

# SPRING

10 ILLUSTRATIONS INSIDE!

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# BROKEN!



MR. RUSHY

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# ***Spring Broken***

**By Dex O'Donald w/ QoS Book Club**

**Illustrated by Mr. Rushy**

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# ***Spring Broken***



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## WEDNESDAY

“You’re sure this is the suite, Michael? Looks...small,” Gretchen swung her purse from one arm to the other, hovering in the doorway.

“It smells kinda funny too,” Daisy added, stepping into the motel room as if the very floor were contaminated.

I made a face, hurriedly walking every square inch of the room to be sure it was the one I’d booked. Two queen beds, a bathroom, a small desk with an oddly placed wooden chair beside it. Old drapes and bland carpet, a few questionable stains on the ceiling. That was it. That was the “suite.”

“Travel agent told me it was primo,” I mumbled under my breath, a little angry. “This isn’t that.”

“Just a place to sleep right?” Ray smiled, dropping his duffle bag and launching himself onto one of the queen

beds. He bounced once before a strange sound from within the mattress squeaked...and then broke.

“Yikes,” Gretchen sighed, stepping into the room reluctantly. “Four days of this, huh Michael?” She crossed the room to where I stood with my hands on my hips, displeased.

“It’s like Ray said,” I assured her. “It’s just a place to catch some sleep. Otherwise its beaches and parties, right? Spring Break 2022. We aren’t here to *sleep* after all.”

Gretchen took a seat on the edge of the bed. She was already dressed for the weekend in a see-through white tank top that showed off her new purple and pink bikini beneath. I had begged her to at least wear the tank top until we were near a body of water. Gretchen’s breasts were otherworldly large, made even larger by the fact that her stomach and waist were so slim. On top of the that, the

bikini covered very, *very* little of her actual skin...more like nipple covers than an entire top. A short, floral skirt made it just past her curvy ass, and below the skirt was the second part of her new bikini- a simple g string that, much like its matching top, did a poor job of concealing *anything*.

All that, combined with Gretchen's flowing golden hair and seductive, playful mouth, meant she was a walking headache for someone like me. Especially down in Daytona Beach, Florida.

"We'll just have to make the best of the situation," Gretchen said. "And drink as much alcohol as humanly possible."

"You know that's right girl!" Daisy giggled, plopping down on the bed beside her bestie and wrapping her arms around Gretchen. Daisy was a pretty girl - nothing like the

stunning beauty of Gretchen, but cute in her own way.

Short brunette hair and mischievous eyes made her fun, and taut, handful-sized breasts made her sexy. She was in a bathing suit, nothing else. Black and strapless, little was left to the imagination.

“How far a walk is the water from here?” Ray asked, overfilling his red solo cup with cheap tequila. “I say we make cocktails and get down there.”

“It might be a little far for walking,” I said, gauging my friends’ reaction. “There’s some busy roads between here and there...might be better if we drive.”

“Cops are everywhere Michael,” Gretchen sipped her cocktail. “We aren’t drinking and driving. None of us are even twenty-one yet. We’re not risking it.”

“We’ll call a cab then,” I sighed. “Or something.”

“Remind me not to let Michael book the trip next year,” Daisy joked, already a little tipsy. “Roach motel miles from the good stuff. Well done, buddy!”

Gretchen and Ray laughed at the joke, I did not. The longer we sat drinking in the cramped motel room the more irritated I became. Here it was just a few hours into our long-awaited spring break getaway and already things weren’t going as I’d planned. I would certainly be having a chat with that damnable travel agent.

“Why don’t you change, baby?” Gretchen put her hand on the back of my neck and rubbed tenderly. “You aren’t very spring break *chic* at the moment.”

“What’s wrong with what I have on?”

“You look like a dork dude,” Ray interrupted.

“And your lousy Hawaiian shirt is the pinnacle of fashion then?” I retorted.



“At least its location appropriate,” Ray laughed.

“You’re wearing a collared shirt, dude! We’re on vacation, not in Professor Williams psyche class.”

I let peer pressure get the best of me and retreated to the bathroom to change my clothes. Truth be told, I wasn’t thrilled about all the situations we might find ourselves in that weekend that would require me to go shirtless. As I stared at myself in the mirror, I was reminded of why. My legs are thin at the bottom but thick at the top, like a chicken. My butt is chubby and moves funny when I walk. My tummy is flat but with no definition to it – Ray often told me I had a stomach chicks would kill for. My skin is pale and freckled, my hair was a mop of dark brown that had grown past my ears.

I put my wave-patterned swim trunks on - they were a size too big, and covered me past my knees. I topped it off

with a loose-fitting t-shirt that I hoped would hide my slouched frame and bird chest. As I went to apply sunscreen to my fair face, a sudden sound started up all around me...first it was rather low, but within seconds it was shaking the walls.

Bass, music, drums.

“What the heck is that?” I asked, emerging from the bathroom. Gretchen and Daisy looked panic-stricken sitting on the bed together, Ray was already drunk and didn’t seem to mind.

“New arrivals,” Ray slurred. “Saw em’ walk past our window, like five or six of them. Took the room next to ours and...well you can hear it.”

*BOOMboom...BOOMboom...BOOMboom...*

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Gretchen said, standing and approaching the wall that separated the rooms. “It’s so fucking loud! They can’t do that, can they?”

“I won’t be able to sleep with that,” Daisy said, the worry in her voice crystal clear. “And did you *see them*? I’m not sure they’re going to be the most considerate neighbors.”

“What’s that mean?” I asked, admiring Gretchen’s protruding ass in that useless skirt of hers.

“They’re black,” Ray mused, “poor Daisy is scared.”

“Fuck you, Ray!” Daisy said. “I’m not racist! I’m just saying...they look like they came to party.”

“So did we?” Ray retorted.

“OK but what about when it’s time to sleep, Ray? Think they’ll be in bed at a reasonable hour? It’s going to

be hard enough in this fucking bomb shelter Michael booked.”

*BOOMboom...BOOMboom...BOOMboom...*

“Jesus,” Gretchen held a hand against the wall. It shook so hard against her palm that her breasts jiggled visibly in time with the music. “Not sure I can take this, Michael.”

“Let’s go to the beach,” I suggested. “I’m sure it will calm down by the time we get back.”

Just then, a sudden and startling scream came from next door, followed by loud, raucous laughter.

“You need to go over there, Michael,” Gretchen turned to me and crossed her arms below her demanding breasts.

“And do what?”

“I don’t know. Tell them to turn it down or something. To be respectful. This won’t do.”

“Babe it’s *spring break!*”

“And I want to party just as hard as anybody,”

Gretchen peered at me with clear blue eyes. “But we can’t stay here if this is what it’s going to be like *all weekend.*”

“But babe it’s-

“Michael I’m not arguing with you!” Gretchen’s tone was firm. “Either go over there and tell them to quiet down or I am *out of here.*”

“Me too,” Daisy added.

I looked at Ray for support. “Come with me?”

“Sorry bud,” Ray chuckled. “You got us into this. You gotta get us out.”

I scrunched my face up the way I sometimes do when I’m overly anxious or nervous. Gretchen noticed the look but gave me no sympathy, tapping her foot out on the carpet with impatience. Gretchen and I are the same

height - five foot five, and when we cuddled in bed we fit together like two pieces of the same puzzle. But when Gretchen was angry with me, or asking something of me like she was now, that petite, buoyant girl seemed to grow a full foot. I could feel the chill of that shadow.

“Fine,” I caved. “I’ll go over there.”

“Good luck,” Ray whispered as I stepped out onto the third-floor balcony.

It was hot and sticky outside, none of the ocean breeze I had been hoping for when we arrived. The air was stifling, and even before I worked up the courage to knock on the neighbor’s door I was already slick with sweat in all of the wrong places.

Taking a deep breath, I knocked.



As expected, no one answered. I would need to do better than that to compete with the song blaring within. I knocked again, harder.

Some voices within, annoyed.

“Oh God,” I mumbled, my stomach turning as the door in front of me swung open.

“Can I *help you!*” said the towering figure with the ink-black skin. She wore large sunglasses with silver temples and matching big-hooped earrings. Her mouth was magnificent and large, two lips that collided together like the reflection of clouds over water. She was well over six feet tall, and I was acutely aware that I’d never been in the presence of a woman so large.

“Hi uh, I’m your neighbor...”

“*Excuse me!*” she said loudly over the music blaring behind. Her voice wasn’t a shout, it was naturally

voluminous. Like it took no effort for her to speak at such a pitch.

“I’m your neighbor,” I spoke up. “Next door to you! I’m Michael.”

“OK Michael what you want?” she got right to the point. Behind her in the dark of the room other people moved about- another woman, a few men. All ebony-skinned and, at least on the men’s side of things, *large*.

“I was wondering if uh...well, the music. It’s quite loud next door, where I’m staying with my girlfriend and -

“Oh you got a girlfriend, huh?” her eyebrows raised above the glasses. “Sure about that, Michael?”

“I’m sure...”

“YO! WHO THE FUCK IS AT THE DOOR TAMIRA!”

A sudden, startling voice from inside. A man’s voice.

“Calm yah ass down!” Tamira shouted into the room, causing me to jump a little. “I said I *got it!*” She had a black bikini top on, the cups barely making it over the curve of her giant breasts. The piece was two sizes too small if anything, and cleavage from both the top *and* the bottom stuck out clearly. “What was you sayin’, Michael? Sorry bout’ that.” Her voice became oddly soothing, like a nurse or an elementary school teacher.

“Oh that’s OK,” I tried not to stare at Tamira’s body...or Tamira’s lips. “I was just asking if maybe, if you might, if it was possible if you could maybe turn the music down a smidge.”

“Too loud over there for you baby?” Tamira said with that sweet voice. Her eyes were searching me. Sizing me up. I couldn’t tell if they were friendly or fiendish.

“For my girlfriend,” I laughed nervously. “I love it, personally.”

“I’m sure you do,” Tamira said. “Yeah we’ll turn it down. Go on back to your room and tell that girlfriend of yours you *handled it*.”

Tamira winked at me and closed the door.

“Well?” Gretchen stood when I came back. “What did they say?”

Before I could answer the music next door dropped several noticeable decibels.

“I asked...I *told* them to turn it down,” I pushed my chest out a little. “And they listened.”

“Wow,” Ray said incredulously, “didn’t know you had it in you!”

“Nice baby,” Gretchen sauntered across the room and took me in her arms.

“It’s still too loud,” Daisy complained. “And they’re probably just going to turn it back up. I say we ditch this place.”

“Uh-uh,” I said, “No way. This room is paid for and it’s not like we’re going to be hanging out here much. We’re staying.” It felt good to put my foot down, to find some confidence for once.

“Well you’re not the boss of me, *Michael*,” Daisy rolled her eyes. “Ray and I will get something else...something closer to the water for starters.”

“We will?” Ray asked surprised.

“Oh come on, Daisy! Don’t go!” Gretchen pleaded.

“It’s so much more fun to have a girlfriend around!”

I pretended not to be wounded.

“You’ll be fine,” Daisy said. “Besides, this way you and Michael can have the suite *all to yourselves*. Lots of romantic lovemaking and such.”

A sudden knock came at the door.

Ray leaned back and peeked out the front window.

“It’s them,” he said. “From next door.”

Gretchen and I looked at one another.

“Answer it!” she whispered urgently.

I peered into the peephole. It was Tamira and one of the men from the next door. With a tentative hand I gripped the doorknob and opened it.

“Hey baby,” Tamira stood there tall and grinning, “I just realized I didn’t even introduce myself. So rude. I’m Tamira, this is my man Tyreke.”

“Sup” Tyreke rasped. He was long and lanky and lean, built like a college hoops player that spent more time on



the court than in the weightroom. He was shirtless, a gold chain around his neck, not an ounce of fat on his physique with tattoos that ran across his six-pack stomach. He wore a pair of jeans that sagged low on his groin, revealing bright red boxers around his waist. He smoked a blunt, casting a constant trail of smoke into the stingy air.

“Oh hi there,” I gazed warily at Tyreke. “I’m uh Michael, and this...” I turned and pointed into the hotel room where the other three sat staring at me in the doorway. “That’s my girlfriend Gretchen, and our friends Ray and Daisy.”

“So nice to meet yall,” Tamira said, stepping past me and into the room. Tyreke followed suit, giving me a quick glance up and down as he did so. “It’s spring break, right? I figured why don’t we all become friends and party *together*. Be easier that way don’t you think?”

Tamira made herself immediately at home, taking a seat on the bed opposite Gretchen and Daisy, scooting up nice and close to Ray. Ray didn't seem to mind, failing to avert his eyes as he looked down Tamira's great backside, her ass barely contained in a black bikini.

