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Chapter 9 – The Beginning of a New Relationship

Rachel was absolutely taken aback by the events that occurred at her party. She could not believe that Mr. Jonas wrote her a note that explained to her that he considered her nothing more than three holes to use for his masturbatory pleasure. Rachel did not consider herself to be a common white slut that preferred black cock to all others. She prided herself on the steps she takes to keep her small body in tip-top shape. Her obedience to Master Jonas was given out of trust and unrequited love for the man. She did not expect his love to be returned, but an acknowledged respect for her abilities to accept his huge cock should have been. The fact that she saw her sissy being fucked by the one black master she hated the most caused her to triple her efforts at the gym and the dojo where she studied four forms of the Marshal Arts. She knew she would not be able to do anything by herself to any of the denizens of Mr. Jonas' lair, but she knew that sooner-or-later she would get her revenge. Time has no bounds when revenge is the order of the day, month, year, decade, or lifetime.

Jason also-known-as Jeanette found that he recovered quickly from the pounding his pussy ass took from Master Leroy, but what bothered him the most was the attitude Rachel had been giving him. Ever since that eventful night, she has not brought him Mistress Pussy or Aunt Anus to clean or sooth with his tongue. She did not even care about what he wore and how he looked. He thought it very strange that she would remove him from her world all because he did exactly what she wanted him to do – allow a Black Master to use his ass as a masturbation pussy. Overall, the only thing going poorly in his life right now was his relationship with Rachel.

Jason continued to desire Rachel with his entire being, but between his studies and his own level of self-empowerment through the marshal arts, he was starting to see the world for what it really was. Each afternoon Jason went to his private place to work out among some of the best marshal artists in the City of New York. None of them

knew anything about his relationship and his need to be subservient to a woman he could probably break in half with one hand tied behind his back. Today he was going to work out against ten of the best. His Sensei Master Wong would be there to see if he would attain the highest degree of combat fighting in the Dojo. He would be the first Occidental to attain such honor. Jason knew that one mistake and he would be banned forever by the Sensei. He made a point to leave subtle hints around the apartment hoping Rachel would somehow end up witnessing his crowning achievement.

Rachel did not speak to Lacey since that eventful evening of lust. Although she had been to the apartment on several occasions to be sexed by Alexander, she understood that Rachel wanted no part of her at least for the immediate future. Rachel did go to see Naomi to discuss her gut feelings about the party and the situation with Mr. Jonas. The conversation with her was extremely satisfying and she left knowing that whatever her decision Naomi would always be there for her. Rachel could see spending some time with Naomi more than she could see herself with Lacey.

Rachel returned to the apartment to find it empty. She wondered where Jason had disappeared to considering his last class ended at 11:00AM and the only reason he went today was to take a test. She noticed on the living room table a hand written reminder to be downtown by 3:00PM and it was in Jason's handwriting. She noticed the address and decided to see what he was up to. Rachel could not fathom what he was doing in Chinatown, especially since the area he was going is considered the toughest part of the Lower East Side. She knew she had about an hour to laze around the apartment before she had to be on her way to the address on the note.

Just as she got comfortable on the couch, the doorbell sounded. She was not expecting anyone. Alexander had his own key and knew better than to tell someone to meet him there since Rachel arrived to live with Jason. Rachel pushed herself off the couch and walked to the front door. She leaned forward and pressed her eye to the opening in the door to see who was on the other side. As her eye became adjusted to the limited light in the hallway, she saw Naomi standing in front of her door with a huge smile on her face. Rachel smiled to herself, without a second thought unlocked the two deadbolts, and opened the door to let Naomi enter the apartment. Thankfully, she had not put the Fox Lock into place, because she was all thumbs when it came to removing it from its place in front of the door to allow it to be opened.

"Hi, Naomi. What brings you here at this time of the day? I wasn't expecting anyone especially you, but I sure am glad you decided to come visit," Rachel stated with a growing gleam in her eyes and smile on her face.

