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Truckin'

Levi Lassiter and his wife Sonia are graduates of the University of Wyoming with PhDs in anthropology and sociology, respectfully. Levi is six months younger than Sonia, but that doesn't bother either one of them. Each was driven to get their PhDs, but neither of them is willing to move to another state to take any of the tenured teaching positions that were offered to them. They remain in a small town near Rock Springs, Wyoming and Sonia works as a clerk in an insurance office making a measly \$18,500.00 a year. Levi tries to work, but always finds himself at odds with the owner, manager or his immediate supervisor. This always ends with Levi quitting or getting fired. As a result, Levi has not held a job for longer than sixty days

Three months of unemployment spurred Levi to seek some form of employment that would allow him to be his own boss. He also hoped to find a position that would allow him to work enough hours to complete his assigned task while leaving him enough free time to spend working on the things he loved.

He searched the local newspapers and on the Internet for jobs or vocational / technical education opportunities that would give him the freedom he so desired. Buried in the sports section of his local paper was an advertisement for an over-the-road trucking school. *'Learn to drive a semi and make \$50,000.00 to \$75,000.00 a year'* touted the advertisement. To Levi, this was exactly what he was looking for until he called them to get more information. The types of driving jobs that made the money he was seeking would have him away from home at a minimum three weeks a month with four weeks the norm. If he was lucky, he possibly could find a position where he would be home every weekend, but those were few and far between. Levi queried about the cost and figured he was so deep in debt to get his PhD adding another \$10000.00 to his school debt obligation would be nothing more than a drop in the bucket.

Levi Lassiter enrolled in the local school to learn how to drive a semi. It was a twelve week school that would give him his CDL and hopefully an entry into a trucking company. Sitting behind the wheel of an eighteen wheeler came very easily to him. The only problem he had was learning to back up and he asked for and received additional time to practice. He passed his written and driving tests on the first try. The school helped him get interviews with several local and long distance trucking companies. The only downside was his lack of experience. The only company that called him back for a second interview was Able-Bodied Trucking. ABT, as they were known, had local daily runs, weekly, over-the-road, and tandem driver over-the-road runs.

Sonia was astounded when Levi came home all excited about his second interview. Here was a man with a PhD in anthropology getting all worked up about taking a job driving an eighteen wheeler. She was lucky she could drive their ancient Volkswagen minibus. He was kvelling about being asked to drive a big rig and this she couldn't understand.

"Levi, I don't understand. Why would you accept a job that makes you travel from here to anywhere and that includes Alaska, Canada, and Mexico?" she asked.

Levi eyes twinkled as he answered her, "Because all I have to do is drive. I don't have to worry about publishing, students, professors, tenure, owners, or managers. All I have to do is make sure I know how to get from point A to point B in X amount of time, sweetie. And what is even better, I don't have to do it alone!!!"

"What are you talking about?" she wondered, considering she knew nothing about over-the-road driving.

"The company I'm going to work for uses tandem drivers. One guy drives while the other guy sleeps or waits for his turn behind the wheel. With two guys driving, the trucking company can cover more territory in a shorter period of time. The federal government's rules and regulations for over-the-road truckers allow one man to drive for twelve hours instead of nine or ten."

As intelligent as his wife is, Sonia sat looking at her husband with a befuddled look completely not understanding how sitting in one of those big rigs, driving for twelve hours at a time would provide any form of satisfaction to a man with Levi's intelligence. "So, when do you find out where you are going and with whom?" she asked.

"Tomorrow morning I report to the depot to meet my driving mentor. The company doesn't allow two novice drivers to travel together because their statistical data on accidents says two novice drivers are forty-five percent more prone to have an accident within their first two days of driving. I'll meet this guy, we'll get our itinerary, and when I come home I'll be able to tell you when, where, and what time I'll be leaving."

"Levi, I'm not sure about this... I mean you'll be leaving me here all alone. Aren't you worried that something could or would happen to me?"

Levi looked at Sonia knowing that she wasn't the most self-sufficient person when it came to the day-to-day activities of taking care of oneself. In her chosen field she was the proverbial Master at all aspects of sociology. He could see she was resigned to accepting her husband's desire to become an over-the-road trucker. "Just think about what you'll be able to accomplish while I'm gone and my love, I'm only gone for two weeks. And, that is over only one weekend. I may not be doing Anthropological work, but, I will be in my own way, my own boss and I will be bringing in enough money to help us out of our debit and our present living predicament."

"Ok, ok, Levi. Let's just put this to bed and get dinner ready. I'm starving."

The next morning Levi was up and out of their one bedroom, if you could call it that, house trailer by 8:00AM. He was scheduled to be at Able Bodied Trucking at 9:00AM to meet his mentor and get his first over-the-road assignment. When he arrived the place was abuzz with activity. The central warehouse was a cross dock type of facility. Trucks delivering goods were routed to the rear of the building while the Able Bodied trucks were staged in the front of the building where they waited to be loaded. The night shift pulled any freight that was stored in the warehouse and staged it by the door of the assigned truck. The chaos that appeared to the untrained eye was really a study in precise movements like a dance coordinated by a director to take goods from the warehouse, goods that arrived and needed to be stored or staged for immediate delivery, and the semi-trailers loaded so the freight could be delivered with a minimum of effort. Levi just stood and watched amazed at how beautiful the effort looked and at how successfully it was performed.

After his stop to watch the men working in the warehouse, he went into the office to get his assignment. He walked up to door of the Director Driver Assignments and knocked against the door jamb. The portly man behind the

desk looked up, recognized the new employee, and simply waved him in and pointed at the chair in front of his desk. Levi entered, sat down, and with a politeness beyond the typical trucking company driver said, "Good morning Mr. Smith. I'm Dr. Levi Lassiter. I'm here to get my first over-the-road assignment."

The DDA looked up from the paperwork he was working on astounded that he heard '*doctor*' before his name when the guy sitting in the chair introduced himself. He stared at the lanky, scraggly bearded young man that sat across from him. "Did I hear your correct, Lassiter? Doctor? You sure as fuck don't look like no medical doctor to me."

Levi still on a high about getting this job chuckled and replied, "Not a medical doctor, but a Doctor of Anthropology. I have a PhD from the University of Wyoming. I don't teach or do any research. It really isn't important anyway."

Archibald Smith just shook his head and decided that it would be better to get this guy out of his office so he could finish his schedule for the next few weeks. He retrieved a folder from behind his desk, opened it, rifled through some pages, and pulled out the one he was seeking. He eyed it for a moment as if he was reading it before he looked up, whistled, and spoke to Levi, "Well, Dr. Lassiter, you going to be joining one of our best mentors on your first few over-the-road trips. Calvin Alvin Washington is one of, if not the best, of Able Bodied Trucking mentors and drivers. He's been driving tandem for twelve years now. Started at the age of eighteen and at thirty is still going strong."

Smith leaned forward and handed the assignment sheet to Levi who immediately scanned the one page to see where he and his mentor were headed. Levi looked up and asked, "Where do I meet him and when are we scheduled to leave?"

"He'll be here shortly. He'll probably go directly to the driver's lounge to get a cup of joe. You can meet him there and introduce yourself. You'll be leaving tomorrow morning at 6:00AM. Good luck," said Smith offering nothing more to the newbie seated in front of his desk.

Levi couldn't wait to meet his mentor. He stood up, stepped to the desk, and offered his hand to the director to take in a man-to-man handshake. Smith took his hand rather than being an asshole and rejecting the new driver's attempt to ingratiate himself to the man that would be scheduling the time and places he would be travelling to while he was employed at Able Bodied Trucking. "Thanks, Mr. Smith," was all he said as he departed for the driver's lounge. Smith watched Levi leave and when he knew he was out of hearing range had a good laugh. Levi Lassiter was headed into an abyss he may never be able to extricate himself from.

The driver's lounge wasn't anything special. A room with a bunch of old beat up leather couches and chairs. A small kitchen area where coffee was always made, a refrigerator, sink, microwave, and a small stove provided the necessary implements to cook or nuke some food. Most of the men sitting in the lounge were waiting for the word that their trailers were full so they could get on the road to deliver the freight. Levi scanned the room and found an unoccupied leather chair and promptly sat down in it primarily because it gave him a good view of the door so he could signal his mentor when he arrived. He decided to forego any coffee as he was too excited and didn't need the caffeine running through his system. He reviewed the itinerary over and over again just to keep himself busy as he waited for Calvin Washington to arrive.

At precisely 9.45AM. Calvin Washington entered the driver's lounge. As he passed through the door, the men sitting shifted in their seats as a wave of palpable fear spread throughout the room. Levi sensed something but put it off to the interruption of the quiet chatter that was taking place between the drivers whether they were tandem teams or singles. Calvin scanned the room, found Levi, made eye contact with him, and strode over to where the novice driver sat. Levi looked up at the giant of a man standing before him. Calvin Alvin Washington, age thirty, six foot nine inch, two hundred seventy-five pound, shaved head, dark skinned, muscular, but not muscle bound made his presence known. He didn't offer to shake Levi's hand, but spoke with arrogance and braggadocio, "So Lassiter, you're my new trainee. I have two simple rules."

Levi could see that the man was definitely in control of their situation and would not cede anything to anyone. He replied, "And they are?"

"First, I'm always right. If you have doubts or want to question my judgment, the second rule is read the first rule. Since you're a highly educated individual I don't think I need to explain the meaning of each or both rules."

"Um, I guess so. Anything else I need to know before we leave tomorrow?" asked Levi.

"Not what you need to know, but what you need to do." Calvin reached into the left back pocket of his five pocket denim jeans and retrieved a folded piece of notebook paper. He didn't unfold it when he handed it to Levi. "Here is a list of items I want you to purchase and have them with you when we pack out the truck for our trip tomorrow."

Levi scanned the block printed list realizing that his mentor did not have much more than an elementary school education. The list consisted of certain non-perishable canned goods, microwavable meals both frozen and unfrozen, candy, toiletries, and some sports magazines. Levi looked up at the man towering over him and said, "Are you expecting me to purchase everything on this list? I mean, I don't have a lot of money right now. That is why I took this job. Could you at least help with some of the expenses until I get on my feet?"

Calvin pondered the young man's predicament, but with the aplomb of a Nigger on Death Row replied, "I don't give a fuck about your monetary problems. You are the novice driver and all novice drivers are responsible for the list. It is part of the training." He didn't wait for Levi to respond. Calvin Washington turned and departed the driver's lounge and the building. Levi was to put it mildly dumbfounded, but the one thing he did notice was the sound in the room returned to normal when Calvin departed. An interesting phenomenon had just occurred among the other drivers and he wondered if he had gotten himself into something uncontrollable or did he figuratively get into bed with the devil or someone he shouldn't have.

Levi scanned the room to see if he could catch someone's eye so he could approach them and hopefully start a conversation to gain some insight to his mentor. Luckily for Levi, one of three drivers sitting around a small table drinking coffee acknowledged his questioning glance. One of the drivers nonchalantly lifted his right hand and waved him over. Levi didn't need a second invitation, but before he sat down he went to the coffee pot and retrieved a twenty-four ounce cup. When he sat down the three other drivers introduced them self to him.

Mallon McKnight, Jerome Fieldstone, and Fred Hill were waiting to take their short haul runs within the local region. Mallon McKnight, 60, had been driving long haul trucks for forty years. Jerome Fieldstone, 47, had been driving for twelve years. Fred Hill, 31, was the shortest with only six years behind the wheel. All of them knew about Calvin Washington and were the only three drivers who would take the time to help the novice understand a bit about his mentor. Luckily for them they did not have to train with Calvin and if they were assigned a tandem run with him, they were far enough up the driver's ladder that Calvin had no leverage over them.