Daisy looked away, pretending not to notice her boyfriend's indiscretion.

"How long are you staying, Tamira?" Gretchen asked, taking to Tamira's personality better than Daisy did.

"We here till Sunday, back to class on Monday."

"Same," Gretchen smiled warmly. "Thanks for being so cool about turning your music down. Some people can be really rude."

"Oh don't I know it honey," Tamira reached out and rubbed Gretchen's knee. "It's all love around here though. You gotta meet the crew, you'll love them!"

“They’ll love you to,” Tyreke’s raspy voice, hard to hear if it weren’t for the fact that people went quiet when he spoke. “They gon’ love you lots, girl.”

“Hush child,” Tamira didn’t allow any unease to creep in. “Don’t mind him, Gretch - you mind if I call you Gretch? Don’t mind him, he just yah typical male. Always hard, always goin’ on about bitches this and bitches that. You know the type, I’m sure!”

Gretchen’s eyes were alight now, quickly falling for the charming Tamira. She giggled, throwing her hands up. “Um I guess so? Haha! You’re a wild one aren’t you, Tamira?”

“Bitch it’s only Wednesday- wait till you see my ass on Friday! Matta’ fact, *everybody* gonna see this ass Friday cus my damn bottoms ain’t gonna make it that long!”

Even Daisy laughed a little at that, despite the fact that Ray had hardly been able to take his eyes off the Amazonian woman. He'd taken to openly staring at Tamira's figure, at the escaping flesh of her succulent breasts out the sides of her top. It might have been a problem if Tyreke had seen it, but so far he hadn't taken his own eyes off Gretchen.

"Let's have some shots," Ray suggested suddenly, standing up and snatching the tequila bottle from the bedside.

"Oh you know I'm game!" Tamira yelped. "Hold up, Imma' grab the rest of our crew from next door. Yall's room is small as hell by the way, what is this bullshit? The junior-junior suite?"

When Tamira left the room Tyreke took a seat on the bed beside Gretchen and Daisy.

“Sup’ ladies,” he said, ignoring Ray and I’s existence.

“You girls be lookin’ young as hell to be down here partyin’. How old you is really?”

Gretchen and Daisy looked at each other, blushing.

“Come on now don’t fuck with me,” Tyreke said playfully.

“I’m 20,” Daisy said.

“I’m 19,” Gretchen said.

“*Damn*,” Tyreke rubbed his hands together. “Well shit, that’s legal enough for everything else right? Yall run out of booze this weekend you come give us a holler, aight? We can provide for you fo’ sure.”

I stepped one foot forward. “I think we’ve got plenty,” I said. “But that’s nice of you to offer.”

Tyreke glanced sideways at me. He openly *tisked* before returning his attention to the girls.

“Like I was sayin’ -

Suddenly the door swung open and in walked Tamira with three new people.

“OK yall this is my girl Shante and her man Deuce. And that big bad motherfucker there with the bald ass head is Dante. Like Dante’s Peak this tall mothafucka’!”

The motel room seemed smaller. Hot and claustrophobic.

Shante was a long-legged ebony queen, and she walked like she knew it. Her hair was tied in a high ponytail at the center of her head- a startling jet black. Her makeup was *just so*, and her long acrylic nails were the color of flamingos. She was significantly smaller than Tamira though her curves were just as mesmerizing. I found it hard to look away from her face – an exotic beauty that you didn’t see every day. Maybe ever.



“What up babies,” Shante snapped a sassy finger.

“Where the alcohol at?” Her speech pattern was rhythmic, accentuating every syllable.

“Right here,” Ray stood up doe-eyed, handing over his drink to the saucy black queen. Again, his forwardness with another man’s girlfriend seemed largely ignored by everyone but Daisy.

Every man in the room stared at Gretchen, and Gretchen *only*.

“Make mine a double,” said the one named Dante. The top of his shiny head nearly touched the ceiling, and he had a rousing beard that covered his face and ran halfway down to his chest. His frame was large in every way without being lazy, truly a massive hunk of human hulking over us all. Dressed in no more than a blue, wavy

swimsuit, the mass in his crotch was not only astonishing – it was obscene.

Deuce said nothing, occasionally licking his full lips as he took in Gretchen's supple body. He had the finely sculpted body of a man who put himself first, crossing his muscled arms over a sleek, statuesque chest.

“To new friends!” Tamira raised her solo cup high, and the rest of the room joined. There were nine of us in all, practically shoulder to shoulder in the Bayside Motel's finest junior suite.

We toasted and drank, and then we drank some more.

Sometime later, I caught sight of the setting sun out of the motel window and realized we had been drinking with our new friends for *hours*. No one had so much as mentioned leaving for the beach, as there'd not been a

break in conversation. Tamira was a talker, and she never left any space in the dialogue.

“Say guys why don’t we call a cab to the beach?” I called out over the thumping music and inebriated chatting.

Gretchen sat beside Tamira, the two women locked in intense conversation while Tyreke and Deuce stood behind them, their eyes constantly cast down on the white girl below. Meanwhile, Ray and Shante had grown quite close in their flirting, sitting nearly on top of one another as Daisy watched from nearby, red in the face. Dante was trying to chat up Daisy, it was obvious, but the girl’s seething anger was unmistakable.



“The beach, guys?” I called again. I tried not to look at the two tall strangers ogling my girlfriend, but it was a difficult pill to swallow. Neither Deuce nor Tyreke had even acknowledged me, the insult of it was so brazen I could hardly believe it. But what was I going to do?

“Oh damn look at the time!” Tamira jumped up, her tits and ass jiggling wildly in the black bikini. “We gotta go catch the sunset!”

The nine of us stood at once, grabbing what we needed and getting ready to leave. In the chaos of the cramped room I noticed something peculiar. Ray was inching off towards the bathroom hand in hand with Shante. I immediately looked around for Daisy in the stampede of strangers and realized she was now in distracted conversation with Dante. To me it looked like a

revenge play, the way Daisy was overtly throwing herself at the giant.

When I looked back to find Ray, the bathroom door was closed.

“What’s yo name shorty,” Deuce spoke at last, and I wasn’t surprised to see who he was talking to.

“I’m Gretchen,” she smiled. “You’re...Deuce?”

“Yeah that’s right.”

“Why do they call you that?”

Tyreke laughed blatantly; Deuce held it together – mostly.

“Tell you what shorty,’ Deuce gave a sly grin, “you buy me a drank tonight and I’ll tell you *all about* where that nickname comes from.”

“Deal,” Gretchen said.

I watched their interaction from a foot away, too timid to insinuate himself. Gretchen looked so small standing beside him, so short, almost childish if it wasn't for her ridiculous figure.

“Cab is here get yah asses out front!” Tamira called from the balcony.

“How we all gonna fit!” Tyreke shouted back.

“It's a damn van! We'll *squeeze* in next to each other. We'll make it work! Let's go!”

We shuffled out one by one, but it wasn't until Daisy actually stepped outside that she realized she'd lost track of Ray. With a growing knot of unease in my stomach I watched Daisy look around for her boyfriend, grow frustrated, and head back into the motel room.

That's when the screaming started.

## THURSDAY

I came to on Thursday on morning with a hangover so bad I thought I'd gone blind. I sat up dizzy and still drunk from the night before and looked around. Gretchen was fast asleep beside me, the blankets scrunched and messy about her midsection, revealing her bare breasts in the dark. I looked over at the other queen bed.

It was empty.

And then it all came back rushing back to me, the way foggy memories do after a night of too much alcohol and partying.

Ray and Shante had been busted of course. Caught red-handed by none other than Daisy. The screaming that ensued was so loud the cops were called but lucky for us, they never came. Eventually, Daisy had emerged from our hotel room with Ray's ear clutched tight in her grasp,



belittling him at the top of her lungs. Before either Gretchen or I could talk to them they'd called a cab and left for the airport.

We didn't hear from them again that weekend.

Shante walked out a short while later, straightening the straps of her bikini top and adjusting the bottoms. She had this sly smile on her face that didn't sit well with me, and when she rejoined Tamira and the others, she seemed to be *bragging* about cornering Ray in the bathroom right under his girlfriend's nose.

"It'll be easier now," I heard Tamira giggled. "Just two slices of white bread left. Easy pickings." At the time I didn't realize she was talking about Gretchen and I. But I'd find out soon enough.

I rolled out of bed in the dim motel room and walked to the wall that separated our room from our new friends. I

put my ear to it and listened. Silence. Then I crawled back in bed with Gretchen and wrapped my arms about her warm body, copping a feel of her soft breast in the early morning.

Memories of last night started coming back to me.

After the incident with Ray and Daisy the seven of us had taken a van down to the bars on the beach. Tamira and Gretchen seemed to be hitting it off well enough, the two of them nearly inseparable and drawing the stares of every man close to them. It made me uncomfortable to see Gretchen so blatantly ogled, but could I blame them? On one hand was a tremendous, sexy black woman with a Goddesses' ass, and on the other a fragile white girl with natural tits that most women would sell their souls for. I grinned and bared those disrespectful stares, often with a drink in my hand.

But none of those stranger's attentions could compare to the way Deuce, Tyreke and Dante so openly gawked at Gretchen's body. Often they made remarks to each other, too low for me to hear, but so obviously about her assets and what her mouth might be capable of.

"She gonna need to be broken in," I heard Tyreke say in the midst of the night, standing directly behind her and looking straight down her bikini top. I pretended not to hear, not daring to make things awkward between me and the lanky giant. Besides, it wasn't as if Gretchen was going to be doing *anything* like that with *him*. She was as loyal as they come.

Gretchen woke beside me, snuggling closer.

"What happened last night?" she asked, groggy as hell.

"I'm kind of piecing that together myself," I said. "Not sure I can remember it all."

Gretchen closed her eyes and fell back asleep. As I roamed my mind like a freshman lost on the first day of class, one detail in particular came bubbling up to the surface.

Tamira and Shante. Just the three of us stumbling drunk through a gift shop. For the life of me I couldn't remember where Gretchen was at this point, or where her three ebony admirers had gotten off to. All I knew was that in the pandemonium that is Daytona beach we'd been separated, and my new girlfriends seemed to be taking a keen interest in me...after watching every guy under the sun molest my girlfriend with his eyeballs, I wasn't opposed to the flirty, often physical affection Tamira and Shante were showing me.

"Let's get you some new shades, Mikey," Shante said, spinning the sunglasses rack. All around us were touristy

t-shirts and gimmicks, people constantly bustling in and out on their way to bars and restaurants. “Oh! How about these!”

Shante held the glasses between her caramel-colored breasts, so I had no choice but to look directly at them. The shades were loud pink with sparkling rims, silvery beads dangled from the top of the lenses.

“Those?” I asked, seeing double. “Not so sure those are for a *guy* if you know what I mean.”

“Nonsense baby!” Tamira giggled, taking the glasses from her girlfriend, and placing them on my face. “Oh shit! Look at this white boy lookin’ all cute! Damn Shante what you think!”

“Sexy,” Shante bit her bottom lip, looking me up and down. It was a similar look to the one she’d given Ray just before the incident, but at least now I understood how Ray

must have felt - it was impossible not to feel flattered when Shante looked at you like that. She was so mind-numbingly sexy, her body, lips, curves...I'd be lying if I told you I wouldn't have let her take me right there in that gift shop. To say I had a crush on Shante was an understatement.

"It's settled then," Tamira said, leading me to the register. "Mikey's getting some new shades!"

As I stood there at the register waiting to pay, the girls kept giggling...kept touching me. At one point I felt a strong pinch on my rear and turned around.

"Thick booty for a white boy," Shante winked. "We *gotta* see that thing shake this weekend."

I nodded at her like a child, mesmerized by her beauty. In any other situation I'd have been humiliated- I *hated* my chubby butt. There was nothing manly about it,

and back when I used to have long hair was even mistaken for a woman once or twice from behind. But already those women had their hooks me...and as much as I hated to admit it, I was weaker around them when Gretchen was out of sight.

Gretchen stirred in the bed beside me, waking up for the second time that morning.

“I’m hungry,” she whined.

“Let’s get breakfast,” I kissed her on the forehead.

That day passed in a hungover haze but by late afternoon we were a hundred percent again. Oh the wonders of drinking in your twenties. Gretchen and I were getting dressed for another evening of spring breaking when a familiar knock came at the door.

Instead of waiting for an answer, Tamira burst inside with Shante on her heels.

“Whoa!” I screeched unexpected. I’d been in the middle of putting my bathing suit on when the door swung open, forcing me to jump and turn my back to them to avoid being exposed.