"Hi, sweetness. I'm not alone and after our conversation the other day I thought my friend Morris would be someone you'd like to meet," said Naomi. She entered the apartment and Rachel saw standing against the opposite wall was the handsomest black stud she's ever laid her eyes on. Naomi continued, "Don't be shy Morris. Rachel doesn't bite. Come on in and introduce yourself."

Morris Reginald Jameson entered the apartment and walked directly to the center of the living room, turned around, and faced the two women. Rachel's mouth hung open in a state of total awe. Standing in front of her was one major league stud. Morris stood seven feet one inch tall. His shoulders were broad and formed the perfect inverted triangle with his waist. The shirt he wore was unbuttoned to his belly button. His pectoral and abdominal muscles were defined like the cut edges of a diamond. The bulge in his pants was prominent and for all intent and purpose, the

manhood he was packing looked to be eleven inches flaccid. His facial features were not predominantly black, but the semi-broad nose and slightly large lips enhanced his looks enough that one could call him the '*Black David*'.

"My, God!!! I'm dumbstruck!!! Naomi where in the world did you find this specimen?" breathed Rachel as she continued to stare at the giant man that stood in the middle of her living room.

Naomi turned Rachel to face her, leaned in, and pressed her lips to Rachel's in a kiss of love, not friendship, but deep love. She pulled Rachel's small body into hers, pressed her back, and gently forced her tongue into Rachel's mouth. Rachel responded by pressing her mons against Naomi's and running her hands over her back and beautiful ass cheeks. Naomi broke the kiss, placed her head next to Rachel's so her mouth was next to her ear, and whispered, "I bring him to you as a token of my love for you. You don't need that nigger asshole Jonas and his friends. I told him this morning that I no longer wanted anything to do with him. Let that slut Lacey be his number one whore. You're too good for that scumbag. I want you to be my lover. If you accept my offer, want to be my lover forever, enjoy the life and sex we will have together, go over to Morris, unzip his pants, reach in, and free his manhood. Do nothing else, but hold him in your hand. Understand?" Naomi placed a warm wet kiss on her ear and stepped back to see what this beautiful nineteen-year-old piece of Jewish ass would do.

Rachel did not utter a word. She looked deep into Naomi's eyes and saw nothing but desire and love. Rachel began to realize that Naomi had been playing a submissive role with her when she was actually a dominant who was starting to show her true colors. She leaned forward, placed a small kiss on Naomi's cheek, and walked over to where Morris stood. As she stood in front of the giant, she saw that the top of her head came to just below his pectoral muscles. Rachel reached out and placed her right hand behind the small piece of material that covered the zipper of his pants. She found the metal piece that would allow her to lower the zipper. Rachel could feel a wetness begin to form in her pussy and the heat of the moment was starting to do its job on her sexuality. She looked up to see Morris smiling as she began to lower the zipper. When she had it all the way down, she reached in to find he wasn't wearing any underwear. Rachel placed her hand around the shaft of his cock near his balls and gently pulled his black manhood from its hiding place. She looked down and saw this black, thick, veined, and the most elegant of the black cocks she's ever seen resting in her hand.

Morris spoke for the first time, "You like what you see?" He did not speak like a typical ghetto nigger. His voice was not a deep baritone, but as clear enough to see he was an educated man. By his voice and use of language, Rachel surmised he was a man who held at least a graduate degree and most probably a Doctorate in his chosen field.

"Oh... God, yes... How couldn't you not like what I have resting in the palm of my hand?"

"It gets to be a conservative twelve inches when erect. I think its girth is somewhere around five to six inches," stated Morris very matter-of-factly. "Miss Naomi is my primary lover and I have been with her for over three years. I met her in Paris during Fashion Week while I was there buying several small antique wholesalers. According to her, you are one hot young lady and I'm to consider you equal to her when it comes to my sexual satisfaction. I know that if I am satisfied you will be also. I'm not an egotistical individual when it comes to the sex and the use of the God given sexual machine you hold in your hand, but I'll tell you that if I'm satisfied you will be also. I guarantee you'll be begging me for more of what you're holding. Acceptance means you will not have sex with anyone but me. Naomi will fulfill your lesbian desires. You will listen to her and naturally, I am the Master and the sole provider of all you need

sexually. If I give you permission, you may have sex with only those individuals of which I approve. Is this arrangement acceptable to you?"

