

# BLACK FUTURE

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#1



20,000  
WORDS OF  
SIZZLING  
PROSE

# WHITNEY RYAN

# BLACK FUTURE

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Publisher's note: This book contains vivid descriptions of sexuality.

# **BLACK FUTURE: BOOK ONE**

**BY WHITNEY RYAN**

Alex labored up the mountainside. His charcoal-black hunting cloak flapped in the late afternoon breeze. His eyes were two slits, glaring beneath the shadow of his hood. Through familiar trails he trudged, his legs burning as the terrain steepened, carrying a pair of plump rabbits freshly retrieved from his traps. Subsistence living must have been hard enough, Alex thought, in the pre-war days. But to do it now, stripped of manhood, bereft of testosterone, addled with government-issued hormones? It was humiliating.

Such was life in New Africa.

Alex arrived at his log cabin, tucked away at the edge of a small village. It overlooked a panorama of peaks: a stretch of glorious mountainous terrain which, only ten years prior, had been part of the state of Georgia. Those days seemed like a half-remembered dream: hazy, idealized, unreal.

Alex stopped at the doorway and looked back over the winding trails he'd climbed, over the mountains of his youth. It was a beautiful day. The late summer's air was warm and filled with golden sunshine. Broad-tailed hawks lazily patrolled the sky. Alex hated beautiful days; they tempted him into the seductive trap of hope. And ever since the revolution, Alex had learned one thing with total certainty: a whiteboi must never, ever, ever dare to hope.

He entered the cabin, placed the rabbits on the handmade kitchen counter, and removed his cloak. Alex's shoulder-length pink-and-blue wig bounced, shiny and voluminous, as he pulled it off and placed it on its mannequin's head beside the hat rack. Many whitebois wore their wigs at home, but not Alex. He was only legally required to wear it out of house, and by god, he wouldn't wear it a moment longer. He gladly exchanged the humiliating, slutty wig for his natural, short dirty blonde hair when he could. It was one of his small, personal rebellions.

Alex heard the drone of the television in the main room. He knew what that meant: Cori and Tori had sneaked in again to watch television. Wearing his government-issued skirt and stockings, Alex went into the main room to see what the two troublemakers were doing.

"Where's Kaylee? I brought dinner," Alex said, trying his best to sound gruff and manly, despite the hormones.

"Down in the village square," Cori said, twirling the tresses of his green wig, lounging on the old threadbare couch.

"She's reading stories to the kids again," Tori said, eyes glued to the screen.

Cori and Tori were born male. They were only teenagers, and consequently they barely remembered life before the revolution. Like all whitebois in New Africa, they'd been placed on hormones immediately following the cease-fire. They knew nothing of the world before. No John Wayne, no cowboys and Indians, no white male heroes. They became natural sissies, dressed the part, and though Alex tried his best, he couldn't awaken any rebellious masculine impulses within them. They, like many others in the village, regarded Alex as a quixotic subversive: a dreamer with delusions of grandeur.

"You two want to stay for supper? Kaylee's cooking up her famous rabbit stew," Alex said.

"Ohmigod that sounds soooo good, Alexa," Tori said, eyes still glued to the ancient, pre-war flat-screen TV.

*Alexa.* Alex hated his government name. He shuddered at the sound of it. But by now, he was far past correcting other whitebois when they used it.

It was the sort of trivial humiliation that chipped away his soul. His life was full of these small indignities. Such is the cost of losing a race war.

“You’re amazing, Captain Soul,” came a pretty voice from the TV. “Thank you for saving us from those whiteboi losers.”

“Anytime,” came a deep African baritone. “And now, I think there’s somethin’ ya’ll bitches need to do for me.”

Alex looked up at the TV to see a black man on the screen — rippling, musclebound, hulking, with a powerful and heroic jaw — surrounded by two scantily clad blonde women. They wore sci-fi clothing in a futuristic setting. Two whitebois in neon sissy wigs were hanging from a light post behind them: lifeless and lynched by the brave ebony hero.

“What the fuck are you two watching?” Alex asked.

“*Captain Soul Patrol*,” Tori said. “Everybody loves *Captain Soul Patrol*.”

There were only three channels. All state-run. All full of outright propaganda or, worse, pulp action shows like *Captain Soul Patrol*. Alex hated when the village teens came over and watched the filth. It all was written, produced, and transmitted from Atlanta: the capital of New Africa.

“Hey Alexa,” Cori said. “Is it true there were, like, hundreds of channels before the war?”

“Yes,” Alex said. “And that doesn’t even include the Internet. The Internet had even more content than TV.”

“Must have been amazing,” Tori said.

Alex could hardly bear to look at the screen. It was total demoralization. For god’s sake, families got together to watch these shows. It was the only option. There was no escape. And whitebois like Tori and Cori actually liked watching it?

“Fuck us with your master cock, big black daddy,” one of the blondes said, bending her gorgeous, fat white ass over for Captain Soul.

“We want black babies,” the other said, tickling his balls.

“I’m finna nut up in dem guts!” Captain Soul said, wielding his 14-inch glistening black cock. “Git dem white wombs ready. Ya’ll bout ta git knocked up!”

The screen was two decades old: from the 2020s. But it still displayed crystal clear picture in 4k quality. Tori and Cori's eyes widened as they watched the huge purple head of Captain Soul's monster cock, smooth jazz playing in the background, slipping into those wet pink pussy lips. The camera showed every detail — with masterful prime-time production quality — as the white women's faces writhed in bliss. They screamed, howled, and moaned for his cum. They wanted a black baby. They *needed* a black baby. It was every white woman's duty, after all: for the good of the nation.

“Aw fuck, dat's a tight-ass white pussy,” Captain Soul cried, his wide African nostrils flaring with passion.

Alex couldn't believe it had come to this. Whitebois were so desperate to catch a glimpse of a real biological white women, they'd tune in to watch a black hero save the day, defeat the evil whitebois, and impregnate their women. It stood to reason; most whitebois hadn't laid eyes on a white woman in the flesh since the war.

“Enough of this,” Alex said. “You two go tell Kaylee I've got rabbits for dinner.”

“Fine, whatever,” Tori said, standing up, checking his sissy makeup in his compact mirror.

The two of them sashayed out the front door in their sissy skirts and heels, colorful wigs bouncing. A high-pitched alarm sounded on Alex's end table: his daily reminder to take his E. Alex went to fetch his E pills from the kitchen and returned to the main room, still transfixed by the pornography. He unscrewed the cap of his E bottle with white knuckles, brimming with rage as the black hero gave dripping creampiees to the nubile white blondes.

“I hope my baby has super dark skin. He's gonna be a powerful African warrior!” one of the blondes groaned, ropes of precious black seed dripping from her pretty pink pussy.

“I'm naming mine Jamal. He's going to fight in the New African army!” the other groaned.

As the camera zoomed in on the beautiful black cock, shimmering with the blondes' frothy pussy cream, its head dripping master seed, Alex

turned the channel. The rage had overwhelmed him again. The all-consuming furnace of envy and impotent anger burned in the pit of his stomach.

*Those blondes looked just like Kaylee*, he thought. It terrified and disgusted him. The one pure thing in his life, the oasis in a sea of cruel domination, would never be subjected to this filth. They'd never find her. Sweet Kaylee, meek and mild and un-defiled, would remain blissfully ignorant, contented with the simple life in the mountain village. Alex may not be able to marry her, but he could cling to his last tenuous thread of his manhood: he could protect her.

“We got breaking news up in dis bitch,” a news bulletin flashed across the screen as Alex flipped over to Channel One.

A dark-skinned black man wore an amalgam of traditional African and urban street garb. The news anchors wore African dashikis, but also elaborate hip-hop-inspired bling: huge diamond stud earrings, platinum grills in their mouths, and 24-karat medallions on gold chains.

“Da High Council met in Atlanta today. Chief Darius X revealed plans for two new breeding facilities in da capital district. After da summit, he spoke to da media 'bout New Africa's changin' demographics.”

Chief Darius X, the leader of the New African government, stood at a spotless chrome podium. A black power fist, the young country's national symbol, blinked with gaudy red, yellow, and green lights as Darius towered above. Darius was enormous: 6'6", a mountain of hulking muscle. He had been a commander in the revolution, a national hero, and his powerful black face bore a long diagonal scar from an old war wound. He wore an ornate ceremonial robe, priceless jewelry, and a colorful tribal headdress.

“We have taken new measures to ensure a pure, undiluted black future in New Africa,” Darius said in a rich, rumbling baritone.

The assembled black crowd cheered, hooted, and hollered. Their voices were filled with rage and triumph.

“Our darkest purestrains are, at this very moment, breeding the white female cattle in our facilities. And those offspring, when they come of age, will in turn be given to the purestrains again. And again. And again, I say, brothers! Until there is NO TRACE of white genetics in this sacred land!”

The crowd cheered in rapture. Despite the drugs and the programming meant to dull his emotions, Alex's heart seethed with rage. He couldn't bear to watch another second. He turned off the pre-war TV, his face red with resentment, and choked down his estrogen dose: a pink pill with the letter E printed in black on either side.