Levi Lassiter may be somewhat of a goof-ball, but he knew how to read people when he had to and what he saw in Calvin Washington sent a shiver of fear throughout his body. He eyed the men around the table and said, "Nice to meet you guys." Then in a more conspiratorial whisper he said, "So, did I just get myself into a heap of shit?"

To a man, Mallon, Jerome, and Fred smiled, shook their head in the positive, and rolled their eyes. Fred Hill was the physically largest of the three men and spoke first. "Calvin Washington is going to change your life. He is an obnoxious son-of-a-bitch that gets what he wants when he wants it, especially from novice tandem drivers. Oh, he tried to fuck with me one time and that was his last. But, then again, I'm a sick bastard and when they finally got us apart he respected my spunk. He never messed with Mallon or Jerome. Some sort of respect for the older crowd."

Both men chuckled and slapped high fives with Fred. Levi could see they had a camaraderie founded on their mutual dislike for Calvin Washington. Fred continued, "My first suggestion to you is to keep your mouth shut and do as he says. Spending four weeks on the road with him with one week end home in between will be a taxing situation. Only one out of three drivers survives the first run with him. Those who have survived and are continually assigned to tandem with him usually quit within six months and move on to other trucking companies."

Mallon, the oldest of the group chimed in, "By the way Levi, are you married? Any kids at home?"

Levi was glad to have someone bring up something other than what he was facing driving with Calvin. "I'm married now for several years, but we do not have any children." He saw the three men nod and he continued, "I met my wife at school while we were both studying and doing research on our PhD's. She isn't teaching or doing research now. She's working a menial clerical job in town at an insurance office. I'm what you would call an obnoxious asshole when it comes to listening to management if I think they're wrong or off the mark. I haven't been able to keep a job flippin' burgers at a fast food burger joint for more than sixty days. I figured driving the highways and byways of America would allow me to be my own boss and make a decent living."

He saw the men's faces frozen in shock. It took a pregnant minute for them to realize that Levi was done speaking. Mallon said, "All three of us will counsel you thusly. Be careful and at the first signs of behavior you don't like, leave. Go to the nearest phone, call here, quit, and take a bus home. You'll get what is coming to you salary wise. You won't be the first and if we know Able Bodied Trucking, you won't be the last." The three men witnessed the shiver run up and down Levi's body. He didn't respond to them. He forgot his coffee when he stood up and retreated out of the driver's lounge to go about getting ready for his first tandem run with Calvin Washington. As Mallon, Jerome, and Fred watched him leave they whispered together, "Good luck, cocksucker..."

Levi spent the late morning and early afternoon purchasing the items on Calvin's mandatory list of things he required of a novice driver. Luckily for Levi everything was obtainable at the local Wal-Mart Superstore and at a price he could afford. When he returned to the small trailer park where Sonia and he lived, she wasn't at home which gave him time to begin packing a small bag of clothing and toiletries for his first over-the-road trip. Based upon information provided by Able Trucking, he knew he didn't have a lot of room to store stuff in the sleeper portion of the tractor and tried to pack accordingly. He finished giving himself about an hour to sit and unwind before Sonia came home from the insurance office when they would happily toil together to make something to eat for dinner. Maybe if he was lucky, he'd get some nooky before he departed on his first over-the-road trip.

At ten minutes after five, the door that passed for the main entrance to their trailer opened and Sonia walked in tossing her shoulder bag on the small shelf she used as her personal space. She could see the medium sized rip-stop fabric gym bag laying in the area they so lovingly called the living room and some plastic bags from Wal-Mart. Levi was prone on the couch, not asleep, but just staring at the ceiling off somewhere in his own space. Sonia walked over to him, playfully slapped him on the top of his head, and said, "Where are you? Nirvana?" She then leaned over, placed her lips on his, and slipped her hand between his legs grabbing hold of his flaccid penis.

Levi didn't need a second invitation. He reached up and placed his arms around her shoulders and pulled the love of his life down next to him on the narrow piece of built in furniture they called their couch. Sonia continued to stroke the outside of her husband's jeans and as he sought the same place between her legs. When he cupped his hand between the center of her legs he could feel her heat passing through the thin cotton fabric of the pants she was wearing. He broke the kiss as he began to harden due to his wife's ministrations.

"So, Sonia, what has to you so randy? See something that got your juices flowing?"

Sonia didn't react in the negative, but knew Levi was just being his asshole self. "Not in your dreams, big boy. You're all I want in a man. I know you're leaving in the morning so I want you to take something with you from me."

"You're always with me, Sonia. You are my one and only," he replied.

Sonia, as always, blushed but responded by finding the belt, button, and zipper to his jeans. She didn't give him a chance to protest as she opened and lowered his pants and briefs. His cock sprung free standing straight up from his crotch waiting for whatever she had planned for it. She cooed, "It isn't the biggest or the thickest, but Levi, it is

yours and I love you to death." Levi watched as she slid to her knees next to the couch and took his hard cock into her mouth. Sonia began the act of fellatio on her husband. He reacted to the wet warmth of her mouth by lifting his hips ever so slightly off the cushions in response to her sucking. She knew what her husband liked. Sonia took her right hand and alternately squeezed and released the base of his cock. Her left hand found his testicles and began to roll them gently in her palm. Occasionally she would take the middle finger of her left hand and gently rub it across ridges of his anus.

Levi quietly moaned and responded to his wife's sucking. He took her head in his hands but did not take control. When they were dating the first time he did that to her she damn near bit his cock off. She told him she'd do anything for him. Intercourse, anal, and oral, but she told him to never take her by the head to try and control her while was sucking his cock. That she wouldn't tolerate, so Levi knew he could gently rest his hands on her head as she sucked the juices from his balls into her mouth. "Jesus, Sonia!!! I don't think I'm going to last long. God, baby... Shit, here it comes!!!"

And cum he did. Sonia could feel the muscles in his body respond and his cock begin to spew his baby making seed into her mouth. Neither of them were virgins when they met. Sonia liked the fact that his cock was comfortable in her mouth and although she missed having copious amounts of cum ejaculated into or onto her body, she always was happy to have his sperm resting on her tongue in preparation to slide down her throat when she swallowed. She waited for Levi to calm down a bit before she moved herself up to his head and placed an after blow job kiss on his lips. Levi responded by opening his mouth to accept her post blow job tongue into his mouth. The sharing of their sexual fluids had never been a problem for either of them. It was when they broke the kiss they got the surprise of their lives.

They heard him before they saw him. "Nice blow job. Not a lot to suck there Mrs. Lassiter, but still..."

Standing just inside the door to their small trailer home was Calvin Washington. Sonia jumped up still fully clothed, but Levi had to pull up his underwear and jeans before he could respond to the man who was his driving mentor. Calvin stood watching Levi fumble with his clothing smiling at his present predicament.

"What the fuck are you doing here, Calvin? How did you get in?" asked Levi.

"Well, son, leave your front door unlocked and anyone can gain entrance. I just know how to do it very quietly."

Levi now standing next to his wife asked. "How did you find out where we live and what may I do for you?"

Calvin shook his head in wonderment. "Levi, why don't you introduce me to that nice young lady who is standing next to you? Don't you think that would be proper etiquette? She is one very beautiful white lady. And, all I had to do was talk to Smith to find out where you lived."

Sonia and Levi looked at one another amazed that this huge man just entered their home and stood watching as she sucked his cock to completion. She decided to take the lead, stepped forward, and offered her hand as she introduced herself, "Calvin, I believe is how Levi addressed you. My name is Sonia Lassiter and I am Levi's wife. Nice to make your acquaintance."

The giant of a man took her proffered right hand into his and gave it a quick up and down shake. While he was doing this Sonia scanned the man from head-to-toe. She was impressed with his physical stature, but his handshake was enough for her to sense his obnoxious, overbearing personality. She also sensed his lack of a formal public or private education. She thought he might be very intelligent if only he was given the direction that every child needs when attending school. Deciding not to open-a-can-of-worms, Sonia asked Calvin, "Since you're here and we haven't made dinner yet, would you like to join us?"

Calvin thought for a moment. The indecision showed on his face like he was in a spotlight on a Broadway stage. He eyed the woman knowing that he didn't come here under the pretense of checking to make sure Levi had purchased what he had demanded, but to check out the woman to whom Levi was married. Calvin just wanted to

punch Levi's lights out and take Sonia right there on the living room floor, but control was the important thing for him now. He knew better than to put himself into a position where he'd have to spend time in prison. He'd just bide his time and work his magic. Calvin Washington was going to make sure Sonia Lassiter was his for the taking based on his making her to want him. He could see her superior air, but what she didn't hide too well was her surreptitious glances at his crotch where his tingling black package was trying to overpower his need to be good.

He responded to Sonia, "Ah, no thanks. I just stopped by to see if Levi purchased what I asked him to from the list I gave him." He looked at Levi and waited.

Levi still a bit flustered but did everything to cover his stress and fear, replied, "Yes, in those bags and in the refrigerator. Every last thing on the list."

"Good, man!!!" he replied. "One last request???" asked Calvin in a voice that was so sweet and smooth no one could possibly refuse his request.

Taken by his smoothness, Levi replied, "Ok, what?"

"I want you to shave that scraggly assed beard. You have the ugliest mother-fucking beard I've ever seen and if I'm spending two weeks in a tractor with you at least I don't have to look at that mess."

Levi frowned and was ready to go off just like he would have at other jobs when they asked him to shave. Sonia saw his anger beginning to boil over and came to his rescue, "Not a problem Calvin. I'll make sure he shaves and has his shaving kit packed with him."

As was Calvin's wont, he turned and without saying good-bye let himself out of the close quartered house trailer. Levi and Sonia just stood there totally astounded and happy that it wasn't some murderer who was leaving after killing them. Levi plopped down onto the couch now visibly shaken when he said, "Let's make dinner."

Sonia replied, "Relax, my night to make you happy. First the blow job. Next dinner, and then later tonight your tongue on my clit for a couple of hours. Who could ask for anything more."

Four thirty came quicker than either of them wished for or expected. Sonia kept Levi between her thin supple legs sucking her engorged clit for a good fifty minutes. Levi's nice sized mouth, more than adequate lengthy tongue, and his desire to keep Sonia sexually satisfied beyond fucking her with his average sized penis kept him licking and sucking her through three huge orgasms. Her juices flooding his mouth was reward enough and he did love eating her so much his cock was constantly dribbling pre-cum which kept him in a state of euphoria. It seemed that he had just licked her to her third orgasm when the alarm broke the silence in their trailer.

Sonia was in no mood to do anything as she did have to be up by 7:30AM to get ready to go to the insurance office. The alarm was on her side of the bed and with a practiced slap she turned the first of the two alarms off knowing the radio would turn on to wake her at 7:30AM. Levi crawled out of bed and didn't attempt to fondle, hug, or kiss her because he could see she had placed her pillow over her head to keep the light out and from being bothered. Levi took care getting his clothing out of the room so he could shower and dress without bothering Sonia. He completed getting ready in just under twenty minutes. Looking in the mirror and seeing his cleanly shaven face was going to take some getting used to. Levi Lassiter packed his car, kissed his sleeping wife good-bye, and was on the road to Able Bodied Trucking by ten minutes past five. He would arrive at the trucking company with enough time to spare.

