feel safe. And, it is useless after all.

“Still, things are looking up! I’m volunteering with Black Lives Matter, and meeting a lot of BNWO executives at work. I told you I met a congressman and his Black only wife. It was a lot of fun, but a lot of work too.

“Yeah, again, I’m sorry I didn’t answer my phone. But, like I said, Tracy let me watch her and Mr. King from the closet. After he left, she let me fuck her again and clean her up while she told me about her day, how she was feeling, and stuff. Then, I fell asleep.”

“No worries. I might start riding the bus more anyway. Saves gas, and you get to meet a lot of interesting people. If you’re told to volunteer, make sure you bring lube and a butt-plug with you.

“Oh! That reminds me! I bought a new dildo. You just have to see it. About this big,” he held out his hands. “And thick. As thick as a real one. Black of course. And a bought a new butt plug. I got you one too. Thick, deep, and comfortable. I’ve been wearing mine all day.”

Richard kissed John with passion, thanking him for the gift. Of course, he immediately put it up his ass and wiggled appreciatively.

After the whiteboi-club was called to order, John led his friends through various matters of business. They voted on three new members (all were accepted, they were cute!).

They approved John’s suggestion to assign a mentor to each new member. As he explained, “I had lunch with a new recruit, he and he thought we were some kind of racist organization, when we are the opposite of racists. We worship Black people. And when they let us, we worship their cocks too.”

They also voted Richard as vice-president, and tentatively approved live-streaming of all future meetings, with tonight being a trial run. The recording would start at the end of business, but not broadcast yet. John mentioned a possible website which had the white-bois murmuring with excitement. Masks were provided to anyone who wanted to remain anonymous. It turned out to be a great idea, since behind the masks, the white-bois acted even more goofy, sexy, and pitiful, waving their little dicks for the camera, and putting on a show by sucking their Big, Black, Cock Dildoes (BBCDs) and showing off their panties. Many were looking forward to becoming ‘Internet Famous’ and being good role models for other pathetic white-bois.

John also mentioned he was trying to arrange a tattoo artist for next week’s meeting and displayed various BLM, BNWO, sissy tramp stamps, and Jack of Spade designs.

With that, John had the cameras turned on, and adjourned the ‘official meeting’.

“If there is no more business, I officially adjourn this meeting of the ‘Whiteboi Club’. Remember, if we are fated to be pathetic white-bois, it is more fun to be pathetic together. Lock up your dicklets, pull up your panties, fix your make-up, and let’s get the party started!”

With a few whoops and hollers, the white-bois started enjoying the real reason they get together; kissing and sucking each other, playing with their BBCDs, and watching interracial porn, all while wallowing in their sexual inadequacies.

Tonight, they were watching BNWO training materials, consisting of high-quality sissy-hypno-BBC porn on the large screen tv. The speakers were blaring, reminding the white-bois of their many shortcomings, small dicks, premature ejaculation, and submissiveness, while encouraging them to stay pussy-free and support the BNWO. It was very effective, especially considering the audience.

There were a variety of poppers, mind altering substances, and sexual stimulants. Everyone who partakes was sharing freely. Though most were edging themselves for as long as possible, John knew how easy it was to squirt uncontrollably, especially with BBC porn and the extra stimulation of playing with their friends. With that in mind, John went to find Tommy after quickly checking his make-up and adjusting his prettiest teddy. He was determined to give the boy the full girlfriend experience. “Probably as close as he’ll ever get,” John realized.

He quickly located Tommy on the couch. In his best girly voice, he asked if the seat next to him was taken. “I think you’re cute,” John said, clearly flirting with the boy.

Tommy’s cock was hard and leaking, and much bigger than he expected. Tommy was both longer and thicker than he was. Probably a good four inches of stiff, twitching, white-boi cock. Maybe more. John exposed his breasts and let Tommy play with them.

“Oh, your breasts!” Tommy gushed, “They are so soft!”

As John stroked the boy’s dick – he thought of all white-bois as ‘boys’ - definitely not men, Tommy sucked his budding breasts, slurping at his teats, and flicking his sensitive nipples with his tongue.

As the boy squeezed John’s breasts, John cupped Tommy’s tight ball sack and began stroking him a little firmer, catching his pre-cum and rubbing it over his cock-head.

“Ohhhhh!” the boy moaned, thoroughly enjoying John’s manipulations. It was the first time anyone else had touched his cock. He was so used to making love to his right hand, the touch of someone else’s soft flesh was intoxicating.

“Unnnghhhh!” Tommy grunted. He arched his back, humped his crotch, and spermed all over John’s hand.

‘Already?’ John thought. He was disappointed, as he hoped to give Tommy his first blowjob, and maybe get his nice sized cock up his ass-pussy. “Typical white-boi”, John thought. “And we wonder why white-girls are going Black.”