Like always, with a small swig of water, the E tasted bitter on the way down.



Alex walked down to the village square, wearing his pink-and-blue sissy wig once again. He couldn't chance being seen outdoors without it. Many horror stories circulated about those who were found in violation of the whiteboi dress code and protocols.

The village square sat in the center of the dozen or so rustic cabins comprising the village. Like spokes on a wheel, paths led out to each home from the central village square. It was the center of community life in the village — a place where whitebois of all ages socialized and rested in-between their daily toil.

Alex hated socializing. The other men in the village, and their sissified sons, were resigned to their fate. Whether it was the E pills, the chemical castration and sterilization, or the daily grind, Alex wasn't certain. But even men who had fought in the war, men like Rob (now "Roberta") Morrison, who was ten years older than Alex, a man Alex had known and looked up to, had all become mindless sissy bimbos during ten years of black rule.

The village, truth be told, wreaked of death. Though the whitebois went through the motions, they knew their days were numbered. Every surviving white male had been sterilized and put on a strict regimen of hormones following the war in 2035, and every white woman was legally conscripted into the New African Breeding Force. White women spent their lives locked away in mysterious facilities giving birth to litters of black babies.

New Africa spanned almost the exact same geographic region the Confederacy did during the Civil War. In the wake of the revolution, many of the surviving white men stayed in the cities, working as house sissies for



their black masters or turning tricks on the streets for cash. But plenty of others, like Alex and the rest of the villagers, fled to rural areas to live out their lives quietly as a conquered people.

But in the middle of this cruelty and madness, there was Kaylee. She was a spark of hope in a dark world. Alex's heart soared as he rounded the last bend of the trail and entered the village square. The late afternoon breeze kicked up, sweeping past his bare sissy legs, billowing his skirt, and he smiled when he laid eyes on her.

She was a jewel. A precious gem. A treasure beyond measure. Kaylee, sweet Kaylee, wasn't just Alex's beloved little step-sister; she was one of the last free white women left in New Africa. The government called these women "lost vessels", and they stopped at nothing to hunt down every last one of them. Hidden away in the remote village, Kaylee had managed to avoid detection.

"Who can tell me what this is?" Kaylee asked her whiteboi sissy students, pointing to an illustration of a mushroom cloud in a leather-bound pre-war book.

"A bomb!" the whitebois shouted. "A nuclear bomb!"

"That's right," Kaylee said, in her sweet matronly tone. "Very good."

Kaylee was Aryan beauty personified. Blonde, regal, dignified, blue-eyed, and in the full blossom of youth. She'd just turned 18 — only three years younger than Alex — and she grew more beautiful each day. She wore a pure white traditional dress, cut long and modestly. Her hair fell in gorgeous blonde cascades, adorned with a handmade bow. Her body was soft, porcelain, and undulating with the irresistible fullness of fertility: she was a peach at the peak of its ripeness.

"And what's happening here?" Kaylee asked, pointing to a second illustration.

Alex loved watching Kaylee teach. Over time, she'd become the informal schoolmaster of the village. Most days she taught the young whitebois in a one-room schoolhouse over the ridge. But on particularly beautiful afternoons, she taught lessons in the open air of the square.

"That's when the EMP detonated!" a precocious whiteboi shouted, pointing at the dramatic illustration.

“Excellent,” Kaylee said. “And what does EMP stand for?”

“Electromagnetic pulse,” the young whitebois said in unison.

Every whiteboi knew the story. The ones who were old enough to remember it — the poor souls who lived through it, like Alex and Kaylee — couldn’t shake the chain of events from their minds. As Kaylee retold the story to her students, Alex looked out upon the mountains, and the grisly images flooded back into his brain.

“And what does an EMP do?” Kaylee asked her students. “Does anybody know?”

“It messes up all the computers,” a whiteboi in a peach-colored sissy wig said, sitting Indian-style on the ground.

Alex remembered it all. The drones with their rattling chain guns. The explosions. The howling jets overhead. The tanks crushing the ground beneath their treads. The sporadic power outages. The alarms sounding, the emergency signal on the television set, the foreign troops invading, city block by city block.

But of all the images seared into memory, Alex remembered the panic on his father and step-mother’s faces most clearly.

Alex’s dad and Kaylee’s mom were divorcees, and they had recently married when the tactical nukes fell and the EMP detonated, ushering in the beginning of the Revolution of 2035. Little Alex was eleven, and his little step-sister Kaylee was seven at the time. The horrors they witnessed were unspeakable, and the trauma forged a deep bond between them.

“And who launched the bombs? Who sent the airplanes and soldiers into the US?” Kaylee asked.

“China,” a clever 12-year-old whiteboi named Christopher (now legally “Chrissie”) said. “The Chinese and their allies wanted to destroy the United States, so they set off nukes in a whole bunch of cities.”

“Correct,” Kaylee said, a hint of grief in her voice. “Anybody know which ones? This is going to be on next week’s quiz, just so you know.”

“First it was New York. Then Los Angeles, Chicago, Houston, and Philadelphia.”

“Why did they pick those major cities?” Alex spoke up.

“Glad you could join us,” Kaylee smiled.

He couldn't help himself. It was impossible to stand idly by while they discussed The Revolution. It was the central moment of Alex's life — the fulcrum of his existence — and he took every opportunity to teach those who were too young to remember it clearly.

“Can anybody answer his question?” Kaylee polled the students, but no hands raised. “I'll let my step-sissy here fill us in.”

“They chose those major cities because they knew it would unleash racial tension,” Alex said, stepping forward and taking a seat on the bench next to Kaylee.

A sea of inquisitive young whiteboi faces, gussied up in makeup and wigs, looked on curiously. They knew Alex had seen the massacres first-hand.

“China, the Arab states, and Israel seized the opportunity to carve up the world's lone superpower. They used small, tactical Israeli nukes and EMPs to throw the cities into chaos. When the social order broke down, the races became tribal,” Alex explained.

“So how did the black masters win?” a whiteboi asked. “There were way more of us than them.”

“Good question,” Alex said. “The Chinese armed them. They armed the Latinos in the southwest. The Chinese themselves invaded the old Union territory and took over Washington, DC. And the south, they carved out for the blacks. In exchange for their loyalty, the Chinese furnished them with advanced weapons. They also shipped in warriors from sub-Saharan Africa as reinforcements. “Purestrains”, they call them. There was nothing we could do. It was... it was a slaughter.”

Pain quivered through Alex's voice. Despite the hormones, he tried his best to sound manly, defiant, and resolute. He looked out over the class, and the awful truth fell fresh upon him once again. He still couldn't believe it: they were the final generation of whites who would ever exist. None of the children was younger than ten.

No white, on the face of planet Earth, was younger than ten years old.

The invasion was been swift, and it happened in America, Europe, and Australia simultaneously. The entire western world, built on the backs of

white multitudes, now belonged to the Chinese, the Arabs, the Israelis, and the Africans, whose might grew more impressive each day. A global ideology of revenge had taken hold. Solidarity against white supremacy swept whites out of power in their home nations, and it was decided their continued existence could not be allowed.

“That’s all for today,” Kaylee said.

The whitebois dispersed and chatted among themselves, leaving Kaylee and Alex alone on the bench. The whitebois were off to play hopscotch, paint their fingernails and toenails, and pop their daily doses of E. There was hardly a trace of manhood left, and Alex grew pessimistic at the prospect of lighting any spark of resistance within them. Increasingly, he felt the flame of masculine defiance wavering within himself. That’s what terrified him most of all.

“What’s the matter, Alex?” Kaylee asked.

*Alex.* Kaylee was the only one who still called him that. She knew what it meant to him.

“It’s just... it’s hard to relive it all,” Alex said.

“I know,” Kaylee sighed.

Kaylee put her arm around Alex’s shoulder with step-sisterly empathy and love. *Or was it more than that?* Alex was never certain. Their relationship was unfathomable, with deep, tangled roots. In an absurd and sadistic world, their connection remained the one constant. There were so many shades to their relationship: familial love, subtle flirtation, friendship, loyalty, and a desperate co-dependence. Alex didn’t dare unpack it all. The heaviness of their feelings lingered in the air between them, coloring their every interaction.

“Do you still think about the revolution?” Alex asked.

“Sometimes,” Kaylee said.

The subject was a raw nerve. The two of them navigated carefully around it.

“I always wonder what happened to her,” Kaylee said.

“Your mother?”

“Yes,” Kaylee’s blue eyes stared out over the mountains, lost in haunted memory.

She got up from the bench and walked lazily up her favorite path. Alex joined her, walking over a small wooden footbridge above a spring-fed creek. They glimpsed their reflections in the babbling water.

“Her birthday just passed, you know that? If she’s still out there, she just turned thirty-nine years old,” Kaylee said.

“Really?” Alex did quick math in his head. “I guess you’re right.”

“It’s the worst feeling,” Kaylee said. Her Nordic face resembled a mourning angel’s. “Part of me hopes she didn’t make it. I want to think she resisted, like your father did.”

