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Chapter 8 – The Party

It took about four weeks for Jason's testicles to heal and return their normal size and shape. It was impossible for him to walk for the first two weeks. Alexander would bring him work from his classes and he convinced the professors to allow him to take any tests home for Jason. Alexander and Rachel were amazed at his ability to absorb information and without any help get perfect grades on his tests. During this period of time, Jason had taken to wearing a satin and fake fur robe; Mistress Rachel had bought him, around the apartment because it was impossible to put on the panties she wanted him to wear. His testicles were so sore that he spent the first week sitting on a donut filled with ice to keep the swelling to a minimum. He also knew that the love of his life had no compunction about using her well-trained body to hurt him to make her point. Jason continued to respond to her sissy training and be totally committed to allowing her to be with her black lover Mr. Jonas. Now that his testicles were healed, he hoped she would allow him to take her out for dinner, a movie, or just a walk considering he has spent an enormous amount of time between her legs sucking out the thick, white, and salty deposits of her lover.

Rachel returned from an early afternoon class to find Jason sprawled on the couch watching reruns of Jackie Gleason and Art Carney in the Honeymooners. On the coffee table in front of the sofa were three college blue books used for test taking. She could see the big A's on the cover with 'Excellent" written on them. She noticed that they were strategically placed so she or anyone who entered the room for that matter would see them. "So, how are the family jewels feeling, pussy boy? Are they ready to be squeezed again?" Rachel really loved humiliating him when she had the chance.

"You know one day you will learn to be nice to me or I will stop using my tongue to sooth your sore pussy and asshole," he responded with a twinkle in his eye. He had noticed she had seen the test results and knew that when

it came to brains he could run circles around her. Jason also gained a level of emotional satisfaction when he saw how internally pissed off she would get about his ability to ace all his college courses. He also knew she would not accept him calling her genitalia by anything other than their given names. His intelligence had nothing to do with his desire to be subservient to her and because he was so totally committed to her, she would accept his lame attempts at humor.

"You know you could not live without the beautiful Mistress Pussy and Aunt Anus. Your tongue would not know what to do without them and the delicious deposits contained therein. You feeling good enough to help Lacy and me host a couple of special guests this Saturday night?"

"Here? Are you serious?" he asked with a quizzical look on his face. "Is Alexander invited?"

"Lacey has arranged for Alexander to be with some babe named Juliet for the weekend. He will be busy satisfying her with his ten inches. And to tell you the truth, I really do not want him here. Actually, the two men that are invited would not accept him. So why make trouble!"

"So, who will be here?" Jason was smiling from ear-to-ear. It was unusual for Rachel to invite her male friends to the apartment. He thought to himself that something good must have been happening.

"Lacey and me. I am not going to tell you who the men are because I want you to be surprised."

"Great. I love surprises," he said with a bit of trepidation in his voice. "So, you are serious about this so called party?"

"I am so serious, that I am going to take you out and buy you a special outfit for the party. That is why I wanted to know if your balls have recovered from the lesson I gave them."

"Yes, to show you how recovered they are, look..." Jason stood up from the couch and let the robe he was wearing fall open. Rachel was very happy to see him wearing a pair of tan satin bikini panties. She also noticed that he had taken the time to remove the hair that had been growing on his body.

"Well, well, I see my little pussy boy is feeling a lot better. I want you to show me your '*penisette*' and useless testicles so I can be sure that you got all your pubic hair removed. Please do so now, Jason."

"Please? I thought you would demand I show you," he chuckled as his eyes twinkled as he looked into Mistress Rachel's eyes.

"I am trying to be nice, Jason. Do you really want me to be nasty to you? You know I could kick you in your recently healed balls before you would have time to react to protect them."

"No, Mistress!!! Do not even joke about it. You know I would do whatever you want." Jason hooked his thumbs into the waistband of the panties and slid them down. His '*penisette*' popped out from its hiding place and stood at attention between his legs. He tried to hide the fact that he had an erection, but he knew that it would only make Mistress Rachel mad.

"I see that your '*penisette*' is hard. And why would that be, sissy?" Rachel could see that her tone had made Jason begin to shake. The only thing she could think of was his fear of her reprisals for his not heeding her commands.

"I was playing with it Mistress Rachel. I was trying to see if my balls would hurt if I masturbated. Mistress. I know that I should not have been playing with myself, but I had to find out in case you asked me to masturbate for you or any of your guests that you may have brought home with you."

"You are just one smart sissy to have come up with an answer like that considering I have not asked you to play with that joke between your legs whether it be in public or private. Why don't you go into my room and get dressed so we can go to the store to buy you some pretty things for the party."

"Yes Mistress Rachel. Is there something special you want me to wear?"

"Just a the panties you have on and a matching pair of stockings. You will need to have them on so you can try on what I want you to wear Saturday night."

Mistress Rachel and Jason left their apartment and walked cross-town to Greenwich Village. Jason was a bit surprised by the store she had taken him to, as it was not a typical stylish young men's clothing store. Mister Miss is dedicated to men and/or boys that like to dress or be dressed as women. The owner had outfitted the store in an eclectic mix of antique furniture and modern fixtures. She had an uncanny ability to pick clothes that enhanced the male form that wanted to exaggerate or highlight the female possibilities. Naomi was everyman's dream woman and she looks like she belongs in a Vogue layout. She stands five feet ten inches, weighs in at a svelte 134 pounds, and has breasts that nicely fill a 38D bra. The sun shines brightly through the gap in her thighs when she puts her legs together. She carries herself like she was walking down the runway at a major New York or Paris fashion show. Head held high, chest thrown forward, and a sway to her hips that said, 'what I have between them is very special indeed.'

Rachel had become friendly with Naomi through the she-male Francine. Francine spends a lot of money in the store to keep her looking as pretty as possible for the black men she has to please. Rachel felt that Naomi would be the best person to help Jason begin to wear the clothes that were going to be the only attire he would be permitted to wear the night of the party. Francine had also told Rachel that Naomi was a part time attendee and always was there to perform a special duty at all of Mr. Jonas' masturbation parties. That gave Rachel the desire to go to the store to check her out. It also resulted in Naomi becoming enamored with the nineteen-year-old beauty.

"Hello, Rachel. How are you sweetie? Is that Jason?" Naomi smiled and chortled as she entered the store.

"Yes. Jason, say hello to Naomi. She is going to help you pick out the pretty things for Saturday night's get together." Rachel smiled and winked at Naomi as she spoke.

"Hello, Miss Naomi. It is a pleasure to make you acquaintance," he replied. He held out his hand to shake Naomi's. She noticed that he had already affected the limp wrist that most women have and when she took his hand in hers, she noticed that it was very soft. Naomi realized that Jason did not make any attempt to squeeze her hand. He just let his slip into hers and let her pump it up and down.

"Do you have something special you would like him to wear?" Naomi asked Rachel.

"Yes, it may seem a bit cliché, but I would like him to be dressed as a French maid or something close," replied Rachel. "If that does not work, then a really nice little black dress could be quite exquisite on him."

Naomi lit up like a Fourth of July fireworks display at the thought of getting to choose the first outfit Jason would be wearing for his coming out party. She took Jason by the hand and guided him to the back of the store. She stopped at what appeared to be a special armoire of clothing that was separated from the rest of the apparel in the store. She looked at Jason from head to foot and asked, "How tall are you?"

"Five feet, eight inches."

"And how much do you weigh?"

"About 120 pounds," he answered.

Rachel immediately chimed in, "And that is soaking wet!!" Jason blushed. Naomi smiled.

"Hmmm... And what size shoe do you wear? I think we will figure on a five-inch high heel shoe or sandal. By the way, you have rather small feet young lady."

"I am not a lady, ma'am." Jason really did not like the fact that Naomi had called him a girl.

"But Jason, you know that when I finish dressing you today for the party on Saturday night you will not be wearing men's clothing. You will be dressed like a girl. I know you are cuckolded to Mistress Rachel, but to everyone else in attendance you will be nothing more than a...."

Rachel got a cross look on her face and interrupted, "Naomi, please!!! I have not explained in detail what chores he will be performing at the intimate gathering planned for Saturday. Just pick out what I know you believe will fit him, let him try them on, and I will take care of the rest when I get him back to the apartment."

"I see Rachel. You have not even started calling Jason she. Why is that?" Naomi asked with the tone of a person who knew everything there was to know about sissies, she-males, cross dressers, and transvestites.

Rachel walked over to Naomi and got very close to her face. Although Rachel had to look up to Naomi, her posture was enough to make Naomi gasp and take a small step back. Rachel moved swiftly using a quick short jabbing motion to take hold of Naomi's left ear. She twisted it forward and held it there causing an excruciating amount of pain to pass to Naomi's brain. The color drained from Naomi's face and she began shaking like a leaf on a tree in a hurricane. Her legs were becoming like spaghetti; they were beginning to have a hard time holding up her body. She felt a small amount of urine escape from her privates, but not enough for either of them to notice. Naomi had never seen an individual move as fast as Rachel to secure a dominant hold on another person, much less it happening to her.

Rachel growled in a whisper, "Listen you fucking shit-hole bitch. You ever talk to him like that again without my permission I will kick you in the cunt so hard it will end up wrapped around your ears." Rachel put more pressure on Naomi's left ear causing her to cry out. Jason just stood looking at the floor knowing that if he intervened he would only end up being kicked in the balls or worse.

"Rachel, you are hurting me. All I was doing was telling Jason the truth," whined Naomi. If she dared to move to try to break the hold on her ear, she realized that Rachel would put more pressure on her ear. No matter how she tried, Naomi could not ease the pain or stop herself from shaking.