Rachel looked towards Naomi and said with a hint of fear in her voice, "What about Jason?"

Morris reached out, took Rachel by her head, and forced her to look at him. "I may be a gentleman, but I am still your Master. Any questions you have you direct to me. Naomi has no decisions to make or answers to any of your questions. Is that understood?" He held her head with a firm hand, but at the same time, he was gentle. His eyes were not a blaze with anger, but soft and caring. Not what Rachel expected in a Black Master considering the way Mr. Jonas had treated her.

"Yes, Master Morris, I understand. I have a white boyfriend. His name is Jason MacDonald. He is from Kansas and a student at the University. Um... Well... Well, actually I've been training him to be my sissy. In essence, I have cuckolded him. I believe with all my heart he loves me unconditionally and will accept whatever I ask of him. I think, no I believe he is going to be a very, very rich man because of his intellectual abilities and his uncompromising passion for success. With that being said, he knows he cannot satisfy me with the equipment that is nowhere near as big or as beautiful as the one that rests in my hand. Jason knows how to satisfy me with what has turned out to be a very large and magnificent tongue. It does not matter what has been left in my pussy, he will make love to it until I tell him to stop because I cannot take any more orgasms. It is of no consequence to him who I fuck just as long as I bring him my pussy to clean and give him something to kiss and make love to. How will he fit into this relationship?"

"He fits in the way you want him to. I have no problem with you having a sissy for a husband. Remember, I know the clientele that buys the clothing Naomi sells. Jason will know who is the boss and under no circumstances will he make any decisions about our and your relationship with him. Although I am not partial to bisexual sex, I will accept his being around me and maybe if either of you ladies are not available, I may use his talents for my pleasure." With that, Morris released the hold on Rachel's head.

Rachel looked up at Morris and then back down to the tube of man cock that rested in her hand. She turned to look at Naomi and noticed she had moved. She turned her head from side-to-side looking around the living room for her, but she had disappeared into thin air like Keyser Soze in 'The Usual Suspects'. Rachel looked back up and without hinting what was going to happen next, she bent down and kissed the broad head of Morris' cock.

"Master Morris, I am deeply indebted to my friend and lover Naomi for introducing me to you. She knows that I prefer to be sexed by strong, handsome, and well-endowed black men. That I love to feel the sperm of my black lover drip from my well used pussy or ass. My mouth, lips, and tongue love the creamy, salty taste of superior black sperm. In the short period of time I have had your well-defined love muscle in my hand, I realized that Naomi is giving me something that can never be replaced. He should be honored and adored. Therefore, I pledge my mouth, pussy, and anus to you to use as you wish. I offer my body to any of your friends that you deem worthy of using my orifices for their pleasure. I accept your offer of servitude to your magnificent black being. I am honored to be your second chosen white slut. I know Jason will be very happy." Rachel stood holding what she knew would be a very pleasurable twelve inches cock that would be accepted wherever Master Morris wanted to put it.

Morris smiled as he put his right hand on Rachel's shoulder, she took it as a signal to get on her knees, and begin to pleasure what she was holding in her hand. Just as she got in position to take the object of her desire in her mouth the front door opened.

Jason stood in the doorway not believing what he seeing. Rachel on her knees in front of the one of the tallest black man he's ever seen. Considering he wasn't dressed or acting like the cuckold sissy his girlfriend wanted him to be, the man whose cock was hanging out of his pants wasn't to happy with his entrance right as Rachel was about to start sucking his cock.

Morris removed his hand from Rachel's shoulder and took one step backwards from where she was kneeling. He looked at Jason, motioned to him to enter the room, and come to where Rachel was kneeling. He made no effort to put his cock back in his pants. It just hung down in front of him ending just past the midpoint of his thigh.