“There’s that booty again!” Shante guffawed as I raced to pull my shorts up.

“Yall almost ready?” Tamira sashayed across the room to where Gretchen stood in the mirror applying makeup.

Gretchen had chosen a simple but sexy outfit for the evening: a loose-fitting plain white t-shirt that despite its large size, did little to conceal her colossal breasts. She had it tied in a knot through the collar so that her tummy was revealed, and her tits were bundled like two Christmas presents wrapped together. Combined with the fact that she had no bra on underneath, it was certainly one of her more daring outfits. Gretchen’s breasts seemed to be



constantly on the move under the T, tantalizing and provocative.

“Where are we going tonight?” Gretchen smiled in the mirror, happy to see our new friends.

“We headin’ down to *Wet Willy’s* baby! They havin’ a special *contest* this evening and I just know you gonna win it!” Tamira was loud and ready to go.

“Win it?” Gretchen looked confused. “I don’t even know what the contest is.”

“You will soon enough,” Shante said, watching me carefully as I buttoned up my Hawaiian shirt. Shante looked incredible in a two-piece bikini that was two sizes too small for her demanding figure. “Damn look at the time though! We gotta get you over there!”

“What’s this about a contest?” I asked, just as confused as Gretchen.

“No time to explain,” Tamira spun on her heels, her leopard print micro-bikini no more than three strips of cloth tied to cover her nipples and sex. “The uber is here and we gotta go!”

Gretchen turned from the mirror in a hurry and began to pull her denim shorts down her tanned legs.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“These bottoms are too uncomfortable,” she said, revealing a pink and black checkered bikini bottom beneath. When she walked past me to catch up with Tamira, I realized it was a thong. I opened my mouth to suggest that she *might* try on something less revealing.

But Tamira interrupted.

“Oh damn!” she fumed from the balcony. “It’s not a van it’s a car! Ain’t no way we all gonna fit...we’ll have to take two vehicles I guess.”

I joined the three girls out on the motel balcony. Down below in the parking lot a yellow cab waited, and from the looks of it we'd be lucky to fit four people inside it. That's when I saw Tyreke, Deuce and Dante strut into view and crowd the Taxi.

"We'll have to meet them," I said, more than a little relieved that I wouldn't have to watch them goggle at Gretchen in her current outfit.

"Don't be foolish baby," Tamira shook her head. "We gotta get Gretch in that cab! Otherwise she'll be too late to enter the contest - and we just *can't* have that. I need my girl to win my entrance money back and *then some!*"

"Go on girl get down there!" Shante said, stepping aside.

Gretchen walked past me, her bare ass baking in late day sun.

“Hey babe wait!” I said, grabbing her hand frantically.

“Why don’t we just wait for the next one? You and me?”

Gretchen seemed to consider this, seemed to realize it made more sense.

But Tamira could be *convincing*.

“The hell you on about Mikey!” she interrupted. “I told you she gotta get over there *now*! The other cab gonna be along shortly, don’t you worry. We’ll have you reunited with your little girlfriend in no time!”

“Don’t mind them boys down there,” Shante breathed in my ear. “They wouldn’t hurt a fly.”



Gretchen and I held each other's gaze for a moment longer, and then she shrugged and walked down the stairs.

"But what contest?" I asked. No reply came.

I watched Tyreke hold the back passenger door open for her, and I saw the way all three men checked out her ass in the thong. Immediately I regretted letting her go alone.

"Where are your new glasses baby? Don't tell me you lost them already?" Tamira left me on the balcony as I watched the cab drive off with my girlfriend. A moment later Tamira emerged with my new frilly glasses.

They looked dumber sober.

"I don't know about those," I said, trying to back up as she placed them on my face, but running into Shante's supple breasts instead.

Tamira came in closer so that I was sandwiched, her high breasts pressing into my chin while Tamira's tits rested between my shoulder blades. She ran her mouth close enough to mine for me to feel her cool breath on my lips. "You look *perfect*, baby. Now quit yah fussin'. We gonna have a *real nice* time tonight."

"You wanna have fun with us, don't you Mikey?"  
Shante breathed in my ear.

I gulped. My skin felt electric...and something stirred in my swim trunks. "Sure...sure I do," I stuttered. "I wanna have fun. Just need to find Gretchen at some point -

"Shhh," Tamira placed a finger across my lips. "I told you not to worry about it. We'll find her soon enough."

"Alright," I caved, overwhelmed as Shante began to glide back and forth behind me, rubbing her breasts against my back, her taut nipples brushing my shoulders.

The Florida sun fell behind a hotel across the street, and everything became a little bit more difficult to see from behind my new sunglasses.

“Let’s go see if we got anything for you to change into,” Tamira said, taking my hand and leading me past my motel room. “You be looking like too much of a damn style-less white boy, and we can’t be havin’ that!” Shante followed closely behind, sneaking another pinch of my ass as we crossed the threshold into their room.

It was dark and smelled like weed, the beds were a mess of crumpled sheets and blankets, and it was wonder that anybody got any sleep in there. I felt a slight tinge of panic when I remembered that Gretchen was off with three men I hardly knew, three men that very clearly enjoyed her figure...going to some “contest” I had no inkling about.



But then Shante's nimble hands were at my shoulders, rubbing sensually, and in my weakness I forgot all about what Gretchen may or may not be doing.

"Why don't we do a shot?" Tamira suggested. She looked shockingly tall in front of the motel mirror, her long dark hair falling in gorgeous curls past her shoulders. When she picked up the bottle of tequila it looked more like a casual beer than a 750 ml bottle. She snatched three used plastic shot glasses off the sink and filled them. "Go on now white boy show us what you got!"

Tamira had these vast eyes that were impossible to resist. I took the shot she handed me, and we toasted. I drank.

I moved to take the sunglasses off.

"Stop fussin' with em' baby," Tamira said, pushing my hand away. "You look good with em', trust me. Now I'm

just gonna see if Deuce or Tyreke packed anything extra that we could put you in!”

“Are you sure they won’t mind?” I winced from the taste of liquor. “I don’t want to show up tonight in their clothes and they get angry with me or something.”

“They ain’t worried about you,” Tamira grinned slyly. “Trust me on that.”

Tamira busied herself with rifling through a few suitcases on the floor nearby. I took a seat on the bedside, and Shante sat down beside me. I felt nervous around her the way I always do with beautiful women. Even working up the nerve to ask Gretchen out on a date had taken me months, never mind that Tamira was not only hot - she was *exotic*.

“I like your hair, Michael,” Tamira ran her bright acrylic nails through my brown mop. “So thick and luscious. You ever grow it out?”

“Once,” I jittered, feeling the goosebumps break out across my body as she scratched the back of my neck. “But Gretchen thought it made me look too feminine.”

Tamira looked up from the suitcases she was digging through, and she and Shante shared the briefest of glances. Did I detect a note of amusement?

“You? Feminine?” Shante’s teetering hand came to my leg, right where the bottom cuff of my bathing suit met my thigh. “I don’t see it, Michael. I think you’re cute...*real cute...*”

I watched her pink nails tap along my thigh, slipping subtlety below my swimming trunks, touching that ticklish place on the thigh so often neglected. My body responded

immediately - I felt myself coming to life and felt immediate regret, Gretchen's gorgeous face flashing in my mind.

"Th-th-thanks," I stuttered, inching my knee away from her prying hand. "Um, are we going to get that cab soon? I don't want Gretchen to worry about where I am..."

Tamira stood with some sort of garment clutched in her large right hand. "That girl ain't worryin' about you baby," she walked over to me, looming ever larger as I sat beside Tamira. "She's off havin' a good old time and you should be too. We'll catch up with them *later*. Now, why don't you try this on for us?"

Tamira let the shirt unravel and held it up by the sleeves: it was jet black with silver lining, and the first thing I noticed was how *short* it looked. The sleeves were

long and thin, the chest oddly puffed out, and the midsection seemingly missing.

“That’s, uh, Tyreke’s? Or Deuce’s?” I asked, confused.

“Mmhmm,” Tamira nodded emphatically.

“Um...so like, whose is it?”

“Does it matter?” Tamira bent down and held the shirt up against my torso. “Looks like it should fit just fine.”

I looked down at the strange garment. “You’re sure this isn’t a...girl’s shirt?”

“Oh no way, Michael,” Shante said, sliding her arm around my shoulders. “I seen Deuce wearin’ that just the other day.”

“You did?”

“Sure did baby,” Tamira grinned. “And he ain’t gonna mind if you borrow it. Why don’t you try it on?”

I could feel the tequila working its way into my bloodstream, lowering my defenses, relaxing me in ways I probably couldn't afford given the current circumstances. Shante nuzzled at my neck with her bee-stung lips, and I realized I'd been forgetting to breathe.

"OK alright," I said it fast through a whoosh of breath. "I'll give it a try I guess."

"Good boy," Tamira's eyes fixated on me, something devilish behind them. "Go on then, let's see it."

I rose from the bed and took the shirt from Tamira. Shante stood with me, and again I was sandwiched between the two of them.

"Right here?" I said shaky. "I'm a little, I don't know...I'm a little shy about changing in front of other people."

Tamira placed her strong hand along the side of my face, squeezed my chin. “Don’t be nervous, baby. We just want to see what you look like with it on. Here, let us help you.”

Before I could protest, Tamira had hold of my t-shirt and was pulling it over my head. Even in something as mundane as that I could feel her power - her startling strength. The instant the shirt was off my face went red; my upper body exposed.

“Look at your cute little body baby,” Tamira ran her fingertips down my bird chest. “Like a damn teenager.”

I was too embarrassed to speak.

“Would you look at him, Shante?” Tamira’s eyes twinkled. “You see how nervous this white boy is?”

“Mmhmm,” Shante moaned in my ear. “Why you so worked up, Michael?”

I tried to formulate words. “I...I’m...I’m not...”

“Lift your arms up, baby,” Shante said, so soothing.

Awkward and unsure of myself, I did as I was told.

Then Tamira was sliding the shirt on, pulling it past my elbows and over my head. It felt tight the second it touched me, everywhere but the chest. Tamira pulled it down until it could go no further, and though I was too embarrassed to look, I could feel my tummy exposed beneath.

“It doesn’t fit,” I said quietly.

“Sure it does, baby,” Tamira giggled. “It looks *great* on you. Doesn’t it, Shante?”

“Sure does, *Mikey*,” Shante breathed. “Much better than that ratty thing you had on before.”

Tamira walked me over to the mirror and had me look at myself.



“You’re sure this is Deuce’s?” I said, looking at my girlish physique. “Seems...small.”

Tamira’s hand came to the back of my neck, wrapping her fingers around it like she might just pick me up without a second thought. “You know what I just realized? I forgot something in your room, how silly of me! I’ll be right back...”

The door clicked shut behind Tamira and I became keenly aware of the fact that I was alone with Shante. I saw her reflection in the mirror, her hungry eyes watching me like a hawk. She stood up and approached with me with a saunter, her sexy caramel body clad in a pink string bikini that begged you to stare at it.

“I like your new outfit, Michael,” she said, standing behind me as our eyes met in the reflection. “But I don’t

think the top matches the bottom...you wanna try something *else* on?"

I gulped. "Like what?"

"I'm not sure," her voice was like a song, her long nails dancing down my bare sides where the tank top ended. Her tricky fingers came to the waistband of my swimming trunks. "But I think first we need to get these silly shorts off...don't you?"

A flurry of words and guilt came to me as she began to tug them down, and as much I wanted to protest - knew that protesting was the *right* thing to do, I just didn't.

Shante was too pretty. No, she was *gorgeous*.

Mesmerizing, even. And so forward. It was like I didn't have it in me to resist.

So I didn't.

The shorts came down to my ankles and I stepped out of them. Even with how ridiculous I looked - no pants and only an overtly tight, long-sleeved halter top on - I was still shameless enough to be fully erect. And by fully I mean all four inches of it(actually 3.7 but who is counting?), pink and hairless straining against gravity. For a moment I thought of the men Tamira must have been with in her time, the black guys that she'd fucked, her boyfriend Deuce chief amongst them. How much bigger were they than me? It wasn't even the length of my penis that embarrassed me...it was the width, or lack thereof. In many ways my penis resembled a pencil sharpened one to many times.

But Shante didn't seem to mind, and she took it in her soft palm and began to jerk.

"That feel good, Mikey?" she said, honey on her tongue.

I closed my eyes, trying to breathe.

“You like that?” she planted a soft kiss on my neck, and I quivered.

“I shouldn’t be doing this,” I whispered. “Gretchen can’t know...”