Loading their personal belongings into the tractor was left to Levi as Calvin just stood and chatted with the warehouse men. When Levi was finished he joined Calvin on the dock as the last of the freight was loaded into the fifty-two foot trailer. He nodded to the warehouse men and saw looks of pathetic derision on their faces pointed at him. Another shiver of fear shot up and down his spine. Rather than stand and be abused, Levi walked to the steps that led from the loading dock to the ground, descended, and waited by the passenger side of the Kenworth tractor that would be his home for the next two weeks. He waited fifteen minutes before Calvin came to his side of the tractor, pointed, and said, "You drive and before we leave we have an itinerary change."

Levi looked askance at Calvin wondering what kind of itinerary change was made by the company. "You want me to drive first?"

"That's how you learn, isn't it?" replied Calvin. "Now, around to the driver's side so I can tell you where we're headed."

Levi nodded his head in agreement, strode to the driver's side, and entered the tractor. Calvin waited as Levi set up the seat, mirrors, and checked to see if he had his log book. Sitting comfortably, Levi said, "Ready. So what are the itinerary or route changes?"

Calvin retrieved the company clip board that hung at the interior entrance to the sleeper section which proved to Levi that he had all ready been inside the tractor that day. He placed the steel box on his lap, opened it, and began reading aloud from it, "Ok, we leave Rock Springs for St. Louis, then south to Dallas-Fort Worth, east to New Orleans, Mobile, Tampa-St. Petersburg, up to Atlanta, Washington, DC, and then a straight run back to Rock Springs. But anytime during the four week odyssey, we could be rerouted once our load is picked up and delivered."

Levi heard what he said, but the four weeks was the point he heard clearest. "Four weeks, Calvin? Four weeks!!! I told Sonia I'd be gone for only two weeks at a time. What the fuck? This isn't what I signed on for when I took this job to drive over-the-road with another man as a team. Who made the changes and why didn't you at least ask me if I wanted to continue driving?"

Calvin's hard cold glare cut through Levi like a hot knife through frozen butter. "You signed on and you will complete this trip. Sometime today you'll call you wife and explain that you work at the behest of the company and they made some route changes. Now, make sure you're comfortable, start the rig, and take her out to Route 80 east. We're headed for St. Louis and we have to make time." Calvin waited thirty seconds and shouted, "FUCKIN' IDIOT!!! START THE DIESEL AND GET US ON THE FUCKIN' ROAD!!! NOW!!!"

Calvin watched as Levi's shaking hand reached for the ignition key satisfied that his trainee would not give him any further trouble. Levi sensing his fall further into the abyss of Calvin's control turned the ignition key and the big diesel engine whined to life. He depressed the clutch, pushed the shift lever into first, slowly eased the Kenworth T2000 forward, and out of Able Bodied Trucking's plant. He was now committed to four weeks of driving with Calvin having totally forgotten what was told to him by Mallon McKnight, Jerome Fieldstone, and Fred Hill.

Calvin had Levi drive for a good three hours before he asked him if he wanted to make a stop at the next available place to have some breakfast. Levi audibly sighed and shook his head yes. He could feel his stomach rumbling from not having had anything to eat prior to leaving. Calvin made no real attempt to engage Levi in conversation. He just sat in his seat watching the landscape go by and making no effort to hide his self-absorbed scratching of his crotch.

Levi decided it was time to say something, "Calvin, do you have to sit there scratching your fuckin' crotch all the time?"

Calvin laughed and replied, "Well, I know of a way your sweet little wife could relieve my itch, but since she isn't here I'd accept whatever you have to offer."

Levi took his eyes off the road momentarily and replied, "Don't even go down that road Calvin. Ain't nothing going to happen between you and my wife. And you're nuts if you think anything is going to happen between you and me. I am not now nor will I ever be a cocksucker."

Calvin smiled knowingly as he replied, "Sure, Levi. And I promise I won't cum in your mouth. I guarantee you that before you go to sleep tonight your belly will be full with at least three loads of cum. I promise you that."

"Sure Calvin," was all Levi could say. Inside Levi's stomach churned because he knew he had no chance in hell to protect himself if Calvin decided to get physical.

Their first stop was at a small eatery that could only be described as a family restaurant. Upon entering the establishment, the middle aged woman behind the counter brightened upon seeing Calvin, smiled, waved, and said, "Hi Calvin!!! I see you have a new friend."

"Hi, Mary," he replied. "Meet Levi. He's on his first run with me. Four weeks headin' south, east, and then back west to home base. He'll learn the ropes as we move along."

Mary cracked up when she heard what Calvin said. She was well aware of Calvin's sexual domination of his co-drivers. She also knew firsthand how his cock felt sliding in and out of any of her three orifices. She's had the pleasure of his manhood and made no bones about how much she loved fuckin' him. Her inhibitions would not preclude her from letting him fuck her on the counter top she stood behind. She was a widow who never remarried, so she had no guilt when it came to letting him use her like some twenty dollar whore. She felt herself get wet thinking about his prestigious black cock and saddened that there were other customers in the restaurant. If the place was empty, except for the short-order cook in the kitchen, she'd be signaling Calvin she was available to him. She thought how nice it would be to pull up her uniform, bend over behind or in front of the counter legs akimbo, and offer him her mature white pussy.

"So big guy, should I rustle up a Calvin breakfast?"

"Sounds great to me Mary."

Turning to Levi she asked, "And what would you like or are you expecting something else to feed you..." Mary cracked up thinking that the scrawny guy in front of the counter was no match for Calvin.

Levi gave her a hard look but it didn't help or make a dent in Mary's attitude. He asked for four eggs, home fries, toast, and coffee. Then he looked for a place to sit not even considering sitting at the same table with Calvin. His decision did not keep Calvin from sitting at the table he chose. His head told him that it was going to be difficult to get any privacy working with Calvin.

Calvin sat and very pleasantly said to Levi, "Mary is one of my regular ladies. She's widowed and when I have the opportunity I give her the fucking her husband never could. I've even fucked her here on the floor when the place has been empty. I can tell just by her attitude that if these other customers weren't here, my cock would be sliding in and out of her mature white pussy as she screamed and moaned about what a great fuck I am. Guess I'll be missing out on her pussy now, but maybe on the return I'll have the opportunity. When you've been on the road as long as I've been, you'll build yourself a stable of women. Nothing better than available pussy in each place you stop."

Levi screwed up his face in disgust at what Calvin just imparted to him. He replied, "I don't think I'm going to be looking for any pussy as I drive around the country. I love my wife and I'm not going to cheat while I'm on the road."

Calvin eyed Levi, "I've heard that song and dance before. Like I told you earlier sometime tonight my cock is going to be sliding in and out of your newly christened fag mouth. By the time we stop here on the way home, you'll have accepted being my bitch and Mary will laugh her ass off because she knows that I always get my way."

Levi shivered and Calvin smiled as he saw it course though Levi's body. Levi now understood what the three other drivers tried to tell him. He could simply walk away from the job, call home to tell Sonia he quit, and hitchhike back to Rock Springs. He sat quietly waiting for his food not wanting to get up and go to the bathroom for fear Calvin would follow him in and make him suck his cock so he could show Mary what a dominant asshole he was. Levi sat and when his food arrived he couldn't stand it anymore. He rose and walked to the sign that said 'Rest Rooms'.

Mary stood by their table, chuckled, and said to Calvin, "I bet he couldn't hold it anymore. I also bet he's shittin' his pants because I know you Calvin..."

"Excuse me, Mary..." he replied eyes boring into hers.

"Listen, you sick son-of-a-bitch, I know you just want to go into that bathroom now and force him to suck you. I also know you'd cum all over his face and make him wear it as he eats his breakfast. You are one nasty son-of-a-bitch, Calvin."

Calvin put his hands over his heart and said, "Skewered by the best, Mary. Guilty as charged. I can't wait to bend that skinny assed kid over and slide my fat black cock up his virgin ass. When I'm done with him, he'll be beggin' me to fuck him and sayin' that his wife is mine to use."

Mary nodded, turned, and returned to her place behind the counter. She watched Calvin take one of the six pork sausages on his plate, put it in his mouth whole, stand, and walk to the restroom marked 'MEN'.

Levi was seated on the only toilet in the men's room. What bothered him most was that the toilet was not in its own space. If anyone walked in they would see him sitting there with his pants and underpants bunched around his ankles. The one thing he tried to do when he entered the facility was to lock the door, but that proved to be futile. For whatever reason, the door was not lockable and that added to Levi's stress. He counted the seconds as he sat relieving his bowel and when he got just past two minutes he felt some relief that his mentor was not going to barge in on him. How wrong he was.

"Hey, Levi," chortled Calvin as he opened the door.

Levi looked up at his tandem mentor and saw something slide in and out between his thick Negroid lips. He shivered and without trying emptied his bladder into the toilet. Calvin heard the urine hit the water as he continued to slide the fairly large sized pork sausage in and out of his mouth. Levi tried to say something but his fear of what was impending caused him to lose his ability to speak. He watched Calvin remove the sausage so he could speak.

"I heard that," said Calvin, "pissing just like a woman. Albeit, a sissy, but still sitting to pee. Guess I won't have to train you to do that."

Levi caught his breath and his ability to speak, "I'm taking a shit and you have to sit to shit. I know you do therefore you must be a sissy too. Don't you pee when you shit? Just get out of here so I can finish."

Shaking his head in the negative, Calvin stepped directly in front of Levi, lowered his zipper, and pulled out his cock, "Suck it bitch!!!"

"No," cried Levi.

The pain spread from his left ear. Calvin bitch slapped him. Levi Lassiter was no match for the big black man. Inside his head he thought, *'I should have listened to those guys. I have no chance of getting away from him.'* Levi raised his hands in a futile attempt to protect himself. Calvin knocked them down, grabbed Levi's left ear, and twisted just enough to make his point.

Growling with a voice that could wake the dead, Calvin said, "Suck my dick bitch!!!"

Levi kept his mouth closed. He endured the pain as Calvin twisted a bit harder.

"Don't want to suck my prick," he spat, "then I'll show you how us big Niggers make little white boys perform."

With the index finger and thumb of his left hand, Calvin pinched Levi's nose closed. The only way Levi was going to be able to breathe was through his mouth. As much as he tried to hold his breath, Levi failed. He opened his mouth and Calvin shoved the big purple head of his cock into Levi's mouth.

"Now boy, suck my cock," said Calvin. "Be a good cocksucker and I'll let you breathe through your nose. Be an asshole and I'll choke you to death with my twelve inch Nigger cock. Now, make your decision."

Levi couldn't believe he was sitting on a toilet in a men's room in a small town eatery with a cock in his mouth. Not once in all his years did he think he would fellate another man. He had a choice and it was a simple one. He raised his hands in surrender as he relaxed his jaw, cheeks, and lips. Calvin laughed out loud and removed his grip on Levi's nose, but he did not release his left ear. Levi began to cry as he slowly began to suck the cock of his mentor. He could not take the full length into his mouth and thankfully, Calvin did not force it deeper into his mouth.

"Good girl," cooed Calvin. His superior size making it readily apparent that his novice driver would be an easy mark. "Suck me nicely and in time you will learn to take my length deep into your throat. For now, just make love to the knob. Swirl your tongue around the head. Just think about what you like when you get a blow job and do the same to me. The only difference is I have something worth sucking and you have a useless small white boy dick."