Jason walked forward to where Rachel was on her knees and looked down at her and then at the huge black man standing in front of him. Rachel started to get up, but Morris ended that attempt by saying without a hint of anger in his voice, "Stay where you are. You should not be concerned with the person that just entered your apartment. I will handle this unfortunate and inopportune interruption. Excuse me, young man, but who the fuck are you?"

Jason was in no mood for any bullshit. He had passed his test at the dojo and the one person he wanted to be there wasn't. Rachel hadn't taken his hint and decided that the black cock that had been hanging in front of her face was more important than the man who truly loved her. Jason was torn apart and wanted to strike out at Rachel and this new black lover. He answered, "Who the fuck am I? That's what you want to know? Well, I'll tell you. I'm the fucker that just became the first Westerner to rise to the highest level of the ten most difficult marshal arts of the Ancient Chinese Form. I just kicked the asses of ten men at once in less than two minutes. Standing there with your cock hanging out of your pants, unprepared for what real hell I could do to you, you ask me who the fuck I am. My answer and question to you is, who the fuck are you?"

"I can and will answer without any animosity or hesitation. But first, let me tell you what I know about you. You, Jason, are the sissy faggot that Naomi and Rachel told me about. I know you are in love with the white slut named Rachel that kneels on the floor before me. I know your sexual equipment is rather minuscule and your balls produce such a small amount of sperm you couldn't impregnate a flea. I believe the girls call it a '*penisette*' instead of a cock because it does not even show even when it is erect. I know you pleasure Rachel with your tongue before and after she's been fucked. I know you wear women's clothes, panties, and stockings. I know that you offered your pussy ass to a black Master to solidify your relationship with Rachel without really understanding what she wanted from you and when. I know Rachel wants to marry you..."

Jason interrupted his monologue, "WHAT? You know she wants to marry me!"

"I'll let the interruption pass, Jason MacDonald, but I know you'll never and I mean NEVER interrupt me again. Yes, she wants to marry you, but she has committed herself to me and my other white lover Naomi. She knows that a black man's cock is superior to your useless small white '*penisette*'. I am not opposed to her marrying you, but you have to accept the fact that I will be sleeping with her in your conjugal bed. It will be my seed that impregnates her and brings forth the children you will care for and raise as your own. It will be my seed you suck from her pussy. I will

be my seed you suck from he asshole. I will be my seed you will taste in her mouth." Morris paused to see Jason's reaction and by doing so gave him the opportunity to respond.

"I have been around her for more than six months. I have done things that no man in his right mind would do for a woman. Especially a woman that prefers to be a slut, but my love blinds me to her whoring. I love her dearly and will do anything to solidify and maintain our relationship. Even if that entails me being submissive to her, her black lover, and allowing her to bear another man's child. But, you must understand that I have the ability to wrap that huge black cock around your neck and choke you to death with it. Sure, you may get in some shots, but as God is my witness, I have the ability and power to harm you without you ever realizing what is happening to you. I do what I do because I love Rachel Cohen with all my heart, my soul, my being, and I will do whatever she asks of me."

"Good. By your intelligent well thought out answer, I will assume you are happy for Rachel and will go sit down on the couch while she shows me how much she wants to pleasure my love muscle."

"Yes, sir," replied Jason. He walked around the standing giant and took a seat on the couch.

Morris moved forward to where Rachel was kneeling, reached down, picked her up, and moved her 90 degrees so they were face-to-face perpendicular to where Jason sat. He took his cock in his hand and smeared it across Rachel's face. She closed her eyes and felt the soft skin of the head of his cock slide across her cheeks, chin, lips, and nose. Its musky smell caused a flood of pussy juice to drip down the insides of her thighs. Jason watched as Morris began to swipe his cock across Rachel's lips and saw her respond by opening them to use her tongue also. Rachel reached for Morris's cock and he let her take it into her hand. Rachel used her thumb and index finger to form a ring around the shaft just below the head and began to stroke it. Her fingers really did not completely enclose the girth of Morris' cock but she had a soft circular motion to her stroking that began to do what was intended.