"I am here because Francine told me you are the best at what you do. I have seen you at Mr. Jonas' on several occasions. I came here to introduce myself to you, to see if you were worth my time, and most of all, to see if we could possibly become friends. In the end, I heard how much the men at Mr. Jonas' liked using you for their masturbation exercises. I enjoyed the time we spent talking the last time I was at the penthouse." Rachel voice became stronger, louder, and more domineering. "You are not Jason's Mistress. I am! You are not Jason's teacher. I am! You are nothing to him! You are nothing but three holes that black men like to use to shoot their black seed into." Rachel relaxed and then twisted Naomi's ear a little harder. "We can try this little sales encounter again or I can leave and find someplace else to get the outfit I want for Jason. What do you think, Missy?"

"Rachel, I am so sorry. Please, you are hurting me. I will do whatever you want. Please do not tell anyone about this incident. I will do anything you want."

"Anything?"

"Yes, Rachel. Anything!" begged Naomi as the tears in her eyes started to cascade down her face.

"When I release your ear you will get on your knees, lift my dress, kiss my cunt, and verbally apologize to me."

"Are you kidding?" asked Naomi, not believing she would want her to perform such an act right here in her store during business hours.

"Jason, tell this cunt if I am kidding..."

Jason looked up and moved so he could look into Miss Naomi's eyes. "Miss Naomi, if you look into Mistress Rachel's eyes you will see she is as serious as the hand that is twisting your left ear." Jason stepped back and assumed the standing position he was in before Rachel had requested he tell Naomi if she was kidding. He also realized that Rachel's domination of Naomi had made his '*penisette*' begin to get hard. Naturally, he tried everything in his power to make the impending erection go away.

Naomi looked into Rachel's cold steel blue eyes. She could see that there was no kindness in them. Naomi visibly shivered and said, "Please Mistress Rachel, release my ear and I shall prove to you how much I am in debt to you for not ripping it off, not leaving the store, and allowing me to help Jason with his first private party outfit."

Rachel smiled and released the hold she had on Naomi's left ear. Naomi involuntarily shivered, put her left hand to her ear to try and sooth the residual pain, took a couple of deep breaths to relax, stepped forward, looked towards the front of the store to be sure no one else had entered (as if that would have stopped Rachel from making her do what she demanded), and dropped to her knees. She placed her hands on Rachel's hips and began to slide the material of her skirt up revealing the tops of her stockings and the soft suntanned skin of her thighs. Rachel looked down at Naomi and smiled the smile of the conquering dominant bitch. Naomi was not surprised to see that Rachel was not wearing any panties, was cleanly shaved, and had no observable tan lines. She held the fabric of her dress up and leaned in to place her lips on Mistress Pussy. Rachel opened her legs, grabbed the back of Naomi's head, and pressed it into her crotch as she rotated her hips up to give Naomi a better angle. Naomi did not fight the pressure on the back of her head and let Rachel guide her lips to her pussy. She placed a deep sensual tongue kiss on Rachel's clit and held it there for longer than she wanted. Rachel was not interested in any sort of sexual pleasure. This kiss was nothing more than her showing Naomi who was boss. Rachel released her grip, stepped back, and looked down at the petrified woman who was kneeling in front of her. She waited for Naomi to speak.

"Thank you Mistress Rachel for allowing me to kiss you between your very beautiful legs and taste a small sampling of the juices your lovely womanhood produces. Thank you Mistress Rachel for showing me the error of my ways by holding and twisting my left ear until I submitted to your domination commands. Thank you Mistress Rachel for the honor of dressing Jason for his first private party," Naomi said with a quavering voice as the pain in her left ear started to subside.

Rachel smirked and stated, "Naomi, I accept your kiss and your apology. I will not forget what happened just now and I expect you to act accordingly. I will not reiterate who is the present and future power in this budding relationship. Stand and show Jason what you had in mind for him.

Naomi stood and walked to an armoire near the back of the store. She opened the doors and Rachel could see that it contained the some very special clothing. Naomi picked out a dress she had decided to let Jason try on. She looked at Jason and decided that a size three should fit him perfectly. She already knew which shoes would compliment the outfit and picked them out from the same armoire. The panties and stockings were located on top of what appeared to be an antique desk. "Jason, please come with me to the dressing room. Rachel here is the key to the store. Please lock the front door so we will not be disturbed." Rachel took the key as Naomi and Jason walked to the back to the dressing room.

Twenty minutes later Naomi walked out of the back of the store to where Rachel was waiting. "Would you do me a favor and close your eyes. I think the act of opening your eyes and seeing Jason dressed per your wishes will, to use a colloquialism, 'knock your socks off.' " Rachel did as she asked. Naomi said, "Jason you can come out now."

Jason came out and stood about three feet in front of Rachel and Naomi.

"Rachel, you may open your eyes now." Naomi said with no emotion in her voice to hide the growing excitement building within her. When she left Jason in the dressing room, she knew she had hit a grand slam home run.

Rachel opened her eyes, her hands went to her face, and she cried, "Oh my God! I cannot believe what I am seeing. Oh, my fucking God! Naomi, you are a fucking genius. Goddamn Jason. Look at you! Don't you look like the sweetest thing to hit the light of day?"

Jason was wearing the a little black dress that was perfect for his frame. The dress was a high neck style with no sleeves that showed his shoulders. The dress was open to a couple of inches below his armpits. The shape of the dress was form fitting to below his hips. The dress fell to the tops of the thigh high stockings he was wearing thus enhancing his long thin legs that were encased in a pair of black silk stockings. On his feet were five-inch high heel black leather pumps. The raising of his heels in the shoes forced his calf muscle to contract making his legs look more like a woman's than ever before. He was wearing matching black silk above the elbow gloves. Naomi had taken the time to put a small amount of makeup on his face. She had highlighted his eyes, cheeks, and lips. The pageboy length hair had been combed and styled to frame his now made up face to complete the picture.

"Turn around for Rachel, Jason." Naomi said like a mother would say to a daughter.

Jason with some unsteady movements turned and faced away from them both. His ass was framed by the dress and looked like it belonged covered in the black rayon material of the dress. Standing as he was, one could only expect a woman to be standing there. Rachel looked at Naomi winked and gave her a thumbs up sign. Rachel did not care how much this outfit would cost and realized underneath it all that Naomi knew her business.

"Ok, Jason. Go into the dressing room, get undressed, and put your other clothes on. Please be careful not to ruin anything." Naomi said as she stepped closer to Rachel. "I take it you are satisfied with what I picked."

"God, yes. Look at him. He is just darling," she replied.

Naomi put her arms around Rachel, pulled her close, and placed a kiss on her lips. She pressed herself into Rachel. She opened her mouth and began to probe Rachel's lips with her tongue. Naomi was pleasantly surprised when Rachel opened her mouth to accept Naomi's tongue. They pressed their breasts against each other's body. Naomi moved her right hand to Rachel's buttocks and pressed her lower body into hers. Their tongues continued to dance between their mouths as they kissed passionately. Rachel broke the kiss and moved her head to the fabric covering Naomi's right breast. She opened her mouth and placed it over the protruding nipple. She sucked the fabric and nipple into her mouth. Rachel did not care that breast was covered. She wanted to suck Naomi's tits since she had first met her.

"Oh, my. Look at you two," Jason said as he came upon the two women kissing in the back of the store.
"Guess I should just go sit in the dressing room and wait until you two are done."

Rachel removed her mouth from the cloth-covered nipple. She gently broke the embrace between them and whispered, "Naomi, I plan to have that sweet tit in my mouth without any covering on it. And you will know what Mistress Pussy tastes like when I wrap my legs around your pretty head and feel your tongue on my clit as I fuck your face. You may have made the first move, but when we are naked and making passionate lesbian love; I will be the one in control."

"Yes, Mistress Rachel. I know. I have learned. I will not disappoint you. Whatever your wishes are, I shall comply," whispered Naomi in reply.

"How much do I owe you for the outfit?" asked Rachel. She turned to look at Jason and realized that he was not wearing the dress anymore. "I hope you have put the original pair of panties and stocking back on."

"Of course, Mistress Rachel," he replied. "Do you want me to pull down my pants and show you?"

"No, Jason, I believe you. So, Naomi, again I ask, how much?"

"Nothing."

"Unacceptable. You are in business to make money. Whatever happens between us sexually has nothing to do with business. Understood?"

"Yes, The total cost for the dress, gloves, shoes, stockings, and panties is \$2500.00"

Rachel looked at Naomi knowing that she just doubled or tripled the price. "Take a check?"

"Of course. And I will not even ask you for two forms of identification."

Rachel paid the bill and returned to the apartment with Jason. She was extremely happy with the outfit that Naomi had chosen. Jason seemed to accept that he would have to wear the dress on Saturday night. "Jason, do you understand what I am asking you to do on Saturday night?"

"I believe I do. You want me to wear the dress and help serve drinks and food at the private gathering you are hosting. Help clean up whatever mess the guests have left the apartment in. You want me to be there while you and Lacey are used, no sexed by your male guests." Jason said without any hint of the impending truth of the matter.

"Wear the dress, serve drinks, serve food, and help clean up after the party are all true, but there are more important duties you have to perform Saturday night. You will greet the male guests when they arrive. Take them into Alexander's bedroom and help them get undressed. You will take their clothes and neatly arrange them so there will be no problems getting them when they leave. It is important they enter the living room showing the masturbation sluts

their beautiful black equipment. Jason, you will perform orally for them to enlarge their manhood to working size and hardness. I do not want to think about the consequences if you cannot make them ready."

