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Nookie Star

Keshawn Obiajulu Washington exited the United flight from Newark Liberty airport to Stockholm, Sweden relaxed and ready for his adventure that he hoped would last for the entire time his employment kept him in Sweden. He had boarded the United Boeing 757 minutes before the first class door was closed. The flight departed on time at 5:20PM and would cross the Atlantic in eight hours and twenty minutes. Disregarding the cost of his first class ticket, he took his seat, sighed, and knew his six foot eight inch frame would not suffer in the least for leg room and basic creature comforts. The flight attendant took his lightweight coat and returned with a bottle of VOSS carbonated water which Keshawn requested as he stepped through the cabin door. He pulled the female end of his seatbelt and elongated the belt to its maximum. He snapped the male end into the female end, tucked the belt down between the side of his leg and the side of the first class seat, and began to sip his water. As he has done on every flight he has ever taken, he looked through the Sky Mall magazine and the airlines magazine knowing that as soon as the aircraft was pushed back from the gate, he would close his eyes. He was not scared of flying or dying. Keshawn preferred to sleep when he flew unless he had to read a dossier and/or a criminal's biopic based upon where he was headed. Tonight's flight would be quiet, unless the blonde blue-eyed flight attendant decided she wanted to add to or join the mile high club with him.

The flight was uneventful. Dinner was served, then snacks, and although he was entitled to a free set of headphones to watch the movie, Keshawn had slipped his Bowers & Wilkins C5 In-Ear Headphone jack into his iPhone 5 prior to takeoff, searched for his flying playlist, and tapped it to begin playing, albeit illegally because all electronic devices were supposed to be turned off. He knew better than to believe the bullshit put forth by the FAA and the airlines about electronic devices. If it were true that the devices interfered with the navigation electronics on the aircraft, he would have crashed and burned one of several hundreds of times. Keshawn was a seasoned flyer.

He followed the signs to Ground Transportation where he was met by a man holding a sign with his name. Smiling, he nodded signaling the individual that he did not have to go to the baggage carousel so they could depart immediately for his hotel. The drive from the airport to his hotel took thirty-five minutes. He checked in to the Hotel Rival and was immediately escorted to Suite 704 on the seventh floor of the hotel. The fifty square meter penthouse consisted of a bedroom with a king sized bed, a sitting room with armchairs and a couch, and the balcony has a view of Maria Square. After tipping the bellman, Keshawn tossed his small carryon suitcase on the bed, put his attaché case on the table, undressed, and stepped into the open-plan bathroom. He turned on the water, stepped into the shower, and washed the eight hour flight from his mind and body. The bath towels were huge, soft, and he wrapped one around his waist as he used a second to dry his face.

In his attaché case was the dossier he created on the person he had come to Stockholm, Sweden to see, but that was actually secondary to his new position in the Embassy of the United States. Keshawn Obiajulu Washington asked for and received a transfer to Stockholm after spending five years aiding the CIA in and around the slums in various Middle Eastern cities. His superiors did not know exactly why he chose Sweden, but they felt he deserved the transfer and posting to an ally that posed an infinitesimally small possibility of danger. His background included four years of schooling at the Massachusetts

Institute of Technology, four years in the Marine Corps where he was trained as a sniper, and accepting an offer to become a Federal Bureau of Investigation agent. The decision to enter the Marine Corps as an enlisted man was lost of the officer corps because he was and still is one very intelligent individual. When asked he always explained that he was born into poverty and worked his way up to and through MIT so he was not going to abandon his life as a worker to become an officer.

Keshawn sat in the sitting room, opened the dossier, and read for the umpteenth time the data on the individual he came to his new post two weeks early to engage in a private face-to-face conversation. As he read, he laughed. The spelling mistakes and the misuse of the English language only proved to Keshawn what loser this individual was. He looked at his watch and knew it was time for him to get dressed and make his way across Stockholm to the offices of the asshole that brought him to Sweden two weeks early. A decision had to be made, but since he was an active duty FBI Agent assigned to the American Embassy, he slipped his Sig Sauer P229 .40 S&W off duty weapon onto his belt. The last thing Keshawn took was a small package that he had prepared before he left his home in Herndon, Virginia.

The offices were in a rundown four story building in the Bromma industrial area of Stockholm. The first floor atrium, if you could call it that, was dank, dirty, and dilapidated. He sought out the building directory and found that the individual's company was on the fourth floor. As he stepped away from the directory, he laughed thinking that his encounter with the owner would probably be very similar to the disgusting environment to where his offices are located. The elevator was small and rickety, but to his amazement, worked like a charm. He rose to the fourth floor, departed the elevator, and without any form of directions on the walls took a chance as to the direction he needed to go.

The offices of Nookie Star were the furthest from the elevator. The door was a typical office door with smoked glass and the name of the business stenciled in gold leaf. He knew by looking at the stencil that the owner had not paid good money because it was peeling from the door and part of one of the o's in Nookie was missing. He opened the door, stepped through the threshold, and was met with a single one room office. The room stretched to his left and right. The only windows for the entire office were to his right. In the center on the wall that faced the entry door was a dog eared, creased poster touting the website as a man's playground. To his right, he saw a single table the size of a large dinner table situated in front of the only windows. To the left, along the common wall with the next door office was a smaller table. Each table had a flat screen computer monitor, keyboard, and mouse. Otherwise, their tops were devoid of anything else, including a landline telephone. The office was not decorated nor was it pleasant to be in. The walls were painted an ugly green and the matching green linoleum floor was in need of a major cleaning or replacement. The only person in the office was sitting behind the smaller table.

"Ursäkta mig, är ägaren här? (Excuse me, is the owner here?)" stated Keshawn in perfect Swedish.

"Får jag fråga vem du är? (May I ask who you are?)" stated Marc, the owner's friend and only employee.