She saw and felt the cock begin to grow as she massaged its length and girth. She looked up and saw Morris looking down at her smiling with a gleam in his eye that spoke to Rachel. It said to her that he liked the hand job she was giving him. She looked back down to his cock and turned to see what Jason was doing. She could see he was gently rubbing his crotch and making no effort to hide what he was doing. Rachel smiled at him, licked her lips, turned back to the cock that was now hard, and gently placed her lips around the tip being sure not to fully take the head into her mouth. She took her tongue, placed it in the slit of Morris' cock, and worked it around until she had forced it open so the tip of her tongue could fuck his cock. Morris groaned with pleasure as he felt Rachel's tongue slide around and in the tip of his cock.

"My, my... What a wonderful mouth and tongue you have. Now, let's see how much of this educated nigger cock you can accept." Morris took his right hand placed it on the back of Rachel's head and pushed her head into his body. Rachel responded by opening her mouth and pressing her tongue to the base of her mouth. She moved her body ever so slightly to change the position of her throat so she would be able to accept Morris' length without gagging. He used his hand to signal Rachel to start using her mouth to masturbate his cock. She opened her throat and allowed Morris to push his cock deep into her oral cavity. He realized hadn't gagged when his cock slipped past the gag point at the back of her throat. She could take it all, so he placed both hands on her head and began to thrust his lower body back-and-forth thus fucking her mouth.

Jason saw Rachel accept the large black cock and audibly moaned. His cock was confined in his pants and he needed to release it so he could relieve the building pressure. Without asking, he opened his belt, unzipped his zipper, and pulled his pants and underpants down around his ankles. His hand reached for his 'penisette' and began to openly masturbate as he watched to love of his life suck what was going to be her long-term black lover and Master. Morris turned and saw that Jason had pulled his pants down and was playing with the smallest penis he had ever seen. He removed his hands from Rachel's head, stopped thrusting while leaving his cock in Rachel's mouth, and turned his head to face Jason.

"Jason, may I ask what you are doing?"

"Excuse me Sir, but I was so turned on by seeing Rachel making oral love to your superior black cock that I had to free myself so I could be comfortable. The pressure was getting to be too much for me to take," Jason replied as he moved his hands away from his now shrinking 'penisette'.

"Jason, I am very surprised that you took it upon yourself to do something that I had not asked you to do. You are not here to pleasure yourself, especially while I am receiving my first blowjob from your future wife and my future hot wife slut. I am disappointed, very disappointed. Now, pull up your pants, go into Rachel's room, and assume the roll you are being trained to do. I expect to see you in an outfit that will make me want to keep you around. Now, get up and go." Morris turned back to Rachel and continued, "Rachel, stand up and go to the couch. I think it is time for you feel me between your legs."

Rachel did as she was told. She stood up, glared at Jason, and walked over to the couch. Jason was doing as Morris instructed. He already has his pants up and was walking head down to Rachel's room to get dressed as Morris requested. Rachel stood in front of the couch and began to remove her clothes. Her back was still towards Morris as she removed the shirt, pants, and panties she was wearing. Before she could turn around to face him, she felt his hands cup her pert breasts and his cock slide between her thighs. She looked down and stifled a laugh because it looked like she had a black cock instead of a sweet pussy between her legs. Morris bent down, placed a soft kiss on her neck, and whispered, "I know how much you love Jason, but my needs need to be met. Naomi said that you are a wonderful lover and it was confirmed as I felt your lips and tongue caress my cock to a state of erection. Now, I shall take you."

Rachel expected Morris slip his cock from between her pussy juice soaked legs bend her over or turn her around to gain access to her hot and very wet pussy, but that is not what happened. She felt him rub the tip of his cock between the cheeks of her well-defined ass spreading the saliva left there from her sucking and the pussy juice that ended up coating his cock onto her asshole. Then she felt the pressure of his cock head as he began to ease his twelve inches into her backdoor. Morris reached down from her breasts and placed his hands on the protruding bones of her hips. He pulled back and when he did so he lifted, which forced Rachel to bend over thus opening her backside to his assault. Morris looked down to see the head of his manhood begin to disappear inside Rachel's anus. He did not push the way others had to gain entrance to her backdoor. He was gentle and she pushed out like she was going to defecate to open her hole to allow an easier access for his manhood.