"Are you telling me that I am going to have to suck the two cocks that arrives after I help them get undressed?" he asked like a scared puppy dog.

"Yes Jason. That is what I am telling you."

"Do I have to make them cum?"

"No, silly. All you have to do is make them hard. Lacey and I will provide the holes for their enlarged black cocks to use. After they have ejaculated their black seed into our holes, you will perform clean up on us. Naturally, you will also clean our mixed juices off the black master's cocks. You will be performing a very important job Saturday night."

"Whoa, there Mistress Rachel. Are you telling me that the two men coming here Saturday night are black? You are asking me to suck nigger cock! And more than one to be exact!"

Rachel did not even consider kicking Jason in the balls. She walked over to him, used her index and middle finger to grab his lips, and squeeze them into an oval. The pressure she exerted was enough to make him wince and look down into her eyes. "I thought you knew that I prefer black cock. I am happy to perform for black men and let them use me, as they will. They are superior in the length and width of their maleness. The amount of sperm they produce is far superior to useless 'penisette' sissies like you. They know how to use their God given size when using a slut to masturbate. The one time I fucked Alexander was just to see if you would accept the role I wanted for you. As long as you are cuckolded to me, the primary cock that will be using my cunt, asshole, and mouth will be black. No questions. No hesitation. Just the right amount of knowledge you need to know so you remain what you are and do as I say."

Rachel let go of his lips.

Jason's face had the look of a surprised rabbit right before a crocodile eats it. "Yes, Mistress Rachel. I thought the only black lover you had is Mr. Jonas."

"From this point on, Mr. is Master when speaking to or about my black lover. I am hoping you will be able to meet him and let him know how much you love sucking his superior black scum from Mistress Pussy and Aunt Anus. Tonight two special guests are coming use Lacey and me."

"I have to clean them also?"

"Yes, Jason you will."

"Ok," was all he said. Jason knew that he would probably have to make Rachel very happy to continue as her chosen cuckold lover even though he knew that his intelligence and good looks could help him win the love of another beautiful woman.

As planned, Naomi arrived in the late afternoon to help get Jason ready. Rachel made it a point to tell Lacey to arrive no earlier than 8:30PM. The two studs were due to arrive around 9:00PM. As much as she loved Lacey, she did not want her here while Jason was getting dressed. She also wanted to see the look on her face when Jason opened the door for her. Naomi arrived wearing a pair of tight hip-hugger jeans, tee shirt, and sandals. The outfit she would be wearing for the evening's festivities was in a small black overnight bag. Rachel understood her meaning by

bringing the overnight bag. Guess she would have more than just Lacey for a bed guest after the two studs had left early Sunday morning.

Jason had taken the time to clean the entire apartment before anyone arrived. He changed the sheets on Alexander's bed, because he did not know if the room would end up being used for sexing the women. He took care to be sure the satin sheets that were on Rachel's bed were the ones she preferred over all the others. The kitchen was prepared to be the center of the food and drink. The caterer had delivered the food trays earlier in the afternoon and he laid out everything that did not need to be refrigerated. The rest he put into the refrigerator being sure not to crush the fruit, vegetables, and sandwiches. Per Rachel's orders, he took a shower, shaved and/or depilated the hair on his body, and wore just the satin and feather robe until he was ready to be dressed for the evening.

"Rachel, have you prepared Jason for the evenings festivities?" asked Naomi in a concerned voice.

"Prepared? Other than having him shower and remove all the hair on his body, what else do I have to do to him?" replied Rachel. She was actually a bit surprised by Naomi's question.

"I know you know a lot about what goes on at Mr. Jonas' place, but I bet you know very little about the preparations that take place before everyone arrives. The preparations I speak of deal with Francine. They are a very important first step in making her ready for the evening's festivities. Even if I am not involved the with what is going on that evening, I am still responsible for preparing Francine."

"What the fuck are you talking about? I am at a total loss. Other than dressing and putting on makeup, what else needs to be done with Francine before the party?"

"Rachel, you are not going to believe me and I assure what I am about to tell you is the entire truth. If you do not believe me, you may call Francine and confirm everything I am about to tell you. I know she will confirm in its entirety what I am going to explain. At least one to two hours before the sluts arrive, the appointed Master Stud and I milk Francine. This is done so she will remain flaccid throughout the evening. Believe me when I tell you, those black dudes are happy she does what she does, but they are not happy to see her useless cock standing at attention because she is excited by her actions."

"OK, Naomi, you have proved to me you know something I do not. Please tell me what 'milking' means."

"Simply put, Francine is forced to have multiple orgasms to keep her useless cock flaccid. If she is having trouble shooting her sperm, I will take a long but small in diameter dildo and insert it in her pussy-ass. I use it to massage her prostate gland to force as much of her ball liquid as I can out and into a cup. The act of milking her is not that pleasurable, but it does serve a purpose. Francine is technically castrated by the action because it takes nearly a day for her to recover, have an erection, and cum."

"Oh, I now understand why she never exhibits an erection during her duties. I have a problem with the dildo part. Mr. Jonas instructed me to keep everything and anything out of Jason's behind. Essentially, he is requesting that Jason remain an anal virgin. For what reason I could not fathom." Rachel was hoping that it had something to do with her marrying Jason and the consummation of their life together.

"Well then we had better get started. Either one or both of us is going to watch or help Jason masturbate multiple times over the next couple of hours. I know he is going to become frustrated as it takes longer to cum and when nothing comes out of the tip of his 'penisette', he may experience some pain."

"Guess we will have to get started and I believe the best place to do it is in the bathroom." Rachel called to Jason, "Jason, sissy boy, get a glass from the kitchen and meet me in the bathroom."

"Yes, Mistress." Jason wondered why she wanted him to bring a glass into the bathroom, but he knew better than to ask why.

Naomi and Rachel were sitting on the edge of the bathtub when Jason entered. They were both dressed in jeans, t-shirts, and wore no shoes. The bathroom was not very large, but they both knew it would serve its purpose. Jason entered and stood holding the glass as he waited for Rachel's instructions. He could see the outline of their breasts through the material of their not too loose fitting t-shirts.

Rachel looked at him, smiled, and began her explanation of what was about to occur. "Jason I am always complaining about how you always get an erection when cleaning Mistress Pussy and Aunt Anus." Naomi smiled as she heard Rachel use the names of her private parts to Jason. She thought it was only a one-time joke. It now appeared that her Jason could only use their proper names when talking to Rachel. "Because of who is coming over tonight, it is very, very important I properly prepare you so you remain flaccid at all times. You cannot have any form of sperm exiting your '*penisette*'. Therefore, I want you to open your robe, no better take off your robe, and masturbate into the glass."

Jason opened the belt that held the robe together, parted the front, and pushed the robe off his shoulders. He let the robe fall to the floor and realized that it would be better if he picked it up and hung it on the coat hook that was attached to the back of the bathroom door. He turned and began to stroke his '*penisette*'. He closed his eyes and thought about how nice it felt when Mistress Rachel sucked his '*penisette*'. He remembered how soft her lips felt on his '*penisette*'. He started to stroke his '*penisette*' faster and he automatically began to thrust his hips as if he was on top of either of the two women fucking them with his hardening '*penisette*'.

Naomi watched enthralled as the beautiful sissy masturbated his '*penisette*' in front of her. Francine was at least ten years older than Jason and it was a chore to milk her before the parties. The only benefit was her ability to use the 'Milking Dildo' on Francine. Watching the nineteen year old Jason masturbate for the first time was making her very wet. She thought his face took on a radiant glow as he thought about something to make him hard and want to ejaculate. The fact that his '*penisette*' was only four inches long made it more exciting for her. She thought it would be nice to see a clitoris shoot cum. Naomi unconsciously began to rub her pussy at the sight of Jason fucking his fist.

"Oh, Mistress Rachel... I feel cum beginning to rise from my sissy balls. I am going to shoot." And shoot, if you want to call it that, he did. The women actually saw his balls tighten up and rise into his crotch. Then they saw three small dribbles of cum be released from his '*penisette*' and fall into the glass he held under the head of his '*penisette*'.

Rachel looked at Naomi and they both laughed at the sight if him cumming and the amount of sperm that was collected in the glass. "That was very good Jason, now do it again." Rachel looked at him to assure him that she wanted him to give her an encore. Little did he know that he would be performing alone in a little while and the only thing Rachel would be interested in was the amount of sperm he deposited in the glass.

"Yes, Mistress." Jason licked his hand to provide some lubrication for his masturbation activities. It took a few minutes longer than the last time for him to cum. He did not cry out or say anything when he had his orgasm. He just opened his eyes, looked at the women, and said, "Done."

"That is very good of you Jason. Naomi and I are going to rest awhile in my room. Either one of us will return to see how you are making out with your masturbation activities. You are to masturbate as much as you can. I do not want to have to come in here and use a special tool on you to make you cum. It is of the utmost importance that you drain all your cum and sexual feelings from your body. In time I promise you, the milking of your testicles will be easier."

"Milking?" he quietly asked as he continued to rub his 'penisette'.

Rachel stood and stepped over to him. She stood so Naomi could see everything. Rachel took her right hand and cupped Jason's balls.

"PLEASE, MISTRESS!!!" yelled Jason. "NOT MY BALLS!!!" Jason stood there whimpering waiting for Rachel to remove her hand from his balls.