Levi Lassiter wanted to die on the spot. His asshole was dirty because his dominant tandem mentor walked in before he could finish wiping his ass. The cock began to really harden as his lips moved back and forth over the corona and his tongue tried to keep pace swirling around Calvin's cock. As he performed more from fear, he thought what his wife would say if she found out he was forced to become a cocksucker. Their sex lives were pretty vanilla. They fucked and sucked, but neither of them expressed a desire to do anything kinky or go outside of their marital vows. He felt Calvin take him by his ears and begin to control his sucking.

"Listen you white faggot," said Calvin, "just do as I say and we'll get along just fine. Your only job besides driving is keeping my cock happy. By the time you return home, you'll be very much my bitch. You'll learn to please me orally and anally. If you do good, I'll buy you panties, stockings, skirts, shoes, and whatever else you need to keep me a sexually happy Nigger bull. Now, relax and let me give you the first of many cum loads."

Levi heard what he said and began to wretch and fight against having to suck Calvin's cock. What scared him the most was the thought of what was in his mouth being shoved up his ass. He never once in his short life thought he'd become a cocksucker much less a sissy bitch to a Nigger. His liberal views always made him respect all people no matter where they came from, their education, or their employment. The only way he could stop the madness was to bite down as if he was biting into a hot dog. He counted quickly to ten and closed his jaw.

The pain was immediate. Calvin could not maintain his hold on Levi's ears. He looked down to see Levi's teeth beginning to break the skin. Calvin needed to free his cock from the white faggot's mouth. The sooner the better because if he didn't he was going to lose the first two inches of his manhood. The pain and pressure increased as Calvin gathered his wits about him. He closed his fist and with all his might struck Levi on the side of his head. The shock of the strike was enough to make Levi release his oral hold on Calvin's cock.

The big Nigger grabbed the white boy by the throat and lifted him off the toilet. Levi hung like a ragdoll from Calvin's grip. With his left hand, Calvin began slapping Levi across the face. Multiple times forehand and backhand Calvin struck the near unconscious Levi. The pain emanating from his cock finally subsided and he dropped Levi onto the floor. He grabbed his manhood and without thinking about Levi began to inspect the shaft of his big black cock. There were teeth marks, but thankfully none of them had broken the skin. He was not bleeding.

Calvin did not put his cock back into his pants. He leaned over, grabbed Levi by his hair, and pulled him up and onto the toilet. He slapped his face a few times for good measure. "Listen bitch," he growled, "you ever try that again and I will break your scrawny white neck. You better understand that I am not going to take no for an answer. You will be my bitch. You don't want to be my bitch, then I suggest you run home because I am definitely going to fuck the shit out of your white wife. I love white pussy. Once I fuck her, she'll never want you between her legs except to

suck my Nigger cum from her well used twat. Now, I need to cum and you are going to make it happen. So, suck my dick bitch!!!”

Levi looked up and into Calvin's eyes and saw nothing but anger. That anger was going to either be sated by a blowjob or the breaking of his neck. Maybe if he spoke softly to Calvin, he could worm his way out of the present situation and give him an alternative to blowing him in the men's restroom. Maybe, just maybe, he could convince him that he would be better served if he blew him in the sleeper section of the truck.

“Listen Calvin,” whined Levi, “I'm not a cocksucker. But, if you agree to forget about me sucking you off here, I will fellate you later in the sleeper section of the truck. We'll be more comfortable and I will do as you ask. I'll suck your cock and swallow your load. Just don't make me do it here and please don't hit me anymore.”

The big Nigger was stunned that his prey had tried to make a deal with him to stop what was going to happen no matter how you sliced and diced the meal. No one had ever asked to delay the inevitable. Calvin smiled a big white toothy smile. His big Nigger lips uncovered his teeth as he began to laugh out loud. “They ain't no way you're getting' out of suckin' my cock now bitch. I am going to march you into the restaurant and one of two things will be evident. You have sucked my cock and swallowed or you have sucked my cock and my seed was deposited all over your face. You have only those choices or I will snap your neck. I've done some time and I'm not afraid of doing some more. Now, Levi bitch, suck my cock!!!”

To make his point, Calvin began to smack Levi across his face with his twelve inch monster cock. Levi tried to move his head, but it was a futile effort. Feeling absolutely helpless, Levi gave in to his tormentor's demand. He opened his mouth and allowed Calvin to slide as much as he could before Levi's gag reflex forced him to begin to cough. Learning quickly, Levi took his hands and wrapped them around the thick shaft of Calvin's cock. In the midst of being orally raped, he thought it was funny that he had a cock in his mouth before he ever had a stranger's cock in his hands. Not wanting to be smacked around, Levi Lassiter closed his eyes, shut down his brain, and did what any good cocksucker would do. He allowed Calvin to control his head thereby allowing him to face fuck him.

“Thought so,” said Calvin, “you want me to fuck your mouth like I'm going to fuck your ass later tonight. Keep it up and you may just be the best white boy if turned into big black cock loving slut. Hmmm, suck me!!!”

And suck Levi did for next sixteen minutes. It took that long to get Calvin to the point where he was ready to spew his Nigger cum either down his throat or all over his face. He heard Calvin moan and felt him remove his cock from his mouth. Ten seconds later, Levi felt the first rope of Nigger cum coat his face. By the time Calvin was finished, he spewed seven strong ropes of thick cum all over Levi's face. Two pools of his ejaculate collected in Levi's eyes and he knew it would be difficult for him to open them, but he had no choice. The cum stung when it fell onto his eyeball. It took a couple of minutes for Levi to get used to the stinging sensation, but he finally had a modicum of eyesight.

“Ok boy,” said Calvin. “Time to show the world who you belong to, so get up and walk with me back into the restaurant. We'll finish our breakfast and get on our way.”

“Please Calvin,” cried Levi, “I need to wipe my ass or the cab will stink of shit. Please!!!”

Calvin stepped back, put his body against the door, and said, “Well get to it bitch.”

“You're not staying?” asked and pleaded Levi.

“I'm staying because you ain't wipin' my shit from your face, boy,” countered Calvin.

There was no way out of his predicament. Levi did what he had to in front of his mentor. When he was finished, he stood, pulled his underpants and pants up, and with tears coursing down his face followed Calvin back to the table where their breakfast sat getting cold. Much to his surprise, Calvin pulled the chair out from the table to allow Levi to sit. It was just as if they were on a date and Calvin was being a gentleman. Levi almost blushed, but his fear and embarrassment controlled his emotions and physical musculature. He knew the worst was to come when he saw Mary approach the table.

"Well, well," she said. "What do we have here? I think I see a sissy in the making." She looked at Calvin and said, "My, what a big load. How many days since you popped a nut?"

"You dirty little bitch," replied Calvin. "Just by the look in your eyes, I can see you wanted that six day load to be drippin' out of your old white cunt instead of dripping down the sissy's face."

Mary laughed, smiled, and said, "How right you are!!! I'll do almost anything to have your big black Nigger cock in my old cunt, ass, or mouth. I will readily admit that you have been the best fuck I've ever had and will have. But, please in the future make your bitches swallow. It is going to be hard to explain why he is sittin' there with cum all over his face."

The laughter was spontaneous and Calvin smacked the table so hard the dishes jumped a good inch. He stopped laughing for a moment, looked at Levi, and started all over again. He sat laughing at Levi for a good five minutes before he caught his breath and said, "Sissy, go into the bathroom and clean your face. I think I've humiliated you enough for now." He turned to Mary, "Ok?"

"Thank you Calvin," replied Mary just before she turned to return to her favorite spot behind the counter.

Levi Lassiter did not need a second invitation to return to the men's room to wipe Calvin's cum off of his face. When he returned to the table he was taken aback because his food had been removed. "Where is my breakfast?"

"Not in your stomach," replied Calvin, "Guess the next meal you're going to eat will be supplied by my big black balls. Sorry bitch, but we need to hit the road." Calvin stood, waved to Mary, and said, "Thanks Mary!!! Put it on Levi's tab. We'll clear it when we pass through on the return." He did not wait for an answer. He forcibly took Levi's elbow and guided him out the door.

Seven hours into the eighteen hour trip, Calvin had Levi pull over so he could take the wheel. As much as he was an obnoxious asshole, Calvin knew he had to drive so Levi could rest, if you could call it that. Moments after Calvin pulled the Kenworth tractor back onto the highway and into traffic he smiled, opened his pants, and said to Levi, "Just kneel down next to me and suck me while I drive. Keeps my mind on the road because my cock is being tended to."

Levi did not move. He stared at his mentor and shook his head in the negative. "I'm not going to suck your cock while you drive. I need my rest and this is bullshit. I'm not going to fellate you while you drive."

The laugh came from deep within Calvin's six foot nine inch body. He reached with his right arm, wrapped his right hand around the back of Levi's head, and pulled him from his seat. Levi's head was next to Calvin's. "It is not a request Levi. It is a command. Now, take my cock out of my pants, put it in your mouth, and gently suck it while I drive. If I cum, swallow. If I urinate, swallow. Just don't let me feel you release my cock from your mouth or I will knock you so far into tomorrow you'll already know what it felt like when I fuck your white sissy ass tonight."

The pressure on his head was not easing. Levi Lassiter reached for the open zipper and with his right hand dug for Calvin's cock. It took a bit of doing for him to pull the flaccid cock from the left pant leg, but he finally had it exposed. He held the monster just behind its big purple head. He wanted to beg Calvin to please not force him to suck his cock as he drove, but inside he knew it would be a futile effort. Levi Lassiter, Doctor of Anthropology, opened his mouth, lowered his head, and when he took the cock of his mentor and protagonist he closed his eyes hoping the blackness would mitigate the disgust he felt for letting himself be beaten into sucking his cock. He placed his left hand against the side of the driver's seat, his right hand around the middle of Calvin's tumescent manhood, and his knees on the floor of the cab as he maintained his sucking to keep Calvin happy.

"Damn, girl!!!" cried Calvin. "You're going to be one sweet cocksucker. I'm hopin' your pussy ass will be just as sweet as your pussy mouth is. Just keep it up and we'll make good time. I love the feelin' of a sweet mouth around my cock as I drive."

Levi could not answer, but the tears running down his cheeks told Calvin everything he needed to know. He turned on the radio, found a rhythm and blues station, and sang along with the artists while Levi sucked.

Several hours later, Calvin pulled into a truck stop for fuel. Before he pulled to the pumps, he pulled to the side of the parking lot, put his hand on the back of Levi's head, and said, "Time to eat your breakfast and a late lunch. Now suck me and relieve the pressure in my big black balls, faggot."

Levi did not fight what had to be done. He used his right hand to stroke the thickening shaft as he began to bob his head on the lengthening cock in his mouth. Calvin cooed and moaned as he felt his newly christened cocksucker beginning to make love to his cock the way all good faggots do. Levi tried to fight the good fight but something inside his brain began sending waves of pleasure to his penis causing it to become hard. Levi tried to move to relieve the pressure in his pants and by doing so signaled Calvin that he was getting turned on.

"My sweet sissy boi," whispered Calvin, "something growing in your pants? Not now, but I promise you tonight I'll let you play with your sissy clit while you suck me. I know you white faggots love to make sissy milk while you suck a better man's cock."

Levi groaned when he felt Calvin press his head down on his now extremely hard cock. He did not expect Calvin to force his head further down, but that is exactly what happened. He bulbous head of his cock met his uvula and Levi's gag reflex lost. The monstrous black cock was forced into Levi's throat and without any help from his antagonist he learned to breathe through his nose. Calvin took control and within minutes his cock spewed the contents of his balls directly into his new bitch's stomach.

"FUCK!!!" cried Calvin. "I knew you could take it directly into your faggot stomach."