“And she won’t, baby...just *enjoy* it...”

She led me back over to the bed, shoving the mess of blankets and sheets to the floor and sitting me down on the edge. Then I watched one of the most beautiful women I’ve ever seen in my life get down on her knees between my legs. Her perfect, toffee-colored tits were high and full on her smooth chest, and they were close enough to my erection that had I moved an inch forward I might have touched them with it.

And always Shante’s eyes peered into mine, daring me to look away.

“You like my body, Michael?” she asked, running her palms along my bare thighs, teasing me.

“It’s incredible,” I said. “You’re beautiful, Shante. A *queen*.”

“You’re sweet, baby...You want me to play with it, don’t you?”

My breath became quick and shallow, like I couldn’t find it. “Gretchen can’t know, OK? Really, she can’t...”

“Shhhh,” Shante’s pointer finger ran the short length of my shaft, the tip of her acrylic nail dragging along the flesh there, almost uncomfortably. Then she reached back behind her neck where the pink bikini was tied and tugged at the knot. The top fell away like clouds covering the sun, and her luscious breasts were revealed. Shante’s nipples were the size of silver dollars, the color of a latte. Two little balls of flesh puffed out at the middle, and when she

pushed her arms together her honey breasts pressed into one another.

In that moment I was consumed with her.

Shante leaned in and those flawless tits came to either side of my pulsating prick. With her hands she mushed them together and my manhood disappeared completely in those heavenly clouds.

*“Oh my God,”* I whispered.

Gretchen had beautiful breasts too, of course. What some might call perfect. And I was no stranger to them. But I’d never been with a black girl before, not in my wildest dreams. And no woman I’d ever met had a gaze like Shante...except for maybe Tamira.

“You like it, Michael?” she said, attempting to slide her melons up and down my shaft but not really able to

without my shortened pecker popping out. Each time it did she would stick it back between her tits and hold it there.

I saw the faintest drop of my pre-cum touch her tantalizing skin and I almost lost it right there.

“Lay back,” she urged. “Just lay back and let me pleasure you...” Shante reached up and pushed me in the chest. I fell back against the bed, the silly top clinging itchy to my skin, the beaded sunglasses rattling against the lenses. And then she was leaning over me, rubbing her tits all over my dick and balls, driving me *insane*.

I was at a loss for words as I lay there moaning, momentarily forgetting all about the fact that I had been taken, that I had a girlfriend who loved me, that I loved in return...

Shante spit on my dick and I looked down. A perfect line of drool ran from her plump bottom lip to my

insignificant pink head, and her tits were streaked with sticky pre.

“You gonna cum for me, Michael?” she said seductively.

Before I could answer she took my thin rod between thumb and forefinger, like it was a single Cheeto, and began to stroke *fast*.

“*Oh*,” I uttered. And as I stared at her exquisite face and delicate mouth, the tropical color of her breasts, I could hold it back no more. I tried to warn Shante, but it was too late, and a moment later I felt myself begin to release between her two thin fingers.





And as the first spurt rocketed from my shaft, the motel door swung open.

It was Tamira - phone in hand, pointed directly at Shante and me.

All the kindness was gone from her face.

“Oh *fuck*,” I cried out, cumming confused as Shante stopped jerking altogether and removed her breasts from where they’d been resting along my thighs. Suddenly I felt very alone, abandoned, my orgasm twisted and ruined, as the black girls peered at me like I was a science project.

Shante kept the phone trained on me, the camera lens staring me down. When at last my dick ceased its shot, she lowered the camera.

“You done fucked up white boy,” Tamira said, all hint of the women from earlier gone.

I turned to Shante. She was already putting her bikini top back on, distancing herself from me and losing all interest. My cum puddled on my belly and greased my pubic hair, my dick quickly turned limp and laid against my mess like an earthworm on a dirty sidewalk.

“Can someone get me a towel?” I asked nervously.

Shante and Tamira looked at each and grinned. Laughter filled the dank motel room.

“A towel! Hahaha! More like a fuckin’ tissue for that pathetic little load!” Tamira heckled me.

“Littlest damn dick I ever seen up close,” Shante joined Tamira and the two women looked down at me in my vulnerable position. “At least your friend had something I could play with. That little thing you got is practically useless. How the hell you even get a girlfriend?”

“Specially’ one fine as Gretch,” Tamira put both hands on her strong hips. “Tyreke told me it was gonna be easy for him, but I don’t think he realized how weak his competition is. Yo’ little dinga-ling ain’t even a quarter the size of his! HA!”

It’s a strange thing to be so worked up one minute, and so degraded the next. What the girls were doing was lost on me, their words incoherent. All I know was that I had to get some clothes on. I had to get *out* of that room. Whatever they were up to, whatever sick game they were playing - I wanted none of it.

“I’m leaving,” I said sudden, my face bright red. “Right now!” I jumped off the bed, still dripping from Shante’s little show. In a panic I searched the hotel room for my clothes, the trunks and the t-shirt. “Where are my

things? My clothes?” I looked at them accusatorily. “What did you do with my things! I want out of here!”

Tamira crossed her toned arms over her mountainous breasts, pursed her lips, and gave me a look of death.

“You ain’t goin’ *nowhere*, white boy. Not until we’re done with you.”

“Like hell,” I said, frustrated beyond belief. “My clothes. Give them back. *Now*.”

Tamira handed Shante the cell phone. Shante turned the screen so I could see it.

Shante and me on the bed. Her succulent breasts wrapped around my dick, my high, girlish moans as she pleased me.

“You leave this room without my permission, and I send that to my new best friend,” Tamira said plainly.

“AKA your girlfriend, motherfucker.”

I shook my head in disbelief. “No you can’t do that...that’s not right. I was tricked! She’ll never believe you!”

“What’s there to believe?” Tamira said it like I was stupid. “The video’s right here, dummy. How you gonna explain this away?”

I opened my mouth to speak, and my defiance faltered. I think the girls saw the reality of the situation donning in my eyes because their scowls broke apart into smiles, and soon they were openly laughing at me once more.

“You’re our little plaything now, *Mikey*,” Tamira laughed, stepping forward and casting me in her long shadow. “And there ain’t a mothafuckin’ thing you can do about it.”

“Please...” I begged. “Please I’ll do whatever you want. You want money? I can get you some. I don’t have a lot, but I can ask my parents and -

“Don’t need yah money white boy,” Tamira interrupted. “I prefer yah dignity. Shante, get something for little Mikey here to clean that mess up with. I’m sick of looking at it!”

Shante bent over; her body as perfect as it was minutes ago but somehow terrifying now, and picked a sock up off the floor. She tossed it at me, and I caught it. It was *soaked*. “Donte’s workout sock from the gym this morning,” Shante laughed. “Wipe up your dribble with it!”

“Just wait a sec,” I whined. “We don’t have to do this - I don’t even know what *this* is. What if I buy you two a bottle of something nice? Or heck, I can even take out a credit card and -

“Wipe it up now, white boy!” Tamira’s voice boomed, louder and stronger than I’d thought possible of her. “Not another word till your nasty mess is *gone*!”

Trembling and naked, I wiped at the semen smeared on my belly, pubes, and shaft. Donte’s sock was wet with perspiration, a rolled up ball of cotton that had been sitting on the carpet for hours. I could smell him. I grimaced as I wiped up the last of it.

“Where can I put it?” I said, holding it between two fingers like the object was cursed.

“It’s yours now, Mikey,” Shante laughed. “Donte don’t want it back, that’s for sure.”

“I know a good place for it,” Tamira leveled her eyes at me.

“Girl you *so bad*,” Shante laughed.

“Put it in your *mouth*,” Tamira lowered her voice.



“What?” I squeaked.

Tamira raised her eyebrows.

“I can’t,” I said. “I won’t.”

Shante whistled out of her pursed lips. “You shouldn’t of said that, Mikey.”

Tamira took one lumbering step forward, then another, then another until I was pinned against the wall, soiled sock still in my hand. Then she took my face in her hand, her long bony fingers traveling near the length of my head. “I didn’t ask if you *wanted* to. Disobey me again and you will be punished. Do you understand me?”

She squeezed my face uncomfortably, and before I could answer for myself she shook my head *YES*.

“Good boy,” she grinned. “Now open up.”

Tamira snatched the sock from my hand and balled it up.

“Say- *ah!*”

Slowly, reluctantly...I opened my mouth.

Tamira shoved the sock in roughly, pushing it against my tongue and filling my mouth, using her coarse fingers to stuff the excess inside. I tasted salt and man, and had I to keep my jaw extended to fit it all in. Even then, a portion of it protruded from my mouth like an apple from a pig.

“Good boy,” she said, stepping back. “Don’t you look like a good little bitch now?”

Shante, the former girl of my dreams, howled with laughter. My tongue sat still in my mouth, pressed to the dirty cotton.

“Now we need to do something about that pathetic pinky. Ain’t nobody tryin’ to see your stuff!”

“Allow me,” Shante said with delight, opening a dresser drawer and pulling out something slight and black. She untangled the panties and held them up for me to see: a single thin strap ran in a circle, and the crotch was no more than a tiny, ruffled triangle with a hole in the center. They were made of lace, and a straight line in the back revealed it to be a thong.

Shante stepped forward and presented them to me. “I’m warning you, Michael,” she whispered. “Don’t upset Tamira. Trust me, OK? I wanna see you come through this unscathed, I really do. But if you keep resisting, you won’t. Now, let’s get these on and see how they fit.”

I stared at the ceiling as I lifted one foot and then the other into the racy black panties. I could feel the itch of the lace as she pulled them up my legs before situating them around my lower waist.

“Much better,” Tamira chuckled. “Go on and have a look at yahself!”

I turned towards the mirror across the room. The shirt from earlier was quite clearly a women’s garment now, a long-sleeved crop top meant to show off the tummy. Below that the triangle panties clung tight about my pelvis, and you could just barely see the skin of my penis through the fluffy hole in the center.

And of course, the cum sock between my cheeks.

The longer I stared, the less I recognized myself. The women stood behind me, laughing and cracking jokes, letting me get a good long look . At some point Tamira reached out and took hold of the hem of my panties and snapped it against my waist.



“We are gonna have so much fun this spring break,” Tamira said, stepping behind me and placing her hands on my shoulders. “And don’t act like you don’t deserve every bit of it, white boy. Your triflin’ ass *deserves* to be disciplined...and a whole lot more, too.”

“Maybe we should make him take a walk to the lobby,” Shante giggled. “Show off his new look.”

My eyes widened with fear. I shook my head, pleading.

“Or maybe we take him on down to that contest this evening and let his girlfriend get a long look at him,” Tamira planted a delicate kiss on the top of my head.

“Would you like that, baby?”

“*Pease*,” I muttered through the sock. “*PEASE O!*”

“Hahaha, my goodness,” she laughed. “You are one pathetic white boy, you know that?”

And then I did something Tamira didn't like.

It was the last time I did something Tamira didn't like.

"I can't do this!" I yelped, yanking the sock from my mouth. "I won't let you!"

The ebony Amazonian didn't speak this time. Instead, I quite suddenly found myself being *lifted* off the floor. Powerful hands had me about the waist, launching me into the air, spinning me sideways. I screamed out confused, everything happening too fast for me to register.

And then I was over her shoulder, six and a half feet in the air, panic rising in my gut. Tamira kept me there with ease, one arm wrapped about my legs, knees knocked together, my dick and balls escaping the tiny panties as they tucked fully back between my pressed thighs.

"What are you doing!" I screamed.

“Had enough of your damn mouth!” Tamira boomed. With her free hand she rubbed her palm along my bare ass cheek, the thong string riding uncomfortably up my crack and crossing over my tucked package.

She sat down on the edge of the bed with me still slung over her back.

*CRACK!*

“AAHHH!” I wailed, Tamira’s powerful palm cracking off my ass cheek.

*CRACK!*

“FUCK!”

Shante giggled nearby, relishing my pain. I saw her pick the dirty sock up off the floor.

*CRACK!*

“AHHHHHHH!”



“You gonna keep talking back bitch boy?” Tamira yelled, delivering another resounding blow to my right ass cheek.

“NO! I WON’T!”

*CRACK!*

I don’t know why or where it came from, but suddenly in the midst of my confusion and submission I became *aroused*. And even as small as it was, it was hard as a stone. And Tamira noticed.

“Look at that little dick!”

*CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!*

“AAAAHHH!”

“I think this freak likes it!”

*CRACK-CRACK-CRACK-CRACK!* I could feel the skin on my butt cheek glowing, turning red with handprints.

