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Chapter 5 – Mr. Jonas

Rachel could see Lacey standing on the corner of Seventy-fourth Street and Central Park West from a block-and-a-half away. Lacey's long legs coupled with her recently dyed platinum blonde hair made her stand out wherever she stood, sat, or lay down. Rachel could not believe how she was dressed. She never saw her wearing the clothing she was today. Lacey was wearing black patent platform shoes that had to be at least six inches high, a very short black leather miniskirt, a black halter top that did not reach past the bottom of her breasts, and a pair of fine black lace thigh high stockings. Rachel could tell that the stockings were thigh high because she could see the top of them when Lacey would shift from leg to leg or spin to look at someone or something passing by. She also could see Lacey was wearing pink lace panties. Something was up, because if Rachel did not know her as intimately as she did, she would believe, Lacey was nothing more than a street walking whore, a common slut. Not the beautiful woman she knew her to be.

Rachel met Lacey precisely at the agreed upon time – 1:30PM. They embraced each other and kissed openly. Not a kiss of friendship, but a kiss of someone who loves another. Their lips met, parted slightly, and when they touched Lacey pushed her tongue into Rachel's mouth. Rachel's arms encircled Lacey as she pressed herself into the older woman and accepted her tongue probing into her mouth. She could feel Lacey's breasts press into hers and wetness begin to form in her privates. She kissed her for what seemed to be hours but was only about thirty seconds. Rachel never thought she would fall for a woman and begin or maintain a lesbian relationship.

Lacey broke the embrace, looked at the way Rachel was dressed, then into her magnificent steel blue eyes, and brought her hand to her face. She slowly stroked her cheek and smiled the smile of a person smitten with the

other. "Rachel, I never thought I would want to be with you as much as I do, but I have a surprise for you today. I love you sweetie, but today will be something special. I promise."

"What are you talking about Lacey? Why are you dressed the way you are?" Rachel queried.

"Do not worry about my style of dress, that is my business. Maybe it will be yours too, but today my sweet, beside enjoying the love juices of my sweet pussy you'll enjoy some of the best cock this side of New York." Lacey stated with a twinkle in her eye. With that, she took Rachel by the hand and led her down the street to an apartment building midway down the block. In her mind, Rachel continued to question her about what was going to happen this afternoon. She was expecting a quiet but sweaty afternoon making love to Lacey and not meeting some guy with what may turn out to be a huge cock.

The building they approached was nothing like the structures that surrounded it. The ornate building stood ten stories high and was at least fifteen stories smaller than the building on each side. The elegant brick and marble façade had a brass sign announcing that it was a private apartment building wholly owned by a corporation named *Retired Sportsman, LLP*. There are only nine apartments in the building. Each floor from one to eight comprised an individual apartment and a duplex penthouse took up the ninth and tenth floors respectively. An elegantly dressed plain clothed private security agent guarded the entrance. He stood six foot six inches, weighed about 275, his arms and legs had more muscles than a weightlifter had in his entire body, and on his right hip was a Glock Model 27. His body language, face, eyes, and demeanor said, "If you fuck with me, I will fuck you over." Not the typical New York doorman, but this looked like it was not your typical New York apartment building. As they neared the building, the doorman recognized Lacey, relaxed, innocently removed his right hand from near the gun, and smiled from ear-to-ear showing his pearly white teeth to them.

"Miss Lacey, how are you doing this afternoon?" he queried. "You look fine. Mighty fine."

"Well thank you Leroy. I feel fine, if I do say so myself. Just fine." she replied with broad smile and a twinkle in her eyes.

"And who is that pretty little thing with you?"

"Leroy, I would like to introduce Miss Rachel to you. She is a fine specimen of a young New York woman, don't you think?"

"My, my Miss Lacey, you seemed to have hit the nail right on the head. Pleased to meet you Miss Rachel."

"Pleased to meet you Leroy." Rachel answered. Absolutely astounded that Lacey knew this individual not because of his color, job, or size; but because of the location of this private apartment building.