"Säkert, said Keyshawn, men jag kommer att använda mitt modersmål, engelska. (Sure, but I am going to use my native language, English.)" He paused, waited for a reaction, and when none was offered, stated, "My name is Keyshawn Obiajulu Washington."

The employee had a look on his face that belied his outward calm. Marc wondered who this tall muscular individual was and why he was visiting the office. He asked with a heavy Swedish accent, "May I ask you what your business is with the owner?"

Keshawn did not take his lame guard dog attitude quietly. He stepped to the small table he was behind, put his ham hock hands on the edge, and said in a quiet but stern voice, "I'm here to see the owner. If he isn't here, then tell me when he'll arrive. If he stepped out to use the restroom, then say so; because, I'm about to pick you up, toss you across the room, over that other table, and through the window."

Flustered the employee stammered, "You wouldn't. . ."

With piercing eyes and a deep growl to his voice said, "Do not test me white boy."

Frightened, Marc stammered, "My employer j-j-just stepped o-o-out. He'll be here m-m-momentarily."

Keshawn stood, smiled, and said, "I'll wait. In fact, I'll sit in his seat because I don't see any other chairs."

Marc did not respond nor did he try to stop Keshawn from going behind his employer's desk and sitting in his chair.

Ten minutes after he sat down, the door to the office opened and in walked the owner of Nookie Star. He closed the door and immediately shouted, "Vem i helvete är du? (Who the hell are you?)"

Keshawn Obiajulu Washington stood to his full height and replied in perfect Swedish, "Jag är din värsta mardröm jävla vita pojken. (I am your worst fucking nightmare white boy.)"

"Get the hell out of my office!!!" cried Sebastian Enger in English with a heavy Swedish accent. His website is considered the worst xxx-rated pornographic site on the Internet. In fact its last financial worth was rated at a whopping \$93.85.

"I don't think so," replied Keshawn. He stepped from behind the table and before the thin as a rail Enger could move, he had him by the throat pinned against the door. "I know who you are Sean or is it Sebastian. I know what you do for a living. And, I'm going to take my pound of revenge."

Marc stood as if he was going to come to his employer's defense. Keshawn turned his head and growled, "I suggest you sit your Swedish ass back down or your next stop will be the nearest hospital to this shithole of an office. I'm not here for you and if you're smart, you'll sit down and keep your fuckin' mouth shut."

Marc sat down, pressed his legs together, and tried with all his being to keep from pissing in his pants.

"Good boy," said Keshawn. He turned back to the slight individual he held against the door, "So asshole, do you have any idea as to why I travelled from the United States all the way to Stockholm, Sweden?"

In a quiet little boy's voice, Sebastian replied, "N-n-no."

Keshawn smirked and said, "That is because no one has the balls to do what I'm about to do to you. See, you're going to become my bitch. I'm going to take my revenge by making you into a sniveling sissy cocksucker. You're going to learn to beg me for my big black cock. Every morning I'm going to come here, dress you, and fuck your mouth and ass until I'm satisfied. You're not going to go to the police and neither is the asshole sitting at his desk trying to keep from pissing his pants. I'm not interested in him, but if he wants my cock he can have it also."

Sebastian Enger began to shake. His fear was overtaking his ability to stand. His knees weakened. Keshawn felt his prey lose his ability to control his muscles and allowed him to sink to his knees. Sebastian looked up at his tormentor, tears welling in his eyes, and begged, "W-w-what did I d-d-do? I-I-I d-d-don't know you. I-I-I never saw you b-b-before. P-P-Please don't hurt m-m-me."

Laughing, Keshawn stated, "I'm not going to hurt you. I'm going to fuck you. Like I said, I'm going to make you my bitch."

Again Sebastian asked in a whiney little boy's voice, "W-W-What did I d-d-do?"

"I'll tell you when my ten inch cock is buried in your Swedish pussy. It may not be one now, but when I get done you will be begging me to fuck you every day for the rest of your useless fuckin' life. Now, I'm going to release you. If you make one stupid move, I'll break every fuckin' bone in your body. Förstår du? (Do you understand?)"

"I helsike du!!! (Fuck you)," growled Sebastian. Somewhere from deep within his scrawny frame he found the courage to respond as a man to the black individual that threatened his manhood.

"Dumb ass white boy," said Keshawn. He picked the smaller man up from the floor, placed his left hand between his legs, and with the move of a weightlifter lifted him over his head. Sebastian Enger was stunned and in pain as he felt his gonads being squeezed. Keshawn looked for and found an open space on the floor. He bent his elbows and tossed the younger man across the room towards his desk and the windows. Marc sat dumbfounded thankful that he was not in the same position as his friend and employer. The sound of Sebastian's body hitting the floor was enough to finally make Marc piss his pants. Keshawn stepped over to Sebastian, placed his right foot on his throat, and said, "Had enough bitch?"

The second man to piss his pants that morning did so as he felt his airway being closed by the pressure of the big man's foot on his neck. "P-P-Please I'm not a fighter," he croaked through his restricted airway. "I'm a l-l-lover."

Keshawn broke out laughing as he reduced the pressure. He looked towards Marc, saw the puddle on the floor beneath his table, and said, "If you want me to fuck your white ass, stay. If you want to forget everything you have witnessed and live another day, I suggest you stand and get the fuck out of here. Don't ever fuckin' return because if you do, I'm going to make your life a living hell. In other words, I just fired your fuckin' ass."

Marc did not say a word. He stood, found his briefcase, and his coat. Although his pants were soaked from pissing in them, he made his way to the door and departed. Marc did not say a word to his friend and employer which proved to Keshawn that both men were weak and nothing more than useless white bitches.

Once Marc was gone, Keshawn removed his foot from Sebastian's neck. He stepped back and stared down at the asshole. "Get on your hands and knees fag boy. Crawl over to the door, lock it, pick up that package with your faggot to be mouth, and bring it to me."

Sebastian did not move. Keshawn kicked him in his side. Sebastian did as he was told.