“I’m tired of his squakin’,” Tamira said. “Shante- do somethin’ bout this white boy’s mouth!”

Shante crawled across the bed, giving me an excellent view of her honey breasts. Then she shoved the sock back into my mouth and pinched my cheek. “Don’t you look cute?”

*CRACK!*

I screamed muffled into the sock, my dick throbbing between my thighs. Tamira flicked my little sack, all bunched and taut from the angle she held me at. I winced and moaned, and she did it three more times before resuming her assault on my buttocks.

“From now on you gonna call me *Ms. Tamira*. You got that white boy?”

*CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!*

“*YEA-HESH! YEA-HESH MISH TA-IA!*” I wailed, so degraded and turned on I could feel myself caving into her.

“And you’ll refer to my friend there as *Queen*. Do you understand me, white boy?”

Tamira began to pound on both cheeks, back and forth without a break, my body wriggling over her shoulder but with nowhere to go as she kept me still with her muscled arm. The strikes rang in my ears, my ass *throbbed*.

“And one more so you don’t forget yo’ place,” Tamira said.

Her arm raised high in the air, and she brought it down with sickening speed. Only this time it didn’t land on my ass. It collided dead on with my balls, a perfect little bulls eye in the tapestry of my humiliation.

I blacked out.



## Friday

The door to our motel room opened in the early hours of the morning and Gretchen crept in as quietly as she could. I didn't wake until she was sliding into bed beside me, the first rays of sunshine starting to pour between the blinds.

She felt *damp*.

"Where were you?" I asked groggy, wincing as I rolled over onto my back.

"Late night," she sighed, cuddling up to me. "You never made it out?"

"You never texted."

I was waking up, but she was falling asleep, and any further questions I may have had were going to have to wait until later. I got up and went to the bathroom, locking

the door behind me. I pulled my boxers down and examined my butt in the mirror.

“Jesus,” I gasped.

My cheeks were medium rare, little welts here and there that hurt to touch.

I was in trouble; I knew that much. I’d seen a different side to Tamira and Shante, and I had a feeling it wasn’t for the last time. Navigating the rest of the weekend was going to be difficult, but I hoped that by the time we left that I’d never have to see them again. I just had to survive a few more days.

A wave of shame and regret washed over me as I remembered my indiscretions. In that moment I resolved that it would be best if Gretchen *never* found out. And I would have to do whatever was necessary to keep her from discovering the truth.

“What time is it?” Gretchen asked sleepy-eyed a few hours later.

“Nearly 3,” I told her. “Do you want to go down to the beach maybe? Like, just you and me today?”

She rolled over in bed, tossing the covers lazily from her body. I saw that she still wore the same white top from the night before but now it was quite disheveled. The knot she’d tied through the collar was undone, and the shirt seemed *filthy*. A little wet, too.

“What happened to your clothes?” I asked, sitting down beside her.

“Oh, this? Um...” she looked down at the white T a little confused. “I must have been sweating in my sleep I guess.” Gretchen pulled the shirt off and tossed it to the floor. Shafts of sunlight streaked across her supple skin, and I wanted more than anything to make love to her right

then and there...but I couldn't risk her seeing the marks on my ass.

“How did your contest go? What was it anyway?”

Gretchen sat up in bed. She looked rough around the edges.

“Drink too much last night?” I asked.

“Maybe a little,” she smiled. “I need breakfast.”

“Sure thing. We can get some on the way to the beach...so...the contest?”

Gretchen bit her bottom lip. “I won.”

“You *won*?” I said in disbelief. “What did you win? What was it – a drinking contest?”

She giggled. “Not exactly...listen Michael, don't be mad. It was all in good fun, OK? We're only young once right?”





“What are you talking about, Gretchen?” I felt a strange feeling in my belly.

“Well...I was out with Tyreke and them – such *great* guys by the way. I think you’ll really like them if you get a chance to hang out. Anyway, they brought me to this big outdoor bar on the beach. It was *packed*. Like hundreds of people. And there was this big stage there with all these girls on it. But before I could compete I had to sign up, so I went into the bar and put my name down and -

*KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK*

Gretchen and I started from the bed. It was an aggressive banging, not like the friendly taps of the day before. For a moment I thought it might be the cops. I walked to the door and checked the peephole.

It was Tamira, only her heavy breasts viewable through the hole.

“Put some clothes on,” I said. “It’s our neighbor.”

Gretchen picked the dirty white shirt up off the floor and put it on. Then she snuggled back in the blankets.

“Mornin’ sugar!” Tamira sang sweetly as I opened the door. “How’s everybody *feeling* today?”

My stomach clenched up and a sweat broke out on my brow.

“Hi Tamira,” I said tersely. “How are -

She strode past me and into our room.

“Aw baby don’t you look all comfy!” Tamira bounded over to our bed. “Mind if I join you?”

“Come on in!” Gretchen giggled wildly, throwing the blanket wide and inviting my tormentor in. Tamira slid between the blankets, her lengthy body covering it from head to foot. Gretchen threw her arms about Tamira’s sturdy frame and snuggled her head to the woman’s

shoulder. Tamira cradled her like a child, easily twice her size.

“Hope you two aren’t feeling to *rough* this morning,” Tamira flashed her eyes at me. “Not to *sore* from last night I hope?”

“Just a little hungover,” Gretchen nuzzled her. “What did you three end up getting into? We didn’t see you at all.”

Tamira grinned, squeezing Gretchen closer. “Little of this, little of that.”

I loosened up a hair. I was safe - for now.

“Heard you won your contest,” Tamira giggled. “Did you have fun?”

“Mmhmm,” Gretchen said. “I have to go back again tonight to defend my title apparently.”

“Is that so?” Tamira said, impressed. “You must have really *stole the show*.”

The two of them laughed madly, and part of me was too afraid to ask what was so funny.

With my plans of alone time with Gretchen dashed, the seven of us made our way down to the strip of bars on the beach. It was prime time spring break over there, countless young and nubile bodies exploring what the area had to offer. It was almost like a contest to see who could show more skin; everywhere you looked college aged kids were dressed in little more than skimpy bathing suits.

And Gretchen led the pack.

Standing there on the sidewalk with margarita in hand, surrounded by the three lumbering figures of Tyreke, Deuce and Donte, she looked like a blonde Goddess. Her lavish hair draped past her shoulders, her

round lips pale pink with a shiny gloss. Her micro-bikini was black with silver sparkles and was maybe the most revealing outfit on the boardwalk. The top was *cupless*-that is, it was like a normal bikini top except the part that actually covered her tits was gone. In its place was a single black strap that ran vertically across her nipples. That strip was too thin, so the edges of her areolas were plain to see. The constant throng of passersby were constantly tripping or running into each other as frat boy after frat boy was suddenly hypnotized by her revealing chest. Her bottoms weren't much better- the same sparkly black as her top, but here a small triangle shape covered her sex while four other straps led out from it to wrap around her thin waist.

In the back a single strip ran up the crack of Gretchen's puffy, muffin-shaped ass. It wasn't hard to tell where our new "friends" were staring. I guess if there was

something to be relieved about it was the fact that the ogling twenty-something were too afraid to approach Gretchen, probably assuming that one of her three ebony bodyguards was her boyfriend.

But then again, that fact didn't provide much relief for me. Gretchen was *my* girl. And I couldn't understand why I couldn't get next to her.

"Let's hit the bar you were at last night!" Tamira suggested, placing her bulky arm on my shoulder, and leaning on me. It probably looked friendly to the others but being the one supporting her large frame I can assure you it was not.

"Great idea!" Gretchen exclaimed, already a little intoxicated. "I love that place! They kept giving me free drinks."

“Wonder why,” Tyreke chuckled. Gretchen rolled her eyes at him - was that inside joke?

“Why don’t y’all go lock down some seats on the big patio they got?” Tamira said, resting on me like I was a step stool. “Tamira and I gotta pick something up from one of the shops right here.”

I tried to move out from under Tamira, to join my girlfriend as she turned her back to leave.

“You’re staying with *me*,” Tamira whispered in my ear. With the constant racket of music pouring from the bars around us, and the ceaseless stream of tourists constantly on the move, no one heard her but me. “Make up some excuse. I don’t care what. But you ain’t goin’ with *them*.”

I hesitated, but in the end it didn’t matter. Gretchen had already turned her back, was walking up the strip with



Deuce and Tyreke flanking her. Maybe she thought I was following? Either way, it wasn't necessary for me to make an excuse. I was forgotten.

"You forgot your sunglasses, Mikey," Shante said once Gretchen and the others had gone from view. She pulled the ridiculous shades from her purse and handed them to me.

"Thank you, *Queen*," I sighed.

"You're welcome," she giggled. Shante was nearly as traffic-stopping as Gretchen, her bandeau patterned top pushed to its limits by her perfect curves and a high-waisted bottom that highlighted the supreme cake that was her ass. She'd done her makeup in such a way that her eyes were even more piercing than usual, soft but calculating.

Tamira's strong hand came to my neck, tightening until I stood up straight. "We've got big plans for you today, little man. You disobey me and I'll spank that chubby ass purple before I send your little movie to Gretchen."

"Yes, Ms. Tamira," I winced.

"Let's get the hell on then," she growled from above.

"They waitin' on us!"

I walked between the two women like a prisoner, shoulder to shoulder with Shante and brow to breast with Tamira, my shackles made of weak will and blackmail. The ocean looked perfect that day and I could see it across the white sand so calm and blue. Before we left for this trip one of my top priorities had been spending as much time in that water as possible.

Now my main concern was making it through the weekend without losing Gretchen.

We came to a storefront with a sign above it that read *Studio 69 Piercings and Ink*. At first, I thought we would pass by it like so many other shops along the strip. There was a bar directly next door to it and two sexy bartenders dressed in matching red bikinis stood out front, holding trays lined with Jell-O shots of every color.

“Shots! Shots!” The dreamy redhead called to us, offering the tray up to Tamira.

“Don’t mind if we *do!*” Tamira laughed, scooping several up and passing them out. “To little man’s first piercing!”

I watched Tamira and Shante down the shots, not sure if I’d heard her correctly.

“Aw, that’s so exciting!” The blonde girl in the red bikini said, offering us more Jell-O. “I bet you’d look really cute with a lip ring.”

“Or maybe like a stud or two?” the red-headed added, so peachy.

As flattering as it was to be complimented by babes in bikinis, what Tamira had said still didn’t fully register.

“Your shot, child,” Tamira nudged me obnoxiously with an elbow.

I knew better than to disobey her. Even being in her presence now was enough intimidation. I downed it in a gulp.

“Three more,” she said, her vast hands taking them from the tray. “We gotta make sure little man here don’t wet himself with nerves, girls!”

The cute bartenders laughed, and my face went red.

“Aw, don’t be embarrassed!” The redhead said sweetly. “It’s not gonna hurt at all! We’ll see you when you get done and maybe we can do another shot?”

I smiled meekly. Tamira nudged me again, indicating that I would be footing the bill for the liquor. Fifty dollars later and I was following her and Shante into *Studio 69 Piercings and Ink*.

When they sat me down in the parlor chair I was a little tipsy. It felt strange to sit there and stare at myself in the mirror with Tamira and Shante flanking me on either side. Tamira’s strong hands came from behind, taking my chin and turning my face just so, inspecting my features.

“So soft,” she murmured, running her fingers along my cheek bones. “So rounded...and your eyebrows nearly arch on their own. It’s a damn miracle I found you,

child...or I guess *you* found me. Either way. I think was fate, Mikey. I really do.”

She let go of my face and moved out of the way so the technician could sit down beside me. A million thoughts raced through my brain, the foremost being *how the fuck am I going to explain a piercing to Gretchen*. As I tried to reason with myself, I decided that perhaps a single stud in one ear, two tops, wouldn't be so bad. It might even give me that long evasive sense of style Gretchen had picked on me about since the start of our relationship.

“He wants one in each ear,” Tamira told the technician, a thin black woman with a short haircut and gorgeous smile.

I breathed a sigh of relief that it was the ears alone.

“And we want...” Shante dug in her purse for a moment before removing two golden hoops wide enough to fit around a person’s neck , “these! Ain’t they cute?”

In slow motion I watched the hoop earrings pass in front of my face as Shante handed them to the girl. Along the lower arch were five letters rising into the center of the hoop, bedazzled in tiny fake diamonds. It was a name.

*Miley.*

The technician giggled shrilly.

“What is that?” I asked. “Ms. Tamira I...I can’t...”

“You *can’t what?*” she squatted way down so that her fat lips brushed against my earlobe.

I swallowed. “How am I gonna explain this to Gretchen?”