"You ladies here to see Mr. Jonas?" he asked. Smiling like the Cheshire cat and letting Lacey know that although she should answer, he already knew.

Lacey responded, "Yes."

As Lacey replied, Leroy turned and walked up the three steps to the mahogany front door and opened it for them. Lacey walked up to him and placed a kiss on his cheek. Leroy slipped his right hand around her waist and gently gave her left butt cheek a gentle squeeze. She turned, took Rachel by the hand, and walked into the building heading for the elevator.

Rachel was taken by the interior of the building because it was an architectural masterpiece. The ten brass mailboxes were ornate and so shiny that one had to cover their eyes because the reflection from the light blinded them as they passed. The floor was white Italian marble, from the center of the high ceiling hung a fine crystal chandelier, the furniture was covered in fine Corinthian leather or lush velvets, and the walls were wainscoted in solid oak that was stained to enhance the golden beauty of the wood. Oil paintings in beautiful carved frames hung on the walls. One could see they were not cheap imitations but the originals. Even the doors to the elevator were top of the line – solid engraved teak wood. Rachel had never before seen teak doors on an elevator. Seems the ownership of this building knew how to invest and how to keep the value of their property more towards the high end of the return on investment scale.

“Whatever you do, don’t even think about fucking around with Leroy. He may be a gentle giant, but he will break your neck without thinking about it. He works for the majority stockholder of the company that owns this building, and that owner is the man you are going to meet. Leroy’s loyalty to him knows no bounds. Rumor has it Leroy performed a service for him and ever since the owner has taken care of him. In return, Leroy protects the majority stockholder without question.” Lacey explained to Rachel as they held hands and rode the elevator to the ninth floor.

When the elevator came to a stop at the ninth floor, Lacey took her hand out of Rachel’s and stood waiting for the elevator door to open. Rachel thought this a curious action considering Lacey had no problem expressing her love and affection for Rachel in public. The elevator opened directly into the penthouse’s living room, which is decorated in a modern motif. The couches and love seats are covered in leather and had chrome frames. A conversation pit in the center of the room was comprised of the two sofas, the two love seats, tables each with its own lamp all surrounding a glass and marble coffee table. The floor was covered in two offsetting colors of hardwoods and had very expensive Oriental rugs spread over the floor throughout the room. A fully stocked bar took up the wall to the right and a sixty-two inch flat screen plasma TV, home theater equipment, stereo equipment, and fireplace took up the wall on the left. The wall opposite was floor to ceiling glass and seems such a waste considering the building across the street was ten stories higher. The ambiance of the room is controlled by lights hidden in the ceiling and curtains that could be closed in layers to shut out some or all-of-the outside world to the room. Privacy could be attained at the touch of a button.

The girls entered the room and stood in front of the closed elevator door. Rachel took her cue from Lacey. A tall black man of about 40 greeted them. Mr. Jonas stood six feet eight inches, weighed 250 pounds, deep brown eyes, brown hair graying at the temples, and a physique that made him look twelve years younger. He was wearing gray gabardine pants, a white silk shirt open at the neck, black alligator loafers and matching belt, and platinum and diamond jewelry that just spoke of great taste and money. His smile was broad and inviting.

“Hi Lacey. How’s my sweetness today?” he asked. His voice was a deep bass that seemed to rise from deep within his being. He spoke perfect English with a hint of a Caribbean accent. You knew he was an educated man.

“Mr. Jonas, sir, I am fine. I have brought someone for you to meet. Mr. Jonas, sir.” Lacey replied.

Rachel noticed the change in Lacey’s voice and demeanor. She was not as bubbly as before and was constantly looking down at the floor in front of her. She was not looking directly into Mr. Jonas’ eyes or as many people do when speaking, his mouth. Rachel felt a bit uncomfortable and started to shift ever so slightly from one foot to

another. She knew Lacey for seven months of which the last three they were lovers, but she never saw her act the way she was acting now. The size of Mr. Jonas was intimidating to her considering how small she was in comparison to him. Her New York defense mechanism started to make itself felt.