Alex said nothing. He knew the truth, but he didn’t want to unload it on Kaylee. Many times he’d resolved to tell her, but when the time came his words failed him. Her mother’s betrayal was too enormous to fathom. And, like Alex’s complicated feelings for his step-sister, the secret lingered in the ether: unspeakable.

“What do you remember about that night?” Kaylee asked.

“We’ve been through this,” Alex said.

“I just want to hear it one more time. Try to concentrate. Maybe there’s something I’m missing. Some detail I haven’t-”

“-I told you,” Alex said. “You were asleep. My dad and your mom, they were arguing in the living room. Something about her leaving. We never saw her again. I was only eleven. It was all way over my head.”

That much was true. They *were* arguing. But what Kaylee didn’t know — what Alex decided she must never know — is that her mother, Kate, had been a collaborator with the black revolutionaries. She left Alex’s father to join their “multicultural liberation force”. There were many white women who did it. Historians speculated that, were it not for a huge percentage of white women siding with the black conquerors, the revolution would have failed.

The awful truth was the Kaylee’s mother had chosen the violent black revolutionaries over her own flesh and blood.

“You’re starting to look like she did,” Alex said.

Kaylee managed a smile, brushing her blonde tresses from her face.

“You think so?”

“Mm-hm,” Alex said. “She was beautiful. Tall, blonde, blue eyes. Everything the New Africans want to destroy.”

The whole village had kept Kaylee and the young students in the dark about certain realities. She was forbidden to watch television. She knew nothing about the breeding factories, though she’d heard rumors. She didn’t know the details of New Africa’s genocidal policies. She had a vague sense of her importance as a “lost vessel”, but she remained cloistered and blissfully ignorant about many things.

In fact, in all her eighteen years, Kaylee had never seen a black person in the flesh.

“What would they do to me if they found me, Alex?” Kaylee asked.

“They won’t find you,” Alex said.

“But if they did-”

“-They won’t. Trust me.”

Alex pulled Kaylee into his arms. He held her on the footbridge. He pulled her in, close and tight and comforting. He almost, for a fleeting moment, felt like a real man. Not a “sissy”, not a “whiteboi” — a sterilized slave — but a protector.

“There’s always a contingency,” Alex said. “These mountains are full of hiding places. Tons of little settlements, an endless network of trails.”

Kaylee’s hair smelled of wildflowers and honeysuckle. Her plump, budding breasts pressed against him and awakened a primordial, masculine energy. Even through the thick haze of the estrogen pills, nature fought to assert itself.

“I just wish,” Kaylee whispered, “there was some hope for the future, Alex. Something to look forward to. Something more than hiding and fear.”

“I know,” Alex said, holding her sweet head to his chest.

“When my mom was my age, she was about to start her first marriage. About to start a family. And what do I have?” Kaylee whispered.

“You’ve got me,” Alex said.

They held each other tighter.

“And who knows?” Alex said. “I’ve heard rumors. There are doctors in the mountains to the northeast. And underground network of them. They can reverse the sterilization. They can fool the tests. It’s not over. Even if it seems like it, it’s *never* over.”

Kaylee said nothing, but held her step-brother (now step-sissy) in the fading late afternoon light. She lived in a strange world, indeed: a world devoid of men. All she knew were whiteboi sissies: a breed of sterilized half-men incapable of impregnating her. In the prime of her life — her moist and fertile loins begging for attention — she was relegated to a life of celibacy.

Kaylee ached for the touch of a man. Alex was the closest thing she’d known to one. He hadn’t been psychologically defeated. Despite his clothing, the ridiculous wig, his hormones, and his government-mandated makeup, she still saw the spark of manhood somewhere within him. She was drawn to it. She needed it in a primal way.

“I love you, Alex” Kaylee said, her voice sweet and soft.

“I love you too,” Alex said.

The step-siblings hugged in the silence of nature, sharing a foolish dream. They hoped, somehow, Alex would one day take Kaylee further north, into the deep wilderness, and somehow find the scientific means to repopulate the white race with her. It sounded crazy, but who knew what was possible? With the right drugs, the right therapy, Alex might get his destroyed libido and his flaccid sex organ working again.

He would be Adam. She would be Eve. And they’d start again, on the run from the New African government. They might even run to freedom — perhaps to the north, or down into Latin America — and start a counter-insurgency.

“Now come on,” Alex said, leading Kaylee by the hand, up the trail to their cabin. “We’ve got fresh rabbits for dinner.”

“My specialty,” Kaylee smiled.

But on the way up the ridge, the distant cry of a whiteboi’s voice rang out behind them. It didn’t register at first. Alex kept walking, but Kaylee stopped him.

“They’re coming! They’re coming!” came the frantic teen’s cry.  
“Inspectors! Inspectors!”

Kaylee’s eyes widened in shock and panic.

The boy’s voice rang through the trails, warning the other villagers.

“They’re coming in trucks! They’re almost here!”



“Wait in here,” Alex told Kaylee, shoving her into the closet.

“Wait, let me go down to the cave instead! I always hide there!”  
Kaylee said.

“No time!” Alex said.

He went to look out the window of the small cabin. From his high vantage point, he saw the whitebois assembling for inspection down in the village square. And further down the mountainside, two military trucks kicked up plumes of dust, navigating the dirt switchbacks that led up to the village. The tank-like transport trucks grew larger on the horizon against the golden-orange backdrop of the early evening sun.

“Do you see them?” Kaylee asked, clearing a place to sit in the closet’s junk pile.

“They’re close,” Alex said, his pulse racing. “And getting closer.”

There was no way to smuggle Kaylee down to the cave. Usually Alex received word of an inspection earlier — through a messenger from another village, the usual grapevine — and prepared accordingly. But not this time. Everyone was frantic to get things in order: clothing, wigs, all the fine details.

“Alex, what if they come up here? What if they kick open the door and-”

“-I promised you,” Alex said, placing a kiss on her forehead. “You’ll be fine. Here.”

Alex filled a mason jar with fresh water and grabbed a piece of hard cornbread. He handed them to Kaylee as she settled into the small closet.

“Have a snack while you wait. Shouldn’t take long,” Alex said.



Kaylee sat down in the closet, the folds of her long white dress flowing all over the floor.

“Hurry back,” Kaylee said.

Alex closed the creaky closet door and placed an old wooden chair in front of it. He scrambled to his full-length mirror and checked his reflection. Through the spider web of cracks in the glass, he made sure he was in accordance with the sissy dress code. He shook his head to ensure his wig was fastened tightly. He dropped his arms to his sides, confirming his skirt was short enough, well above his fingertips.

“Damn it, I know I’m forgetting something,” Alex whispered to himself.

But the hum of the patrol trucks’ engines rumbled through his body. They were over the ridge. No more time. Alex flew out the cabin door, slammed it behind him, and dashed down the trail as fast as he could.



The patrol trucks blew thick smoke. Through the trees, their faint silhouettes looked like charging monsters. Inspections always began with this awful spectacle. The sounds of conquerors riding atop their metal steeds, their hip-hop music blaring, up and over the ridge, ripping up the dirt trails and digging deep ruts in the mountainside.

“Where’s Alexa?” Simon (now Simone) Douglass asked.

“I think Alexa’s hiding *her*,” Danny (now Daisy) Miller said.

Her. That word lingered in the air, pregnant with dread. Every whiteboi in the village was complicit in hiding Kaylee. Some resented it. Some had wanted to turn her in, to cast her out into the wilderness, for fear of the punishment that awaited them for harboring a lost vessel. But Alex had convinced them; he would take full responsibility for her. He alone would act as her protector.

“Get ready!” Simone yelled, checking his sissy makeup with his compact mirror.

The whitebois, old and young alike, formed one long line in the center of the village square. The sun set over the mountains on the horizon. A fiery

orange light engulfed them. Their white faces were frozen in terror.

Inspections usually came once every two or three months, but they'd become more frequent since Chief Darius X had taken power in Atlanta. His regime was brutal, uncompromising, and bent on wiping out the white remnant. The New Africans had secured the support of the Chinese by promising they wouldn't commit a "genocide". It wouldn't be "violent". Whites wouldn't be "exterminated". It would be a long, slow process of eugenics: the sterilization of white men and the repeated breeding of their women. But under Darius X's reign, the line began to blur. And every whiteboi feared inspection. They trembled at the thought of meeting their conquerors face-to-face.

"Here they come!" a teenage whiteboi alerted.

At the edge of the clearing, the massive patrol trucks ground to a halt. Smoke and dust billowed above them. The trucks were matte black, with the New African flag painted in red, green, and yellow on the sides. They were state-of-the-art, easily shredding through forests and mountainous terrain. It had long been suspected that the Israelis and the Chinese had provided the blacks with military tech, but nobody was sure.

"Alexa had *better* fucking get here," Daisy said under her breath, looking all over the square for any sign of Alex.

The whitebois stood silent. The hiss of liquid coolant sounded as the engines powered down. Aggressive, curse-filled, ultra-violent rap music blared from the cab of the lead patrol truck. The angry black lyrics menaced the sissies. Everywhere the New African Army went, the soldiers blasted their favorite rap songs.