Keshawn took the package, opened it, turned it over, and out fell panties, stockings, a bra, and high heeled shoes. "These are for you faggot. Take your clothes off and get dressed. You're going to learn to be my sissy. If you have hair on your body, it won't matter to me for your first fucking because by this afternoon you'll be totally hairless and smooth as a newborn baby. That scraggly beard and moustache you have on your face will be gone. In its place will be foundation, rouge, mascara, eyeliner, and lipstick."

Sebastian Enger looked up at the tall black man that towered over him. He fought back tears and pleaded, "P-P-Please!!! W-W-What did I-I-I d-d-do t-t-to y-y-you??? I don't know you!!! I'm not a-a-a f-f-faggot!!! I have a girlfriend!!! P-P-Please!!!"

"FUCK!!!" growled Keshawn. He thought a moment before he said, "Ok bitch, I'll tell you why I am here ready to fuck your scrawny white ass. My penname is Alfonso Conti. I have written over two hundred stories that I have posted to several websites. I have won the Golden Clitorides Award multiple times. Six to be exact. You, fuck head, have stolen my stories and posted them on your laughable website. I've contacted you multiple times to remove them, but you pissed in my face."

Sebastian found his voice, "Oh my God!!! I'll remove them immediately!!! Please just give me a chance!!!

Snarling, Keshawn countered, "I tried to be a gentleman, but you're nothing more than a common, low life thief. And, in a couple of minutes, you're going to pay by becoming my bitch. You can do it willingly or you can fight me so I can rape your white Swedish ass. I love it when a potential sissy bitch fights me, because when they feel my big black cock up their virgin asses they scream and cry out in pain for a few minutes before they fall in love with their new master and the full feeling of being stuffed anally."

"I am not a faggot!!! I'm a man's man. I love sex with women. I created the website because want to help those who need what I provide on the site. Free pornography!!!"

"You have one choice. Get up, get dressed in your sissy lingerie, and present your virgin ass to me for breeding to become a sissy's pussy. If you don't, then I'll just have to rape you. At least you'll be used to having a cock up your ass when you are incarcerated in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba as an al Qaeda terrorist."

"With what fuckin' authority, asshole?"

Keshawn decided to make it known his true reason for coming to Sweden. "I'm a Federal Bureau of Investigation Agent. I requested and received posting to the American Embassy here in Stockholm. After five years undercover in the Middle East and with my contacts, I can have documents made that will prove beyond a shadow-of-a-doubt that you are up to your eyeballs in terrorist plots worldwide. Your shit eating porno site will be nothing more than a front for your al-Qaeda and Taliban efforts at Jihad and money laundering."

Sebastian Enger saw in his eyes the seriousness of his threat, but to make himself believe that this nigger was not just being an asshole, he growled, "Ok fuck-face show me proof!!!"

With years of practiced movement, Keshawn pulled his identification wallet with his gold badge from his inside jacket pocket, flipped it open, and held it in front of the now very frightened Swede. He held it there for a moment longer than necessary, replaced it in his inside jacket pocket, reached down, and lifted the cowering Sebastian Enger to his feet. He smiled at the asshole that thought he could get away with stealing and posting copyrighted material without permission of the author. He decided to make him suffer a bit more so he lifted him off the floor by his jaw and neck with just his left hand and arm. The smile did not leave his face, but Sebastian's paled as he realized that he was no match for Keshawn.

"Have you made up your mind?" asked Keshawn as he kept Enger off the floor.

Sebastian Enger was broken. His fear, anxiety, and stress were real. His manhood was crushed. He wanted to strike out at the big man, but knew if he did, his body would fly across the office, through the window, and he would tumble four stories to his death. He tried to not piss his pants a second time and shit himself. His life passed before his eyes and he knew he did not have the physical strength or the intellectual wherewithal to make this whole scene disappear like a bad dream.

"I surrender," he whispered. "Please put me down. I will do as you say. Just don't hurt me and please do not start me down the road of incarceration in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba."

Keshawn squeezed and released the frightened soon to be pussy-boi. He watched him fall to the floor and was relieved to see he did not make an effort to standup for his manhood. With knowledge aforethought, Keshawn became a total asshole. He grabbed his crotch, massaged his package, and said in a pleasant voice, "Crawl to the door. Take off your clothes. Put on your sissy lingerie. Then walk like a bitch to the side of your desk, bend over, present your pussy to me, and beg me to fuck you."

Sebastian's eyes pleaded but to no avail. He knew if he didn't accede to his command, his life as he lived it, would be over. Without as much as a pleading word, Enger crawled over to the door, reached up, and snapped the lock closed. He stared at the man whose right hand was still covering his package, sighed, and removed his clothing. Embarrassed and afraid, Sebastian slipped the black thong panties up his legs. The small triangle piece of satin material covered his less than adequate white boy penis and he felt the thin back strap press against his anus. He picked up the bra and surprised Keshawn when he wrapped it around his chest, closed the clasps, and turned it around before putting his arms through the shoulder straps. Sebastian closed his eyes for a moment and fought the rising desire he showed his girlfriend when she would hold his balls and berate him as a man. Having never actually dressed, but having watched his girlfriend on numerous occasions, he gently gathered the black thigh high stocking, slipped his right foot into the nylon, and pulled it up his leg. He did the same with his left foot before he stood up. His cock began to strain against the small patch of satin material that covered his meager package. He looked to his left and then his right before he slipped both feet into the four inch black leather stiletto heels.

"Fuck," moaned Sebastian as he felt the shoes embrace his feet without causing any pain. He looked towards Keshawn and asked, "How did you know the size? You've never. . ."

"Don't fuckin' ask questions, bitch. Just know that I know everything there is to know about you and your friends both male and female. Now assume the position. I'm in need of a good piece of Swedish faggot ass," stated Keshawn.