"Mr. Jonas, sir, I would like to introduce to you Miss Rachel Cohen; a beautiful Jewish girl from Long Island and only nineteen years old. I vouch for her honesty, loyalty, and ability to please, Mr. Jonas, sir."

"From what I can see, Miss Lacey, Rachel looks a bit disturbed and scared at being here."

"Oh, no, Mr. Jonas, sir. It is just I have not told her about our relationship. All I told her about this afternoon was the expectation of having some of the best loving in her short life, Mr. Jonas, sir."

Turning towards Rachel, Mr. Jonas said, "Is that correct, Ms. Rachel?"

"Yes, it is in respect to her telling me that I would have some of the best cock this side of New York."

No sooner, than the York came out of her mouth, she heard Lacey take a deep intake of breath and without any provocation felt the palm of Mr. Jonas' right hand hit her across her face. She flew off her feet and landed on the floor near the steps leading into the conversation pit. Tears welled up in her eyes as she put her left hand against her cheek and rubbed it looking at him as if she wanted to kill him.

"That is the last time you will use that kind of language without my permission, Miss Rachel. Do you understand?" Mr. Jonas spat out.

"What did I... Yes, Mr. Jonas, sir (with a hint of anger in her voice), I understand. I completely understand that when I stand up I will go to the elevator and leave this place. I do not know what you expected, but, I am not your whore, I am not your white bitch, and I am certainly not going to let you or any other nigger use me for their pleasure." Rachel stood while still staring at the black man who without any provocation slapped her face, turned, and walked backwards towards the elevator door and the button that would gain her freedom. She noticed Lacey standing there with her mouth hanging open shocked at what she heard Rachel say to Mr. Jonas.

"Lacey, if you want to stay here be my guest. I have no desire to be with this man or his friends. If you leave with me, I will not use this incident against you. If you stay, you stay knowing that I will never see you again." Rachel reached the elevator and pressed the down button. Her face stung with pins and needles. She felt weak and light headed from the slap Mr. Jonas used to get her attention.

"Rachel, please... Do not go!!! I promise you once you get to know Mr. Jonas it will never happen again; isn't that right Mr. Jonas, sir?" Lacey cried, pleaded, and cajoled.

"The only way she will stay here is for her to apologize to me." Mr. Jonas had followed her to the elevator door and stood no more than two feet in front of her. Lacey stood exactly where she was when the entire incident started. Rachel noticed that she turned to her original position facing the windows and the conversation pit while continuing to look at the floor.

"But you hit me!!!" Rachel yelled. "How the hell could I know what your rules are when this is the first time I ever met you."

"Now, now, Miss Rachel. Language..." Mr. Jonas stated.

"What hell, also? Give me a break!!!" Rachel cried. Fear and anger showed on her face as she braced to be hit again.

But, Mr. Jonas did not make a move to hit her again. "Yes, Miss Rachel that is true, but decorum says that you should not use foul, dirty, and/or expletive type words in front of people you do not know." Mr. Jonas' voice was softer, his body language more relaxed, and his piercing brown eyes were not throwing daggers at her. He was talking to her like a father figure not like some bastard who just slapped the shit out of her.

Mr. Jonas stepped forward, placed his hands on her shoulders, and pulled her to him. The top of Rachel's head only came to the bottom of his chest. He took his right hand, placed it under her chin, and lifted her face. He leaned forward and placed a kiss on her lips and then on the cheek that he had hit. His left hand slid around her shoulders and pressed her body into his. It was during this embrace and the motion of his body that Rachel felt something she had never felt before.

If she was correct, Mr. Jonas was packing the largest male genitalia in the world. She did not need to see it to know. Just feeling it pressing against her made her realize that Lacey had invited her here because she was going to give her to him. To what end, she did not know. Now that she had felt his manhood, the sting of his violent action subsided; she was becoming sexually light headed, weak in the knees, and wet between her legs. His lips caressed the hurt from her cheek. Jonas placed his hands underneath her armpits and lifted her off the floor, her face was now even with his as he pressed her body against the wall next to the elevator as he leaned his upper body against hers. Rachel closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and forced herself to relax to show Mr. Jonas that she was accepting of his power and control over her. What she heard Mr. Jonas say next put a small bit of fear back into her heart and made her tense her body against her will.