"Black up all dem bitches / Fuck dat bitch's face! / Fill dat bitch's belly / Wit dat master race!"

The lyrics and thumping beat rattled through the Georgia pines as the inspector and his guards disembarked from the patrol trucks. One of the guards brought along a fearsome dog on a leash: a ferocious pit bull-derived breed by the looks of him. The dog sniffed the air and looked smugly over his snout at the whitebois.

"He brought guards?" Daisy's voice quivered. "My god, are those guards purestrains?"

“They’re dark, but they’re not purestrains.” Simone whispered. “If you ever see a purestrain in the flesh, you’ll know. Trust me.”

“Why the dog?” Daisy asked.

“Sniffing for weapons and drugs, probably,” Simone whispered again. “Now stay still and be quiet.”

The inspector emerged at the edge of the forest, along the perimeter of the village square. Two enormous guards flanked him: dark, black, hulking silhouettes. They were impossibly tall: each guard was nearly seven feet tall, and in peak physical condition. They were shirtless, their dark skin covered in colorful neo-tribal “war paint” common among New African soldiers. They wore bandoliers around their rippling torsos, full of fresh rounds of ammo for the military-issued machine guns they carried.

“Line up, mothafuckas! Right the fuck now!” Inspector Jamal grunted with authority.

Inspector Jamal was way shorter than his henchmen, but in his own way just as menacing. He was in his early 30s: a member of the generation who won the revolution. He walked and talked with the swagger of a seasoned revolutionary. He wore gaudy gold gangsta chains, green military fatigues, jet-black boots, and a black beret with the power fist design emblazoned atop it.

Jamal walked in front of his guards with a swaggering “pimproll”. It was the way New Africans carried themselves: bold, brash, braggadocious. Jamal grinned as he approached the lineup of white sissies. His platinum and gold teeth twinkled in the waning daylight.

“Eyes forward, ya’ll bitches! Arms at yo’ mufuckin’ sides!” Jamal yelled.

Simone looked down the line to his left. Still no sign of Alex. He gulped hard, terrified of the punishment that might await them all if the inspection went south. There was no recourse. They were entirely at the mercy of their conquerors. Even though the village whitebois vastly outnumbered the inspector and his guards, there was no use fighting them. They’d been disarmed, and even if they fought, reinforcements would come through and decimate the village. They were putty in the hands of the New African military.

“In da name of Chief Darius X, I command ya’ll sissy-ass whiteboi bitches to state yo muhfuckin’ names!” Jamal screamed as he paced back and forth, examining the line. “Startin’ wif you!”

Jamal started from his left. The guards motioned for the dog to sniff the perimeter of the village square. He did so in a practiced, perfectly trained trot. The two guards hovered behind Jamal as they stepped forward, their eyes staring daggers down at their sissy captives.

“My name is Stephanie Marshall,” Steve (now “Stephanie”) said, sissy voice trembling.

Inspector Jamal pulled out a small, tablet-sized device roughly the size of a credit card. He held it up to Stephanie’s left eye. Several tiny green lasers bloomed from an aperture on the device, and they danced in circles, scanning Stephanie’s eye to confirm his identity in the database. After a moment, the device sounded off with an affirmative chirp.

“Stephanie, huh? Turn ’round, whiteboi,” Jamal commanded.

Stephanie made a little turn. His thin, white body was covered in standard-issue sissy attire: a peroxide blonde wig, makeup, lip gloss, a slutty blouse, short skirt, fishnets, and heels. Before the war, Stephanie had been a lawyer: wealthy, respected, and a type-A alpha male. But now, after years of hormones and propaganda, he was a mindless sissy bimbo.

“Before we start, git down and lick my muhfuckin’ boot, bitch,” Jamal commanded.

Stephanie didn’t hesitate. He got down on his knees, in the dirt of the village square, and licked the dirty tops of Inspector Jamal’s black leather combat boots. The other sissies kept their eyes forward, perfectly still. They’d been through this before. Humiliation was part of the inspection.

“Dat’s rite, whiteboi,” Jamal barked. “Clean dem fuckin’ boots. I gots ta look good for later. Gonna go home and fuck my white slave bitches.”

Stephanie kept on, eagerly licking the boots as the guards chuckled. It was humiliating. Higher-ups in the New African Army — men like Jamal — had access to all the white women they wanted. For all Stephanie knew, Jamal was keeping his wife, his sisters, and his daughters as house pets back at headquarters in Atlanta.

“Dat’s enough,” Jamal said. “How dem boots taste, bitch?”

“W-wonderful,” Stephanie said, rising to her feet, a pained expression on her face.

Pleasantries out of the way, Jamal began his inspection. First came the initial blood test: a pin-prick on the finger. A drop of blood landed atop the tablet device, and within seconds Jamal confirmed the details: Stephanie had been taking her hormones regularly. She was sterile and chemically castrated, and her sex drive had likely cratered with this level of E in her bloodstream. Perfect.

As Jamal started the dress code inspection, there came a soft rustle in the bushes at the far end of the line, all the way down.

“Pssst, I’m late,” Alex said, crouched in a bush.

Mattie Dobson, the sissy at the end of the line, last in the inspection order, turned to see Alex crouched behind the thick bush.

“What are you doing?” Mattie asked.

“I had to hide Kaylee. Took longer than I thought,” Alex said. “Distract them and I’ll jump in line. They’ll never know I was late.”

“Distract them? How?” Mattie whispered, keeping his eyes forward.

Alex sighed.

“Do I have to do *everything* myself?” he said.

As Jamal and the guards moved down the line, Alex crawled backward into the woods and found a rock. It was the perfect size, he decided. Alex picked it up and slung it with all his might toward one of the patrol trucks. It whizzed through the air, but it overshot the target.

“Shit,” Alex mumbled.

One of the guards caught a glimpse of the stone in his periphery. He turned and did a double-take, but decided it was nothing. Alex crept back down into the forest and found another rock. He was determined to sneak into the lineup unnoticed. Severe punishment awaited any sissy who was tardy for inspection.

“C’mon, Alex, you can do it,” he whispered to himself.

He slung the second rock, his arm whipping like a baseball pitcher’s. It came out like a fastball: hard and whizzing. It slammed into the broadside

of the patrol truck. An eardrum-piercing *THUD* turned everyone's heads, including Jamal's, the guards', and the dog's.

Alex sneaked deftly into the line, just ahead of Mattie, during the confusion, as the barking pit-bull hybrid went crazy, growling at the patrol trucks. Jamal was not amused.

“Which one of ya'll sissy ass cracka' muhfuckas did dat?!” he cried.

The whitebois said nothing, their eyes locked forward in mortal terror. Jamal grabbed the machine gun out of his guard's hands, pointed it to the sky, and shot off a cacophony of rounds. The sissies trembled as bullets ripped through the air.

“If ya'll pull 'notha cute little stunt, I'm gonna waste ALL ya'll mufuckas, you got dat?” Jamal asked.

The sissies nodded.

“YOU GOT DAT?” Jamal said.

“Yes,” they said in unison.

Another storm of bullets cut through the sky. The gunfire tore through the air again. It was so loud, Kaylee heard it from the comfort of her closet, far up the mountain trail. She gasped in horror, certain the villagers were under attack. But she was paralyzed; she couldn't risk leaving her hiding spot, not even for Alex.

“Yes, who?” Jamal corrected them, the machine gun barrel smoking.

“Yes, king!” the sissies cried out.

They'd forgotten. Chief Darius X decreed, just weeks prior, that all black New Africans be referred to as “kings” by the whiteboi serfs and the white breeding sows. Jamal was determined to enforce the policy.

The sissies trembled. Their knees nearly knocked as they fought to maintain their solemn forward-facing pose. The gunfire had put a mortal scare into them. They knew how capricious and cruel New African soldiers could be. Villages had been slaughtered, entire white enclaves razed, for smaller infractions than throwing a stone. Accidentally stepping on a black king's pair of vintage Air Jordans was enough to invite a murderous wrath.

“Nice going,” Mattie whispered to Alex.

Alex didn't care. Mattie could go fuck himself. Protecting Kaylee was the ultimate priority. Showing up late to an inspection was more than worth it. Their whiteboi lives meant nothing compared to Kaylee's fertile womb. The lost vessels must be protected at all costs. A single whiteboi could repopulate the region, as long as the women were protected. But without the women, there was no hope at all.

Nature's rule was ironclad: sperm is cheap, eggs are precious.

The sun descended. Alex watched it disappear between two mountains to the west as Inspector Jamal examined the sissies. Their inspection scores were read aloud, rated on an obedience scale from one to one-hundred. Ninety and above, you were safe. Anything below, and you'd be taken to a government facility for retraining and "morale adjustment". So far, all of the sissies had passed inspection.

"Alexa Lang, step yo' bitch ass forward," Jamal demanded as they finally reached him, second-to-last, at the end of the line.

Alex said nothing. He stepped forward and consented to the blood test.

"You passed, but just barely," Jamal said, looking down at his tablet. "You on da borderline. Not quite enough E in your system. We gon' up dat E dosage."