"Yes, my sweet Black Master. Fuck my ass. Fill my bowel with your magnificent black manhood. Fuck me... God, push it in..." she said just as the head of his cock slipped past her anal sphincter to enter her bowel. Morris

stopped for a moment to allow Rachel's body to acclimate itself to the size of the black cock that was entering her body. When he felt her sphincter relax, he pressed his twelve inches deep into her.

"Oh, Oh, damn... Slide it deep, push it hard when it is in the deepest it can go, and then push some more. God, fuck my ass!!! Do it, I want to tell you use my ass for your pleasure!!! Fuck me, Morris!!! Make me yours!!!" screamed Rachel as she felt Morris begin to stroke his cock in and out of her asshole. Morris grunted as he held her hips high enough to allow him to fuck her without pushing her down on the couch. He pulled his cock out of her ass completely and saw how open it had become.

"Rachel, you are one hot white bitch. I love the feel of your asshole around my cock. I love the look of your ass as it accepts my black cock and how it remains open when I pull it out. You have a beautiful ass and I know when I desire any of your holes you will accommodate my wishes. But, now I want to use your ass for my pleasure and when I'm ready to cum I will pull out of your hole, turn you around, and mark you with my scum."

"Yes, my Black Master!!! Mark me with your cum!!! Mark me so everyone knows I belong to you!!" Rachel allowed him to continue the assault on her lower bowel with his large cock. She could feel him pull out to the point where just the head of his cock was embedded in her backside. The thrust forward filled her with his cock and waves of internal pleasure. He could feel his balls slapping into her cunt making her hotter and wetter. Morris really knew how to use his manhood to pleasure a woman. He would feel her ass against him when he was deep into her and this would be the signal for him to slightly rotate his hips causing his pole to move side-to-side in her bowel. Rachel screamed with pleasure every time he did this to her. The most amazing thing was he was not rubbing her clit to accentuate her sexual feelings, but was using just his cock and his body motion to make her hotter than the sun on a summer's day. She could feel the head of his cock begin to expand and she knew it was going to be time for her to fall to her knees below his manhood so he could mark her with his cum.

Morris felt the same thing and he knew he was one or two thrusts away from cumming. "Now, bitch!!!!" He pulled his cock from her ass. Rachel turned, fell to her knees, and looked up at the erect twelve inches that was seconds away from spraying her face with its liquid gold. She watched as Morris stroked his cock licking her lips in anticipation of the cum bath that was about to happen. She heard him groan, press his hips forward, lay his cock on the bridge of her nose as the first rope of cum splashed across her face. Morris shot three more huge ropes of cum covering Rachel's cheeks, her left eye, and chin. Rachel felt the hot cum on her face and made no attempt to remove it. She felt honored to be covered in Morris' cum and to be marked by it so everyone would know she belonged to him.

Unbeknownst to either of them, Jason had returned to the living room just as Morris ejaculated on Rachel's face. He was wearing a pair of pink lace panties, pink thigh high stockings, and a pair of pink leather high-heeled boots. He had taken the time to comb his hair and apply a small amount of makeup. Rachel saw him standing there and motioned to Morris to turn around. Morris did so and was amazed at how much Jason looked like a flat chested girl of about seventeen. There was no obvious appearance of a cock behind the panties.

"Come and stand next to me Jason." Jason sashayed over to where Morris stood and looked down at Rachel's cum covered face. "Do you have another name?" asked Morris.

"Yes, sir. I'm also known as Jeanette when I am dressed for my Mistresses' and Master's pleasure."

"Do you like what you see?"

"Yes, sir. I know Mistress Rachel is happy because she is covered with your cum. She covets the cum of a strong Black Master. I know one day she'll want the cum of a superior black man to find an egg and create a child she will love and adore. By my commitment to her, I will care for the child like it is my own."