"Lacey, you white piece of trash. Get your bitch ass over here, now!!!" Jonas cried in a powerful yet calm voice.

"Yes, Mr. Jonas. How may I serve you Mr. Jonas?" Lacey replied as she moved closer to them. When she arrived next to him, she assumed the position of a submissive. Her hands were clasped in front of her stomach, her legs were close together, her head bowed, and her eyes were focused on the floor at Mr. Jonas' feet. Rachel was astounded at the change in her personality. This was not the Lacey she knew. Not the woman who would spend enormous amounts of time dominating, caressing, caring, and making love to and with Rachel.

"Take my cock out you bitch." Not a request but a command.

"Yes, Mr. Jonas." Without raising her eyes to either of them, Lacey fell to her knees, opened the zipper to his pants, and placed her right hand inside. She fumbled around for a few moments feeling for his cock or feeling for the slit in his underwear. Rachel could feel Mr. Jonas moving slightly to help her find and free his cock from the confines of his pants. Lacey lifted her other hand to help as she pulled it out from its confines.

Lacey whispered, "Hello, my '*Magnificent Mandingo Manhood*' and without any questions or commands placed a single loving tongue kiss on its head.

"Listen you fucking bitch, it is not yours, and all I told you was to take it out, not kiss it! Now get your white bitch ass over by the fireplace and assume your working position." Mr. Jonas commanded. While Lacey was performing her duties, Jonas had slid his left hand behind Rachel and up her skirt to her backside. Even though she was wearing a mini skirt, Rachel's mini was considerably longer than Lacey's. She was not wearing conventional panties, but a string bikini thong made of the thinnest silk and satin fabric available for woman's lingerie. The only

material covering her ass was the string that rested between the cheeks of her ass. His hand made circular motions over the her ass cheeks and every so often used his middle finger to gently caress the inside where her anus lay covered by a single woven strand of silk. He never actually touched her anus. Caressed around it, but never touched it. A shiver ran up Rachel's back. She continued to try to keep herself calm as he caressed her backside.

Mr. Jonas whispered, "Rachel, my Jewish cunt. You know, I have never owned a Jewish bitch before. Never even fucked one, but I think you are going to be the first..." as his tongue licked around the edge of her ear.

"Yes, Mr. Jo..." Rachel never finished her sentence because the air in her lungs was expelled when she felt Mr. Jonas slide the middle finger of his left hand up her ass to the hilt. Her legs tensed and her eyes bulged out of her head as she stiffened against his torso with the unexpected invasion of her anus. This was the first time anyone had placed anything in there. She was having trouble breathing and relaxing. Jonas just kept his finger pressed into her butt as she tried to regain her composure and stop herself from urinating on his floor.

"Yes, my sweet thing. I see this is the first time you have had anything up your ass. Well, it will not be the last. Just relax, get used to it, and do not even think about ruining the carpet underneath you by peeing on it. You would have to work your entire life as a twenty-dollar-a-blowjob street whore to pay for its replacement. Just relax because you are going to learn to be one of my '*White Masturbation Bitches*' just like Lacey. If you are good, I will promote you to be a '*White Slave Bitch*' and from that point forward you will be used only by me."

Rachel continued to look across the room to where Lacey was standing. She tried to answer Mr. Jonas, but as she began to speak felt him wiggle and press his finger deeper into her ass as a signal to keep her mouth shut.

"Watch your white bitch friend and learn. What you witness will be your work when you are here. How you perform will provide me with the necessary information to promote or demote you. Your body, your life, your sexuality when you are here are mine and you will be told to service any and all cocks until they spill their seed in the places I tell them to. You will become a masturbation cunt, a masturbation mouth, and of course with a wiggle of his middle finger, a masturbation asshole. You will not to pleasure yourself. You are not to allow yourself to have an orgasm. If you do, you will be demoted. Your pleasure is of no concern to me, or for that matter, any of the men who will be using you. Do you understand me?"