Sebastian Enger frightened beyond belief stepped over to the side of his desk that faced the wall where the door was situated. He looked left to see the dingy industrial area. He looked right hoping to see Marc, but sighed with a mounting fear when he eyed the empty desk. He found if he pushed his derriere out, pulled his shoulders back, and maintained a fairly vertical posture, he could walk quite comfortably in the heels. He tried to maintain eye contact with the man that was going to take his retribution out on his virgin ass, but his ability to maintain his balance was taking most of his conscious effort. Unbelievably, he made it to the side of his table desk, placed the palms of his hands against the sides, and with fear coursing throughout his body, he waited to be taken like a girl.

Keshawn stepped behind the webmaster of the corrupt site that stole copyrighted material. He sucked on the index finger of his left hand and removed it from his mouth when he saw Sebastian turn his head to watch. Keshawn winked and without any warning or foreplay, shoved the entire length of his index finger into Enger's rectum. He knew that it would be dirty and for this time and this time only, he would accept its uncleanliness. Sebastian jumped and cried out as the insertion of the digit centered his physical pain in his rectum. He felt the digit begin to move in a circular as well as a slight in and out motion. Keshawn made it a point to caress the bitch's prostate to induce a modicum of sexual pleasure and to elicit a moan or two. All bottoms he knew loved to feel the sting of being entered followed by the sweet rush of sexual pleasure as their internal clitoris was massaged.

He pushed his finger in as far as it would go and said, "Since you download illegal copies of stories and videos, what make you hot? I bet you like to watch white sissy boi faggots being taken by big black men."

"Ta ut!!! (Take it out!!!)" cried Sebastian. "Var god!!! (Please!!!)"

Laughing, Keshawn said, "Det är bara mitt finger. (It's only my finger.) Now, reach for your monitor, turn it, and get your keyboard so you can punch up your favorite porno. The one you jerk off to the most."

Keshawn waited and when the asshole did not respond, he slapped the back of his head causing his forehead to hit the top of the table. The next punishment was the insertion of two fingers into his virgin backside. Sebastian lost his breath and got the message loud and clear. He did as he was told. It took a moment for the movie to download from his ISP. When it started Keshawn was surprised to see a cuckold movie start to play. Sebastian's tormentor leaned forward so his body rested on his and he heard him say, "A fuckin' faggot and a sissy cuckold to boot. Does your girlfriend know you like this genre of movie, fagboi?"

As Sebastian started to answer he heard his tormentor pull down his zipper, undo his belt, and carefully lower his pants so his weapon would not clatter to the floor. Next he lowered his underpants. Sebastian knew he was about to have his virgin ass penetrated. Shivers ran up and down his spine. His muscles tightened especially his anal sphincter. Sebastian Enger did not want to get raped. All he wanted was to remove the stories from his server and be done with the man about to fuck his unwilling virgin ass.

"En sista gång!!! (One last time)," he begged. "JAG skar bort historier!!! (I'll remove the stories.) You can verify that they are deleted. Just give me a chance to prove to you I'm not an asshole. I'm not a . . ." his breath left his lungs. The pain was nothing like anything he felt before in his life. Sebastian Enger cried out in pain, "AH-H-H-H-H-H!!!," as his anus was forced open by the helmet head of Keshawn Obiajulu Washington's not lubricated ten inch cock. He tried to stop the penetration of his body. He squeezed as hard as he could to stop the intrusion of Keshawn's cock into his body. His stupidity was tensing his muscles to keep his anal sphincter from opening. It made it a bit harder for Keshawn to push into his rectum, but it did not stop the penetration from happening.

"Yes-s-s-s!!!" cried Keshawn, reveling in the idiots who try at denying him entrance into their virgin assholes. "You fuckin' idiot!!! That is what I wanted you to do!!! Now the pain I'm inflicting on you will be triple what it would have been if you relaxed and let me slide your new master into your ass. As soon as I breed your ass, it will forever be my pussy. My pussy!!! And I promise you that I will be fucking it every day. It is upon you to show me you're worthy of me putting enough lube up your pussy before I fuck you."

His eyelids flew open and the orbs bulged from their sockets. A coating of sweat broke out on his entire body. The pain was more than enough to cause Sebastian to lose his bladder. Urine flowed from his flaccid two inch sissy clit. He did not feel anything but the forced expansion of his anal sphincter as his body tried in vain to stop the invasion of the huge cock. Enger tried to verbalize his pain and desire to have the rape of his body stopped, but he failed miserably as he felt the six inch wide tube of black man meat slide all the way into his rectum. When he felt the curly hairs of his tormentor's pubic hair pressed against the globes of his new christened man pussy he lost his breath for a moment before he could scream, "TA UT!!! (TAKE IT OUT!!!) VÄNLIGEN DU DÖDAR MIG!!! (PLEASE, YOU'RE KILLING ME!!!)"

"Yeah, like I'm going to listen to you bitch. I'm going to fuck you now and I'm not going to care one iota how you feel about it. My balls ache. I need to release my seed and my black sperm is going to breed your ass into my sissy pussy. When I'm done you're going to turn around and clean your Master. This is the one and only time I'm going to fuck your dirty pussy. You will administer three enemas to clean your pussy after I'm done then perform the ritual cleansing of your pussy every day. You will have it ready to be bred at a moment's notice.'

Keshawn used his left hand to keep Sebastian's upper body from his waist on the desk. With his right hand, he held onto his right hip bone wiggled his cock a few times before he began to slide his ten inches out of and back into Enger's asshole and lower bowel. Every few strokes he would remove his entire length from his bitch's ass, pause, and watch Enger's ass begin to close. Keshawn did not wait too long before he slammed the entire length of his big black cock back into the ass that would be his to fuck for as long as he was stationed in Stockholm, Sweden. Every tenth insertion, Keshawn pressed as hard as he could so his cock would be forced as far as it could into his bitch's ass.