"You were hot watching the love of your life suck my cock. What do you think would be appropriate for you to do at this time, Jeanette?" Morris looked down at Rachel and winked. He was having fun with Jeanette and could see Rachel was enjoying it as well.

"I don't think the decision is mine. I am here to serve my Master. At his request, I stopped pleasuring myself, returned to Rachel's room, and got dressed in the present outfit. I was wrong to pleasure myself while my future wife was performing for her Master. If you want an answer, I will give you one," replied Jeanette.

"Answer my question, sissy."

"I believe I should be on my knees licking off of Rachel's face the prolific amount of cum her Master deposited there. Upon completing that task, I would offer my mouth and tongue to clean whatever cum residue should happen to be coating my Master's superior cock. It is an honor to accept the marking of my future wife by you and I would accept the same marking for myself." Jeanette stood next to Morris waiting for his next question. He could see the cum starting to run down Rachel's face and hang from her chin. Jeanette thought to herself how beautiful Rachel looked covered in the ejaculate of the Black Master that was going to use her for what hopefully would be the rest of her life.

Morris smiled took his right hand and placed it between the cheeks of Jeanette's pussy ass. He took his middle finger and gently began to massage Jeanette's pussy ass. Rachel looked up and saw the look of fear and pleasure that crossed Jeanette's face. She also saw how she responded to his finger. Then Rachel saw the telltale sign that Morris had inserted his finger into her pussy.

"Please, Master. Tell me what you want. I can feel your finger in me and I want you to command me," sighed Jeanette.

"When I remove my finger you will bend over and use your tongue to clean your future slut wife's face. You will show me how much you love her by doing it."

Jeanette felt Morris remove the finger that had entered her pussy ass. She bent over and placed a open mouthed kiss on Rachel's mouth. This motion was enough for her to suck in a large amount of the cum that hung from Rachel's chin and lips. Jeanette had not tasted another man's cum in several weeks and the taste of Morris' cum sent waves of pleasure throughout her body. She moved her face so she could lick up the cum that covered Rachel's left eye and forehead. With each lick she proved to her Master how much she loved Rachel and how far she would go to keep her and her Master happy. It took about seven minutes for Jeanette to remove all traces of Morris' cum from Rachel's face. When she stood up Rachel could see a prominent stain on the front of the panties she was wearing.

"Turn around and show Master Morris how you've soiled your panties." Jeanette did not hesitate. She turned around to face Master Morris blushing as she stood in front of him. Her panties were soaked from the orgasm she had due of the pleasure she got from cleaning his cum from his Mistress' face.

Master Morris looked down at the panties and smiled. He did not laugh aloud, nor did he make disparaging remarks about what had happened. He snapped his fingers and pointed to his now hardening cock. "You know I'm not

really partial to having sissy faggots suck my cock, but I must admit Jeanette you make one beautiful girl. I am getting hard again and I know that I am going to want to orgasm again. The question is whether I use your mouth or Rachel's pussy."

Out of nowhere, another voice was heard. "Master Morris, Master Morris!!! It's my turn. I want to feel you fuck me. I know that the second orgasm will take longer than the first and I want to feel that cock sliding in and out of my slut cunt for as long as you can hold out." Naomi stood inside the front door wearing only a pair of high heels. Her legs were spread and one could see the shine of wet pussy juice on the insides of her thighs. Morris heeded Naomi's request. He walked over to where she stood, picked her up by her underarms, pushed her back against the wall, forced his body between her legs, and unceremoniously shoved his hard cock up her cunt. Naomi groaned as she felt the lips of her pussy separate and the opening expand to accept his beautiful fuck machine. Morris began fucking Naomi moving like a piston in a Formula 1 engine. He trust in and out without thinking about how he was slamming Naomi's back against the door.