“She ain’t gonna know shit, child. From what I hear she ain’t none too concerned with your little ass right now

anyway. Stop worryin' about her. As long as you do everything I say, you and your little girlfriend are gonna be just fine. But unless you want another spankin' you best cut the lip."

What choice did I have?

With the pretty technician snickering in my ear, I braced myself for the sudden sting of the needle.

When she was done I kept my eyes cast to the floor, too ashamed to see what new shame the mirror held. Thankfully they spun the chair around, and now my view was that of Tamira and Shante's naturally pretty faces, examining my new accessories.

Their smiles broke apart into laughter, and their laughter was *deafening*.

"Good lawd!" Tamira through her hands up. "Would you look at this white boy!"



Shante and the girl who'd pierced my ears roared shrilly. I could feel the weight of the hoops on my earlobe, like two overstuffed suitcases weighing me down.

"Mind if we do this hear?" Tamira asked the technician as she took a seat beside me. "It'll only take a sec?"

"Only if I can watch," the black girl giggled.

Shante laid her bulky purse on a nearby table and began to extract every manner of brush, pencil, and palette known to man. At first I wasn't sure what they were doing. It looked like makeup, but why do it there? Besides, their makeup was already done up to flawless perfection. What was left to do?

Then Tamira popped the top off a tube of lipstick and brought it to my mouth.

“What are you doing?” I trembled, already knowing the answer.

“We need your look to match the name, child,” Tamira said, eyes focused as she began to dab at my lips.

“What name?”

“Can’t you read?” she rolled her eyes. “The one on your damn earrings!”

When she told me to close my eyes for the eyeshadow I was thankful. It was easy to disassociate there in the blindness. Brushes danced against my cheeks and pencils worked across my brows and lips. Floral scents and busy hands on my face. I didn’t move a muscle.

“Open your eyes,” Tamira said after swinging the chair around.

I did as I was told and could only look for a few seconds before casting my eyes away.

“What have you done?” I groaned, looking at the floor.

The three women rolled with laughter once more.

Tamira tugged on my hair, so I was forced to lift my head and look. My eyebrows were rich and dark and full – far too thick. My eyelids and the entire area surrounding them were a hot, bright pink coated with sparkling glitter. My lips matched the eye shadow, creating a hot pink nightmare against the mop of brown hair on my head. The lips were lined with a shade only slightly darker, and my cheeks were rosy and red.

The name *Miley* twinkled in the hoops dangling from my ears.

When Tamira finally caught her breath she demanded I pay the technician. And then I found myself dazed and humiliated as she took me by the hand and led me from the shop.

The moment we were out on the boardwalk again I instantly regretted it. My eyes fell on the cute bartenders, their tanned cleavage, and buoyant bodies. I watched them turn to the sound of our approach - witnessed the very *instant* they beheld me in all my shameful glory.

“Ooohhhh *WOW!*” the redhead shrieked with laughter, nearly dropping her tray of shots. “Is that...NO! *Hahaha!*”

“Oh *NO*,” the blonde girl’s eyes watered, trying to cover her mouth and hide the mirth there. “Are you *serious!* Hahahaha!”

Tamira tugged on my hand and brought me to a stop. She was showing me off. And as the bartender’s laughter intensified more and more of the wandering spring breakers stopped to see what the commotion was about. A group of frat guys with their buxom girlfriends, a drunken

trio of bros, a set of half-naked ladies with large sunglasses on. All of them and too many more to count.

*HAHAHAHA! HAHAHAHA! HAHAHAHA!*

Cell phones were out, aimed right at me.

All around came jokes and snide remarks, one brazen twenty-something leaning in and having his picture snapped with me. He and his friends cackled as they posted it Instagram.

*HAHAHAHA! HAHAHAHA!*

“Aren’t you pretty Miley!”

“Look at the little pet!”

“Hey buddy the gay bar is *that way!*”

*HAHAHAHA! HAHAHAHA!*

I held a sort of awkward smirk on my face, determined not to let them see how much it hurt me...but in a way I think it made me look all the more pathetic.

Watching those cute bartender's flash their white teeth and cruel smiles hurt the worst, and in that moment I contemplated running for the ocean and swimming all the way down to Cuba.

“Alright little man,” Tamira said, tugging my hand.  
“Plenty more where that came from and we ain't *done with you yet!* Keep it moving!”

The crowd parted like the red sea when Tamira moved forward, leading me like a lost child. Shante followed close at my heels, occasionally keeping me on my toes with one of her patented ass pinches. I found myself looking around for Gretchen, preparing myself to burst into an all-out run should I see her. There was just no way she could know. No way she could *see me like that*.

I checked my phone, unsurprised that she'd yet to text me. I had no idea where she was...and for the time being I wanted to keep it that way.

The next stop we made was at a chic little department store called *Bessy's One Stop Body Works*. I was so relieved to be in and off the strip that the name of the place barely registered with me. It wasn't until we were safely inside that I realized what kind of store it was.

All around me were racks of clothes. Women's clothes. Dresses and skirts and blouses and bottoms. And along the back wall were four large mirrors, salon chairs stationed at each one. From behind the counter came a heavy-set woman with a puffy afro and makeup similar to my own.

"Oh lawd' if it isn't Ms. Tamira! Girl what you doin' back so soon!" Bessy had a jovial voice, and her head came

to just below Tamira's high-rise breasts when they embraced.

“I'm a troublemaker you know that,” Tamira smiled. “And girl if I ain't makin' some today! You still got that mini skirt and bust I was looking at last time? It was too small for the last one but I think it's gonna fit Miley here just *perfect*.”

Bessy raised her eyebrows. “Miley, huh? Girl you are a *riot*. Yeah, I still got the skirt. The top, too. Why don't you throw your little pet in the changing room, and I'll grab it for you.”

Tamira gripped my hand firmly and walked me back to the dressing rooms. She shoved me through the curtain and followed me in, the small space barely large enough to fit the both of us. Tamira had to duck so as not to bump her head on the low ceiling.



“Get them raggedy ass clothes off, child,” she said in huff, sticking her long finger in my face. “I’m gonna go set up an appointment for that rat’s nest on top of your head. Don’t you even think about running, either. Shante gonna be waitin’ just outside.”

Alone in the dressing room I stripped down, careful when maneuvering my t-shirt off over my new hoop earrings. My rump was sensitive to the touch when I slid my swimming trunks down. Piling my clothes in the corner I waited quietly, completely naked.

The curtain swung open, and there was beautiful Shante with a black garment in hand.

I covered myself out of instinct.

“You think I ain’t seen it or something?” Shante said, stepping into the room with me. She smelled *delicious*.

“Move yah damn hands, Miley.”

I did as I was told.

“Guess the cat’s out of the bag huh?” she said, eyeing my slight erection. “I seen your little clit dick getting’ hard last night when Ms. Tamira was spankin’ you. No need to act like you don’t like this, Miley.”

“I don’t like it,” I whispered. “It’s just...you’re really pretty, Tamira.”

She broke apart into laughter, staring directly at my face. “You pretty too, Miley. In a real fucked up sort of way. Now come here and let me get this on you.”

Shante brought the black skirt to my feet, and I stepped through into it. She snorted laughter when it slid across my hardness, pinning it tiny along my pelvis. She situated the skirt to my hips. Then came the bust, a crisscross halter that hung from my shoulders by two

straps. It made a keyhole between the skirt and the top of my navel, amply showing my flat little tummy.

“How it fit!” Tamira called from just outside.

Shante’s eyes lit up. “*Perfect.*”

When Tamira saw me she crossed her muscular arms and nodded approval. Bessy just shook her head, mumbling under her breath. Looking down at my body I realized sort of suddenly that I couldn’t go *anywhere* looking like that. The line had been crossed a thousand miles back, but the skimpy nightclub dress was the final straw.



“I’m done,” I mumbled. “I can’t do this. I’m done.”

Tamira stepped forward and gripped onto my shoulder. “What you mean you done, Miley?”

“You can tell her. Gretchen. Tell her everything. Send her the video. But I’m done. I can’t anymore...”

Shante came swiftly from behind me and ran her fingers along the bump in my skirt. My penis strained instantaneously against the garment.

“*He* don’t seem to mind,” Shante whispered in my ears. “You’re almost there, Miley. We’re almost done. Just a little further...and you know what? I’ll make you a little deal. Before we send you back to your girlfriend just right as rain...I’ll give you that blowjob you missed out on last night. How’s that sound?”

I cursed myself for my own weakness. For my own adultery and second guessing. Shante’s soft touch

combined with Tamira's menacing hand were a tough combination to overcome. They didn't wait for my answer. Tamira took me by the hand and led me to the back. To the salon chairs.

When we left Bessy's shop an hour later my hair felt strange on my head. It was styled in a way it wasn't used to; my middle part totally gone. So was my natural brown color. The constant snip of the shears had been difficult to endure, watching so much of my hair fall down into my lap. I had an idea of what it looked like, but I was so dejected during the coloring stage that I'd opened my eyes only once to make sure they weren't shaving it all off.

"This is the bar," I heard Tamira say, my own eyes glued to the bedazzled sandals around my feet. I noticed since leaving the dress shop that I wasn't hearing nearly as many snickers or insults from the people we passed. It

seemed like they didn't know who I was anymore. And neither did I, to be honest.

The place was called *Wet Willy's Wild Times*, and it was massive indoor/outdoor bar with a patio out back. There was a stage, too. All along that stage were girls in white t-shirts congregating, every one of them young and beautiful and, well, *buxom*. It was a startling sight of braless titties wrapped in white cotton, what you might describe it as any young man's dream.

Only I was too afraid to look, too fearful that those girls might see me for what I was. So I kept my eyes *down*.

"Looks like the contest is getting ready to start," Tamira sounded focused. "Shante – you see that brother there along the bar? The big hunk of chocolate with the droopy eyes? He looks drunk as hell. Should be just right."

Why don't you go do your thing while I have a little pep talk with our Miley here."

"On it," Tamira said, slipping off.

Music started up on large speakers, and a DJ began to holler into a mic as more and more people flocked to the back patio.

"*WHO IS READY FOR ROUND TWO!*" a blaring voice over a microphone. "*A FRESH BATCH OF NEW CONTESTANTS' TONIGHT EVERYONE! AND OF COURSE WE HAVE OUR **RETURNING CHAMPION...***"

The crowd, mostly men, roared in approval. It made me sad because perhaps if I'd never met Tamira, if I'd never gone and told her to turn the music down, maybe I'd be watching the contest, too. Gretchen and I together, laughing and enjoying ourselves.



“I need you to listen to me right now, Miley,” Tamira’s voice in my ear. I was still unable to pick my head up.

“You’re gonna walk your pretty little ass into the bathroom over there. It’s probably a little confusing for you at this point, but you’re gonna wanna use the men’s room.

There’s a handicap stall at the end. You go in that one and you *wait*.”

I had no idea what she was talking about.

“You hear me, Miley?” Tamira’s voice hardened.

“Don’t make me discipline you in front of these people!”

I nodded. “Yes, Ms. Tamira.”

“Good. Now go on. Get!”

I made my way to the restrooms, sure to keep my face down as much as possible. It was like my fear of humiliation, or perhaps the one I was currently enduring, was absorbing all of my attention. The ability to piece

things together or recognize my surroundings was minimal. All that was in my brain was my *secret*. The secret that no one, especially Gretchen, could ever know. Everything else around me was *just noise*.

The bathroom was empty. I walked to the last stall, the handicap. I went inside.

I was greeted by a mirror. I'd forgotten those types of stalls had their own. The person staring back at me was too unfamiliar for me to just simply look away. The black skirt and top, the lipstick and the makeup, the big hoop earrings with my new name. *Miley*.

"What the fuck," I shuddered, reaching up to touch my new do.

It was pink, of course. The very same shade as my eyelids and lips. Something Bessy had said while she was doing my hair came back to me – *look at this little pixie*,

*ain't she cute?* And I suppose that was the word for it.

Short and thinned out, messy bangs along my forehead, straight locks down the sides pushed behind my ears. And all *so disgustingly pink*. It was a feminine, tom boy's haircut. And with it I no longer looked like myself. It suddenly seemed silly that I was hiding my face back in the bar – who could recognize me if I myself couldn't?

The door to the stall I was standing in swung open violently, and a tall ebony figure stepped into the reflection behind me.

“Miley,” he whispered, slurred and aggressive.

“Excuse me?” I stuttered, turning around to face the stranger. He was broad chested and strong, large veins running through his bare shoulders and forearms. He had a tattered tank top on and shorts.

He locked the stall door.