Rachel replied the only way she thought he would accept. With all the strength she could muster, she squeezed her asshole as tight as she could around his finger. She had started to become used to the invasion of her ass and was starting to enjoy the feeling emanating from her anal sphincter and the lower portion of her bowel. Jonas continued to press his upper body against hers and leave his cock resting between her legs. Rachel wondered when and if he was going to use his '*Magnificent Mandingo Manhood*'. It was then Rachel noticed that another black man and a white woman had entered the room.

The woman stood 6 feet tall, had long graceful legs, narrow hips, narrow waist, small breasts, and was outfitted in a black maid's outfit. She was wearing black thigh high stockings, black satin bikini panties, black maid's uniform, white apron, white cap, and black high heels. Her face was made up like a whore. She approached Lacey from behind, put her hands on the small piece of fabric that made up the miniskirt, and caressed her backside. She kneeled down behind her and pulled her panties down around her ankles. She lifted Lacey's legs one at a time to remove the pink lace panties. She placed them under her nose and took a deep breath. She took in the smell of

Lacey's sex that was soaked into the crotch of the panties. She placed the panties on the floor next to where she was kneeling. She rotated to her left, sat down behind her, and positioned herself to gain access to Lacey's open legs and uncovered pussy. Lacey maintained the position she was in because she knew if she moved Mr. Jonas would make the rest of her day absolutely miserable. Lacey did not want to be miserable. It was bad enough that Rachel had opened her mouth and gotten them into trouble from the moment they entered his apartment.

It was then that Rachel realized there was something different about this woman. She could not put her finger on it, but she had a feeling that the maid was not a female.

The maid proceeded to lean back and begin to tongue Lacey's pussy. Her long tongue stretched from her mouth to caress the folds of Lacey's love box. She gently licked the labia major and the crease that formed between them and Lacey's thigh. She moved her mouth closer to the glistening sex of Lacey, preceded to push her tongue into the slit of her cunt, and run it up to her clit. The maid gently uncovered her clit with her tongue, took into her mouth, sucked it like a cock, and released it to be caressed by her tongue again. Lacey tried to keep her legs from buckling, as she got hotter and wetter from the cunt licking she was receiving. The maid continued to lick and when she felt Lacey was ready extended her tongue deep into Lacey's vaginal canal.

"Oh, oh...." Lacey whispered as she felt the maid's tongue enter her.

"Shut up bitch... I do not want to hear a word or sound from your masturbation lips. If you cannot keep yourself from having an orgasm, I will demote you and you do not want that. Now, do you?" Mr. Jonas growled. "You watching Jew bitch?"

"Yes, Jonas. Sorry! Yes, Mr. Jonas." Rachel replied correcting herself. She also squeezed his finger with her asshole because she was becoming used to it and knew that was the way he preferred to receive a positive answer. She was amazed at how gently he was holding her against the wall, how his lips and tongue felt against her skin, and how much control he could exert over her with just the one finger that was shoved up her ass.

The black man stood behind Lacey and between the maid's legs. He lowered the zipper on his pants reached in and pulled out his cock. The piece of meat he was holding in his hand was nine inches long, four inches around, and uncircumcised. He gently stroked it as he moved closer to Lacey.

"Yo, Francine... Get your girly fucking mouth away from that white bitches masturbation cunt. I need to be jerked off now." Tyrone commanded.

Francine lowered her mouth from Lacey's pussy but did not move from between her legs. Rachel had just received another clue about the maid eating Lacey's pussy. Girly mouth could only mean that Francine was a transvestite, transsexual, or a she male. Her curiosity peaked as she wondered how would or could she find out the answer to her non-verbalized question. Is Francine actually a man?

Tyrone positioned himself behind Lacey, without so much as a word of warning or encouragement grabbed her by the hips, positioned his cock by the opening of Lacey's womanhood, and slammed its entire length into her. Francine flinched when she saw what Tyrone had done. Lacey bit her tongue almost to the point of bleeding to keep from making a sound. Rachel let out a small cry of pain for Lacey, but quickly stifled it before Mr. Jonas used whatever means he felt necessary to get her to keep quiet.