When he was done spewing his seed into Levi's stomach Calvin released the hold on Levi's head. The newly christened cocksucker pulled up, fell back against the left side of the passenger seat, and began to cough up mucus and wipe the tears from his eyes which were caused by the forced deep throating of Calvin's cock. It took Levi a good five minutes to regain control of breathing. When he finally calmed down he felt something wet in his underwear. He looked down at his crotch and knew he had ejaculated in his pants. He tried to cover the evidence only to see Calvin pointing at his crotch and smiling.

"What???" asked Levi.

"Guess you enjoyed yourself, faggot," said Calvin. "Didn't even have to play with your clitty. Made sissy milk from just giving me the pleasure of your mouth pussy."

Levi began to cry uncontrollably. He put his hands to his face and begged, "Please Calvin!!! No more!!! I can't..." Levi paused, uncovered his face, and pleaded, "Please Calvin, don't!!! I'm begging you!!!"

"Sorry Levi, but your pants say different," chided Calvin. "I'm amazed that it took only two blowjobs for you to become excited when sucking my cock. Usually takes a lot longer especially when the guy is as intelligent as you are. So, just to make things easier on you, I'm going to help you by telling you that you need to shave all your body hair. When I take your cherry tonight I want you to be as smooth as a new born baby. And let me tell you, I'm going to enjoy seeing the look on your face as I slip my big black cock into your white ass and make it into a white sissy pussy."

"I'll scream my lungs out and hopefully the police will show up to stop your raping of me," moaned Levi.

"Oh, I'm not worried about that," said Calvin. "When I fuck your lily white ass we'll be so far away from civilization only animals will hear your screams that they will be so frightened they'll run away. Also, when we go into the truck stop after we fill our fuel tanks, you are to purchase a few bottles of Fleet enemas. Before you shower, you

will clean out your pussy because you're not going to want to clean any shit off my cock when you suck it after I fuck you."

Levi regretted what he said next, "Oh, fuck me!!!"

Laughing Calvin said, "Believe me, sweet pea, fuckin' you is going to be as sweet as I expect fucking your sweet wife will be."

Once the two fuel tanks were filled and the truck parked for the night, Calvin and Levi gathered their shower kits, change of clothing, and made their way to the driver's showers. Calvin did not make an effort to pay for his and it fell to Levi to pay for both of them. Levi knew better and before he entered the shower he made his way to the drug store and purchased three bottles of Fleet enema. He showed them to Calvin who pointed to the toilets. Levi pleaded with his eyes to no avail. Thirty-five minutes later he came to the shower stalls and found Calvin waiting for him.

"Clean?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Levi.

"Good. Now we need to make sure you're as smooth as a new born," said Calvin. "We'll shower together."

"What the fuck!!!" cried Levi. "They allow that?"

Calvin laughed, "Of course they do. Although you're my white sissy bitch, there are gay truckers and they do like to shower together."

A broken Levi moaned, "Fuck. . ."

Calvin took his key and opened the door to his changing room and shower. He held the door, smiled, and used the index finger of his right hand to beckon Levi to enter. Knowing fighting him was futile, Levi hung his head, and stepped into the changing room. He heard the door close behind him and it struck him like a lightning bolt. He fought the urge to run, but it was stilled when he felt Calvin's hand on his shoulder. Levi knew that as soon as he was naked, before he removed the minimum amount of hair he had on his body, his asshole would be filled with Calvin's cock. His rape was going to happen in the middle of the truck stop and not somewhere out in the wilderness. He knew it was going to happen just as he knew the sun would rise in the East and set in the West.

"Take off your clothing," whispered Calvin. "Let me see that sweet ass that is going to become my pussy."

Levi froze. He waited for a moment and then he knew Calvin was serious when he felt his hand take hold of his genitals through his pants. "Ok, ok," cried Levi. "I won't fight it anymore Calvin. If I give in to you, promise me you'll treat me nice."

"That is the smartest thing you've said all day Levi," stated Calvin. He released his hold on Levi's genitals.

Crying as he undressed, Levi stood in front of locker trying to accept that he was going to be sucking black cock and taking it up his ass every day for four weeks. He took the time to fold his clothing all in an attempt to delay the inevitable, but to his chagrin, Calvin waited by his locker stark naked with the biggest shit-eating grin on his face.

Once Levi was naked, Calvin guided him into the one person shower stall. Without a word between them, Calvin turned on the water, picked up a bar of soap, handed it to Levi, and said, "Wash me from head to toe. And, don't miss the important parts."

The bar of soap rotated in Levi's hands. When they were covered in white bubbles and lather he placed his hands on Calvin's chest and began the process of washing his tormentor's body. His chest, arms, back, neck, legs, feet, buttocks, and finally his humongous cock and balls. It took Levi fifteen minutes to complete washing Calvin's body. The man that was going to use him like a one dollar whore, instructed him when he needed; otherwise, he stood

smiling down at Levi as he performed his sissy's duty. When Levi was done he looked up at Calvin and said, "Good enough?"

The right hand of Calvin made contact with Levi's face. The skinny man fell back against the wall. He did not cry, but his eyes were wide open and his soapy hands went to his face. Before Levi could speak, Calvin took hold of his chin, squeezed, and said, "You should have known better, Levi. I thought you would have figured it out, but you didn't. From this moment forward, you address me as Master. I never want to hear you utter my name or sir. Master, is how you address me. You are my slave. My bitch. My sissy. And, when we arrive home, your wife will be my whore."

There was no way Levi could answer, so he just nodded his head affirming his acceptance of Calvin's commands.

Calvin released Levi's chin and said, "Now turn around so I can prepare your asshole to become my pussy."

As he turned, Levi stuttered, "C-c-can I-I-I at I-I-least wash?"

"Fuck no," was all Calvin said as he pushed Levi against the wall of the shower. Then he ran his right hand through the crack of Levi's skinny ass stopping twice to press against the ridges of his anus. He leaned his chest against Levi's shoulders and whispered, "No lubrication except for the water. You are going to feel the pain of losing your cherry bitch. Once I am balls deep in your faggot ass, I am going to fuck you until you are begging me to stop yet wanting it to continue."

The only word that came out of Levi's mouth was, "Please..." Then he felt the bulbous helmet head of Calvin's cock begin to press against his asshole. To try and stop his rape, Levi pulled his asshole in as if he was trying to hold a turd from slipping out. Then something changed. Calvin's touch became gentle. His voice softened. And, his hips no longer pressed his cock against Levi's anus.

"Listen Levi," whispered Calvin, "I don't want to hurt you. You're so smooth like a little boy. Your skin is so soft to the touch. I need you to relax, because if you don't, I am going to hurt you very badly. So bad, that you may end up in the hospital. I want you to relax, Levi."

The tone of Calvin's voice and his soft touches relaxed Levi. The soon to be fucked man's breathing went from labored to relaxed. His muscles released their tension so much so Levi's knees bent a bit. The most important muscle to give way was his anus.

"That's it sweet pea," whispered Calvin, as he gently rubbed his right hand on Levi's stomach and chest. It was a good sign to Calvin that he could feel the tension in Levi's muscles drain from his body. His left hand moved to his still rampantly hard cock and slowly moved it up to the small round hole that would soon be surrounding its girth. The moment the head of his cock stopped and rested at the entrance to Levi's body, the tension began to return. Calvin could feel it and he knew what he had to do.

"Come on baby girl," he cooed. "It's just a long piece of human flesh and sinew that delivers the best of a man into a woman. You are going to be my road woman, Levi. I just know that you are going to love having my big black cock up your skinny white sissy ass." He rubbed Levi's belly before he said, "I know you're going to shoot your sissy milk because of how much you love my cock."

Levi did not respond nor did he move. But, he did relax. Then he felt Calvin's lips on his neck. Then small kisses up behind his ear. And then, Calvin's tongue gently running around the edge of his ear culminating in him pressing the tip into Levi's ear canal. It sent waves of what could only be called pleasure throughout his body. As he succumbed to Calvin's sweet and tender kisses and caresses, Levi relaxed enough to signal the man that was about to do something no other man or even his wife had done. Levi Lassiter was going to accept a big black cock up his ass.

"You're just a sissy, Levi," cooed Calvin. As he continued to be sweet, loving, and considerate, he used his left hand to place the tip of cock big black cock at Levi's entrance and pushed. The split-second his cock penetrated

Levi's anus, his right hand went to the sissy's mouth and covered it. He knew the sissy would scream in pain and he also knew it was imperative that he get as much of his twelve inches into Levi as he could. Calvin stopped pushing when he figured a little over half of his cock was inside Levi.

The sweat that broke out on Levi's body was just part of his reaction to being impaled on Calvin's nigger dick. His eyes bugged out of his head as he screamed into Calvin's hand. Nothing he could do would be strong enough to get his tight virgin pussy ass removed from the cock that would be inside him many times during each and every day and night. Then he felt something he never in his life felt before. A tingling sensation rose from the depths of his anus, but it was more centered on his cock. Flaccid as it may have been, the sensation was that of an orgasm building from the inside of his bowel, through his cock to the tip of his meager appendage. His body shook and shivered from the electric feeling.

"That's it sissy," channeled Calvin into Levi's brain, "you're feeling it. Feeling the width of my big black cock pressing against your inner clitoris as you continue to squeeze your pussy. If my nigger cock was not in you and you did what you are doing now, your asshole would be opening and closing." Calvin moved ever so slightly which sent another powerful jolt of sexual feeling and energy throughout Levi's body. "Yes that's my girl," chortled Calvin knowing full well that with every second of Levi getting comfortable with a major big black cock up his ass his life as he knew it was ending. "I can't say enough about how you are relaxing and becoming more willing to have my love muscle in your ass. When I cum, it will forever be my pussy," said Calvin.

The shiver that coursed through Levi's body was not as strong as all of the previous ones. He tried to show Calvin that he was not into becoming a sissy, a bitch, and a faggot for him; but, it was turning out to be a losing battle. His body cried for more and the only way to get it was to respond positively to his being butt fucked. Using his intelligence and strength of mind, Levi moaned in response to Calvin's caresses, "Give it to me Calvin. Gently, but I want to feel all of you inside me. Give me what I need. Give me time to get used to your monster cock and I will serve you."

Levi felt Calvin's right hand move from his hip to the side of his head. He felt the big man caress his cheek. Then he heard Calvin whisper, "In time sweet pea you are going to say three words to me that will seal your servitude to me. I am not going to tell you what they are, but, I know you will figure it out. Now, I want you to bend a bit further over so I can gently push the love of your life into your soon to be christened sissy pussy."

Using both his hands, Calvin pulled Levi's hips back while pressing his back down with his chest. The skinny genius knew what to do. He bent at the waist and pushed his skinny ass backwards. The result was a short groan because as he moved his hips backwards, Calvin's nigger cock forced itself deeper into Levi's guts. Calvin was taken with how tight Levi's rectum was. The only downside to fuckin' Levi was in time his bowel would become a bit looser. Although it would allow Calvin to slip into Levi easier the pressure of the walls of his bowel would be reduced lessening the sensation of tightness.

"Show me you're ready," cooed Calvin.

Levi pressed his hips backward and when he felt the entire length of Calvin's cock in his rectum, wiggled his hips. Only babbling came out of his mouth which signaled Calvin he was ready to be fucked.

The tight feeling of Levi's bowel around the full length of his cock was more than Calvin could stand. He kept his cock embedded in Levi. He used Kegel moves to cause his cock to move as if cum was moving down his urethra. By not thrusting into and out of Levi's rectum, Calvin was living a dream he only fantasized about. The one sexual thing he wanted to experience was being embedded full length into a faggot's ass and having the faggot's tightness being more than enough to caress his manhood to an orgasm. It was going to happen. Calvin knew it. Levi Lassiter was going to give him something he would never forget.