“You’re prettier than they said,” the man chuckled.  
“Look at these pretty lips.” He ran his fingers across my mouth, holding my head in both his hands. He was a good foot taller than me, and twice as wide to boot.

“I don’t think I’m who you’re looking for,” I breathed fast, trying to remain calm.

“Miley, right?” his eyes were probably seeing two of me. “Just the Miley I’m looking for.”

His calloused palm came to the top of my pixie head and started to shove me *down*.

The bathroom door opened several stalls away, and I heard Tamira’s voice echoing off the tile. “You two go ahead and enjoy yourselves! My girl and I are watchin’ the door so you don’t get interrupted. Have at her baby!”

I came to my knees, every inch of me shaking.

The stranger pulled his shorts down and a spongy soft club swung out. It was hooded and mean, rising even as I stared at it. With one hand gripping what was left of my hair he pulled me closer to it, lifting it in his free hand and shoving it again my mouth.

“Open wide, Miley,” he moaned. “Show me what that mouth *do*.”

My knees dug into the cold floor. I tasted cock.

“That’s it girl, just like that,” he said, stiffening between my cheeks. “Ever had one uncut before?”

I’d never had *any* before. And as he grew rougher inside my virgin throat, I could have sworn I heard Gretchen’s voice somewhere in the distance. As if her voice was somehow amplified, always followed by the sounds of cheering...but it couldn’t be. It was my own regret come to haunt me in my weakest moment.

“Oh fuck yeah baby, loosen that throat up for me.

Good girl. Very good.”

*Gluck-gluck-gluck* went my throat as drool poured from my pouty mouth, his pre-cum mixing with my spit and slicking my chin. *WHECK-WHECK-WHECK* it grew louder. His balls bounced off my thin neck, and I felt the head of his massive meat unsheathing over and over against my tongue and the roof of my mouth.

“FUCK...FUCK,” he began to groan.

A racket went up outside in the bar. Hundreds of voices shouting and cheering, an incoherent DJ, thumping bass music.

“UUUGGGHHH!”



The stranger held me down on it as I slapped at his strong thighs. His white-hot nut unleashed like a tidal wave down my throat, too much to swallow as I gagged and coughed against it.

“UUGGGHHHH FUCK!”

By some awful miracle it kept coming, like a gallon of milk dumped down the drain. It spilled from my mouth in sticky wads, staining the front of my new outfit, pooling on the bathroom floor. When at last he let me up I came away sucking for air.

“Hope you don’t mind the throat pie,” he chuckled.  
“Didn’t want to mess up that pretty makeup you got on.  
Good lord, girl! Best damn fifty bucks I ever spent.”

The stranger pulled his shorts up and left. I sat down on the toilet seat trying to comprehend what had just happened. Outside, I could just make out what the DJ was



screaming. It was difficult over the rowdy crowd of men, but I heard it quite distinctly.

*“AND YOUR WINNER FOR THE SECOND NIGHT  
IN A ROW! GIVE IT UP FOR THE ONE, THE ONLY -  
SWEET TITS!”*

I turned the sink on and washed out my mouth.

## SATURDAY

Gretchen's phone was dead. I realized this after she failed to answer about ten of my texts messages and I decided to call her. Straight to voicemail. When I got back to the motel Friday night she wasn't there, and in a way I was relieved because try as I might, there was no logical explanation I could give her for my earrings and haircut.

I washed the makeup off my face and got in bed. I waited.

She never came home.

At some point I drifted off to sleep. When I woke up the next morning she *still* wasn't back. I tried calling her again – no luck. That's when the panic set in, that final ingredient within the hysteria of my mind that would inevitably lead me blind into that final night.

“Is Gretchen with you?” I asked a sleepy-eyed Tamira when she answered her door.

“Why the hell did you go and wash that makeup off?” she asked, clearly annoyed. “Now we gotta reapply it!”

“I can’t get a hold of her,” I said. “Did you see her last night?”

Tamira gave a haunting giggle. “Sure did. I’m surprised you didn’t.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Gretch is fine, little man. I thought you didn’t want her to see you like this anyway? I did you a solid and told her she should head on to an afterhours party they were having at a hotel on the beach. Told her you were tired and that you’d gone home early but not to worry.”

I considered this new information. “What party? Which hotel?”

“Bitch don’t question *me* like that! Ain’t for you to concern yourself with anyway. I’m sure she’s probably sleeping it off.”

Shante’s voice came from behind, within the dark motel room. “Or getting’ it on! Ha!”

“I don’t know what to do,” I said, dejected.

“I’m gonna tell you what to do, child. Go get me and Queen some coffee. Then we’re gonna redo that makeup of yours and add the *final accessory* before the Finals this afternoon. We’re short on time so get movin’!”

“Finals?” I asked, confused.

“You’ll see,” Tamira grinned. Then she slammed the door in my face.

When I retrieved my cell phone from my room my heart skipped a beat – there was a text message from Gretchen. Even before I opened it I was convinced it was

an apology, some logical explanation for why she was still gone and that she'd be home soon. In those few moments before I read it, I was also sick with anxiety – how was I going to explain myself when she saw me with pink hair and hoop earrings?

*She busy. Stop calling.* That's all the message said.

I didn't get it. Who was busy? I started to get the feeling that maybe she was still drunk, maybe she hadn't gone to bed at all. What on earth was she even talking about? Who the hell was *she*?

I called again. No answer. I texted. Nothing.

“Goddamnit, Gretchen,” I sighed.

A short while later I was back inside Tamira and Shante's motel room. It wasn't lost on me that the Tyreke and the others weren't there, that the last time I'd seen them was with Gretchen. It made me nauseous to

contemplate, but what Tamira pulled out of her suitcase erased everything else from my mind.

“What you think, Miley?” Tamira held the horror up for me to see. “Realistic, isn’t it? Feels real, too. Here – give it a squeeze.”

I backed up towards the door, one step at a time as if she was coming at me with a rabid animal clutched in her arms.

“You can’t be serious?” I stuttered. “You can’t expect me to *wear that!*”

“Oh I do expect it, Miley. And I expect you to do it with a *smile.*”

Shante was nearby sipping her latte, watching me try to run from the thing in Tamira’s hands. “It’s the last night, Miley,” she said. “It’s the only thing left. After today you can take it off, shit you can even have them damn

earrings taken out and your hair recolored if you want. But don't make it all this way just to fuck up. Let Ms. Tamira have her way and soon enough it'll all be over."

That inevitable sinking feeling came on. A feeling I'd grown so tired of in the last few days. A feeling I *detested*.

"You don't get yah little chubby ass over here right now I'm gonna spank the damn thing purple!" Tamira shouted. "Take yo' damn shirt off boy!"

Tamira didn't appreciate my apprehension. Not one bit. She all but ripped my pajamas off, literally tearing the pants from my waist and tossing the shreds over her shoulder. She wrestled my naked, frightened body to the ground, straddled my waist and squeezed her thighs together so hard that her knees would leave bruises along my sides for *days* after.

Then she was grappling it on over my head, even though the fight had gone out of me.

It was hard to breath with the silicone collar wrapped around my neck, and I cried out when she yanked my arms through the shoulder-sleeves. I felt like a child in her grasp – her strength so far beyond my own that even attempting to struggle was foolish. She was only being that rough because she *enjoyed* it.

And I guess part of me did too. My body betrayed me when she stood me in front of the mirror.

“Looky there,” Tamira guffawed. “White chick with a little dick! Ain’t that somethin’ to see. HA!”

Shante came from behind me and ran her hands from my ribs to my new enlarged assets. “So real,” she giggled. “To bad you have a dick, Miley. Otherwise there’d be no way to tell the difference.”



The silicone tits were H cups. Just massive. The body suit they were a part of wrapped around my torso tightly, and the skin tone was so realistic that unless you looked closely where my arms came through you'd have no idea they were fakes. The nipples were wide and brown, two giant nubs in the center that were forever erect. The falsies certainly defied gravity, so busty and huge that their perkiness was an impossibility.

“Go on and feel em’, child,” Tamira encouraged. “You know you want to.”

My trembling hands came to the under tit and I rolled my palms over them. They certainly felt real.

“Look at his little clit dick getting’ all hard!” Tamira guffawed. “Once a damn sissy *always* a damn sissy. If it wasn’t so small I’d lock it up so there ain’t any confusion

*later...but I doubt anybody gonna be able to see that fuckin' thing anyway!"*

Shante, my sweet crush, laughed and laughed. She brought her hand in close to my thin white penis and extended thumb and forefinger to measure its size. She held up the disappointing length for me to see.

"You actually thought you'd have a chance with me, Miley?" Shante's voice was cruel. "With this fucking thing? You've seen my body, right? How the hell this gonna make it past my fat ass?"

Tamira shoved me over the sink suddenly, my new breasts jiggling as she did it. Her cruel palm came to my sore ass and she went to work.

"This is for back talkin'," she informed me, before whipping her hand across my fleshy cheek. "And this is for gettin' cum on that pretty new dress we got you!"

*CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!*

“AAAAHHH!”

Shante held my face still, forcing me to watch in the mirror as Tamira battered my butt. It didn't last as long as the first night but by the time she was done I knew I wouldn't be able to sit down for a few days. Tamira hoisted me onto her shoulder like a child and showed me my flaming ass cheeks in the mirror.

“Let that sting remind you I don't want *any* bullshit tonight. You hear me, Miley? Not one fucking eye roll. Not a sliver of goddamn lip. You're mine for twelve more hours.”

Tamira reapplied my makeup while Shante prepared the outfit. They gave me a pair of purple bikini bottoms that had this loop in the crotch – they adjusted the loop to fit the nonexistent girth of my dick, and the garment kept

my shame pulled low, nearly tucked. Standing in front of the mirror and looking at it from different angles, it was impossible to detect that I had a penis at all.

I was expecting a matching bikini for the top, a level of absurd humiliation I knew I wasn't ready for. In fact, had they actually put a bikini on my breasts and expected me to go out in public like that, I may have run screaming into traffic.

But they didn't. Instead, Shante handed me an oversized white t-shirt.

"Thank God," I mumbled, gratefully putting it on.

With my makeup almost precisely the same as the day before(matching pink lipstick and eyeshadow, glitter along the cheeks and eyelids), I was what Tamira called "the best version of Miley." Pixie pink haircut, outrageous glittery complexion, wide circular earrings with my new name

engraved on them, breasts big enough to stop traffic even standing next to the likes of a beauty such as Shante. The plain white t-shirt made it to the bottom of my waist, right where the purple bikini bottoms started.

“Time for your big debut, Miley,” Tamira said.

Shante pinched my sore ass, and I cried out like a girl. A few minutes later we were in a cab on our way to the beach.

When we got to *Wet Willy's* the sun was bright in a cloudless sky and the back patio was *packed*. I kept getting strange looks from the men gathered there, first their gaze falling on my giant tits and then moving to my face, as if they couldn't quite figure out what was off about me. I found myself constantly averting my eyes, more or less looking at the floor as I'd done the night before.

I was hot in the silicone. I could feel the sweat pooling inside the body suit. Uncomfortable and nervous as I was, I didn't realize why we were there until I saw a line of girls dressed more or less exactly as I was, taking the raised stage along the back patio.

Then the announcer kicked in. *“ALLLLLLLL RIGHT EVERYBODY! ARE YOU READY FOR THE THIRD AND FINAL ROUND OF WET WILLY’S WET T-SHIRT CONTEST! LET ME HEAR YOU SAY YEEEEAAAAAHHH!”*

The crowd of testosterone around us erupted into hysteria.

A row of ten girls took the stage, one by one. And then it hit me. It all hit me at once and my legs became so weak I almost fell over where I stood.

“Time to get up there and strut yo’ stuff, Miley,” Tamira whispered wickedly.

I looked down at the t-shirt I had on. My eyes went wide. My feet *froze*.

“I said get yah little ass *up there*,” she shoved me in the back. “*NOW!*”

Some men in the crowd saw her push me but they took it as my intention to join the other girls on stage. Soon enough their hands were on me, pulling me forward, copping quick feels, moving me ever closer to the steps along the side of the stage.

“*COME ON GIRLY DON’T BE SHY! FROM THE LOOKS OF IT YOU MIGHT BE THE ONE TO DETHRONE OUR REIGNING CHAMP! HAHAHA!*”

The other girls on stage stared at me as I joined them, their faces a mixture of amusement and confusion. It was like they *knew* but didn’t. All of them were so pretty, and I

recognized the redheaded bartender from the day before among them. She squinted at me – she *knew*.

Looking out across the crowd I got queasy. Hundreds of eyes relishing myself and the other women on the stage. Hungry men, horny thoughts. It was *terrifying*. We all stood shoulder to shoulder like meat on display at a market.