Lacey stood in front of the fireplace not looking up but looking at the floor concentrating on keeping Tyrone's cock embedded deep into her body. Tyrone's cock stretched Lacey's cunt so wide that it looked like it was going to rip at the top and the bottom. He showed her no mercy by keeping his cock thrust deep into Lacey. The front of his pants were pressed against the bunched fabric of Lacey's miniskirt. His hands pressed her lower body into his. Before he spoke again, he looked to where Mr. Jonas was standing and noticed that only the other white bitch was watching him use this whore for his pleasure.

"Now, I'm going to use you. You are to let your white scum sucking cunt jerk off my cock. I will control how and when you move. Understand, bitch?" Tyrone growled.

Lacey knew better. She just shook her head in an affirmative manner. Tyrone loosened his grip on her hips and pulled her lower body and cunt down the length of his cock. Relieved that he had her move away from him she waited for the next thrust of his nine-inch cock into her body. She had felt cocks as large as his but not as wide. Alexander was the only other cock that felt the way his did now. She knew that Tyrone would not care at all about her during the time they were connected via their genitalia. Tyrone did not wait too long before he pressed her into him with such force that she thought he had broken her hips and/or forced his cock into her cervix. When she was again impaled on his black manhood, he pressed and wiggled his hips into her to let her know who was boss and how much fun he was having using her cunt as a masturbation tool. Tyrone began to use the pressure of his hands to control the movements of Lacey's hips as her cunt slid up and down his manhood providing the pressure and pleasure that he was looking for as he used her to masturbate him. She must have risen and fallen on his cock for at least forty-five minutes and she had no idea how long Tyrone would or could use her. Her legs were tired and aching, her cunt was somewhat moist and on fire, but she gritted her teeth knowing that her goal was standing across the room holding her lesbian lover in his arms. She did not even think about or consider where his *'Magnificent Mandingo Manhood'* was at this time. She knew her job was doing exactly what she was doing with Tyrone – letting him use her cunt not for a mutually loving sexual encounter, but a hole to masturbate and shoot his cum in. To be used as the white masturbation slut Mr. Jonas wanted her to be.

"Damn, what a tight hole you have, bitch. It feels so good sliding up and down my black cock. How sweet your white pussy looks wrapped around a black man's dick. Yep, a nigger's dick. Using your white bitch cunt just the way it should be. Francine, get ready to do your job baby. I am going to cum and I know you are sitting there waiting for your just rewards. I will shoot my black scum deep into this white bitch's masturbation hole. Yes, her hole is so tight. What a fucking great hole she has. Here I cum you cunt." Tyrone yelled.

Lacey could feel his cock expanding inside her. The walls of her cunt were pushing the skin surrounding his cock head up and down, exposing the bulbous head when he pulled her onto his cock, and covering it when he pushed her off. She had never felt anything like it and she had fucked other uncircumcised cocks. This time as his manhood entered her, she could feel the cock head swell and its width expand. She knew that this was probably the stroke that would take him over the top. And sure enough, it was. Tyrone pressed deep into her body and ground her butt cheeks against the fabric of his pants. Lacey could feel motion along the underside of Tyrone's cock and just as she expected it, her insides were being flooded and coated with gobs of Tyrone's cum. He shot at least three ropes of sperm before he slid her down his cock before ramming her back on it to accept more of his black sperm.

"Shit, girl. I cannot believe what a good masturbation bitch you are. You never said a word, yelled, or moaned. Just took it like the white scum hole you are." Tyrone released the grip he had on Lacey's hips and his cock slipped from her cunt. It was covered with his cum and a modicum of her juices.