"Are you going to fuck me?" asked Levi finally being able to form and enunciate words as his body became used to and tolerated the length and width of Calvin's nigger cock.

A small push of Calvin's hips coupled with an easy pull on his faggot's hips preceded him whispering, "I am fucking you sweet pea. Your pussy is caressing my cock with waves of pleasure pressure. I don't have to move at all.

You are jerking me off and you don't even know it. Just keep your pussy doing what it is and I will make it permanent when I coat the walls of your bowel with my baby makers. Maybe you'll get pregnant."

"Oh, God!!!" moaned Levi as he tried to expel the invader from his body. Although he knew he could never get pregnant, the thought of Calvin's life giving sperm swimming in his bowel disgusted him as well as filled him with desire for being able to accept them somewhat willingly.

"YES!!!" cried Calvin. "Keep on doing what you are doing sweet pea. Out and in. You're massaging my fuck stick and giving me pleasure beyond belief. All because you want to expel me from your pussy. But, all you are doing is making me want to keep it in you."

Their copulation lasted for a good twenty-two minutes. Calvin hardly moved his cock back and forth in Levi's ass. Levi for his part, massaged Calvin's cock because he wanted to expel it from his body. To his chagrin, he found it pleasurable. His flaccid cock tingled and he felt like he was going to piss when he really wanted to ejaculate. Every few seconds, Calvin would move his cock which forced his length to slide over Levi's prostate gland. Although the movement of Calvin's cock was only millimeters, its thickness was enough to give Levi chills of pleasure. The newly fucked faggot expected his rapist to pound his ass without a care for his wellbeing. It was the polar opposite. Calvin kept his cock plugged as deeply as he could up Levi's ass. The Master and his new bitch rocked as one as they maintained their sexual connection.

"You sweet bitch!!!" said Calvin. "I know you don't even know what you are doing, but my fag boy you're doin' it. You're jerkin' me off with your ass pussy. Damn... Keep it up and I will fill you..."

"Please Calvin..." moaned Levi. "Please finish. I can't take it any longer."

Calvin's right hand went to Levi's right shoulder. He started to move a bit more than he had been. Then with one quick motion, he pulled the entire length of his cock out of Levi and slammed it back in. He pressed his hips into Levi as hard as he could. When he was balls deep, he said, "Is that what you want? You want me to fuck you like the faggot bitch you are? Or, do you want to feel what your wife is going to feel when I fuck her?"

"No-o-o!!!" cried Levi.

"Yes bitch," retorted Calvin as he began to pound his full twelve inches into and out of his faggot's pussy. It took but a few minutes of stroking before Calvin pressed and held his cock inside Levi. "I'm fuckin' your ass and makin' it my pussy."

"Oh my fuckin' God!!!" screamed Levi.

Seven strong pulses of Calvin's cock shot cum into Levi's bowels. The final two were not as strong, but Levi still felt the entire length of Calvin's cock pulse against the walls of his bowel. He knew Calvin was finished ejaculating when the big man leaned over Levi's back and whispered, "You are mine now. You will never forget what I just did to you. You will look at me longingly telling me with your eyes that you want to have your Master inside your pussy. You will express how much you miss being full of hard Calvin nigger cock. I am not going to give you another present now, but you will pull your new pussy off of your lover, turn, kneel, and clean him."

Levi could feel Calvin's cock beginning to soften. He felt for his own cock to find that he had cum and never really felt the orgasm. Levi knew better than to argue with Calvin. He moved his shoulders up which caused his hips to move forward sliding his stretched asshole off of the cock that fucked him. He looked at the shower floor as he went to his knees. He took both hands and lifted the massive cock that was just inside him. Just before he brought his mouth to the bulbous head, he heard Calvin.

"Look in my eyes when you clean my cock, faggot," demanded Calvin.

Thankfully this initial fucking did not take place in a public place where people could witness his total humiliation. What bothered Levi more than anything was how his wife was going to react. Putting that issue behind

him, Levi looked up at Calvin, opened his mouth, and took the head of his cock into his mouth. He sucked and licked the head and shaft. When he thought he was done, Calvin demanded, "Clean my balls too. They are part of the sex that gives you what you desire." Levi closed his eyes, bowed his head and caressed the hairy balls of the man that broke him and made him into a sniveling faggot sissy bitch. He continued his oral ministrations until Calvin unceremoniously pushed him away.

"Nice one bitch," said Calvin. "My cum is dripping from your cunt. Next time I fuck you, I will close your pussy with a butt plug so my seed can take root in your rectum. Now, stand up, clean up, and meet me outside."

"I don't have anything to wear and I'm so worn out from you fuckin' me. Please, help me to the truck," cried Levi.

"Wear your fuckin' faggot panties, thigh highs, and heels," growled Calvin. "No one will care that you're dressed the way you are. They all know you're my bitch. If you can't take the cock, get out of being a faggot."

"Jesus fuckin' Christ!!!" cried Levi. "You fuckin' made me into your bitch!!! So, take care of me!!!"

The smirk on Calvin's face was priceless. He rolled his right hand into a fist, put it on Levi's jaw, and spat, "You fuckin' demand anything from me except for my cock, this fist will break every fuckin' bone in your body. Now, get the fuck out of here."

Levi knew better than to argue or even beg for anything from Calvin. He dried his body, put on his feminine undergarments, the heels, and with fear on his face and in his heart, he departed the shower section of the building for the truck. He arrived at the truck only to realize that he did not have the keys. Levi had no way to open the door. His only choices were to stay by the truck or return to the restaurant and ask Calvin for the key. He stayed by the truck and suffered the slings and arrows of being called all sorts of derogatory names. Finally, Levi sat on the ground and quietly cried.

Two hours later Calvin walked up to the cab and without a word, unlocked the driver's side door, opened it, and climbed inside. When Levi did not attempt to enter the cab, he opened the door, leaned out, and commanded, "Get your skinny fuckin' ass in the truck. It is time for you to suckle my cock until I fall asleep. Then you can get in front and sleep on the passenger seat."

Levi did not respond. He climbed into the cab, put his things in the well in front of the passenger seat, turned, and crawled into the sleep section of the truck. Calvin was totally naked. Levi sighed, moved between his Master's legs, and began to suckle the cock that would own him for an eternity.

Five weeks later Calvin and Levi returned to the Able-Bodied Trucking depot. To all the depot based employees, the shock of all shocks was seeing Levi exit the truck wearing a dress, stockings, and heels. He was all made up and his hair was coiffed in a shoulder length face framing cut. Once Levi had made his way into the building to sign in and make sure his wife had been paid his base salary, several employees met to exchange money based upon several betting pools. Calvin collected the most money because he bet that Levi would not quit or try to end his sissy situation by murder or suicide. It took both drivers thirty-five minutes to get everything in order with the dispatcher. They were informed that they had another run scheduled for ten days hence. Levi did not respond. Calvin did. He accepted the westward route.

"Levi," said Calvin, "time to take me home."

"You have your own car," responded Levi. "You can drive yourself home."

Calvin put his arm around Levi's shoulders, guided him out of the building, and said, "No my sweet fag boi, I am going home with you. It is time for me to introduce the new you to your wife. I am sure as the sun rises in the east that she will be more than ready to become my white black cock whore."

"I guess I have no way to get you to not come to my house," said Levi. "I will serve you on the road, but please do not ruin my marriage."

"You have one choice boy," countered Calvin, "drive me to your house or I drop you off in the city with a very coercive friend. He will do things that will force you to accept being whored out for twenty bucks a blow job."

"You wouldn't..." said Levi.

The ham hock hand slid from his shoulder and wrapped around the back of his neck. Calvin held him with a one-handed vice grip and said, "When I came to your house before we left, it was to check out your darling wife. I saw her attitude and I saw her glances at my crotch. I am going to take that sweet white girl from you. When I get done with her she will beg for my cock and your mouth to clean up the cum that will be dripping from her very just fucked cunt. There is no way you are going to stop what is inevitable. "

Levi tried to get Calvin to release his hold on his neck. Nothing he did made Calvin loosen or totally release his hold. It was apparent that Levi had no way out. He would have to watch Calvin seduce his wife. His only hope would be for Sonia to use her womanly wiles and strength to get Calvin to cease his unwanted sexual approaches to her. Levi held his hands up in surrender.

Calvin released his iron grip and without any ceremony pushed the scared sissy to his car. The drive to Levi's house took twenty minutes. When Levi pulled in front of his house he saw that Sonia was home. His life passed before his eyes. He knew once Calvin entered the house Sonia would fight but ultimately succumb to his demands.

"Stay here bitch," said Calvin. "I will come to the front door and wave to you when to come in. Make sure your clothing looks respectable and your makeup is perfect. I do not want her to give me a reason to have to forcibly put my cock up her ass."

"I will Master," replied Levi. He watched Calvin exit his car, walk up to the front door, and use his key to enter.

"Sonia," called out Calvin. "Where are you?"

Sonia walked out of the only bedroom in their small house trailer. She saw Calvin standing inside the door and stopped short. She was very intelligent, but very confused. How did Levi's driving partner and mentor have a key to their small house trailer? She stood for a moment, gathered her wits about her, and asked, "Where is Levi? And, how do you have a key?"

Calvin grinned from ear-to-ear. His large pearly whites glittered between his thick Negroid lips. "Levi gave me the key. I'm here to talk to you Sonia about Levi."

The smile went to a frown and Sonia asked, "What is wrong with Levi? Is he sick? Where is he?"

"Levi is not sick," responded Calvin. He stepped into the living room, dining room, kitchen area of the small house trailer. He closed the distance between Sonia and himself. When he was within a small distance he stopped and said, 'Levi is outside in the car. I needed to come inside to talk to you. Why don't we sit down? Possible to get a mug of coffee?"

"No coffee," replied Sonia. She stood her ground and demanded, "Where is Levi? And why isn't he with you?"

Calvin sighed and decided to just tell her what she wanted to know no matter how much it would hurt her. "Levi has agreed to be my bitch. He is sitting in the car dressed in women's clothing. He as sucked my cock and I have fucked him every day since we departed. The only role he has in life is to provide me with sexual relief as we motor around the country. It did not take much to make him see that I was destined to be his owner."

"Owner?" queried Sonia. "Like he's your slave?"

"In a sense," replied Calvin. "If I tell him to do something, he does it without question. What I want from you is the same agreement to be mine. I have thought about being in you for weeks. What I want is for you to simply agree, take off your clothing, and be naked when Levi enters the house. See, when he is with me and not driving, he is always naked. You will be too."

Sonia looked around for something to throw at Calvin. She found nothing so she decided to reply, "Go fuck yourself Calvin. I am not consenting to anything you want."

"Levi hinted that you would make trouble," said Calvin. "I think you should review your options because if you continue to fight me, I will have to have non-consensual sex with. And, when I am done, I will do it again and again. Our initial sexual interaction will consist of me fuckin' you up your ass, than up your cunt, and finally shoving my cock into your bleeding mouth because I will have knocked out all of your teeth. Oh, and don't think about going to the police because Levi will confirm that you agreed to my rough sex."

"What the fuck?" yelled Sonia. "Non-consensual sex is nothing more than rape and rape is a felony. I'll call the police."

"You won't have the strength to call the police," stated Calvin with assurance. "When I get done with you, you'll be too tired to move or you'll be dead. Either way, I will own you. Levi will then become my faggot wife until I find another couple to own."