Jamal made a few keystrokes on the tablet. Alex's profile was open. A mugshot image of him, in his pink-and-blue wig, stared back through the tablet's super-sharp display. Beneath his photo were tables of stats, measurements, and a short list of biographical details.

After going through the dress code check, Alex pulled up the front of his skirt for measuring. Alex wore a pair of white thong panties under his skirt, which he pulled to the side to reveal his little pink sissy clitty. It was locked in chastity, like all whitebois: entirely useless. It was fitted with a government-issued cock cage.

"Hold still," Jamal said, snapping photos of the tiny white clitty with his device.

The cock cage was made of an ultra-modern polymer developed by the Chinese. It looked like clear plastic, but it was unbreakable. Sissies tried to break their cages with all sorts of implements, but it couldn't be done. It clamped down hard on Alex's cock and tender whiteboi balls, but it didn't

chafe. It was designed to keep whitebois in a permanent state of chastity, forbidding them from masturbation and other sexual activities.

“Time to measure dis little sissy clit,” Jamal said.

The guard handed Jamal a strip of measuring tape. Jamal placed his thumb on a small pad on Alex’s cock cage, where traditionally a metal lock would be placed. These pads required the thumbprint of an inspector to open and close. As Jamal’s thumb touched down on the pad, the mechanism sprang free and the clear cage fell off Alex’s limp clitty. Jamal handed it to a guard while he measured.

“Lemme see here,” Jamal said, measuring Alex’s flaccid clitty. “Dat’s two-and-a-half inches, soft.”

The color drained from Alex’s face. *No way*, he told himself. *There’s no way I’m that small*. He looked down at his tiny little sissy dicklet, the fresh air upon it for the first time since the last inspection.

“Looks like dem new dick-shrinkin’ drugs is doin’ da trick,” one of the guards grunted.

Jamal and the guards giggled and stared at Alex’s tiny clitty. It was a half-inch smaller than last inspection, when he was given an experimental dick shrinking serum. He never imagined the serum would be so potent.

Alex looked down at his shriveling clitty and balls. He could feel his manhood receding. His cock had always been small, but now it was certifiably *tiny*. Tears threatened to well up in his eyes as he stared down at his ruined genitals.

What use could he be to Kaylee? Her body was built for sex. Though she dressed modestly, her allure was obvious. Every square inch of her was supple, curvy, and inviting. He thought of her huge, nourishing, pendulous breasts. Her long, lithe, athletic legs. Her thin waist, which gave way to a beautiful, round, plump white ass. Despite his E doses and his chemical castration, Alex still craved his step-sister.

But even if he reversed his sterility, could that limp little clitty even perform? Would Kaylee feel anything? He’d never broached the subject of sex with her. There were too many suppressed feelings, too much history, too many unknowns. But in his heart he longed for her, and she knew it.



The thought of one day being inside her was all that kept Alex's fledgling manhood alive.

"No wonder so many white bitches sided wit us durin' the war," Jamal laughed, his huge black hand playfully fiddling with Alex's tiny pee-pee. "Whitebois' dicks is tiny as fuck. How da fuck you even s'posed to fuck wit dat thang?"

The guards laughed. Alex's eyes watered. He stared forward, trying to look past it all. He wanted to crawl out of his own body, to disappear into the woods and hide under a rock.

Jamal finished the inspection, announcing Alex's grade: ninety-three, with minor infractions for sloppy eye makeup and chipped nail polish. Alex gulped and fought back tears as Jamal locked his clitty in chastity once again, sealing it shut with his thumbprint. A small pink light blinked on the pad and it *clicked* shut, squeezing itself around Alex's clitty. Jamal inserted a small syringe into Alex's thigh and squeezed, delivering another dose of penis-shrinking serum before moving past.

*That's it, Alex thought. No more of this slavery. I'm making a break for it. I'm taking Kaylee. We're going to search for a fertility doctor, go deep undercover, run for the ocean and build a raft. This isn't living at all. This is death in slow motion.*

The sight of Alex's shrinking manhood made it all so clear. The best parts of him — those heroic impulses and instincts — literally shriveled before his eyes. And they'd no doubt recede further thanks to the fresh dose of serum. How long would he wait to make his move? Until his clitty and balls had retracted up into his groin? Every second made him less of a man. Every second made him more of a slave to his black masters.

Alex balled up his fists. His knuckles white with rage, he glared at his captors as they examined Mattie, the last sissy in the lineup. *They're huge, but I can take them, he told himself. Two machine guns, just dangling there. Ripe for the picking.*

He stared at the guns, shiny and black and phallic: like dangerous black cocks ready to explode with fiery death. They hung on straps from the shoulders of the two shirtless giants. Alex studied the hefty automatic weapons. He examined the stock, the barrel, the trigger mechanism. In his

mind, Alex envisioned his moves. Kaylee was up the mountain, hiding in the cabin. He'd have ten minutes, tops, before reinforcements arrived. The minute the inspector's and guards' heart monitors flatlined, they'd send reinforcements from the nearest barracks.

Alex would have to be quick. He'd have to be as deft as a ninja. Grab and shoot. He was hopelessly overpowered: a withering husk of a "man" against three alpha male New African studs? It was suicide.

But guns were the equalizer. Chairman Mao, in the 20th century, said that "political power grows out of the barrel of a gun." Alex had read those words in an antique pre-war leaflet, and they rang through his head. They summoned all his defiance. His breath quickened. His mouth snarled. A couple sissies next to him noticed his tension, his fists balling into white-knuckled weapons. Their eyes filled with fear, as if to say, *are you fucking crazy? Don't try it or we're all screwed.*

"Let's see dat li'l whiteboi dick. Out wit it," Jamal commanded Mattie, oblivious to Alex's designs.

As the three captors took Mattie's measurements, Alex looked for his chance. They teased and humiliated Mattie's tiny white dick. They fondled it and laughed, and the mockery threw Alex over the edge. As one of the hulking guards leaned forward to tease his sissy captive, his machine gun dangled lazily off his shoulder.

In a flash, Alex reached out and seized the high-tech machine gun from the stunned warrior.

"What da fuck?!" he growled.

The three black masters turned to see Alex, eyes glaring with hatred, pointing the machine gun at the three of them. They stood helpless. Alex trained the sights at Jamal's head, glowering with a lifetime's worth of resentment. The sissies froze, their jaws gaping with disbelief.

"You fucking assholes killed my father. You took my step-mother. Time to fucking pay," Alex grunted, mustering every ounce of masculinity he had.

Alex's hands trembled. He placed his index finger on the trigger. He heard the faint sound of the dog's growls, but the world faded as he stared into the eyes of Inspector Jamal, prepared to send him straight to hell. If

Alex was going to go down, he'd go down fighting. He'd go down in a rampage of righteous violence, on the run with Kaylee until the very end. He took one last look at Jamal's face and, thinking of Kaylee, pulled the trigger with a satisfying *click*.

And silence. Awful, gut-wrenching silence, broken by the hearty laughter of Jamal and his guards.

"Look out ya'll, we got a whiteboi action hero up in here," Jamal howled slapping his knees. "You tryin' to save da day, whiteboi? You think you Captain Soul or somethin'?"

The guards' gut-busting laughter taunted Alex, who stood puzzled before them. *Did the gun jam?* He pulled the trigger again. And again. And again. He looked all over, trying to locate a safety on the newfangled gun, to no avail.

The guard dog lurched forward and bared his teeth at Alex, barking at him as he held the gun, the hair standing up on its back. Alex turned and, in a panic, tried to shoot the ferocious dog, which sent the three black masters howling in a fresh wave of hysterical laughter.

"Gimme dat, whiteboi," one of the warrior guards said.

He grabbed the machine gun out of Alex's hands with ease, like he was snatching it away from a recalcitrant toddler. He grabbed the dog's leash and shushed him, bringing him to heel.

"Peep dat shit," Inspector Jamal said.

He pointed to the lettering along the side of the gun: a string of holographic Chinese characters.

"Da Chinks made dis gun for da New African Army, whiteboi. Dis thang right here," Jamal said, pointing to a tiny box on the side of the gun. "Dis reads yo' muhfuckin' biochemistry. If you ain't black, this gun ain't gon' fire for you, bitch. We got dese pieces made custom."

Jamal smiled. His gold and platinum caps twinkled in the dusk. The sun was almost gone between the western mountains. Alex was petrified. His blood ran cold. He felt the angry stares of his fellow villagers on his back. What could he say? You can't just apologize for trying to kill a man and his two guards.

"It was my idea, and mine alone," Alex said.

He watched as the wheels turned in Jamal's mind. Jamal grinned, looking up at his enormous henchmen. The whitebois' lives were in Jamal's hands, and he relished it. What sort of man was Jamal? Cruel and pitiless? A born killer? He basked in the suspense, and every whiteboi readied himself to make a run for the forest.

"Wanna know sumpin', whiteboi?" Jamal said. "It's my muhfuckin' berffday today. You caught a nigga on his muhfuckin' berffday."

Alex gulped. He had no idea what Jamal was getting at.