"Hmmm," moaned Keshawn. "The inside of your soon to be pussy is so velvety smooth. It is beginning to secret sissy pussy lubrication, so you must be enjoying the feeling of becoming a sissy. It holds my cock as if it wanted it there since you were born." He paused, thrust his cock hard into Sebastian's ass, and said, "Vad är det barn? (What's the matter baby?) I don't hear you moaning. Is my big black cock hurting you? Well?"

The owner of Nookie Star did not respond. His mind was someplace else as he continued to try to free his body from the onslaught of the cock that had taken his anal virginity. In his head, he did nothing wrong when he scoured the Internet for sites from which he could download xxx-rated material for his manly man site. The whole idea was to give to the world a place where men could go to view and/or read erotic stories and masturbate. His site posted that they respected copyrights and wanted users to advise them of any issues. Under DMCA rules, he thought as the black man continued to fuck his now faggot ass, the site was compliant. So, he fudged the rules now and then, but he eventually hoped the author or video maker would grow tired of e-mailing complaints. Sebastian Enger did not want to respond to his tormentor. All he wanted was the empty feeling he would have when the black man pulled his cock from his very sore ass.

Time was not an issue for Keshawn. He had no place to go and he wasn't expected to report to the embassy for two weeks. He chuckled as he fucked the asshole who stole his stories knowing that there was nothing the bitch could do to get him arrested. It would be his word against the word of a trusted and highly decorated FBI agent. '*Time to pound his ass into my pussy,*' thought Keshawn. He looked at his left wrist and saw that he'd been in the asshole's asshole for just seven minutes. He decided it was time to coat his insides. Keshawn Obiajulu Washington leaned down and pressed his upper body against Sebastian's back. His weight allowed him to use both hands to hold the faggot's hips as he rape fucked the bitch that stole his and others copyrighted material. Every time he sunk his cock into the faggot's ass he heard a grunt come from his mouth. He knew the ass fucking was hurting him both physically and emotionally. The cuckold video that was playing on the 32 inch monitor was not providing any sexual stimulation to either participant.

Keshawn fucked him for another seven minutes before he felt his big black testicles rise and his cock harden even more. He jackrabbit fucked Sebastian. The speed and pain inflicted on the thin white asshole had finally taken its toll. Keshawn heard him moan, grunt, and snivel as his ass was reamed by the biggest thing to enter or leave his rectum. Two more hard thrusts were enough to bring the first rope of his potent seed up through his urethra and out of the head of his black man meat. He pressed his cock deep as he felt his cock throb and deposit two more ropes before he pulled back for just a moment before ramming his cock as hard as he could back into the crying white Swedish faggot.

"Damn boi," cried Keshawn. "Keep trying to push my cock out of your now consecrated pussy, because the more you tighten your asshole the more pleasure I feel. You are one sweet fuck even if you didn't respond. You're so fuckin' tight and I know I'm going to love fucking you every morning before I go to work. Come on sweet pea, talk to me or at least turn your head so I can see the tears of humiliation roll down your faggot face."

When Sebastian Enger did not respond, Keshawn took a hank of his hair in his left hand and pulled his head up. He wanted more than anything to slam it back into the tabletop, but thought better. His cock would be the implement of his humiliation. He would not leave any marks. His body would ache from being fucked. He leaned in and spat, "You are mine bitch. Your ass now contains my seed. I am going to pull my cock out of your pussy and you are going to suck it clean. Do not make me hurt you anymore than I already have."

Keshawn released his hold and pulled his cock out of the tight envelope of Sebastian's lower bowel. He watched as the last few inches of his manhood slipped out of the just raped ass and smiled as he saw quite a bit of his seed flow from the opening covering the minuscule testicles that hung between Sebastian Enger's legs. Knowing better than to step far away, Keshawn moved only a few inches back, lifted the broken Swedish asshole, and deposited him on his knees in front of him.

"Suck it clean, bitch!!!"

Sebastian tightened his lips. Keshawn grabbed his nose and closed his nasal airway. Enger tried to hold his breath, but failed miserably. When he opened his mouth to gulp some fresh air, Keshawn unceremoniously shoved as much of his cock as he could into what would be his other faggot pussy. He held the asshole's head in both of his hands. Sebastian Enger began to turn blue as his body cried out of air. He tried to break Keshawn's hold on his head and when he couldn't, he realized that he was no match for the six foot eight inch nigger that now owned his ass. Enger threw up his hands in surrender. Keshawn loosened his grip and slid just enough of his black cock out of the faggot's mouth so he could take a breath.

"Clean your pussy juices off your Master."

This time Sebastian complied. He licked the monster cock as if he was born to do it. He suckled the helmet head. He slid down the shaft and took each of Keshawn's balls into his mouth. He used his tongue to roll them and clean the soft skin that covered them. He tried to take hold of the mammoth cock, but was slapped immediately. The signal was understood. He was to use just his lips, tongue, and mouth to clean the cock his tormentor called his Master. He sucked the cock and to his chagrin it began to grow hard in his mouth. Sebastian Enger, having watched too many pornos to count, closed his eyes and knew he was going to be mouth and face fucked. He wanted to cry out and beg, but the cock did not leave his mouth. It grew harder by the second and as much as he tried to stop the fucking of his mouth and throat, he felt something he hadn't when he was being butt fucked like a bitch. His little boi cock was beginning to respond to his act of fellatio.

Sebastian Enger tried to stop what was happening, but as with everything that was happening to him that morning he could not. His cock grew hard, his right hand went to his crotch, and he unceremoniously began to masturbate as he allowed the cock that took his anal cherry take his oral one. He coughed a few times, but Keshawn did not relax his pressure or relent to allow him to gain control of his sucking. Sebastian knew the forceful oral fucking was over when Keshawn's cock slid past his gag reflex and entered his throat.

"YES!!!!" cried Keshawn. "Your faggot nose is pressed against my pubic bone. Smell me and savior it because your face will be spending a lot of time pressed against and into my crotch. Now, I'm going to do to your mouth and throat what I did to your pussy."