"Milking is the way we are assured that you will not have an accident or an erection during the party. I do not want to have to use the special 'Milking Dildo' tool on you. You are going to masturbate until I say enough." Rachel let go of his testicles and stepped back to the tub. She looked down at Naomi to see her closing her mouth. Seems Naomi realized that all Rachel had to do was hold Jason's balls to get him to understand how much pain she would inflict upon them if he did not comply with her wishes, just as she did to her left ear earlier that day. "Let's go Naomi, I think Jason knows what he has to do. Oh, by the way jerk-off boy, if you need some lube to help you masturbate, there is a tube of K-Y in the medicine cabinet."

"Thank you Mistress." Jason continued to jerk off into the glass. He knew that if he did not comply Rachel would use his testicles as speed-bags, the kind boxers used for practice.

The dressing of Jason was not a big deal and was accomplished in a very short time. Both Rachel and Naomi were satisfied with the amount of cum in the glass and could see that his 'penisette' was in a very useless state. Naomi was dressed in a brown leather miniskirt, tan stretch halter-top that had just enough material to cover her ample breasts, no stockings, and six-inch platform sandals. The height of the shoes effectively made Naomi six feet two inches tall. When Naomi stood next to Rachel or Jason, one could only think of the comic strip 'Mutt and Jeff'.

Naomi did not know how Rachel pulled off the apparel killing of the century, but when she saw her walk into the living room Naomi dropped open her mouth in complete shock. Rachel was wearing the exact same outfit that she had purchased for Jason. Rachel was wearing the same little black dress, black thigh high stockings, black elbow length gloves, and five-inch black high heel shoes. Her long hair was combed to cover the sides of her face and framed it just the way Jason's hair framed his face.

"Jesus Christ, Rachel! Where did you get those clothes? They match exactly what Jason is wearing." Naomi said with a wispy breathlessness to her voice.

"How do I look? Where do you think I bought this outfit?" said Rachel smiling at Naomi. Hoping Naomi would guess right so she would catch her making a fool of herself about the price she paid today.

"Come on Rachel. You did not buy the dress as my store. Did you?"

"Yes, Naomi. I did. On a day you were not there and I was assured by the saleslady I could effectively steer you to pick the same outfit for Jason."

Jason came into the living room from the kitchen, saw Rachel standing talking to Naomi, and dropped the tray of food he was carrying. "Rachel! What have you done! Are you making fun of me? Why are you dressed like that?" whined Jason. He could have cared less that he dropped a tray of specialty hors d'ouvers all over the living room floor.

Rachel spun around to look at Jason. She considered doing something terrible to him, but decided against it. "Jason, why do you think I am making fun of you? I am wearing the same outfit to show our friends what a nice little girl you make. Come stand next to me so Naomi can see what I mean. When we are done you can clean up the fucking mess you made."

Jason just stood where he was dumbfounded. Just a few feet from where he was standing, the love of his life was wearing the same outfit as he was and she looked 100 percent better than he did. He also realized that Rachel had told him that he looked like a nice little girl. He saw that Naomi had been right when she said 'she' to him in the store. He could feel his body begin to shake from anger and he wanted to strike out at Rachel for turning him into a cuckold sissy. "Rachel, I am so... So... Embarrassed, confused, and at my wits end. I guess sooner or later you will want me to walk outside dressed like this."

"Jason, you have exactly three seconds to come over here and stand next to me. I suggest you think of the consequences. Believe me, they will not be pretty." Rachel turned back to Naomi and said, "Doesn't she look just great. We are sisters!"

Jason knew better than refuse Rachel's request. He looked at the mess on the floor, stepped over it, and walked over to where Rachel and Naomi stood. He assumed a very submissive position to the right of Rachel. He looked at the floor while putting his hands behind his back to show her he was waiting for her next request. Rachel moved next to him, put her arm around his shoulders, and said, "Jason, look up at Naomi. Naomi, what do you think of my idea of dressing us the same?"

"Perfect. You have pulled off the impossible. You have made your sissy a perfect match for you. I am just flabbergasted at the execution of a perfect plan." Naomi was speechless.

Standing together, you could see that Jason was taller than Rachel even with the shoes. He did not fill out the breast area the way Rachel did, but then again, Rachel was not at all huge in the tit department. Amazingly, their legs were shaped very similar and the length of the dress made them the centerpiece of their bodies. When Jason's hair grew to the length of Rachel's, the two of them could really pass for sisters. Jason started to move from left foot to right foot like he had to go to the bathroom. He looked at the floor and said, "Please, Mistress Rachel, I have to clean up the mess before everyone arrives and that will be in fifteen minutes. If I do not get it done in time, you will be mad because I will not be available to open the door and take care of the black Masters."

"Ok, sissy, go and do what you have to. I will answer the door if Lacey arrives earlier than I asked her to."

At precisely 8:30, the doorbell rang. Jason having finished cleaning up the mess, made a beeline to answer the door. He opened the door and stood waiting for the person to acknowledge his presence. Lacey looked at Jason,

dropped her mouth open, and just stared at him. She looked at him from his feet to the top of his head and back down again. Lacey closed her mouth, stepped over the threshold, and entered the apartment.

Jason saw her pass by and gently pushed the door closed. He turned and looked at Lacey. He immediately had to stifle the growing heat in his crotch but realized that he would not be able to get an erection because his balls and 'penisette' ached from the ninety minutes of masturbation Rachel put him through. Standing in front of him was a woman who was wearing basically nothing. Lacey had decided to wear just the smallest pair of bikini panties, thigh high stockings, and a matching push up bra to the party. She wore no shoes of any kind and brought no wrap or coat with her when she entered. That could only mean that she walked from wherever she parked her car to the apartment dressed the way she was.

"Lacey, I can not believe you walked down the street dressed like that." Jason stated.

Lacey smiled and chuckled, "No Jason, my driver let me off at the door to your building. Now let me see what Rachel has you dressed in."

"Oh, Lacey, you are not going to believe what I am about to tell you. Rachel is dressed exactly like I am. Right down to the panties." Jason stood so Lacey could take in what he was wearing. "Rachel also told me I look like a nice girl dressed like I am."

"You do Jason. You look beautiful." Just as she finished telling Jason how pretty he looked, she felt a pair of hands caress her backside. She turned to see Rachel standing right behind her wearing the same dress as Jason. Rachel smiled, put her arms around her lesbian lover, and pulled her in for a deep tongue kiss. "Rachel, I am amazed at what you have done. I love what you and Jason are wearing."

"Lacey, you are a piece-of-work yourself. I cannot believe you walked down the street dressed like that."

Lacey laughed for the second time when someone mentioned what she was wearing. "I was dropped at the front door. I came in the building, stopped at the floor below, and took my street clothes off. I knew that all I wanted to wear was these panties, stockings, and the push up bra. Is everyone here?"

"Naomi is in the living room. The Masters will not arrive until nine. If we are not careful, we will have the start of a lesbian love feast." Lacey smiled, kissed Rachel on her cheek, and left for the living room. "Jason, stay here and wait for the Masters to arrive. I am not going to tell you what needs to be done. Just do not make a fool of me, because I do love you." Rachel walked over to him and kissed him on his cheek (she did not want to mess up his make-up), smiled, winked an eye, and then turned and left for the living room.

Jason leaned against the wall trying to get some support. He was not used to standing for long periods of time in high heels. His legs were beginning to get tired and he hoped that he would be able to sit down soon. Rachel had given him one of her watches to wear and he noticed that it was only 8:47PM. He remembered that the Masters were not going to arrive until 9:00PM, thus his leaning against the wall could suffice for some rest. His mind began to wander and the thought of the three women in the living room made his wish he was one of the men that would be using them. At precisely 9:00PM, the doorbell rang. Jason woke from his short fantasy and opened the door.

"Good evening, Masters. Welcome to Miss Rachel's apartment. I have been instructed to take you to a room where you can get ready to join the party. I will assist with any and all requests you have this evening. My name is..."

Jason did not get to finish his sentence, because the nearest Black Master interrupted.

"I know your name. That white slut Rachel gave me your name and by the end of the evening, I will give you your new name. Understand be bitch-boy?"

Jason opened his eyes wide. "Yes, Sir." Jason replied. "Please follow me to the room where you are to store your clothes and prepare for the girls."

"Listen to that sissy boy. Girls... Listen you cock sucking faggot, from this point forward the white bitches you say are in the living room will no longer be called girls or women. You are to refer to them as Cum Receptacles, because they are '*White Masturbation Bitches*' to us. Their Cum Receptacles will be nothing more than feeding troughs for you. Tonight you are going to get a good stomach full of superior Black Sperm."

Jason stood in front of this man blinking his eyes in wonder and fear. The women in the living room were nothing to these men and he was even less. "Yes, Sir. Please follow me." Jason turned and walked down the hall to the bedroom that belonged to Alexander. He stopped, put his hand on the knob, pushed open the door, and said, "Please Sirs. This is the room that is designated for your privacy." Jason stood as the two men entered the room.

The first to enter was Leroy the doorman from Mr. Jonas' apartment building. Jason thought he recognized the other man and it took a moment for him to realize who he was. Standing seven feet two inches tall, the towering black man was a retired NBA player. Jeremiah Johnson played center forward for the New England Clammers. Jason now understood why Rachel would not tell him who was attending, because he understood that if anyone found out about this party the trouble would be continuous and never end.

"Yo, bitch boy. Come here and help me with my shoes and clothing," called Jeremiah.