"Now say I wanna punish yo' ass. Say I wanna shoot up da place," Jamal said, grabbing one of the machine guns and pointing it at Alex's temple. "Say I wanna put you in da muhfuckin' ground."

Alex's knees threatened to buckle.

"Den' I'm gon' hafta write all dat shit up. Paperwork. All kinds a muhfuckin' paperwork," Jamal said, dropping the barrel back toward the dirt. "And it's my berrfday. I'm finna do two thangs tonight: git high as fuck, and git dis big black dick wet. So you best thank God you caught a nigga on his berffday. Is dat crystal muhfuckin' clear?"

"Y-yes, king," Alex quivered.

Jamal smiled. His towering guards blended into the darkness as the sunset gave way to dusk. Their eyes, their smiles, and their bright tribal bodypaint seemed to hover, disembodied, in the air.

"Now git yo' lil white ass outta here 'fore I change my gotdayum mind," Jamal demanded.

Shell-shocked but grateful for his good fortune, Alex turned to rejoin the lineup. As he passed the two guards, he noticed every whiteboi's face scowling at him for putting them in danger. Typical Alex, playing the hero, trying to fight an unwinnable war, getting in over his head. His vendetta and his grandiosity had almost gotten them all killed. Alex sighed as he walked back to his place, passing by the dog, held on its leash.

The dog sniffed. And sniffed again. And again as Alex passed. Then its hair stood tall on its back once more. It growled and heaved. It pulled against its short leash, lashing out with even greater intensity than before. Desperate, accusatory barks resounded, followed by howls, then more barks.

“Yo’ hol’ da fuck up!” Jamal’s demeanor changed. “You little fuckin’ white-ass bitch. Muhfuckin’ bitch, I’ll be gotdayumed.”

Jamal had been playful and taunting; he wasn’t anymore. His eyes burned with rage. His face became a mask of pure spite. He grabbed the machine gun and thrust the muzzle under Alex’s chin, poised to blow his sissy brains out of the back of his head.

Every sissy eye turned to them. The dog continued to bark in well-practiced outbursts. He pulled hard against his leash, eyes blind with instinctual aggression.

“Now you fucked, whiteboi,” one of the hulking guards, seven feet of black granite, finally spoke.

“W-why?” Alex trembled.

“The dog,” the second guard said. “He smell white pussy on you.”



It was chaos.

The sissy whitebois were rounded up and corralled in the middle of the square. Two soldiers — the drivers of the patrol trucks — were called out of their vehicles to hold them hostage at gunpoint. The sissies wept, gnashed their teeth, and cried out bitterly as Jamal led the two massive warriors through the village.

They set their guns to secondary fire. They blasted through cabins, every storage structure, the commons area, and every nook and cranny of the tiny town. The green laser bolts blasted into the wood and exploded in bursts of vaporizing heat. Orange-red fires raged and snaked into the night air, casting horrible flickering reflections upon the faces of the stunned sissies.

“Where she hidin’ muhfuckas?” the soldiers screamed, peppering gunfire into the air above their heads.

The sissies didn’t know where Kaylee was; Alex hadn’t told them. They cried and begged for their lives. Jamal led Alex through the village at gunpoint, commanding him to give up Kaylee’s location. Alex denied it all.

The dog, he explained, was mistaken. There were no lost vessels in the village. It was all a mistake. A false positive.

“I know bullshit when I hear it, whiteboi,” Jamal said, directing his thugs to ransack another cabin.

They worked around the loose circle of cabins in a clockwise fashion. The situation grew more urgent each time they torched a cabin: one step closer to Alex’s.

“She ain’t in here, boss,” one of warriors said, pocketing a handful of pre-war cash he’d taken from the home he’d set on fire.

“Onto da next one,” Jamal said.

He poked the muzzle of the gun into Alex’s back and forced him forward. If the whiteboi wasn’t going to cooperate, he was going to make him watch.

“You gon’ make dis hard, huh?” Jamal asked. “You tell us where dat bitch is, and we might go easy on her.”

Alex said nothing. His brain scrambled for a plan. Time was running out. There were only two more cabins between the men and Alex’s home. He wondered what Kaylee was doing. She’d no doubt heard the mayhem. Did she run away into the dark woods? Or was she still cowering in the closet, hoping Alex would find a way to save her?

With the cold steel of the muzzle poking the small of his back, Alex envisioned what the dark brutes would do to Kaylee. Sweet, sweet Kaylee: pure and porcelain and virginal. It would be an onslaught. They’d tear her handmade dress to pieces. They’d destroy all her tender little holes, taking turns throughout the night. They’d decimate her for hours. She’d cry out for help — for Alex, for anyone — to save her as her nubile white body got used by the hulking ebony warriors. And Jamal would take pleasure in forcing Alex to watch before taking her away, to the breeding facilities, forever.

Alex had to do something. Anything. He watched, horrified, as another whiteboi’s cabin went up in a fiery blaze. Huge clouds of thick, eye-watering smoke ascended into the night sky, lit by the full moon. The smoke was noxious, and Alex coughed.

Something came to him. He coughed again. It was just a hunch, but it took form. Something about the clouds. The coughing. The smoke.

“Wait!” Alex yelled.

Jamal and his guards turned toward him.

“Look, I don’t expect you to believe me.” Alex said. “But there’s no woman here. Lots of us have mementos. Old items with female scents still on them. You’re wasting your time. And you’re destroying our village for no fucking reason whatsoever.”

They stared at Alex with extreme skepticism, turned back around, and began torching the village again.

“Wait! Wait! What if we could arrange an... exchange? Something to make all this go away,” Alex said.

Jamal turned back to Alex, an eyes raised with skeptical curiosity.

“Keep talkin’ den,” Jamal said.

Alex thought back to what Jamal said in the square, with his gun trained on him. *Git high as fuck, and git dis big black dick wet.*

“What if I told you, hypothetically, that I know of a nearby stash of ganjala?” Alex asked.

Their three pairs of eyes widened. That word “gangjala” mesmerized them. They stopped what they were doing and stood at full attention.

“No way ya’ll sissy bitches got ganjala up dese here mountains,” Jamal said. “No fuckin’ way.”

“It’s true,” Alex said. “And this isn’t that weak shit you get on the streets in Atlanta. This is pure. One of the pre-war strains.”

“Yooooo, you sayin’ you got pre-war ganjala up in dis bitch? Where?” one of the guards said.

“No way I’m telling you,” Alex said.

“Whatchu mean you ain’t tellin’ me?!” the guard snarled.

He poked the muzzle of his gun into Alex’s white chest.

“Only way I tell you is if you call this search off and forget it ever happened.”

Jamal grinned, platinum and gold shimmering in the moonlight. *Clever whiteboi.*

Ganjala was a genetically modified plant, descended from strains of marijuana. In the lead-up to the war, it became increasingly popular. The revolution, however, had killed off many of the white botanists who knew how to grow it in its purest form. Stories persisted about the potency of pure ganjala. It gave the user an intense body high. It made him euphoric. It was intensely psychedelic.

But perhaps the most interesting effect was its use as an aphrodisiac. Ganjala drove the user into a sexual frenzy. In men, it created powerful, throbbing, raging erections. Gigolos and prostitutes used the drug to fuck all night. They became sex-crazed fuck machines, and orgasms under the influence of ganjala were brain-melting. Men swore it made them shoot far more ejaculate: thicker and stronger.

“If me and my boys is gonna’ smoke up ganjala,” Jamal said. “We gon’ need a warm place to stick dese muhfuckin’ dicks. It’s my berffday, after all. And you got a pretty little mouf. Big ol’ dick suckin’ lips, ain’t dat right?”

“Dis bitch look good to me, Boss,” one of the guard grunted.

“And dat ass, too,” Jamal said, his eyes staring at Alex’s round sissy butt in his slutty skirt. “Dis bitch’ll do just fine.”

Alex swallowed hard. How much was he willing to sacrifice for Kaylee? His black masters’ eyes studied his soft, thin, white sissy body. They drank in his subtle whiteboi curves. They couldn’t deny it: Alex looked cute in his pink-and-blue wig, his pretty makeup all ready primped for inspection. Tempting. Fresh white meat.

Alex hesitated. Their hulking black bodies intimidated him. The look in their eyes — that craven, depraved desire to conquer and humiliate — unsettled him.

“On da otha hand, we could keep up da search,” Jamal said.

Alex weighed the options in his mind.

“Go head, light up da next cabin,” Jamal said. The guard took dead-aim. “Dis white bitch ain’t gonna-”

“-Okay,” Alex said.

“We gots a deal, den?” Jamal asked.



He'd do anything for her. He'd endure any indignity to keep their dark hands off her supple white skin.

"It's a deal," Alex said. "Follow me."



It was 8:30 PM.

The two patrol drivers kept the whitebois hostage in the square as Alex took Jamal and his two behemoths to the edge of the village. Past the schoolhouse which had been ransacked, up a hidden trail, into the dark of the forest they went. The soldiers switched on built-in lights on their machine guns, illuminating Alex's back as he led the way. He felt their covetous eyes on him, watching his round whiteboi ass in his tight skirt.