"Fuck me, Morris!!! Show Rachel and Jeanette how much you love to fuck me. Show them how a strong black man uses his white slut. Show them how a strong black man knows how to use his fuck stick to shoot enormous amounts of black scum into a lily white cunt." Naomi was screaming as she felt his cock sliding in and out of what was now her stretched out wet pussy. She wrapped her legs around his waist and pressed her pelvis into his so his cock would press into her as deep as possible. She knew that Morris would not stop until he felt his balls rise into his body, his cock expand even more as it got harder, and feel the cum leave the shaft of his cock to enter her body. When this happened he would press into her shooting his cum deep inside her until he collapsed due to the weakness he felt from fucking Naomi so hard.

Morris continued fucking Naomi for at least twenty minutes before he trust hard against her and deposited another large load into her well fucked cunt. "Jeanette, come over here. Now!!!" Jeanette complied.

"Get on your knees and place your mouth below our bodies. Get between our legs." Jeanette did as she was told. She could see Naomi's cunt filled with Morris' softening cock and a good amount of his cum beginning to seep out from around the opening. "Rachel come over here please."

Rachel stood and walked over to where the three of them were by the front door. "Yes, my Black Master."

"I am going to ask you to do something this one time. I promise you that I will never ask you to do it again. If you decide to do it again, it will be of your own volition."

"Yes my Black Master. What do you want of me?" replied Rachel.

"You say you love Jason or as he is presently known Jeanette. Prove to me that underneath your need to have a sissy at your command, you'll be willing to suck his 'penisette' at my command. Get on you knees between her legs, free her 'penisette' from the panties she is wearing, and as she cleans Naomi's cum filled cunt suck her until she cums."

"Yes, Master," replied Rachel. She did not sound mad at the request. Jeanette was astounded that she did not have a shit fit at Master Morris' request. Rachel got down on the floor, pushed Jeanette's legs apart, and freed her 'penisette' from behind the pink panties. She lowered her head, took Jeanette's 'penisette' into her mouth, and began to suck. In the back of her mind, Rachel knew that Jeanette could not hold out very long and the amount of cum that

would be ejaculated into her mouth would be miniscule. The fact that Rachel has taken her cock into her mouth was the cue for Jeanette to raise her head and begin to lick the cum that was hanging from the sides of Naomi's cunt and Master Morris' balls. It didn't take long for Jeanette to rise to the occasion and dribble a small amount of cum into Rachel's mouth. Rachel did not swallow the cum, but held it in her mouth hoping Master Morris would allow her to drip it into Jeanette's mouth.

Jeanette continued to use her tongue to clean Naomi's well-fucked cunt. Master Morris having shrunk to a flaccid state slipped out of her cunt. Jason took the time to take the head of his cock into his mouth and swirled his tongue around it removing as much of the combined liquid as he could. Master Morris moved away to watch his sluts and their sissy perform the work of clean up. He was pleased that Naomi introduced him to Rachel because the two of them would keep him very happy. He knew Jeanette would perform as asked and accepted her role in the relationship. Master Morris was content and now he had two sluts, two apartments, and one faggot sissy at his disposal. Life couldn't get any better.

By the look of things Naomi, Rachel, and Jeanette were just as happy to have Morris as their lover. Naomi has the pleasure of Jeanette's tongue up her cunt for the first time. Rachel could see by the look on Naomi's face that she was cumming and wondering how a man could end up with a tongue that was so much larger than the cock that hung between his legs. "I don't know how you found out he had the tongue from heaven, Rachel, but I'm so amazed that he could wiggle it in my cunt so far and get me off the way he, no she did," Naomi sighed after depositing a rather large flow of feminine juices in Jeanette's mouth.

When Jeanette finished her cleaning of Naomi, she lay there and allowed Rachel to drip the minuscule amount of cum from her mouth into hers. Naomi gently placed her hand on the back of Rachel's head, pushed down, and said. "Kiss her now and show her that she is important to you. Let her know that you will take care of her for allowing you to have the black lover you do now and with his consent others in the future." That's a good girl. From now on both of you are subservient to Morris and me."

Rachel broke the kiss, looked up at Naomi, and mouthed, "I love you, Mistress."

Jeanette laid there, tears coming to her eyes as she realized that her life was safe and her love would know no bounds for the Master and Mistresses that would control his life.