He let Tommy finish, stroking him with his own cum for lubricant. Then, he brought his hand to his mouth and tasted him. His meager sperm was sweet and tangy. He offered his fingers to Tommy, who cleaned them, gently sucking on his fingers and thanking him with his eyes.

“Sorry,” the boy said, clearly embarrassed by his premature ejaculation.

“It’s alright. Hay, do you want to lick my pussy?” John asked. “Sorry, my clitty is all locked up, or I’d let you suck it too.”

“Yeah!” the boy said, “I’d love to lick your pussy!”

John removed his butt-plug, wiped his ass using a the ever-present tissues, got on all fours and pulled his teddy up to expose his panty covered ass. He was wearing pink, lacy, panties, exposed in the rear, with a cute pouch to hold his useless, pale and caged genitals. His condom had collected a good amount of pre-cum already, and it was still early.

“You smell good,” Tommy said, tentatively putting his face in John’s ass.

“Thank you,” John said demurely. He was glad he had sprayed a bit of perfume down there.

The boy began licking him hesitantly. John wiggled his ass and pushed back, hoping to drive the boy’s tongue deeper into his white-boi pussy. It worked. If a white-boi was to survive in the Black New World Order, they had to be eager.

“Oh, yeah, boyfriend,” John said, breathing heavily. “Eat that sweet pussy, stud.”

John hoped to encourage the boy and make him feel good. After all, white-bois have been losers all their lives and deserved the occasional kind words.

“Here, use this.” John handed him a strap-on with a large, black, dildo attached.

John watched him put it on. The boy seemed shocked by the huge phallus hanging from his crotch, as if he could never imagine having such a large penis. He stroked it a few times wistfully.

“Come on, stud. Put it in. Just go slow. You have such a big cock.” John fluttered his eyelashes and watched the boy’s chest expand with false pride.

John tossed him a tube of lube, and the boy farted a generous portion onto his fake-cock and lubed it with both hands. Looking around for something to wipe on, the boy settled for the armrest of John’s couch.

“Sigh, I’ll have to clean that later.” John thought, “Before Rachael sees it.” He pretended not to notice.

He wiggled his ass again, and felt the boy gripping his ass with one hand and guiding his cock with the other.

John felt the cock sliding into his well-used bussy with little resistance.

“Oh! You’re so big! Be gentle with me, Tommy.”

Tommy smiled and slowly began to fuck John's ass-pussy. He felt like such a stud, but realized he'd rather be on the receiving end.

"Hey, Joan? Do you think if I became a girl like you, I could get Black guys to fuck me. Real guys with real cocks?"

"I'm sure you could, you have a pretty face. You have to really want it though. Act like a real slut and expect lots of humiliation and abuse. Black guys can get a little rough. Are you sure that is what you want? White-bois are much gentler."

"Well, I'd like to try it, at least once..." He paused. "My mom thinks I'd make a pretty girl. She said you could help me transition."

"Absolutely" John said, moaning pleurably. "Your mom has a huge set of tits, so hopefully, you'll grow a big set of knockers too. And, your blonde hair is already a little long, so just grow it out more add a few curls, and I bet you'll get lots of BBC, once you are a cute, feminized, white-boi. If you want, you can even start hormones tonight."

"I'd like that. I want to be just like you, Joan."

John thanked him, moan a little, and then pretended to cum. "Ooooooh! I'm cumming, Tommy! I'm cumming on your big, fat, cock! Give it to me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Tommy fucked him faster and harder until John begged him to stop. "No more! No more! You're going to rip me apart, stud!"

Tommy pulled out his fake, Black, cock and sat next to John, stroking the dildo like it was his own.

As the two cuddled after sex, John mentioned to Tommy that he should ask his mother about getting a job at Shaftman's. He told him how the downtown gyn was filled with BBC, all the other sissy-white-bois that worked there, and how much fun they could have together.

"Mom said there was a summer intern program for college students. I'll talk to her about applying when I see her again."

"I bet she'd buy you some pretty office clothes, too."

"Yeah, she'd like that. She bought me this outfit. Besides, she always wanted a daughter. And I don't have wait until I grow tits to dress up like a girl, do I?"

"Nope. You are so cute already, it would be a shame to hide all that under boy clothes."

John felt proud for setting a great example and having converted yet another weak-white-boi into a feminized-BBC-craving-white-boi. He was dutifully fulfilling the vows he made to the BNWO, and couldn't wait for more of his friends to join the inner-circle. And, with all the attention the Whiteboi Club was getting from Mr. Johnson and Mr. Williams, he was sure more and more white-bois would be joining the club, becoming feminized, and progressing the principles of the BNWO.

Plus, with his wife and daughters likely carrying black babies in their wombs, and a chance to participate in the BNWO white-boi breeding program, John might have an opportunity to raise the next generation of Black Masters, Black-only women, and weak, pathetic, white-bois.

Sometimes, it felt good to be a white-boi!

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