Alex was one of the only sissies in the village who knew about the ganjala stash. When the whitebois set up the village in the aftermath of the revolution, they found an abandoned building filled with broken ganjala-growing equipment: advanced hydroponics, special lights, the works. They also found an enormous stash of ganjala, vacuum sealed and piled high in huge crates inside the small building. It was agreed that they'd keep it locked up in a series of small storage caches, and it would only be used to barter with in case of emergency.

Kaylee's potential discovery and capture was, in Alex's estimation, the ultimate emergency.

"Here it is," Alex said.

They'd buried the ganjala in several underground capsules, strewn around the surrounding mountainside. Alex ducked behind a boulder and brushed away the dirt from the ground. The metal hatch of the capsule appeared. Alex punched in the code, twisted the knob, and opened it.

He produced a vacuum-sealed bag of the ganjala.

"No fuckin' way," Jamal said.

"Where you find dis shit at?" the guard ask.

They craned their necks to look at the bag. There must have been two pounds of the dankest, purest ganjala they'd ever laid eyes on. It glimmered

as they pointed their lights upon it. It shimmered pinkish-purple. Tiny flecks of sticky crystalline glitter covered the potent plant.

“Hand me yo’ rollin’ papers, nigga,” Jamal said to his guard.

The four of them were alone in the deep woods: three black kings and their pale sissy captive. They’d ventured far enough away that the night grew quiet. The sounds of owls, the calling of frogs, and the babbling of distant streams surrounded them. The Georgia pines created a high, cathedral-like canopy above the darkness, and shafts of pale blue moonlight peeked through. It was intimate. Horrifyingly intimate.

Alex tore open the bag. The scent of ganjala filled the air. It was funky and strangely spicy. It tingled the nostrils. A stinging chemical scent rode atop earthy undertones. Jamal’s large nostrils flared as he sniffed the air, luxuriating in the aroma.

“Got-dayum,” he said. “Dat shit dank as fuck.”

“I don’t believe dis shit,” one of the guards said. “I thought niggas was lyin’ about pure ganjala.”

It gave all four of them an immediate contact high. They hadn’t even ignited it, and already it bathed them in a warm, woozy glow. Alex’s pupils dilated. His skin tingled. He took a long whiff, and the ganjala buzzed through his body.

“Gimme dat bag, bitch,” Jamal said.

He seized the bag and rolled a fat blunt with his papers. With a long lick, he sealed the blunt shut and crimped down the ends in the dark. The guards shined their lights onto his hands as he worked.

Alex knelt on the ground, looking up at his captors. Night had fallen entirely, and he couldn’t shake the thought of his fresh rabbits, his cabin, and his gorgeous young step-sister, waiting in terror for his return. He grew more desperate to return to her with each passing second. When one faces mortal danger, the most important things spring to the fore. In those crucial moments, Alex thought only of Kaylee.

“Spark dat shit up, boss,” one guard said, his smile a disembodied flash of white.

“We ’bout ta git dis berffday party poppin’,” the other guard said, presenting the lighter. “I got dibs on dis sissy’s pretty lil mouf.”

Alex looked up in horror. His sissy *mouf* was covered with pretty pink lipstick and gloss. The black giants, shirtless and rippling, stared down with menacing glee into his eyes. The silence of the forest made the anticipation even more unbearable.

Alex had never been sexual with anyone. He was eleven during the revolution. And ten years hence, he'd been locked in chastity and sissified. He lived like a sexless eunuch. He felt frustrated, repressed urges for Kaylee. His heterosexuality constantly lurked in the background, wanting to break through, but the E pills and chemical castration tamped it down. He never experimented with other sissies. He couldn't believe that this would be his first sexual experience: a filthy, drug-fueled, depraved transaction to spare the life of his step-sister.

Alex hated his black conquerors, no doubt. But it wasn't just hate. There was something deeper at work. As he watched them puff the ganjala blunt, their proud and chiseled black bodies glistening in the night, his complicated feelings were at war with each other. Beneath the hate was boundless envy. Rage, envy, frustration. They mingled together as he stared up at those black hulks, who looked to him like vengeful gods.

They'd wrecked his civilization. They'd torn the beloved institutions to the ground. They'd left the southern United States a smoldering ash heap of drugs, debauchery, hip-hop hedonism, and thoughtless violence. And now, standing tall above him, they were about to use his *mouf* as their personal fuck-hole.

Alex felt low. Dirty. Pathetic. Lower than the earthworms slithering through the ground beneath him.

"Nigga, I'm trippin'," Jamal said.

His eyes were red and bleary. They opened wide, like he was seeing the world for the first time. The guards followed suit, and their expressions were similar after their first puffs. The forest became a phantasmagoria for them: a psychedelic wonderland of color and vibration. And on his knees before them knelt a fresh cut of the finest whiteboi meat.

"Hit dis shit, whiteboi," Jamal said, presenting him with the blunt.

"I-I shouldn't," Alex said, turning his head away.

“I didn’t fuckin’ ACKS you, bitch!” Jamal slapped Alex’s face with his backhand: a firm and jarring pimp-slap. “Hit dis shit, sissy-ass bitch!”

Jamal held out the long, fat blunt. Its red cherry smoldered. Alex, kneeling at Jamal’s waist, pursed his lips and placed it on the blunt. He pulled a tiny bit of the ganjala smoke into his mouth, pretended to inhale, and blew it back out.

“Hell naw!” one of the guard growled. “Hit dis shit DEEP.”

His huge black hand seized Alex’s throat. He shoved the blunt back between Alex’s glossy sissy lips. Alex was defiant, but he had no choice. He pulled a long draw from the blunt. From his throat down to his lungs, the smoke singed his insides. His eyes watered and he coughed as the ganjala went to work.

The black kings laughed. Their eyes became glassy. Their stoned eyeballs rolled merrily to and fro in their skulls. Alex coughed and tried to choke down the noxious smoke, and the three of them took even deeper hits of the sacred plant.

“Dis shit craaaaay,” Jamal said.

His eyes danced all over. He looked up into the forest canopy, back down to the ground, and stopped to examine how strange his own hand looked under the woozy influence of the ganjala. The drug was working. It hit his bloodstream and drove him into ecstasy.

Alex felt it, too. It started as a body-wide tingle. It warmed him. It embraced him with a celestial hug. A drunken warmth, a cosmic vibration, settled behind his eyes. Alex glanced up at the forest, which looked totally dark before, but now seemed alive with blue and purple moonlight. It was electric. Every square inch of the forest sang with mystery and life. Despite the mortal peril he was in, the ganjala transcended his panic. His consciousness lifted outside his sissy body, and he seemed to view the situation from high above, where the wisest owls perched.

“Dis shit got me retarded,” one of the guards said, hitting it again.

“Happy muhfuckin’ berffday, boss,” the other brute said.

Jamal smiled. His eyes were alight with the dangerous, drunken stupor of a street hoodlum. Yet he was a high-ranking officer in the military of a

sovereign nation-state. How had the world become so absurd and cruel? Alex stared up at the black kings in wonder.

But wonder was only the first stage. They forced Alex to take another hit, and the next phase of sensations washed over him. What was this surge of fascination? Alex felt it down in his gut, in his solar plexus, deep below. It radiated outward and tickled his flaccid sissy clit. His sensations heightened. Now *everything* glowed and hummed with life, not just the shafts of moonlight raining down from above. He looked up at his captors, and he could tell they were in a similar state of divine stupefaction.

“You made good on da first half a’ yo’ promise, whiteboi,” Jamal said. “Dis shit is da real muhfuckin’ deal.”

Jamal took the bag of ganjala and handed it to one of his guards, who stashed it in the leg pocket of his olive drab cargo pants. He took another huge puff on the blunt. His lungs filled completely, and he exhaled the billowing ganjala cloud into the night air.

The mood shifted. No more fun and games. It wasn’t lazy, merry wonderment anymore. The three black kings stared down at their prey. Alex had made a deal. He’d offered his body to his conquerors, and they aimed to take full advantage of him. Their smiles became menacing. Hungry. Aggressive.

All three of them had a taste for sissies. Back in Atlanta, they walked the streets and served as comfort toys for their black masters. But Alex was especially pretty and “passable”. They examined him as he knelt helpless before them: his pretty wig, dropping in slutty waves over his shoulders; his pouty dick-sucking lips, decorated with pink lipstick and gloss; his short skirt, revealing supple and smooth white legs in fishnet stockings. They weren’t just horny. They were in heat, like wild animals. The ganjala had settled into their bloodstream, and it was pumping blood into their massive black pythons.

“Lemme acks you sumpin’,” one of the guards said, feeling his cock through his pants. “You eva’ tasted black cock befo’, bitch?”

“N-no,” Alex whispered.

The thought occurred to Alex that he should run. Take off into the deep woods. Leave it all behind. But he had to face up to the violation. He

pictured Kaylee. He thought of what these brutish conquerors would do to her if he failed. They'd wreck her body. They'd leave every hole a gaping, cum-filled mess, and they'd breed her with litter after litter of black babies. He imagined the horrifying image of Kaylee's arms full of weeping jet-black babies, all grasping and craning their necks to suck milk from her white bosom.