Upon seeing Tyrone's cock leave Lacey's cunt, Francine raised her head to place her mouth over the well-used hole between Lacey's legs. She could see how red and puffy the lips of her pussy were. Her tongue slid into Lacey's stretched hole seeking the cum that was lingering inside. Francine pulled her head away slightly to let cum drip down her tongue, into her mouth, and down her throat into her stomach. Lacey knew to let Francine eat her pussy until Francine felt she had cleaned all of Tyrone's cum from her just used pussy. This was not the first time Lacey had Francine between her legs cleaning up the mess some of Mr. Jonas' friends had deposited in her. All Lacey wanted to know was how many black cocks would she have to service today before the day would be over.

Rachel was amazed at what she was seeing. Lacey just stood head down, legs spread, and hands braced against the fireplace mantel. She allowed herself to be used as a jerk off tool. The only pleasure in the act was the fact that Tyrone had a massive orgasm at the expense of Lacey's pussy. Francine just watched and waited for her turn to do her or his duty. Rachel thought she could see the beginnings of an erection tenting Francine's uniform. Mr. Jonas continued to nuzzle and kiss her neck, apply pressure when needed to her asshole, and never turned his head to see what was going on across the room.

"Do not think about using Francine to clean your cock Tyrone. Just slink off to the bathroom, clean yourself up, and let yourself out the kitchen door. Tell the others that I have decided to let the '*White Masturbation Bitch*' off easy today. They can follow you out. Understand dude?" Jonas stated.

"Maybe I will make her accept that faggots cock up her ass and maybe I won't," he said to nobody in particular.

"Yes, sir." Tyrone replied, as he took his cock and returned it to its hiding place behind the zipper of his pants.

"See, Miss Rachel. Your friend Lacey knows how to accept being a '*White Masturbation Bitch*'. She knows from experience. Not a lot of experience but experience just the same. I know you are wondering about Francine. Well let me tell you about her. Her real name is Frank and his wife, Sarah, gave him/her/it to me when she became my '*White Slave Bitch*'. Three months ago, I sold her to a Master in Atlanta. She had been training him to be a cuckold when she met me. I am finishing the job."

"Mr. Jonas, sir. Please explain to me what he/she/it does for you? Is it something I can do for you?" Rachel asked. She had heard the term cuckold before, but never really knew the meaning of the word.

"Miss Rachel, Frank is now Francine. Francine is a pussy boy and she will never be called Frank again. His cock is only four inches long. What a shame that a tall lanky guy like him had to be born with a cock that small; it really should have been a clitoris. His wife was never satisfied with the length, width, and amount of cum his cock produced. No matter how hot he was she was not satisfied when he was through. She did, however, learn that his tongue could reach his eyebrows and that is when she decided to push his head between her legs after he fucked her and make him eat her to orgasm. What surprised her the most was his willingness to eat his cum from her pussy. Finally, she got so frustrated that she stopped him from fucking her because she was not receiving any pleasure from his useless penis.

During one of their lovemaking sessions, he mentioned to her that since he no longer had sexual intercourse with her would she like to fuck another larger man. She agreed and decided she needed to have more than a tongue between her legs. Sarah did not know where or how to meet other men, but it did not take her long to find a website on the Internet that explained the '*Slut Wife – Cuckold Husband*' lifestyle. After a few more searches, she found a site that listed clubs in the city where she could go to meet men. She visited one, went out on a few dates and found that black men had exactly what she was looking for – big balls, accompanied by large, thick, long lasting, scum-producing cocks. After she had felt a black man's cock sliding between her legs, into and out of her pussy, and then filling her with hot, wet, thick cum, she decided that he should be a she and service her and her black lovers. She took on the role of a dominant woman who had a useless man for a husband. Then through a network of black men with large cocks, she found me. You know the rest of what happened between Sarah and me. Francine's present job is to clean this place and the other apartments in the building, cook, and perform oral clean up services for all the '*White Masturbation Bitches*' that visit here. If I am nice, I let him suck or fuck some of the black cock. He dresses and lives like a woman, but he is nothing more than a cum sucking pussy boy. Miss Rachel, you are not a pussy boy. You have a white Jewish pussy between those beautiful legs and I am hoping it will replace the '*White Slave Bitch*' pussy I sold to Master Rufus in Atlanta."

"But Mr. Jonas... I..." Rachel stuttered.