He felt Sebastian shiver as he masturbated his petite sissy clit. Keshawn did not try to stop him. He wanted him to spill his sissy milk because it would solidify his need to suck cock. Of course, Keshawn would train him to orgasm like a girl as he fucked him, but today's fucking was to break his spirit, emotions, and to humiliate him. Fucking his face added to his acceptance of his femininity.

"Damn girl, you like my cock in your mouth."

Sebastian responded by sucking just a wee bit harder. The silky smoothness and the softness of the head of Keshawn's cock amazed him. He was also taken by how hard the shaft had become. His desire to suck another man's cock rose out of the depths of his heterosexual mindset to overtake his sexual needs at that moment. His ass, no his pussy, still hurt from the rape. But, his mouth was accommodating to having the big black cock thrusting into and out of his throat. His own cock was as hard as it has ever been. His thumb and index finger flew over his shaft and head of his cock. He never used his hand because his cock was so small. He felt his balls rise, his cock harden, and much to his chagrin, only three little droplets of sissy milk dribbled from his clitoris. His immediate response to his orgasm was to stop sucking, but Keshawn would have nothing of his desire.

"Awwww, did the sissy spill his milk? You're not a man, so asshole," he paused, took a breath, and growled, "FINISH SUCKING MY COCK!!!"

Sebastian did as he was told. He sucked the black cock for what seemed like hours, but it was only another fifteen minutes. He knew Keshawn was about to release his second load of cum when he took his head, pressed his cock deep into this throat, and moaned, "FUCKIN' FAGGOT!!! NO TASTE OF SPERM FOR YOU!!! DIRECLTY INTO YOUR STOMACH!!!"

Sebastian did not fight. He breathed through his nose as best he could. He felt the huge cock pulse against the walls of his esophagus. In his head he counted seven pulses which he knew was seven ropes of Nigger cum being deposited directly into his stomach. Keshawn pulled his cock out his bitch's throat and let the head rest just behind Sebastian's teeth. The last two ropes coated the faggot's tongue. When he was through with his orgasm, he pulled his cock from Sebastian's mouth.

"Say thank you to your Master. He allowed you to spill your faggot sissy milk as you sucked him."

Sebastian did not look up at his black tormentor. He looked at the flaccid cock that had raped both his ass and mouth and said, "Thank you."

"For what?"

"Thank you for allowing me to. . ."

"Asshole!!! Say thank you for taking your cherry, breeding you, and allowing you to clean him."

Sebastian rolled his eyes. He was not a submissive, but he knew his goose was cooked. "Master, thank you for taking my anal and oral cherries. Thank you for breeding my ass and making into your pussy. And, thank you for allowing me to clean you after you blew your manly seed up and into my rectum."

"Good girl. Now stand, turn around, and when I'm ready, I'm going to fuck you again."

"Please, let me rest. My ass, no my pussy is so sore. I'm begging you."

Keshawn laughed. "Beg all you want faggot. I own you and you'll do as I command."

Sebastian saw the look in Keshawn's eyes and complied. He turned around, bent over the desk, and presented his newly baptized pussy to the man that broke his will.

Two hours forty-five minutes later Sebastian Enger stood on the side of the wooden table he used as a desk. His hands were flat on the surface. He watched a newly illegally downloaded xxx-rated movie. It depicted the life of a man living in a feminine dominated marriage. The girlfriend's lover was a big black man.

Both Keshawn and Sebastian heard the key unlock the door to the small office. Keshawn pressed his cock into his bitch and waited for the door to open. The scene Sebastian's girlfriend, Sonia, her ten year old brother, Johannes., and her seven year old sister, Johanna walked in on was a real life portrayal of what was playing on his thirty-two inch monitor.

"Sebastian!!!" Sonia cried. "What the hell??? What are you wearing???"

Before he could move, the six foot eight inch Nigger fucking Sebastian's smooth hairless ass replied, "What the hell you ask? This boyfriend of yours is a fucking Internet thief, a cocksucker, and now he is being fucked like a girl. His pussy is my property and so shall yours become mine."

Sonia covered her sibling's eyes and said, "Wait until you get back to the apartment asshole!!!" What made her more irate was how he was dressed and that he sported an erection. Sonia growled that the asshole that was bent over the table desk preferred getting butt fucked to making love to her. He couldn't raise an erection if he tried when she initiated sexual contact.

The man fucking Sebastian's sissy pussy allowed him to turn his head to see his girlfriend and her siblings departing his office. Then he felt the ten inch cock press deep into his bowel. The sensation caused him to groan in pain and pleasure just as the door to his office closed which meant his girlfriend heard. Sebastian tried to free his body from the onslaught, but it was to no avail. He couldn't think about what he was going to say to his girlfriend because the cock that was fucking him hit his prostate on every stroke. It sent waves of sissy pleasure throughout his feminized body.

"Keshawn," he moaned, "please stop!!! I can't believe my girlfriend walked in. Oh, my... Jesus, fuck me and get it over with!!! I can't believe..."

Keshawn replied, "Fuck you white boi!!! If I could have, I would have fucked your girlfriend in front of you and those kids. Now, just bend over, provide me your pussy, and let me fuck you like you have proven to me you like to be fucked before she walked in."

Sebastian tried to free his body only to be slapped on the side of his head. He knew his place. So, he lowered his shoulders, arched his back, and pressed his ass pussy back giving his Nigger lover easier access to his ravaged love tunnel.

"Good girl," moaned Keshawn. "Good girl!!! What a sweet pussy you have. Squeeze your hole closed for me so I know you love my cock bitch!!!"

Sebastian did not do as his Nigger lover requested which resulted in several slaps to his ass and his head. He knew better than cry or beg for his rapist to stop, so he timed the clinching of his pussy with the outward stroke of his lover's gigantic love muscle.

"That's better sweet pea," said Keshawn. "I can't wait to fuck your girlfriend because she looks like one hot piece of Swedish ass. When I'm through with her, the three of us will talk about the two beauties she brought with her. Now, fuck me pussy boi. I need to make you pregnant."