Jason went over to where Master Jeremiah was sitting on the bed and kneeled down to help remove his shoes and socks. Jason picked up his right foot and noticed that he was wearing alligator shoes that had to cost at least \$3000.00. He untied the shoe, pulled it from his foot, and placed it next to the bed where he was sitting. He did the same with Master Jeremiah's other foot, shoe, and sock. Master Jeremiah stood and Jason knew that he had to undo the belt to his pants so he could take them off. When Jason went to help with the belt, Master Jeremiah grabbed his hair and growled, "Whom the fuck are you to think you may make a move towards me? Did I ask you for your help? No, I did not."

Jeremiah released Jason's hair by pulling it and then shoving his head backwards causing Jason to fall on his backside. Jason scrambled so he could stand, backed up to the door, and waited. The two Masters took their clothing off, folded it neatly, and placed it on the bed in a nice row. Apparently, they did not want his help to get them undressed. They turned and stood facing Jason. "Well, bitch, I believe you have a chore to perform. So why don't you start with my friend and work you way to me," stated Leroy. Master Leroy turned and nodded to Jeremiah. Jason walked to where Master Johnson was standing and as carefully as possible so he would not ruin the dress; dropped to his knees in front of him. Even while on his knees, he had to look up to see Master Johnson's Johnson hanging towards him.

"Master Johnson, it is my duty to and honor to take your superior manhood into my hands and mouth and prepare it for the girls... Excuse me, Master... and prepare it for the '*White Masturbation Bitches*' in the living room." Jason looked at Master Johnson's flaccid black manhood and hoped he would be able to perform. Hanging in front of and slightly above his face was an eleven-inch, six inch round tube of black manhood. Jason reached and took into his

hand Jeremiah's roll of thunder and raised his head so he could place it to his lips. He opened his mouth and put his lips and tongue over the head of Jeremiah's black manhood. He began to gently suck and stroke it with his right hand.

"Yo, bitch, watch your teeth. Do not be making my love muscle a sausage sandwich. Just get me nice and hard for those '*White Masturbation Bitches*'. That is it, you white sissy faggot. You are performing just as advertised." Jeremiah pushed Jason's mouth off his cock, smiled at Leroy, and started for the door. He did not wait for Master Leroy. The push made Jason fall to his knees.

"Now look at you! I do not think that Rachel would want you to get your dress all dirty and possibly ripped. Stand up and come over to me, bitch boy." Leroy was not angry, being mean to Jason, or calling Rachel a '*White Masturbation Bitch*'. "Well, I am not going to hurt you."

Jason arose from his knees; side stepped to the front of Leroy, clasped his hands behind his back, and looked at the floor. Leroy took his large right hand, placed it under Jason's chin, and lifted his face so he was now looking into his eyes. "You have a very pretty face. I am going to ask you some questions and you will answer me. If you hesitate, you will not cause yourself any pain, but Miss Rachel will suffer." Leroy dropped his hand from Jason's face and waited for him to reply.

"I do not want to cause Mistress Rachel any pain. If I could, I would suffer in her place." Jason did not want Leroy to do anything that would hurt the love of his life.

"Do you love, as you call her, Mistress Rachel?"

"Yes, Master...I am sorry, but I think I know your name. I do not want to use a name that may offend you or cause Mistress Rachel any pain," replied Jason with a bit of a quiver to his voice. He looked at the Master standing in front of him and waited for an answer.

Leroy smiled and said, "My name is Master Leroy. I work for Master Jonas in a very special capacity. Do you know Master Jonas, Jason?"

"Thank you Master Leroy for telling me your name. Mistress Rachel has told me about Master Jonas. I know I have cleaned his superior cum from Mistress Pussy and Aunt Anus on several occasions."

"Mistress Pussy and Aunt Anus? What the fuck, are you talking about sissy?"

"I am only allowed to speak of or to Mistress Rachel's private parts by their given names. Mistress Pussy is the name of her cunt and Aunt Anus is the name of her asshole."

"God damn! She sure has you trained. I must say that you are a very pretty she-male. Do you like being cuckolded to Mistress Rachel, accepting your role, and what you will be asked to do now and in the future?"

"I love Mistress Rachel with all my heart and all my soul, Master Leroy. I will do whatever she asks up to and including what occurred here just a minute ago. I have never met a more self-assured and self-aware individual as Mistress Rachel. She is the world to me, Master Leroy."

"Good Jason, but I noticed a bit of fear when I told you that I was going to give you a new name by the end of the evening. Does that bother you?"

"I do not know how to answer you, Master. I do not want to offend you and cause Mistress Rachel pain."

"If you are honest with me and I see you are telling the truth, nothing will happen to you and or Mistress Rachel. You have my word on that."

"I do have a problem with getting a new name. I do not know how my family will feel about what I am doing and how Mistress Rachel treats me. Mistress Naomi and Mistress Lacey said I looked like a beautiful girl in the outfit I am wearing. Mistress Rachel and Mistress Naomi made me masturbate continuously for ninety minutes, but I realized that after they dressed me you could hardly see my '*penisette*' and balls in this dress. Although I will do anything for Mistress Rachel, and again, that includes what happened here, I still feel like a man."

"Interesting predicament Jason. You still feel like a man, but you are dressed like a woman and are standing in front of me waiting for me to ask you to suck my black cock until it is hard. When we are finished masturbating with the bitches, it will be you that kneels between their legs to lick up our superior black seed. If we are mean enough, we will also make you clean our cocks or the bitches may ask you to do it for their pleasure. You understand that you will never, and I mean NEVER, put your '*penisette*' into Mistress Rachel's Mistress Pussy or Aunt Anus." Leroy looked into Jason's eyes to see if he could see a reaction to what he had just told him.

"I know that I will never have heterosexual relations with Mistress Rachel, but my love is beyond feeling Mistress Pussy or Aunt Anus around my small '*penisette*'. If you do not know already, Master Leroy, I only have four inches when I am hard. Mistress Rachel and her friends have told me that I should be ashamed to call myself a man. In fact, if they do not call it a '*penisette*', they call it a clitoris. I am satisfied with my position because I know Mistress Rachel is in love with me. I am very content and if I have to dress like this all the time I will." Jason sighed, looked down at Master Leroy cock, and asked, "Would you like me to fluff your cock so you can join the party?"

"Not yet Jason. I have a few more questions for you. Where is home? And, what are you doing in New York?"

"I am from Kansas, Master Leroy. My family owns a large farm that produces wheat and soybeans. I am in New York to attend the university near where we are now. Are you sure you do not want me to suck your cock?"

"If that will make you happy, go ahead, but I am not done with my questions. Oh, fuck it." Leroy put his hands on Jason's shoulders and pushed him into a kneeling position. He took his cock and brushed it on Jason's lips and cheeks. Jason just looked up at Master Leroy and waited for him to place his cock on his lips so he could open his mouth and suck it in. Master Leroy continued to rub his cock on Jason's face until he reached behind his head and pulled him between his legs.

"Suck my balls, bitch boy. Let me feel you caress each of my black testicles with your faggot mouth. Come on, Jason, suck my balls." Master Leroy pressed Jason's face to a position underneath his balls. Jason opened his lips and took the left ball into his mouth. He gently sucked on the testicle and ran his tongue all round the ball and felt the soft texture of Master Leroy's ball sac. "Oh, yes, my little faggot. I do love the way your faggot mouth feels on my balls. Now let go, and make me hard. I have to see what is going on in the living room."

Jason did not hesitate. He released the testicle and rose to accept the already hardening cock into his mouth. He realized that Master Leroy was not as large as the other Master, but compared to him, he was huge. Jason licked the crown and slid the black Master's cock deep into his mouth. He felt the cock slide past the point where he would gag and rest in his throat. He could feel his nose against Master Leroy's stomach and felt proud that he could swallow such a large cock. He started to pull his head back to release the hold his throat had on Master Leroy love muscle.

"Ok, Jason, that is enough. If you continue, I will shoot my load down your sissy throat. I want to be hard when I give Mistress Rachel the message I have in my hand." Master Leroy pushed Jason off his cock and exited the room. Jason stood up, smoothed the dress, and quietly entered the living room.

Master Leroy entered the living room to see Lacey bent over the end of the couch taking Jeremiah's cock in her masturbation cunt hole. Naomi was standing on the right side of Rachel as she masturbated her. He could see that the white bitch on the side of Rachel was not controlling the action. Rachel had total control over the women and Master Leroy liked the idea of a threesome with the white masturbation bitches, but Mr. Jonas had given him specific instructions. Master Leroy walked over the where the two bitches were standing.

"Excuse me, but I have to speak to the bitch named Rachel alone. So why don't you get on you knees behind Master Jeremiah, and suck his superior black balls while he masturbates in the other white bitch's hole." Rachel stopped playing with Naomi's pussy, put a hand behind her ass, and pushed her away from Master Leroy. The bitch took the hint, went to the other Master, fell to her knees, and proceeded to suck his balls.

"Master Leroy, it is a pleasure to see you here tonight. How may I be of service to your superior black cock?" Rachel asked not knowing what he was going to do or what he wanted from her.

Master Leroy cleared his throat, smiled, and began to speak, "Mr. Jonas gave me instructions and a note for you. I am the only one that will be permitted to use any of your masturbation holes this evening. The other Master is knowledgeable of Mr. Jonas' instructions and he accepts them without question. He does not know the contents of the note. Only Mr. Jonas and I do. I am going to give you Mr. Jonas' note. You are going to read it in front of me. You are not to say anything after reading it. If you do, I have been instructed by Mr. Jonas to make you regret you disobeyed his orders. Do you understand?"