"Do not worry Miss Rachel. Let things take the course they may. Now open your legs and let me see how much of my '*Magnificent Mandingo Manhood*' I can slip into your white teenage cunt. Francine come over here and put the object of your lust at the entrance of Miss Rachel's pussy.

Rachel noticed that Mr. Jonas had not called her a white Jewish bitch when he ordered Francine to help him. Rachel raised her legs to allow Mr. Jonas access to her pussy. Francine kneeled between Mr. Jonas's legs and gently stroked his tree trunk of a cock until it was harder than it had been for the last sixty minutes. She noticed that Rachel was completely shaved. She placed the head between the lips of Rachel's cunt and gently rubbed it up and down a couple of times. Francine could see Rachel's wetness coating the extreme tip of Mr. Jonas' cock. When she felt it was coated with enough of Rachel's juices, she wedged it at Rachel's opening, and kissed the shaft below its head. Francine moved from between his legs but stayed kneeling in a submissive position next to them. Rachel noticed that Mr. Jonas did not yell at Francine for kissing his cock the way he yelled at Lacey after she did the same thing.

Mr. Jonas could feel the lips of Rachel's cunt on the head of his cock. He knew that the smallness of her opening would not allow him to do nothing more than rest the very tip of his cock at the entrance to her hole. He wondered how forceful he should be when he jams his cock into her sweet naked Jewish cunt. His first Jewish cunt and it was totally shaven – just the way he likes them. In all the years, that he has been fucking he never fucked a Jewish woman. Blacks, Whites, Orientals, and/or Hispanics have felt the strength of his manhood between their legs. Women of Catholic, Protestant, Muslim, Hindi, and Buddhist religious beliefs have succumbed to his lovemaking. Most women fainted or begged to be free of his cock. It was near impossible to get them to suck it. Forget about anal sex. The last woman to try to accept his cock into her ass had to go to the Emergency Room at St. Vincent's Hospital to have her anal sphincter sewn closed. All he had gotten was half of the length of the head of his cock into her before

her sphincter tore covering him with her blood. His size is just too big for ninety-nine percent of the women on the face of the Earth.

He did not want to hurt Miss Rachel. After all that had happened this afternoon, he has come to enjoy having her close to him. She looks, feels, and smells like an angel. An angel that as allowed him to push his middle finger up her ass and keep it there. An angel that responded to each whispered question of his by clinching her asshole tighter around the finger that rested inside her. Now, he was confused, no worried, about ramming his cock into her. She was tiny compared to all the other women he fucked. Her beauty far surpassed any woman that spent time with him and he was trying not to really hurt her. Yes, he slapped her, but she deserved it and since that act of physical violence she has responded to every verbal or finger command he has elicited. This young white Jewish girl has captured his mind and heart when he least expected it.

"Rachel, I want to push my cock into you, but I do not want to hurt you. I have never told a woman this before. I am astounded by your actions considering that I slapped your beautiful face earlier. I watched you and looked into your magnificent steel blue eyes as you watched your friend Lacey take Tyrone's cock into her '*Masturbation Cunt Hole*'. You felt for her, but every time I reminded you with my finger that I expected the same from you; you responded by squeezing my finger with your anal sphincter. No woman has ever done that for me. Most fight me and make me do things that no man should do to a woman." Jonas whispered in her ear. After which he place a gentle kiss on the lobe of her ear.

"I want to make you my '*Masturbation Slave Bitch*' and more."

"Mr. Jonas, I cannot see your manhood. All I can do is feel the head of your '*Magnificent Mandingo Manhood*' at the entrance to my '*Masturbation Cunt Hole*'. I want to provide you with a place to masturbate whether it be my mouth, pussy, or ass. Use me, Master Jonas. I am willing to take whatever pain comes from having your '*Magnificent Mandingo Manhood*' inside me." Rachel replied with a hint of shock, awe, and, love in her voice.

"Miss Rachel..." Master Jonas whispered as he began to press his eighteen-inch, eight-inch round, circumcised cock into Rachel's nineteen-year-old cunt.