Keshawn took Sebastian by the hips and without a care for Sebastian's wellbeing; he slammed his big black cock into the faggot's ass. He controlled his orgasm and when he was tired of fucking the white pussy boi's asshole he placed his body on the sissy's back signaling that he was ready to fill his ass pussy with a Nigger's love. Sebastian moved his arms so his hand could grab the edge of the table. Both the fucker and the fuckee had forgotten about the stolen xxx-rated video being played. Sebastian could not stop the inevitable. His cock got harder, it jumped, his ass began to spasm involuntarily, and three little dribbles of sissy milk slid out of his sissy clitty onto the floor between his legs. No sooner than his anally induced orgasm finished, Keshawn pressed his cock into the faggot's pussy and ejaculated eight powerful ropes of Nigger baby making sperm into his useless faggot pussy.

When his orgasm subsided, Keshawn did not pull his still erect cock out of Sebastian Enger's pussy. He continued to use his weight to keep the owner of the copyright infringing website pressed to the tabletop. To be a supreme asshole, Keshawn forced his cock to twitch and pressed harder against Sebastian's christened pussy cheeks. "I own you bitch. You were just marked a second time by my black scum and now I'm going to add humiliation to your emotional pain by using your pussy as a toilet.

"NOOO!!!" cried the scumbag owner of the website.

"FUCK YOU!!!" growled Keshawn. "YOU FUCKIN' STOLE MY LEGALLY COPYRIGHTED STORIES AND THIS IS HOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY NOW AND FOR AS LONG AS I RESIDE AND WORK IN SWEDEN."

Keshawn used his left hand to keep Sebastian's head pressed to the tabletop. He moved his right hand to the base of his cock as he pulled just an inch or two from Sebastian's pussy. He gently rubbed the base of his cock and within a few seconds, his flow of urine began to fill the faggot thief's rectum. The flow grew stronger and as he emptied his post coital bladder, Keshawn began to move his hips and moan with relief.

Sebastian Enger ceased his fight. He relaxed and let the man behind him fill his body with his urine. What Keshawn did not see, but eventually would, were the tears of humiliation and defeat on the face of the Internet's biggest scumbag.

When Keshawn finished urinating he pulled his softening cock from Sebastian's pussy, spun him around, pushed him down to his knees, and said, "Clean your Master bitch. Open your thieving, faggot, sissy mouth and show the cock that owns you the respect it deserves for breaking your cherry a second time, making you moan, and involuntarily dribbling your sissy milk."

His eyes flew open at the thought of sucking the cock that was just fully up his ass a second time. Yes, per his instructions, he cleaned his rectum by giving himself three enemas before he fucked him a second time, but sucking his cock now was revolting. He had just urinated up his ass. "NO, I WILL NOT!!!" screamed Sebastian.

"WRONG ANSWER, SISSY," growled Keshawn.

The slap was hard, but the fact that the man standing in front of him had the speed to grab his nose and press close his nostrils was something Sebastian did not expect to happen to him a second time that day. He had no choice but to open his mouth to breathe and when he did Keshawn shoved the full length of his cock into his mouth and down his throat. Sebastian flailed at Keshawn's thighs trying to get him to pull back so he could take a breath. Keshawn waited until Sebastian could no longer flail before he pulled ninety percent of his cock from Sebastian's mouth. The web owner knew he had no choice but to use his mouth to clean the cock he had sucked earlier that afternoon and that had just exited his ass after he ejaculated and urinated in it. Keshawn watched with a shit eating grin on his face as the broken white bitch gently began to lick the underside of his cock while his lips began to slide up and down the shaft.

"You know bitch," moaned Keshawn, "you keep that up and I may just feed you another load of black cum." He saw Sebastian close his eyes in resignation. He chuckled when he realized that the streaks on his face were from tears. "Did my little sissy girl cry when she lost her sissy pussy cherry?" He didn't expect an answer. Keshawn took the faggot webmaster by his ears and faced fucked him to his fourth orgasm.

After he finished spewing his fourth load of black cum, Keshawn pushed Sebastian to the floor, stepped back, and said, "Lick your dribble up bitch. Don't forget the mixture of cum and piss that leaked out of your well fucked pussy."

Sebastian Enger, broken, defeated, and totally humiliated did as he was told. He turned, leaned forward, and licked up the minuscule droplets of his sissy milk as well as the small puddle of cum and urine from the office floor. He did not stand. Instead, he turned on his knees and looked up at the man that raped his mouth and ass because he had stolen his copyrighted stories from another well-known erotic story posting site.

Keshawn did not break eye contact with the asshole kneeling on the floor as he replaced his underpants, pants, and shoes. He made it known to the faggot that he was armed when he repositioned his Sid Sauer on his belt. Finally dressed, he stepped back to Sebastian and unceremoniously slapped him across the face. He wasn't afraid of being arrested or persecuted for the rape because the asshole kneeling on the floor had no physical strength to defend his illegal downloading of copyrighted stories. The person who worked for Sebastian decided it would be preferable to be unemployed than work for a scumbag that pissed on International Copyright Law. Keshawn tried to talk sense with Sebastian Enger, but the only resolution to the problem was to use physical and psychological force. Both were easy to use on the sniveling webmaster that just ceded his business, his life, and soon his girlfriend to the man who turned him into the ultimate cuckold.

"Stand and remove all illegally downloaded stories from your site, now bitch," commanded Keshawn.

Shivering with fear, Sebastian groveled, "I took your stories down. That is what we agreed upon."

"I changed my mind, pussy boi," said Keshawn. "Take all the stories down or . . ." He paused looked around the room, found what he wanted, and pointed, "Or, I will take that hockey stick and shove it blade first up your ass. I don't care what you think we agreed upon. You remove the stories or else."