"Jesus Christ," cried Sonia, "you've done this before?"

"I have," said Calvin. "In fact, I've done time because of my arrogant nigger attitude towards white people. But, if you agree, I promise that you will be well taken care of and royally fucked every day of your relationship with me."

"That's nice," said Sonia, "but what happens when you go on the road? You won't be here to control me."

"The psychological and emotional aspects of your need for big black cock will keep you in line," said Calvin. "And, I have some friends who would love to stop in to make sure you are towing the line. They'll also fuck you because you will have a burning need to feel a big black cock inside your body."

"Shit," you are one crazy nigger," said Sonia.

'She called me a nigger,' thought Calvin, *'I need to get this white bitch under control.'* He did not want to kill her with a simple right to the jaw, so, open-handed he slapped Sonia across the face. It was hard enough to leave a bright red mark on her face. Sonia reeled backwards and fell to the floor. Her hands were cupping her face which hurt like the dickens. Calvin stepped up to her, kicked her legs open, grabbed her by the hair, and pulled her face up. He wanted to spit in her face, but decided against it. Instead, he put his mouth next to her ear and spat, "You are my white bitch. You holes belong to me. I will breed you. You will raise my bastard children. You have one decision to make. It is to respond in the positive to my becoming your Master."

The stars Sonia saw were not the twinkling ones that filled the sky at night. They were the stars of pain and humiliation. If she could get free from his hold and crawl into the bedroom, she just may have the time to unlock the biometric gun case. Inside she knew was a Glock 22 chambered in .40 S&W with a full magazine and a round in the chamber. Although she was not a trained military or police person, she did take self-defense courses and excelled at

target shooting. Blowing holes in paper was nothing compared to blowing a hole in a person. It took a moment for her to realize that time would be on her side and was not of the essence. Her decision was made.

"Let go of me, Master," said Sonia diving into Calvin's game lock, stock, and barrel. She knew he was too fuckin' stupid to see her play him for the idiot he was. "Please!!!" she begged.

"Smart bitch," said Calvin as he released his hold on her hair. "Now get your white ass up, get undressed, and follow back to the center of the room."

'He will suffer,' thought Sonia. It became her silent mantra as she removed her shoes and ankle socks first. Then her top and her jeans. She unhooked her bra, pulled it off of her, and dropped it on the floor. She did not smile or smirk, but she decided to entice Calvin by wiggling her hips as she lowered her panties, lifted her right and then her left leg to free them. She held them for a second, brought them to her face, smelled the crotch, smiled, licked her lips, and tossed them behind her. The look on Calvin's face was priceless. She noticed his pants were expanded as just by putting on a little show, she made him a bit hard.

"Go get a pair of your highest heels, bitch," commanded Calvin. "I know you have to have a pair of fuck me shoes to get your faggot lickin' his lips and his useless little clitty hard."

Sonia turned went into the bedroom, opened the sliding closet door, bent down to her right, and found a pair of three inch platform soled shoes with six inch stiletto heels. She slipped them on and bitched to herself that the biometric gun safe was sitting unnoticed by Calvin in the small bedside table on her side of the bed. She rose and now stood three inches taller but without any ability to run. The shoes were good for one thing and one thing only, raise the level of her pussy to a height that was easy for Levi to orally pleasure her. Wiggling her hips and ass, Sonia returned to the center of the central room in the small house trailer.

"Sweet Jesus," said Calvin. "If there anything I love about hot white women, it is the ones who have a beautiful space between their thighs. I call it the upside down triangle of love. Bet Levi loved to go down on you when you wore those *'fuck me'* shoes." Calvin paused, adjusted his crotch, and when he was comfortable said, "I am going to call Levi in. You will be standing next to me. Your right hand will be wrapped around my cock. You will gently stroke it. When he enters you will ask, *'Is this what is fuckin' you, Levi?'* Understood?"

The girl knew how to play the game, "Yes Master," replied Sonia.

After Calvin waved for Levi, he came next to her right side, pulled out his not tumescent cock, and did not have to ask her to wrap her lily white hand around it. He felt her begin to gently massage his cock. Nothing would stop him from getting hard. He wanted to be at full erection when Levi entered his small trailer house. The door opened, Levi stepped in, and dressed as if he was attending a black-tie dinner brought Sonia's attention to him.

Their eyes met. Sonia thought she was looking at a runway model. The little black dress fell just long enough to cover Levi's genitals. There was no bulge where his cock and balls would be. The dress was an off the shoulder model with a simple synch belt around the waist. On his legs he wore a shimmering pair of thigh high stockings that were held up by a garter belt that was hidden beneath the little black dress. Sonia saw that Levi's hair was professionally cut, but someone had to teach him how to keep it as well as put on the makeup he was wearing. Last but not least, on Levi's feet were a pair Jimmy Choo six inch stiletto heels. Sonia finally caught her breath and said, "Oh my fuckin' god, you look beautiful. I never..."

Before she could finish and before Levi could answer, Calvin commanded, "Get over here bitch and honor your Master."

Inside Sonia froze as she continued to stroke the massive cock that was now at it full state of erection. She wondered what Calvin meant by 'honoring your Master'. It did not take long for Sonia to find out its meaning.

Levi sashayed over to where Calvin and Sonia stood. Fear was spread across his face. His eyes were bulging just a bit as he came upon his naked wife. Her smell got to him. Levi groaned but did not verbalize his disgust

at what Calvin did to him and was doing to his wife. Per training, Levi licked his lips making sure they were moist. He ran his tongue over the front of his teeth. He went to his knees, looked up at Calvin for a moment, and returned his gaze to the cock that he learned to stimulate. His words were soft, "Master, may I kiss you. May I suckle you until you provide me with the essence of your being. I am beholden to you for making me into the sissy that is before you now. Please Master. Allow me to suck you."

"F U C K . . ." was all Sonia could say until Calvin ordered her to hold Levi's Master in a position that he would be able to begin fellating the cock she was holding.

Levi tried with all his being to avoid looking up and seeing the love of his life standing above him watching him suck a cock. It was something they had fun with when they were making love and playing some fantasy sex game. All he wanted was for Calvin to tell him to stop, but inside he knew that was never going to happen. Per his training, Levi stuck out his tongue and gently licked the purple head of Calvin's cock. He knew from five weeks experience, Calvin expected him to use his tongue to lubricate the head even though there was no real need to. The idea of using his tongue and only his tongue was to humiliate him. Levi tried to keep from getting an erection. He did not want Sonia to see him becoming sexually excited because he was fellating another man. After several minutes of simply licking the head of Calvin's cock, Levi looked up and into Calvin's eyes, opened his mouth, and took at least half its length into his mouth and throat.

"F U C K . . ." slipped from Sonia's mouth. She could not believe her husband had a good six to seven inches of Calvin's thick cock in his mouth and most definitely down his throat. Her hand moved and she noticed that it was Calvin who was moving from the shaft of his cock.

"Open," said Calvin.

Levi, with his mouth still around his Master, used his hands to undo Calvin's belt, jean button, and the zipper. With what had to be several weeks of practice, Levi lowered Calvin's pants. The trick was getting his underwear down without totally losing his oral grip on his Master. Sonia watched amazed as her husband took the waistband of the boxer briefs, pulled it out, and with one swift motion, pulled them down. What amazed her more than anything was the split second Levi released the fat cock from his mouth, let the waist band stretch over the end of the twelve inch cock, and return to his mouth as if it was never inside a pair of men's underwear.

"Return and hold," said Calvin.

Levi began to bob his head on his Master. He started slowly as with each downward movement took more of Calvin's cock into his throat. It took several minutes for Levi to accomplish his mission. Calvin did not say a word he just watched his bitch do its duty. Once Levi had deep throat his Master three times, on the fourth he slid the cock into his mouth and throat and held his nose against Calvin's trimmed pubic bush. Per his training, Levi's hands went to his side and Calvin began to cause his cock to pulse in its oral home.

"F U C K . . ." said Sonia. "Fuck me... I would never be able to do that." She just stared at her husband and as Calvin used this throat to masturbate she actually started to become sexually stimulated. To her chagrin and her amazement, she was getting wet. She turned her head to Calvin and asked, "Did it take you long to teach him to suck your cock like that?"

"Not really," replied Calvin. "Pain is a very good stimulant for teaching."

"Oh," said Sonia. "You didn't really hurt him?"

"Some, but he recovered, as you can see," said Calvin.

Then out of nowhere, Calvin reached behind Sonia's head, pulled her face towards his, and placed his lips on hers. For a split second, Sonia tried to stop the kiss. Then she felt his hand wrap around the back of her neck. She started to repeat her Mantra as she opened her mouth to allow his tongue to enter. They kissed as Levi sucked Calvin's cock. Calvin did not stop kissing Sonia for a moment. He proceeded to begin a hot make out session to

enhance the feeling of Levi's mouth on his cock. Sonia wanted to break away from the man that had feminized and sissified her husband. But, she had to admit that seeing Levi with a big black cock in his mouth was very stimulating and hot.

Calvin broke the kiss, "I'd rather be fuckin' you that have that bitch husband of yours suckin' 'his Master. Where did I tell you my cock was going first?"

In a small scared girl's voice, Sonia said, "Up my ass."

"Good girl," said Calvin. "Do you clean yourself back there on a regular basis?"

"Not really."

"You will start later tonight. I don't care if there is fecal matter on my cock when Levi cleans it. What I want more than anything is to fuck you up your tight white ass right now. Are you an anal virgin?"

Sonia closed her eyes as she did not want to answer her tormentor. When she felt his hand close around the sides of her neck, she opened her eyes, and whispered, "Levi has fucked me up my ass. I don't think I will be able to accommodate your prick."

"Trust me when I tell you it will fit," said Calvin. "There was only one person that could not accept my cock up her ass. She was eighteen and I was nineteen. The little white girl had never had sex and I wanted to break her in. Sadly, I tore her sphincter. She recovered but could not shit like a normal person. She had to have a colostomy bag inserted. Other than that one incident, every person I have butt fucked has had all of my twelve inches inserted into their rectums. Men became pussy bois like your faggot husband suckin' my cock. Women just found out that a finger or two on the clits stimulated them enough for them to enjoy having a log shoved up their asses. Now, it is your turn."

"Please Master," begged Sonia totally forgetting her Mantra, "give me some time. Let me train my sphincter to stretch open under stimulation. Then you'll be able to insert your cock into my rectum and fuck it to your heart's content."

The laughter pissed Sonia off. "I'm not fuckin' stupid," growled Calvin. "I want you to be tight. I want the head of my cock to press into you and stretch the primary and secondary sphincters that protect your bowel." Calvin paused, kissed Sonia's mouth, and said, "What I want and need is to hear the sound of your voice in extreme pain as my cock enters your body through an orifice that it was not designed for entry activities. I love the shrill squeal of a man or woman getting butt fucked for the first time. For you it won't be the first time, but the size of my cock will give me what I want."

To try and keep Calvin centered on the blowjob he was receiving Levi renewed his sucking. The renewed sucking was in addition to Levi playing with Calvin's large balls and the slow stroking of his anus. There were several times while he was blowing Calvin that he allowed Levi to finger his ass to massage his prostate. Levi had wanted to find out if Calvin had been butt fucked when in was in prison. That could be a strong reason for his obsession with anal intercourse and his need to always be the top. Levi saw Calvin kissing Sonia. Maybe if he timed it right, a finger up his ass would give his wife some you're not to straight ammunition.