And then the crowd hushed.

*“AND NOW...THE MOMENT YOU’VE ALL BEEN  
WAITING FOR...THE VERY FIRST WET WILLY’S WET  
T-SHIRT CONTESTANT TO WIN NOT ONE BUT TWO  
NIGHTS IN A ROW...THE SWEETEST TITS  
AROUND...THE MELONS WITH THE MOST...THE  
BESTEST BREASTS OF THE CHESTIEST CHESTS...THE  
ONE – THE ONLY –“*

The crowd became deafening.



My heart broke in two.

*“GRETCH SWEET TITS TAYLOR!”*

My gorgeous Gretchen, my beautiful girlfriend, ascended the steps to the stage as if this were her coronation as queen of the universe. The women beside me clapped politely, jealously. The men down below whooped and hollered, catcalled, stirred themselves into an absolute frenzy. She wore her t-shirt in the style I’d seen the day before – tied through the collar, tits swaddled lazily together, bouncing with each step. Below she had her typical micro bikini on, nothing more than two strings and a patch to cover her pink sex.

She walked the length of the stage, passing each of the girls in turn. Her face was turned to the crowd smiling when she walked by me. I felt feverish. Dazed. Surreal.

The girl standing beside me scooted over, and Gretchen squeezed in between us. I was now shoulder to shoulder with my girlfriend...and she had no idea who I was.

My eyes drifted across the crowd. It was hard to miss Tamira – she was taller than most of the men. She winked at me, a look of final satisfaction across her face.

*“ALLLLL RIGHT GENTS! ARE YOU READY FOR THE FINAL ROUND OF THIS DEBAUCHEROUS INDECENCY!”*

The crowd began to chant...*BRING OUT THE HOSE! BRING OUT THE HOSE! BRING OUT THE HOSE!*

Like a sea snake summoned by Poseidon himself, three men holding a limp firehouse emerged from behind the stage. They ascended the steps and positioned

themselves along the center, rotating the threatening nozzle to stare down each contestant in kind.

“No need to be nervous honey,” Gretchen whispered sweetly in my ears, too enthralled with the crowd to recognize who I was. “Sure the water boys can get a bit *handsy*...the crowd can too. But that’s half the fun, right? Just relax and try to enjoy yourself.”

I opened my mouth to speak, to expose myself and end the ruse right there in a painful blaze of glory.

But the words never left my mouth.

I was met head on with a great blast of water that nearly knocked me off my feet.

*“IT HAS BEGUN!”*

Blinded, nothing but blaring music and laughter in my ears, I became disoriented. Every time I caught my breath or was able to open my eyes the hose would come again. It

was almost as if the water boys had eyes only for me...and the great bounding breasts beneath my t-shirt.

*“LOOK AT THE KNOCKERS ON THE PIXIE! SURE TO GIVE GRETCH A RUN FOR HER TITTIES!”*

I felt the t-shirt plaster to my body, to the latex falsies. They kept the hose aimed at my chest, only occasionally turning it on some of the other girls before returning to me. I tried to block it with my arms and hands, but it was useless.

*“Don’t run from it girl!”* A man yelled from the crowd.

*“Would you just look at them titties!”*

*“Goddamn I’d love to get the pixie and Gretch for a night alone! HA!”*

When at last I could open my eyes, the scene around me was a living nightmare. Countless other water boys had joined the stage, pitchers of water in each hand. They were

dousing the girl's chests, not the least of which was Gretchen herself. Two cackling frat bros with blonde mohawks poured their pitchers down her body, soaking through her t-shirt and exposing the perfect contour of her tits to a crowd of *hundreds*.

And Gretchen was *smiling*. She started shaking her shoulders, sending her breasts to jiggling madly, walking the stage to make sure every attendee got a good look. As she passed by the men holding the hose, one of them reached out and quite blatantly grasped her left breast in his greedy hand, giving it a nice long squeeze. Anger flared in my stomach, but Gretchen just kept *giggling*.

The hose came back to me. To my secret body. I was blinded once more.

*“ALRIGHT FELLAS! TIME TO CHEER FOR YOUR FAVORITE PAIR OF KNOCKERS! LET’S HEAR IT!”*

One by one the announcer called out the names of different girls on stage, eliminating each in turn when their crowd reaction paled against that of Gretchen's. As they left the stage in defeat I looked down at my own chest – now fully exposed, the wide fake nipples clear as the daylight we stood in.

*“SORRY DARLIN’! SEE YOURSELF OUT! NOW THAT LEAVES JUST TWO CONTESTANTS LEFT! LET’S GET THE PIXIE AND GRETCH TOGETHER FOR THE FINAL BATTLE!”*

Gretchen strutted across the stage, her t-shirt a sopping mess, her sweet, honey tits almost totally exposed. For a moment her face changed when our eyes met, like she was on the cusp of figuring it all out. I went weak – I wanted to tell her.

*“THIS IS IT LADIES! GIVE IT ALL YOU GOT! ONE  
LAST SHAKE FOR THE WET WILLY’S TROPHY!”*

*SHAKE-SHAKE-SHAKE-SHAKE-* the men had their  
fists in the air. *SHAKE-SHAKE-SHAKE-SHAKE!*

Gretchen got right to it, flinging her lissome back side  
to side and giving her assets the full range of motion. Men  
from the crowd began to swarm the stage in a frenzy, beers  
in hand, lust in their eyes, reaching for those two gorgeous  
targets.

I watched countless hands engulf my girlfriend’s  
innocent breasts. And when I felt tugging at the silicone  
along my neck I found their hands on me, too. Squeezing  
and pinching and prodding. We were their *playthings*.

Some nameless man from the crowd tore Gretchen’s  
shirt from her body. She stood topless and dripping.

Catcalls came from every direction.





*“These titties are nice!”*

*“Get a good feel! Let’s see whose are softer!”*

*“How much to get both of you in my bed tonight?”*

*“Gretch LOVES it! Shake em’ girl!”*

I saw cellphones in my face, cellphones aimed at Gretchen’s body. On one phone screen there was a live video, the entire frame filled with my girlfriend’s perfect tits. It was all so suffocating, and I wanted to run...but there was nowhere to go.

*“ALRIGHT YOU ANIMALS! CLEAR THE STAGE! WE GOT ONE MORE TEST BEFORE A WINNER IS DECLARED!”*

Eventually the crazed men left the stage, a few lingering behind to cop a few more handfuls. Gretchen stood beside me topless, my worst nightmare come to life as too many phones to count snapped pictures and videos.

And then came the water boys with the firehose. They aimed low. *Too low.*

*“LET EM’ HAVE IT ONE LAST TIME BOYS!”*

The stream of water left the firehose as if in slow motion. My face followed it. As I looked down I watched the stream make impact with my falsies, knocking me back an inch or two. Then, instead of rotating outward to douse Gretchen, the stream moved *down*. I watched it make impact with my tummy...then hit along the top drawstring of my bikini. A second later my crotch disappeared under the liquid assault.

When the hose moved on, my bikini bottom was *gone*.

For the first time all day the crowd, the announcer, and every single patron of *Wet Willy’s* fell into a shocked, disbelieving silence. Only the dull thud of hip hop music

remained, and to my ears it sounded like even that was below water.

Before the explosion of sound I heard one word. From Gretchen.

“Michael?”



***HAHAHAHAHAHA! HAHAHAHAHA!***

***HAHAHAHAHA!***

I sucked air and held it.

***HAHAHAHAHA! HAHAHAHA! HAHAHAHA!***

In a nightmare I turned and faced Gretchen. It's funny – despite the gravity of the situation I still had a moment to admire her beauty there in the sunlight, the water dripping down her luscious body, beading along her bare breasts, her soaked golden hair glinting gracefully.

And then she too was laughing. Laughing so hard her breasts jiggled, laughing so hard I could see every with tooth in her delicate smile.

***HAHAHAHAHA! HAHAHAHA!***

***HAHAHAHAHA!***

***“MY DEAR GOD! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN IT  
APPEARS WE HAVE A SECRET SISSY ON OUR HANDS!***

*A CLEAR VIOLATION OF THE RULES AND AN  
AUTOMATIC VICTORY FOR OUR DEAR QUEEN OF  
THE TEETS! GRETCH SWEET BREASTS TAYLOR!”*

No one cared about the winner anymore. No one was even looking at Gretchen in all her nude glory. Their fingers, cameras, mirth and ire were directed at me and only me. I stood there exposed, my shame and humiliation all culminating in that one terrible moment.

***HAHAHAHAHA! HAHAHAHA!***  
***HAHAHAHAH!***

I did the only thing I could think of.

I ran.

Through the crowd, through countless grabbing hands, through innumerable insults and offers...past Tamira who only guffawed in my face and slapped my sore ass I ran by. Darting through *Wet Willy's* completely nude

I came to the boardwalk. It took only a moment for the passersby to notice the naked she-male scuttling along the sidewalk, hands over penis, a face bright as the sun above.

Where was I going? I didn't know. But my panic took me down to the water, to the shore, where people were playing and having fun, enjoying their youth, and eventually screaming in shocked delight when the pixie with the giant tits came flying past them.

Eventually I made my way down to the pier, that massive structure of cement and wood that stretched out into the sea. I went below it, hiding myself underneath the unknowing tourists above. I collapsed naked and panting amongst the safety of the pylons. Here there was a large crevice where the start of the pier hit the sandy beach, a sort of small hill hidden from view. I tucked myself inside,

waiting with no plan, mind racing through whatever options were left to me.

An hour passed. It felt good to be alone.

When I realized that Tamira was no longer around to intimidate me, and that I had nothing left to lose, I resolved to remove the fake breasts that clung sandy and wet to my torso.

“Well if it ain’t the sissy boy himself,” came a familiar voice.

I looked up. Tyreke, Deuce and Donte were ducking below the pier, moving towards me.

“What are you doing?” I asked, terrified. “How did you find me?”

“Wasn’t too hard,” Tyreke said in that disinterested bass of his. “Not everyday you see a white girl with big tits and a little dick running down the beach naked.”



I stood up but they surrounded me in an instant.

“Why you so nervous?” Deuce asked, reaching out and running his thumb along the front of my quivering mouth.

“Your girl was nervous her first time too...”

Donte laughed, mighty and tall. It was the scariest sound I’ve ever heard.

“Please,” I said. “I just want to go home. I never want to see this beach again.”

They ignored my plea. My knees met the sand. So did their swim trunks.

“Tamira told us all about that little thing between your legs,” Deuce said, smacking my lips with his bloated, veiny member. It curved violently in the middle, a curve that only became more pronounced the harder he got. “Said it gets excited every time you play dress up.”

Donte stood behind me and laid his enormous cock over the top of my pixie head, and I could feel just how *heavy* it was. Looking up I saw the tip sheathed in loose ebony skin, I could feel his drooping my balls across the back of my neck.

Tyreke wasn't so interested in my mouth. And soon my hands were sinking into the wet sand, the same as my knees.

"Tight as fuck," he murmured from behind, slapping his unruly, elongated pole against my sore ass cheeks. I never saw it. I only felt it. But it seemed to be *endless*.

Dante and Deuce began to trade my mouth, kneeling there under the dock and feeding it to me like a pig at a trough. Deuce was too thick, and Donte too much altogether. But they helped me...shoving it down my

throat, fucking my mouth as shallow and deep as they saw fit.

I heard Tyreke spit. Felt it trickle along my ass crack.

“You wanna act like a white girl, we gonna fuck you like one,” he said.

Then came the pressure.

“*OH GOD FUCK,*” I tore my face away from the blundering black cock in my mouth, screaming out. The noise above on the pier was too loud – no one was going to hear me.

“Hold little Miley still,” Tyreke said, adjusting behind me and going *deeper*.

“*OOOHHH FUCK! UGH! FUCK!*”

Tyreke was neither gentle nor patient. And my screams were soon stifled by Donte’s mass blocking my throat. As the two of them began to move in time together,

one in and one out, spreading me at both ends, Deuce reached below and fondled my sandy, lifelike tits.

“You almost as tight as yah girlfriend,” Tyreke said, smacking my ass where Tamira had left a welt.

“Yeah but she ain’t so tight no more,” Deuce chuckled.

“Oh hell nah she ain’t,” Donte added. “We done seen to that!”

With my hands supporting me from below, I came for the first time in my life without the use of *contact*. I shot it into the sand, my whole body rocking back and forth, helpless to resist...and not exactly sure I wanted to anymore.

They took turns with me there under the pier until the sun went down, and when they were done left me a quivering dripping mess in the sand.



THE END.