Crying uncontrollably, he moaned, "We had an agreement. I took your stories down. I changed my physical body for you. I dressed for you. I sucked your cock and gave you my ass. Now, get the fuck out of here before I call the police."

Keshawn broke out in uncontrollable laughter. He reached into his back pocket and pulled out his wallet a second time. He flipped it open to display his FBI credentials again. "Fuck you, bitch. Call the police and when they get here it will be you that is taken out of here in handcuffs and by the time you reach the precinct, you'll be facing a full-fledged terrorism charge."

Sebastian Enger collapsed. His smooth hairless body began to shake as the truth of the situation became evidentially clear.

The silence grew and Keshawn knew he had to slap the thief with the final coup de gras. He bent over so his mouth was right next to Sebastian's ear, "The beauty of today is you're not getting rid of me. I am permanently assigned to the American Embassy and I plan to live here for a long, long time. You and ultimately your girlfriend, and any children you have with her will bow to me and grovel at my feet. I offered you a way out when I contacted you, but you had to ignore my requests. Now, when I tell you to jump you will. If you don't, I will make you."

"I understand that you're an FBI agent!!!" stated a doubly frightened prone Internet thief. "All I did was download stores and videos. I'm not a monetary thief. They're just stories!!!"

"You broke the law," growled Keshawn into his right ear. "You flouted it and thought you were above it. Now, you're my bitch and I'm going to fuck you, your girlfriend, and your future family. The beauty of it all is I'm going to get away with it. You're not going to say a word because if you do, I'll fill you up with heroin and turn you out as a twenty-five dollar cocksucking bitch boi. Your girlfriend and future children will become mine to do with as I please."

"You wouldn't!!!" begged the broken just fucked asshole that thought he could get away with stealing people's copyrighted material.

Keshawn did not want to touch his junk, but decided he needed to, to make his point. He reached between Sebastian's legs, wrapped his humongous hand around the ridiculously small scrotum, and without a care, squeezed the two small orbs within.

"OWWWWWWWWW!!!!" cried Sebastian.

Keshawn reduced the pressure and said, "Remove the stories and shut down the bot."

Sweat from the pain coated his face. Sebastian Enger came close to pissing himself a third time. He looked up at the man that still had his ham hock hand around his balls and said, "Yes. Stop the bot and remove all the stories from the server. Please, let go of my balls."

"They're not balls," countered Keshawn. "They sissy eggs that produce sissy milk. So, what do you want me to release?"

His mind reeled from the pain of having his testicles nearly crushed combined with the excruciating pain of having had a ten inch cock shoved up his not lubricated ass caused Sebastian to have trouble keeping the contents of his stomach from rising out of his body. He tried to stop and did not have the strength of character to do so, he turned his face towards the floor and spewed the contents of his stomach all over. Two fairly large mouths full of vomit exited his mouth. His face showed how vile it tasted. He couldn't move because his tormentor was still holding him by his family jewels.

"FUCK!!!" cried Keshawn. He removed his hand and immediately stood up.

"Please," moaned Sebastian, "let me clean up the mess and myself. Then I'll do as you ask. I'll remove all the stolen stories which is one hundred percent of the erotic story section of nookiestar. Then I'll stop the story bot."

"I don't think so," stated Keshawn. "First you delete the stories and stop the bot. Then you clean up the vomit on the floor by eating it."

"FUCK YOU!!!" cried Sebastian.

"No. Fuck you!!!" said Keshawn as he used his right foot to push and hold Sebastian's face into the pool of vomit. He did not hold his face there long, but the length of time he did was enough to cause a minor first degree burn on Sebastian's face. "Remember, I own you and by extension, I own your future family."

Sebastian rolled away from the pool of vomit. He looked up at his tormentor and said, "Ok. Enough. You win."

"Tell me with sincerity and I'll know you're going to comply," said Keshawn.

"I'm your bitch," he said. "My girlfriend and future family are owned by you also."

"Good," laughed Keshawn. "The last part of this agreement is rather simple. From this moment on, I live in your house. I sleep in your bed with your girlfriend. You will move into another room, the garage, or you can sleep on the floor in the kitchen. No argument. No compromise. Your life as you know it is over."

"No-o-o," ranted Sebastian.

Keshawn did not react. He stepped over Sebastian, forced his legs open, and proceeded to kick as hard as he could into Sebastian's genitals. When he stopped the skin on Sebastian's scrotum was dark purple. His meager cock was not in much better condition. The grin on Keshawn's face was more than scary. Sebastian tried to sooth his balls with his hands but could not get them past Keshawn's legs. The six foot eight inch FBI Agent waited patiently until Sebastian ceased trying to cup his genitals.

"Enough?" asked Keshawn. "You have to know that I have not been in Sweden long. I came directly here from my hotel room. Therefore, I have a temporary place to stay and since you're my bitch, I'm moving in with you and your girlfriend. We will stop at the hotel and then you will take me to your home. You will explain to your girlfriend that she is now my whore. I will fuck her in the living room and if any of your friends and/or family are there, the can all watch. I am going to do you and your girlfriend what you've been doing to all the hardworking people who write for a living or for the pleasure of it. 'Cept, this copyright infringement will be the taking of you and your girlfriend for as long as I reside and work in Sweden. Now, get to work or I will personally rip you a new asshole."

Sebastian Enger stinking from vomit, his ass hurting, and his humiliation complete at the hands of an irate FBI Agent, stood, and went to his keyboard where he began the process of removing the stolen stories. When he completed the removal he modified the bot to stop searching the Internet for erotic stories. His life as an Internet thief was coming to a close. He would not set the erotic world-on-fire. His website's proclamation that is was built for men would be proved to be nothing more than a sissy's lie. Sebastian Enger would live the remainder of his life sucking black cock, fucking black cock, and watching his girlfriend be used like a five dollar whore.

Keshawn Washington, FBI Agent, got his pound of flesh and more all because some asshole stole his erotic stories from the websites to which he posted. Life could not be better.