Calvin and Sonia's kisses became more passionate. For the first time since his lips touched hers, Sonia wrapped her arms around Calvin's shoulders. She pressed her lithe toned body into his. Their body heat enhanced their contact and added to their desire. The little white girl with a PhD had never been intimate with a black man. She'd hugged a few. Chastely kissed others. But, she never once plastered her naked body against a massive hunk of a toned black man with a very special black cock. Her mind was on giving Calvin what he wanted. The fact that Levi was sucking Calvin's cock was something she did not care about. She wanted him in her body.

She broke the kiss and said, "Will you at least make Levi rim my asshole? Allow me that before you fuck me like I've never been fucked before."

"You let me fuck you and you will never be the same again," said Calvin. "I will own you."

"I'm so fuckin' hot," moaned Sonia. "I need to feel what I was holding inside me. If my ass is what you want, then you can have it. I am thinking you fucked a lot of boy pussy in prison and because of it, you'd rather have an ass that a pussy."

"I was fuckin' ass before I was fuckin' prisoner boi pussy," retorted Calvin.

"How many times did a brother bend you over and shove his cock up your prisoner boi pussy?"

Calvin pushed Levi off of his cock. He grabbed Sonia round her throat and spat, "Ain't no cock been up my ass bitch. I ain't no faggot."

It was Levi who in a way came to Sonia's rescue, "Well maybe a Corrections Officer butt fucked you the first few days after you arrived. Isn't it true that the first few days or weeks you are house separately so the guards can teach you the rules and regulations? Could it be that one of the rules was to prepare your big black ass for some white Corrections Officer cock?"

Sonia watched as Calvin took his anger out on her husband. He tossed Levi around like a rag doll. When he had enough of physically abusing him, Calvin pushed Levi against the front door, pulled up his dress, and without any lubrication or ceremony, pushed the full length of his cock up Levi's sissy faggot boi pussy. Levi screamed in pain. Sonia moaned for her husband because seeing Calvin's cock embedded in her husband's ass was turning her on.

"FUCK HIM CALVIN!!!" cried Sonia. "Show me how you fucked him for the past five weeks. Do it nigger!!!"

Calvin picked up his pace. Levi's sphincter grew accustomed to Calvin's cock and it made it easier for him to move his hips and make it easier for Calvin to fuck him. Most times Calvin wanted Levi to move his body so it felt like he was masturbating Calvin with his asshole. Now, Calvin was pounding his ass in revenge for what he said. Levi finally had the presence of mind to be able to turn his head and what he saw pained him more than having Calvin's twelve inch cock up his ass.

Sonia had fallen against the small table they use to eat on. Her legs were spread. Her hand was between them stroking her clitoris. Every so often a few fingers would enter her hole and she would frig herself. Her eyes were wide open as she masturbated to the sight of a big nigger buck fuckin' her skinny wimp of a husband. It did not take long for Sonia to attain a body wracking orgasm. Her muscles tensed, her asshole had multiple spasms, and her vagina flooded and leaked copious amounts of vaginal fluids.

Levi could not believe what he had just witnessed. His wife and the love of his life masturbating to a full body wracking orgasm because she was turned on by seeing him being savagely butt fucked by a muscular nigger. He could not save himself from his desires and feelings. He wanted more than anything to save his marriage by not being the bitch a big black nigger. It was not going to happen. The cock that was slicing in and out of his ass was doing to him what it did for the five weeks he serviced Calvin on the road. His mind went where it needed to go. He turned his head away from his wife and he looked down to watch his cock flap as he was butt fucked.

"Oh god," moaned Levi. "Fuck me with my Master. Give me your load. Let me feel it leak out of my stretched boi pussy." He paused because he wanted to look up and see what Sonia was doing. He knew if he did and saw what he did not want to, he would die of a broken heart. So, he forced himself to look at his now useless cock forever to be known as his clitty and let Calvin fuck him for as long as it took for him to get over his anger. When he did, Levi knew he would slowdown his thrusts, press his cock into Levi, and tap him on his shoulders to let him know he wanted him to masturbate him with his anal sphincter and muscles.

It lasted for another thirty-five minutes. Calvin fucked Levi nonstop. His shirt was drenched in sweat. His ass shone in the light due to being covered in a sheen of sweat. His hips moved as if they were programmed to never stop. No words were spoken by Calvin. He just trust and parried his cock into and out of Levi's ass. The expectation of him slowing down did not come to fruition for Levi. As his orgasm built, Calvin started to keep his cock inside Levi

longer. This was the clue that his orgasm was rising from his balls. Levi felt the first pulse of cum before he heard Calvin.

"TAKE IT BITCH!!! TAKE YOUR MAN'S LOAD!!!" cried Calvin. He slammed his cock into Levi and screamed, "I'M CUMMING!!!"

Levi felt nine strong pulses along the length of Calvin's cock known forever as his Master. For only the fourth time, Calvin kept his cock pressed into Levi's pussy as he ejaculated. Most times he would move his hips in short staccato bursts as he bred Levi. Tonight he was so hot that the only relief came when he was balls deep in his sissy's ass as his balls gave up their precious cargo of baby makers.

Sonia was in another world. She walked over to where Calvin was still embedded in her husband's ass. She stepped to Calvin's side and gently took his scrotum into the palm of her hand. She massaged the testicles within the skin sack. She felt their size and their weight. It did not take long for Calvin to begin to respond to her caresses. He looked at her as she pursed her lips, licked them, and said, "Fuck him again you big nigger. I know you fucked him twice every night. Kept your big nigger cock up his pussy ass until you were hard again. Then you fucked him for an hour or so before dumped another load up his ass. Do it Calvin. Fuck him. Give him what you want. He is yours to do with as you please."

Calvin did not respond. He closed his eyes and reveled in the fact that a beautiful white girl was caressing his balls as his big nigger cock was beginning to return to full mast without ever leaving the faggot pussy he had just seeded. It took but three minutes for Calvin to renew his fucking of Levi. It took another seven minutes for Calvin to renew his savage thrusting into and out of Levi's ass. He felt the hand that was on his balls leave. He did not object. Levi was using his muscles to caress and stroke his cock as he fucked the married faggot.

Sonia fell back to the small table. Leaned against it, but did not masturbate. She stood relieved that Calvin was fuckin' her husband instead of her. The activity would end soon. Hopefully Calvin would sink to the floor because his legs would not support him and fall into a deep after sex sleep. Then she would care for Levi and decide how she was going to end her insanity. For her, Levi was a lost cause. If he accepted that she would now be the dominant one in their relationship, she would emasculate Calvin before he woke thus bringing an end to his reign of terror. Sonia knew she had to act before he finished.

She reached for and found a six inch paring knife that she had an obsessive-compulsive need to keep very sharp. The knife would slide easily through Calvin's genitals because its edge was more than razor sharp. Using care, she palmed the knife and returned to where Calvin was blindly fucking her husband. She cooed as she approached the man who took her husband from her. For just a moment, she surveyed the landscape of Calvin's cock slipping into and almost completely out of Levi's ass. Her ears turned off the complicit moaning of Levi as he accepted being Calvin's bitch.

Calvin's thrusts continued at a pace that would allow Sonia to do what she needed to stop the insanity. She took a half-step backwards and moved closer to Calvin's right hip and buttock. He was so into fucking Levi he did not acknowledge that her left hand was now holding his scrotum. Her arm moved to and fro with Calvin's fucking. It was decided by Sonia to make the first cut when he was balls deep in her husband. She would then have seconds to grab his cock and lop it off at its base.

Sonia counted six thrusts and on the seventh, she pulled down Calvin's scrotum with his balls. As she predicted, Calvin froze for a split-second. Her right hand moved with lightning speed and with the deftness of an experienced castration cowboy.

Calvin screamed, "WHAT THE FUCK!!!" His hands released Levi's hips. As his softening cock slid out of Levi's ass, Sonia finished the last half of Calvin's emasculation.

With a shit-eating grin on her face, Sonia grabbed Calvin's shaft, pulled it forward, and at the base deftly sliced it off of his body. The cut was quick and perfectly placed. Sonia thanked her lucky stars that the tendon that was Calvin's cock did not impede the flow of the knife through it. Calvin's cock and balls lay on the floor. There was

more blood than she expected as she watched the genital arteries pulse out Calvin's lifeblood. If she didn't take care, Calvin would bleed out. It would be acceptable if he did, but she wanted him to suffer for the rest of his life.

Calvin screamed again as he looked down to see his genitals lying on the floor. His hands went to his crotch not so much to stem the bleeding but feel what he was missing. His eyes glazed over as he fell to his knees and then onto his face.

Eight weeks later, Calvin's doctors signed the release papers freeing him from the hospital. The doctors had rerouted his urethra and because he lost quite a bit of it, Calvin learned he had to sit to urinate. The idea of him sitting to piss like a woman did not fare well with his emotional wellbeing. They used plastic surgery to smooth the genitalless skin between his legs. As the surgery moved forward, the doctors made a decision to leave his prostate gland in place. They felt it would be better served to have him produce some male hormones. They also knew that stimulation of the gland would result in an orgasm similar to one a sissy on small doses of hormones would have when he was milked or fucked anally. The only people to visit Calvin during his hospitalization, recuperation, and physical therapy was Sonia and Levi. Because he was no longer a man, but an emasculated eunuch, his anger and sexual drive were diminished greatly, in fact they were close to non-existent. Psychologically, physically, and emotionally Calvin was not the muscular strong-willed black man he was.

"Ready to leave, Calvin?" asked Sonia knowing he had no place to go and no one to care for him.

Over the time of his recovery, Calvin learned to accept that the only two people who would care for him was woman who emasculated him and the man who he abused just because he could. "Yes Miss Sonia," said Calvin, "I am ready to leave."

"Good," said Sonia.

Calvin stood, sat in the wheelchair, and nodded to Levi that he was ready to leave.

"I have something for you," said Sonia. She removed a folded piece of paper from her purse, handed it to Calvin, and said, "Read it as we descend to the car."

Calvin opened the piece of paper and read:

A man without a cock and balls has no physical sexual implements to use to abuse those he wants to coerce into becoming his sexual slaves.

A man that survives the nonconsensual loss of his family jewels will live the rest of his life as a psychologically, physically, and emotionally broken shell of a man.

A man that survives the loss of his sexual organs will be relegated to a life of remembering what was and crying over what was lost.

A man that is without his family jewels will remember what was and will cry uncontrollably knowing he will never feel the intensity of a full body orgasm.

A man that is without his family jewels will remember what was and will ultimately succumb to the knowledge that the only way he will be able to attain a quasi-orgasm is to have an implement inserted into his ass so his prostate gland may be massaged to release its useless seminal fluid.

A man that survives the loss of his genitals will forever be frustrated and cry because there will be nothing for him to use to masturbate.

A man that survives the loss of his genitals and needs to feel the sensation of masturbation and orgasm will have to use a dildo to stimulate his prostate to attain a frustrating orgasm.

A man that survives the loss of his genitals will cry uncontrollably every time he remembers what was there when he strokes the smooth skin between his legs to clean up after he sits to urinate.

An emasculated man is no longer a man.

Calvin Alvin Washington is a eunuch who will serve his saviors for the rest of his natural life.

Calvin Alvin Washington will thank his tormentors for saving his life every waking moment of his tormented life.

Calvin folded the piece of paper, set down on his lap, and said, "I want to thank both of you for saving my life. I will serve each of you faithfully for the rest of my life."

It was Levi who answered with a growl, "You're damn right NIGGER!!!"