Rachel noticed that he had not called her a bitch, white bitch, whore, masturbation bitch, or any of the names they had for the white women that were here for only one thing, to help them have multiple orgasms. "I understand, Master Leroy," Rachel replied. She held out her hand and accepted the note from Master Leroy. Rachel looked around the room for Jason and found him aiding Naomi underneath Jeremiah's legs. With some trepidation, she tore open the envelope, removed, unfolded the note, and read:

My dearest Slut Rachel:

I have entrusted this note with my closest and most trusted associate. He should be standing in front of you naked with an erection and he knows I have given him permission to use you for his masturbation pleasure this evening. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I will not be attending your little soiree this evening. My wife (yes Rachel) is coming home for a short period of time. She is a Queen from one of the smaller nations in Africa and her responsibilities take her around the world. Due to the traveling, she is home for only twenty-eight days out of the year. My time with her is short and very precious to me. She is the one and only true love of my life.

This does not mean I want you to leave. You provide a very special service and she knows all about it. I allow myself only one '*White Masturbation Slave*' at any given moment in time. I have thought long and hard about our relationship and what you are willing to do to make it work. You are nothing more than a white bitch with three holes for me to use for my pleasure. You

understand and accept your role in my life. Just like Jason (yes, Rachel, I know all about Jason) has to accept his role as your sissy cuckold in your life.

Master Leroy is going to perform some tests on Jason. You are not to interfere. The results of these tests will tell me if you have listened to the one demand I made about Jason and if he is ready to accept his permanent partnership with you. If Master Leroy finds everything acceptable, I will grant you permission to marry Jason. The only condition is I perform the ceremony. I am a licensed Minister in the State of New York.

When you finish reading this note and accept its terms, get on your knees, take hold of Master Leroy's cock, and say that I accept Master Jonas' terms and conditions. You are then to use your masturbation mouth to satisfy Master Leroy.

Master Edmund Xavier Jonas III

Rachel stood in front of Master Leroy trying to quell the muscles that were beginning to shake in response to the information she had just read in Master Jonas' note. She wanted to strike out, but knew that Master Leroy would kill her on the spot if she hit or attacked him. The note had just told her that Master Jonas was married and she was actually no better than the two other women who were using their bodies to satisfy the men of Master Jonas in her apartment right at this very moment. She thought about saying no to Master Leroy, but that would probably only lead to the loss of everything near and dear to her heart. That would naturally include Lacey and Jason, but what about all the other men and women she has come to know. She knew that Master Jonas could break her and turn her into a twenty-dollar a blowjob street hooker. Rachel took a deep breath, fell to her knees, took hold of the black cock that was in front of her face, and said, "Master Leroy, I accept Master Jonas' terms and conditions."

Rachel opened her mouth and placed it on the head of Master Leroy's cock. She used her tongue to caress the large head and the ridge that separated the head from the shaft. Master Leroy took his right hand, placed it behind Slut Rachel's head, and pushed so hard that she had no time to prepare as he forced his cock down her throat. Rachel grabbed his legs and tried very hard not to gag, sputter, or puke all over his cock. Master Leroy laughed and placed both his hands on the side of Slut Rachel's head and proceeded to forcibly move her head up and down his cock. Her eyes began to tear and her throat began to ache from the ramming of his ten-inch cock. All the time she was present at Mr. Jonas' parties, she was never used by any of the other Masters including Master Leroy. She could not understand why Lacey loved to service this... This monster! He had no idea of how to treat a woman even if she provided nothing more than three holes to masturbate in.

Master Leroy looked down at Slut Rachel and could see that she was having problems with the way he was using her mouth to masturbate with. "Are you having a problem, sweet cheeks? What, you cannot take my superior black cock down your throat?" He continued to pummel the back of her throat with the head of his cock. "I know what Mr. Jonas wanted you to do and you better do it without complaint. Tonight your fucking slut holes are mine." With that he proceeded to pull Rachel's mouth off his cock and a long thick string of mucous hung off the tip of his man meat into the back of her throat.

"Master Leroy, I am trying to make you happy," Rachel sputtered as she tried to recover from the fucking he was giving her mouth. "If you just give me a chance, and let me control how my mouth masturbates your sweet tasting black love muscle; you will experience an orgasm that will seem to rise from your feet."

"I know you will not say anything to Master Jonas about how I treat you tonight. I know you watch me with my white sluts while you are impaled on Master Jonas' *'Magnificent Mandingo Manhood'*. I know from looking at your face that you are not pleased with my use of the women, especially Slut Lacey. Well, bitch, you are going to get yours tonight." Rachel's eyes popped open when she felt his hands take hold of her head and begin to jam his cock against her lips. "Open your mouth, you fucking Prima Donna! I am going to use your throat to jerk my horny cock!"

Rachel had no choice in the matter. She opened her mouth and steeled herself for the fucking her mouth and throat were about to take. Master Leroy shouted, "I am fucking the boss's white whore!!! Yeah bitch, I am using your mouth to jerk off my cock. Easy slut, watch those teeth. Hmmm... I can feel something beginning to rise in my beautiful black balls." Rachel let him use her head as if it were his hands. She relaxed and let him control the motion of her head and it also allowed him easier access to the depths of her throat. Every so often, he would press her head hard against his stomach and then just relax the pressure but he assured her that he wanted to keep his cock plugged deep into her throat.

Meanwhile, Jeremiah had finished masturbating in Lacey and was watching Leroy abuse the Slut Rachel's masturbation mouth. Sluts Naomi and Lacey were on the floor with signs propped between their legs advertising that their masturbation mouths, asses, and pussies were open and available. Considering there were only two Masters there and one of them were resting, the signs were more for fun than reality. Jason stood at the entrance to the living room near the front door watching with tears in his eyes as Master Leroy abused Rachel's mouth with his long cock.

Everyone watching Master Leroy could see that he was getting close to shooting his load. His legs were starting to get a little wobbly, he ass was clinching a little harder with each stroke of his cock down Slut Rachel's throat, and ever so slowly his balls were rising getting ready to release the sperm they manufactured. Rachel had become used to his cock and did not help in any way except to stay relaxed as he moved her head to-and-fro. She was so relaxed she was able to let go of his thighs and kneel like a sack-of-shit while he masturbated using her mouth.

Master Leroy sped up the stroking and with one final push of Rachel's head on his black cock screamed, "Good God girl, I am going to shoot. Here comes the best tasting nigger cum you will ever swallow." Rachel could feel his cock head expand in her throat. The shaft thickened and she felt the first pulse of cum ride down the length of his shaft. The funny thing about this whole scene was she had no idea what his cum would taste like because if he kept his cock buried down her throat, he would deposit his load directly into her stomach. She made a point of looking up at Master Leroy and smiling with her eyes so he would know that she was content to have his cock buried in her mouth.

After the third rope of cum was released from his cock, he pulled her head back so the last three ropes would be deposited in her mouth. So much for Slut Rachel thinking she would never get to taste his cum. She had enough presence of mind to use her tongue to swab the head of his cock as he came. She could tell he was enjoying her tongue because he audibly moaned as she caressed his tender cock head. Slut Rachel was a bit taken aback by the amount of cum that was flooding her mouth. She tried to swallow some of the ejaculate, but the continuing filling of her mouth was not letting her accomplish her goal.

Master Leroy could feel her trying to swallow and said, "Do not swallow what is in you mouth. Choke your fucking masturbation throat closed you white cum sucking bitch. That is it. Yes, take the last drops of my sweet Leroy cum and do not lose a drop." He let her get used to having his cock and the product of his testicles and prostrate in her mouth. When he felt she was ready, he pulled his cock out of her mouth accompanied by a small amount of his black love juice.

"Jason! Where are you? Come to Master Leroy and get your dessert!"

Jason stood next to Slut Rachel and asked, "What would you like me to do Master Leroy?"

"Get on your faggot knees and clean my superior black cock. Take your time and be sure you get it nice and clean. The longer it takes you to do your job, the longer Slut Rachel has to keep my sweet black cum in her mouth."

Jason looked down at Rachel and could see she was starting to have trouble keeping Master Leroy's ejaculate in her mouth. He easily got to his knees and began to use his mouth to clean Master Leroy's cock. He was extremely gentle in his movements as not to cause Master Leroy any pain. He was beginning to feel the Master's cock starting to get hard and wondered whether or not he was going to have to do what Mistress Rachel had just completed. Master Leroy took Jason's head in his hands and rammed his nose to his stomach. Jason had never had anyone do that to him, He immediately started waving his arms in the air to try to gain the Master's attention.

"What is the matter sissy? Is my black cock too deep in your faggot throat? Well, guess I will just have to let it stay there until you calm the fuck down." Master Leroy did not care who was watching him. He was doing what his boss wanted.

Jason struggled to calm down. It took longer than he expected, because Master Leroy would not reduce the pressure on his head. The cock that was embedded in his throat was beginning to expand and get hard. He tried all the tricks in the book to get himself to relax and finally thinking about helping Mistress Rachel get rid of her mouthful of sperm did the trick.

Master Leroy realized that Jason had calmed down and was ready to be used. And be used was exactly what Master Leroy had in mind. He relaxed the pressure on Jason's head and allowed his cock to slide out of Jason's throat, but he did not let Jason remove it from his mouth. "Listen Jason. I used Slut Rachel as a masturbation bitch. I want you to make faggot love to my cock. I am going to remove my hands from your head and you are going to show me how much you love Mistress Rachel. Do you understand, bitch?"

Jason nodded his head up and down in a positive acceptance of his understanding what Master Leroy wanted. Master Leroy smiled and released Jason's head. Jason took his right hand and surrounded the base of the Master's cock. With his left hand he cupped his balls and massaged them gently as he ever so gently began to suck on Master Leroy's cock. He used his lips like feathers as he slid the hard piece of black manhood deep into his throat. Jason could feel the Master's cock growing with every stroke of his mouth. It did not take long for the Master's balls to begin to rise into his body in preparation of delivering another load of sweet black cum. Jason decided to take the first two or three ropes of Master Leroy's ejaculate directly down his throat. The rest he would let fill up his mouth just like Mistress Rachel.

"Ready my sweet male bitch! I can feel it rising! I am going to cum into a new faggot's mouth. Slut Rachel watch as I fill your fucking sissies mouth with the sweetest black cum this side of the Atlantic! Oh fucking, yes, here I

cum!!!” Jason slid the Master’s cock down his throat as the first and second rope of his second orgasm entered his stomach directly. He pulled his head back and captured just the head with his lips as he used his right hand to stroke the last ropes of ejaculate from the cock that had just deposited part of its load directly into his stomach. Master Leroy could feel Jason’s lips just behind the ridge of the head of his cock, his hand gently stroking, his tongue caressing the increasingly sensitive head of the cock that was now filling the mouth that was caressing it.

“What a good girl you are! What a wonderful blow job you just gave me,” Master Leroy exclaimed. “Now I want you and your Mistress Slut to stand up and kiss for everyone in the room. I want you to take what is in each of your mouths and share it. Neither of you will have more than the other.”

Jason stood and offered his hand to Mistress Rachel to help her up. She took his hand and allowed him to pull her to her feet. Jason pulled her close to him and leaned in to place his lips on hers. To everyone else in the living room, they looked silly trying to keep Master Leroy’s sperm in their mouths while getting ready to kiss. Rachel was fuming inside because Master Leroy was making her share his cum with her sissy cuckold. She wanted to have him lay on the floor so she could spit what was in her mouth into his. No way was she thinking of having to swallow Master Leroy’s ejaculate.

Their lips met and because Jason was over Mistress Rachel, it was easier for him to spill the contents of his mouth into Mistress Rachel’s mouth. Rachel accepted the liquid from Jason. She pushed his arms off her body and positioned herself in such a way the she could press on his shoulders to get him to a position below her. Jason could not control what was happening and sank to his knees effectively putting him lower than Mistress Rachel. When she had the upper hand, Mistress Rachel grabbed Jason’s left ear. Jason immediately reacted by opening his mouth to accept the contents of her mouth because he knew she would rip off his ear if he did not. Mistress Rachel could feel Jason open his mouth around hers to accept Master Leroy’s load. Jason took it all and swallowed. Mistress Rachel released his ear, broke the kiss, and placed one on his left ear. She whispered, “I knew you would not let me down.”

Master Leroy broke the silence, “I told you two to share it.”

“Master Leroy, I am the trained cuckold here. It is my job to clean and swallow the tasty liquid produced by your superior black manhood. Please do not blame my Mistress for giving me what was rightfully mine.” Rachel could not believe what she just heard Jason say. She looked at Master Leroy and waited for his reply to Jason.

“Jason, stand on my left next to me facing our guests. Slut Rachel, do the same only on the other side.” Master Leroy had moved enough so he was in the middle of the room, thus giving everyone a view of the action between Jason, Mistress Rachel, and him. Jason moved so he stood to the left of Master Leroy. Rachel moved so she was on the right of Master Leroy. Master Johnson sat on the couch with Sluts Lacey and Naomi on either side. Lacey had his enormous cock in her right hand while Naomi used her left hand to cup and massage his black balls.

As he was instructed to do by his boss and mentor, Master Leroy slipped each of his hands under the dresses of both of them. He realized that they were both wearing the same underwear and easily pushed his fingers into the cracks of their ass. Master Leroy decided to use the middle finger of his right hand and gently inserted into Slut Rachel’s asshole. He loved the fact that she did not utter a sound as his wide finger parted her hole and slid in without the help of any lubrication.

Jason felt Master Leroy begin to slide his fingers between the crack of his ass. When Master Leroy found his sphincter and probed it with the middle finger of his left hand, Jason jumped out of an unknown fear of what was going to happen next. He did not mind when Rachel massaged his asshole while he masturbated for her, because he had discovered at an early age that he liked the feeling he got when it was massaged. Now, he knew that something else was going to happen and unconsciously began to tighten and clinch his buttocks together. Master Leroy felt Jason trying to stop what was happening.

"Slut Rachel, tell Jason and for that matter the others where the middle finger of my right had is now."

"Master Leroy, Master Jeremiah, Sluts Lacey and Naomi, and the useless Jason, it is inserted into my masturbation asshole," replied Rachel.

"Hmmm... For now, Sissy Jason, where is the middle finger of my left hand right now."

"Master Leroy, Master Jeremiah, Mistresses Rachel, Lacey and Naomi, it is resting on the outside of my...."

Jason turned to look at Master Leroy questioning what he should call his asshole. That was enough to piss of Master Leroy.

"Oh, you have now crossed the line Jason," Master Leroy growled at him. He took the finger that was resting on his asshole and jammed it in all the way to the third knuckle. He loved the look on Jason's face and the pain radiated from his invaded virgin asshole to his brain. Jason screamed as if he was being stabbed. "Damn you Jason! You scream like a stuck pig and all I did was insert a finger up your pussy. Look at Slut Rachel. See how she accepts my finger as the prelude to my using her asshole to masturbate."

Rachel was astonished at what Master Leroy had just said. She knew that Master Jonas had wanted nothing to pass through Jason's asshole, but Master Leroy had just inserted the middle finger of his left hand into her sissy cuckold's virgin pussy. Oh how she wanted to turn and kick him in his balls and drive them out his mouth. She turned her head to face Master Leroy and spoke, "Please Master Leroy! I beg you not to do anything that will break the promise I made to Master Jonas about Jason's pussy. The note said you had to perform some tests on him, but I did not read that you were to use him. You have permission to use me tonight and I want you to. Please Master Leroy, let Jason do what I have trained him to do and leave his pussy alone. I beg you, please!"

Jason realized that Mistress Rachel was trying to save him from the pain and full feeling that was emanating from his asshole. He also questioned why both of them called his asshole a pussy. Master Leroy turned to Jason and then to Rachel and back to Jason, then he spoke, "I have tested his pussy and confirm by its tightness that no object has passed through it. I also have a need to masturbate again. Tell me Rachel, where should my superior black cock go to get the stroking it needs to ejaculate another load of pent up black cum?" He looked from Jason to the audience in the living room and smiled as he awaited her answer.

"Master Leroy, since your finger now occupies my masturbation asshole, why don't you request Slut Naomi to bend over in front of you, have the sissy prepare her masturbation asshole with his tongue, and then she can place your hard cock in her masturbation asshole. You would be able to keep me next to you and use her for your masturbation pleasure. When you are done, Jason could clean you both." Rachel figured she had just hit a home run with her answer. She also noticed the other Master was getting restless and was starting to look around to see what he were going to do next.

"Great idea Slut Rachel, but I am tired of this bullshit. Yo, fuck-head Lacey! Get your white bitch ass over here and let me use you."

Lacey let go of Master Johnson's cock, stood up, and walked over to where Master Leroy was standing. Without any instructions from him, she turned her back to him, bent over, and spread the cheeks of her ass opening access to her masturbation asshole. Master Jeremiah took Naomi by the hand and moved her to the couch where he proceeded to rub his hardening cock between her sweet model legs. Rachel stood next to Jason wondering what was going to happen to her next.

"Master Leroy my '*Masturbation Asshole*' is ready to accept your beautiful black tube of man meat," cooed Lacey as she waited for the head of Master Leroy's cock to begin to spread her anal sphincter.

"Rachel, you white piece of shit. I know you love to eat Slut Lacey's pussy, but I want you to show me how much you love her by preparing her asshole for me. Crawl over here and perform," commanded Master Leroy.

Rachel looked at Master Leroy and nodded her head in assent. She fell forward and crawled over to where Lacey was bent over waiting to be used by Master Leroy. Rachel moved behind Lacey and raised her head so she could begin licking her lover's asshole. All the times they had mad love, neither of them had caressed each other's assholes orally. They would finger fuck or use a strap-on, but never perform orally. That was going to change as Rachel leaned in and placed her tongue against Lacey pucker. She moved her tongue over the soft skin and began to probe her hole with the tip of tongue. Lacey began to move her backside in response to the feel of Rachel's tongue on her exit hole.

"Yes, lover!!! Suck my asshole!!! Make it ready for Master Leroy to use!!!" Lacey cried as the sensations from Rachel's tongue raced through her body.

Master Leroy could see that Slut Lacey was ready to accept his cock, but to his amazement, he had lost all desire to use her. The two deposits he had left in Slut Rachel's mouth and the sissy Jason's mouth had taken its toll on his sexual desires. He looked across the room to see Jeremiah on top of Slut Naomi pumping his hard black cock into and out of her white masturbation pussy. Leroy did not want to interrupt him so he just turned and walked back into the bedroom where his clothes were.

Jason followed Master Leroy into the Alexander's room and asked, "Is there something wrong, Master Leroy? Has Mistress Rachel offended you? I thought you wanted to use Slut Lacey's anus for your third orgasm. What may I do to help you?" Jason looked into Master Leroy's eyes as he turned to answer his questions.

"I know you would not understand, Jason; but, I am tired of all this masturbation bullshit. I would love to find a woman, settle down, have children, and live a quiet life working and raising my children. Teaching them about the superiority of the black race and how we can move forward to self-sufficiency without being subservient to the white man."

"Master Leroy, I do understand. My father has helped many a black family rise to own their own business and or farm. I may seem strange to you because I have let Mistress Rachel take control of my life; but I am headed to medical school. I will complete four years of college in two years. I have already aced the MCATs and I intend to get my degree and help those who cannot help themselves. I do not think Mistress Rachel will stop me from completing my goals and no matter how she feels about the size of my genitalia; it is my earning power that she desires."

Master Leroy broke out laughing and could not help himself. When he stopped laughing he moved close to Jason, leaned over, and whispered in his ear, "You are so totally fucked up, Jason. Rachel does not need your money or potential earning power. When her father kicks the bucket, she comes into more money than you will ever earn as a doctor. Why is she with you? That is easy to answer. Stand in front of that mirror and look at yourself. Think about what you have done this evening. She is a controlling bitch that really should have a cock and balls hanging between her legs."

"I don't think so, Master Leroy. I know all about the money she will inherit when her father dies. I know she is blackmailing him because of the incest he heaped upon her young body. I have an older sister and she also saw the subservient side of my personality. My parents would die if they knew what I want for my private life. I am happy serving her. If I could make you understand by offering you my body, I would. You are showing an intellectual side that I thought did not exist within you. Apparently, you are an intelligent man and whatever you do for Master Jonas, you do out of a deep sense of commitment. You need to turn that commitment over to a woman and let her know how much you love her."

"Whoa, there professor. I am not your Psychology 101 test subject. What I said to you was out of frustration and goes no further. Repeat it and you will be the second Jimmy Hoffa. You know who Jimmy Hoffa is, don't you?"

"My turn to laugh," Jason replied. "Jimmy Hoffa was a union leader that is thought to be buried under the twenty yard line in Giants stadium. Your secret is safe with me. You should know that I am a tenth degree black belt and I could defend myself to the point that Rachel would not know from whence it came. I let her control me because if I did not, she would leave me before I could say Jack Robinson. She is the best thing that has ever happened to me and if she wants to marry me, make me clean, make me cook, and let her fuck anyone she wants, I am ok with it. See, she comes home to me."

"Yes she does." Master Leroy replied. "Let us just keep this between us and I promise you that I will do everything in my power to make you happy. And your happiness is my happiness. Now, turn around and show me how much you respect me."

Jason turned around and pulled his dress up. He pushed his backside against Master Leroy's right hand and moved it side-to-side in a submissive manner. Master Leroy moved his hand above the waistband of Jason panties, slipped it under the satin cloth, slipped his middle finger down the crack of his ass, and unceremoniously inserted his finger into Jason's asshole. Jason accepted the finger without a sound and stood awaiting Master Leroy's next command.

"What a tight hole you have. I can feel the muscles of your sphincter squeezing my finger. I can tell you are enjoying the feeling of being filled." Master Leroy placed his left arm across Jason's shoulder's, under his chin, and pulled him back into his body. He whispered in Jason's ear, "Pull your panties down and off."

Jason found the waistband of the panties and pulled them down. Without bending over, he wiggled and shifted his legs to get the panties to fall down his legs to the floor. He kicked them off with his right foot.

"Now take your right hand and massage my cock. Make it hard. Make it ready to make love to you." Master Leroy leaned next to Jason's right ear and placed a long kiss on it. He slipped his tongue into the opening of the ear

canal and swabbed causing Jason to moan with pleasure. "I see you are one hot little sissy boy. Are you ready to make love to me?"

"Yes, Master Leroy. I am ready."

Master Leroy took his cock from Jason's hand and began to rub it in the crack of Jason's ass. Jason moaned each time the head of Master Leroy's cock passed over the sensitive puck of his asshole. Jason pushed his hips back so he could angle his hole into a position that would allow him to accept Master Leroy's cock in his ass. The pre-cum dripping from Master Leroy's cock was enough to lubricate Jason's virgin asshole.

"It is going to hurt, Jason."

"I know and I promise I will not yell out. I will take the pain."

"Ok, Jason." Master Leroy stopped rubbing his cock across the opening to Jason's bowel. He placed the head of his cock at the opening and began to push it in using the pre-cum to lubricate as the head began to stretch open Jason's anal sphincter. He moved his left arm down Jason's body to his hips and pressed Jason's hips back helping his cock enter the tight anus. Jason gritted his teeth as he felt Master Leroy's cock open his anus and begin to slip in. Just as the head passed through his sphincter, the pain crested and sweat began to form and fall from his face. He felt the blood rush from his brain and he began to get dizzy. His legs weakened and began to fail to hold him up.

Master Leroy realized what was happening and did not stop pushing his cock into Jason's sweet, hot, and tight male pussy. He shifted his weight, used his left arm to pick Jason up, and move him to the bed that was behind them. He let Jason down and allowed him to rest his shoulders and head on the bed. This accentuated the position of Jason's pussy allowing Master Leroy easier access to the object of his desire. He continued to press his large black cock into Jason's pussy as Jason bit the covers on the bed to keep from screaming out in pain.

"Oh my God!!! What are you doing to me!!! I am in such pain!!! Please, Master Leroy!!!" cried Jason.

"Easy my sweet pussy boy. Relax. Think about how much pleasure you are giving me and how much I will be giving you. I will stop for a moment so you can get used to me."

"Thank you Master," replied Jason. He could feel the head of Master Leroy's cock just inside his ass. With the relaxation of pressure, he began to feel an easing of the pain. His anus began to relax, the blood began to return to his brain, and he began to feel full. "Yes, Master Leroy. I can feel the head of your superior black cock inside my ass. Please give me some more."

"It is not your ass now Jason. It is you pussy." Master Leroy began to push his ten inches deeper into Jason's pussy. With each push, Jason opened and accepted more of his Master's cock. It did not take much longer for Master Leroy to sink his cock deep into Jason's pussy. Master Leroy looked down saw Jason's dress pushed up over his hips and his belly pressing against the cheeks of his male pussy. He slowly withdrew his cock to the point his cock head was just behind the muscle that formed the anal sphincter. Trying not to scare the sweating, shaking, and fragile faggot below him, Master Leroy shoved his cock back into the hole that was caressing his cock tighter than any hole he had fucked before.

"Janette, my sweet pussy boy. What a wonderful pussy you have. I can feel you getting used to my superior black cock. I am going to enjoy fucking you, Jeanette."

"Jeanette? My name is Jason, Master Leroy."

As Master Leroy began to stroke his cock in and out of Jeanette's pussy he replied, "No, I have named you Jeanette. From this moment on, you will forever be known as Jeanette and the hole I am now making love to is your pussy." Upon finishing his statement, Master Leroy leaned forward onto Jeanette's back and began fucking her in earnest. He did not think about how his cock was pressing against her interior clitoris. He just kept on stroking his cock in and out of her tight virgin pussy. He could feel his balls beginning to tighten and rise in preparation of shooting his hot load into Jeanette's male pussy. He pressed against Jeanette's body and said, "Oh, sweet Jeanette. Here it comes. I can feel my balls preparing the superior black scum to be ejected into your virgin pussy. Tell me what you are feeling."

"Master Leroy, I can feel you hardness sliding against my interior clitoris. It is so large the pleasure never seems to stop until the head is ready to leave my pussy. I love the fucking you are giving me. You may fuck me whenever you want to. My pussy is yours to use." Jason began to move his body in response to the cock that was sliding in and out of his body.

"Yes, you fucking pussy boy. Take my cock up your asshole pussy. I am going to give you something you have never felt before." Master Leroy pushed his cock deep into Jeanette, kept the pressure of his body against hers, and began to shoot multiple ropes of black scum deep into her bowel.

"Oh, oh, I am being filled. I can feel you shoot your superior black cum into my male pussy. Fill me. Make me a scum slut." Jeanette could not believe the power of the cock unloading into her. Master Leroy was using short strokes of his cock as he shot his third load of scum into Jeanette. When he finished, he collapsed on top of Jeanette and did not try to remove his cock from her pussy. Jeanette could feel his cock beginning to soften and really did not want him to remove it from his pussy. Although she did not get hard and did not have an orgasm, Jeanette felt like she just had the biggest orgasm of his life.

"Now I can tell Master Jonas that you are no longer a virgin and what a wonderful cock sucking, pussy boy you have turned into. Mistress Rachel has done a good job with you Jeanette." Master Leroy said to Jeanette as he eased his flaccid cock out of her relaxed anal pussy.

"Tell Master Jonas what?" Rachel screamed. "You fucking nigger bastard. You were not supposed to have any sex other than a blowjob from Jason. You fucked him against Master Jonas' orders!"

Master Leroy pushed himself off the bed, spun 180 degrees, took one large step towards Rachel, and with an open hand slapped her so hard she flew across the room. Rachel hit the wall behind her so hard she dented it. Master Leroy was on her in a flash. He took her by the neck, picked her up off the floor, held her above his head, and growled, "You have nothing to say to me cunt. You do not have the authority or power to tell me what to do. Believe me when I tell you that Mr. Jonas wanted me to fuck your cuckold. In fact, I am thinking of taking him for my own. Stop trying to get my hand from around your neck. I can kill you now with one squeeze. When I let you down and release my hand, you have one and only one obligation. That obligation is to go over to your faggot sissy husband to be and ease his sore pussy with your tongue. If you do not do it, I will kill you."

Rachel could not believe what was happening. This was supposed to be a night of fun and pleasure. This was supposed to be the night she would find out if Master Jonas would allow her to marry Jason. Instead, she found

out that Master Jonas is married, he allowed his number one to use her anyway he wished, and worst of all, he took Jason's anal virginity. What else could happen to her?