"Hit dis shit one mo' time," Jamal said.

Alex did, deep and long. The ganjala seized him. It gripped him with a strange desire. His rage gave way to envy and fascination. Through glassy eyes, he looked down at his soft, feminine white body. Then he stared up at the chiseled, muscular perfection of those virile black gods. Some basic truth about his place in the pecking order, long denied but unstoppable, emerged under the influence of the ganjala. Alex fought against it, but it overtook him.

"Dat's a pretty muhfuckin' mouf," Jamal said.

The three black kings were drunk with lust, riding high on the cloud of ganjala. And Alex's perceptions became warped. He felt a growing sense of awe and worship for their bodies. So muscular. So dark and powerful. So unlike him. He took another puff, and Jamal took the blunt from him.

"Take a good muhfuckin' look at dis shit, whiteboi," Jamal said, the blunt dangling from his big African lips.

Leaving his belt fastened and his pants on, Jamal unzipped. Through the hole of his boxers and the fly of his pants, he produced a staggeringly beautiful black cock: enormous, heavy, and veiny, with precum dribbling from its purple head. It was the size of Alex's arm. Engorged with blood and pumping harder with each throb, it swung down between Jamal's legs, past his knees.

The guards followed suit. They kept their pants on, and through their flies they pulled out their glistening black cocks and low-hanging black balls. Though Jamal was slightly thicker, the guards' cocks were far longer: even bigger than Alex had anticipated from two seven-foot-tall giants. They seemed unreal — exposed and hanging in the breezy night air — the moonlight reflecting a blue sheen on the ebony skin.

"Holy fucking shit," Alex whispered.

The ganjala added a surreal strangeness to the vision of black power before him. He looked down between his legs at his little limp clitty tucked in chastity, then back up at the three swinging cocks. He looked at his sterile pink balls. Then back at their heavy, enormous black nuts filled with future generations of black warriors.

“You’re fucking huge,” Alex whispered again, his mind racing.

His sensations grew more acute. He smelled the powerful, manly musk of their cocks. It was a rich, heady aroma: full of power and danger. He hated them. He hated the sight of them. They were destroyers, these black kings. A menace. Ruiners of all he held dear.

Even so, just *look at them*. Those rippling muscles. The superior physicality, the raw animal strength born from centuries of oppression, now weaponized against the oppressors. *Look at those chiseled abs, those huge pecs, those biceps*. He was in awe of the guards especially, with their tribal paint and tattoos, their golden ceremonial bands around their massive biceps.

Alex fought their allure, but the ganjala undercut him. Every time he tried to snap out of it, to remind himself of their vileness and debauchery, his senses overpowered him. What was this feeling? This ancient sensation? Was he... getting hard? How? He felt his cock, which had laid dormant since childhood, grow plump inside its cage. Despite the chemicals and E, he wasn’t impotent. His libido surged with life.

“Dis what a real grown-ass dick look like, bitch,” Jamal said, stroking.

“Dis why yo women don’t want none of dat little baby dick,” one of the guards grunted.

Their dark fleshy anacondas were eye-popping. Alex thought of what they’d do to a nubile white princess like Kaylee. They’d wreck her body. They’d pound into her cervix, flooding her womb with seed. How could he ever hope to compete? The sight of their cocks filled him with rage, but it transmuted into an angry lust.

“Open dat mouf, sissy-ass faggot,” Jamal commanded, the blunt dangling from the corner of his lips.

Alex did.

“Look up. Look up at me, bitch,” he growled.

Alex obeyed. The three black muscle-gods stared down into his pink mouth. His wet, warm tongue shone in the moonlight. Jamal's cock was fully engorged now. Its head dripped heavy droplets of salty precum, which coursed down his shaft in beads. Jamal's huge black hand reached around and grabbed Alex's head, pulling him in.

"Suck dis nigga dick, faggot," he demanded. "Git used to da taste."

Alex closed his eyes as his captor guided him. Sucking his first cock was traumatic enough. But doing it under the influence of ganjala intensified each sensation. Alex had to part his glossy sissy lips wide to accommodate the massive head. The two guards tugged their huge dicks as they looked on. Jamal passed the blunt to them as he worked his way into Alex's mouth, and they smoked more — getting higher and higher with lust — as they watched him fuck the helpless whiteboi's face.

"Hell yeah," Jamal grunted, his lip curling into a scowl, watching his sissy slut suck.

Alex was bombarded with the taste, the feeling, the scent of the beautiful black dick. It was salty, fleshy, human, and delicious. It tasted like raw manhood. It was hard and throbbing, but it glistened with silky smoothness as it passed through his lips. It was only a third of the way in, and already Alex's eyes began to water.

*What would Kaylee think if she saw me doing this?* Alex wondered as he sucked. She was too pure a soul to even contemplate it. She must never know he did this to save her. It was humiliating. And the worst part was, as that gorgeous black cock slid into the back of his slippery throat, he was beginning to... sort of... like it.

"Relax dat throat, you fuckin' faggot," Jamal barked.

Alex's eyes watered and tears rolled onto his cheeks. His eye makeup ran as the brutal inspector parted his warm, wet tonsils with his cock-head. Alex glugged and gulped the dick, fought for air as it fucked his face, and felt his face turning purple as it bottomed out, over and over, deep in his throat. Despite the misery, Alex felt the overwhelming urge to touch his clitty. He reached down and felt the cold synthetic plastic cock cage, unable to find any satisfaction.



“Don’t you DARE touch dat got-dayum clit cage,” Jamal said, putting thrust into his strokes. “Whitebois ain’t gittin’ NO MORE muhfuckin’ pleasure.”

“Dat’s rite!” one of the guards growled, throwing up an angry black power fist.

The ganjala blunt was finished. The guard took the butt of the blunt, reached down, and extinguished it on Alex’s thigh. Alex wailed, Jamal’s cock choking him, as it burnt his skin.

“Ya’ll got enough pleasure,” Jamal grunted, fucking Alex’s face even harder. “RAPIN’ and OPPRESSIN’ my ANCESTORS!”

“Tables is turned now, bitch!” the guard said, slapping Alex’s face as Jamal fucked his mouth.

“Now look at you,” Jamal said, pushing the limits of Alex’s throat. “You was da boss, and now look at you. Chokin’ on SLAVE cock. Now YOU da slave, you sissy-ass bitch! We run dis shit! Now NIGGAS runnin’ da plantation!”

The three black kings marinated in the cruelty. Their eyes were bleary, flying high as Georgia pines, riding the sex-crazed fumes of ganjala, and their giant pythons throbbed harder. They all loved to fuck white women. They loved pumping them full of black cum to eradicate the oppressors’ recessive genes. But fucking a whiteboi sissy was a gourmet sort of pleasure: it carried the dual intrigue of sex and humiliation. It was turbocharged with the weight of centuries of vengeance.

*Glug, glug, glug, glug, glug.* Alex’s tears rained trails of mascara down his sissy cheeks. Jamal bottomed out. His huge black balls smacked Alex’s chin with each brutal pump. Alex grabbed the enormous black balls and shaft with his hands. He jerked and pulled on them, teased them, tried to coax them into orgasm fast so he could rid them from the village.

“My turn, bitch,” one of the guards groaned, deep and gravelly.

Jamal pulled out. A trail of Alex’s throat-slobber hung from his glistening cock as he pulled away. Just as soon as it was out, the guard had slipped in. He was even longer than Jamal, and he fucked Alex’s face even harder.

“Dat’s rite, dat’s fuckin’ rite,” he mumbled as his cock rammed its way down Alex’s warm throat, down almost to his stomach.

Every time Alex gagged and choked, the guard pimp-slapped him: hard backhand knuckles across his sissy face. As Alex weeped and gagged and sucked, Jamal and the other guard leaned down to grab handfuls of his round sissy ass underneath his skirt.

Alex stood up higher on his knees. Jamal and the guard lifted the back of his skirt and ogled his soft white flesh: a perfect sissy bubble butt. Alex submitted to them fully. When he felt violated, when he wanted to break down, he thought of Kaylee’s face. He thought of leading her out of the wilderness, going on the run, escaping New Africa.

Perhaps it was the ganjala, but the visions were crystal clear and vivid: sweet step-sister Kaylee, a beautiful blonde blushing bride, marrying Alex in some faraway land. It sustained him as the black kings conducted their sexual onslaught.

“Peep dat shit, nigga,” the guard said to Jamal, looking down at Alex’s virgin ass.

“Dat sissy ass was *built* for dis big ol’ black dick,” Jamal said.

The guards swapped places. Alex now tasted his third black cock. One cock pounded his tender throat while a pair of black hands caressed his ass and fingered his quivering little boipussy. They pulled his thong panties to the side and probed his tight ass. Alex groaned and moaned between gags.

It was a nightmare. It would have been bad enough if the experience was pure torture. But the fact that Alex sort of liked it made it even worse: self-hatred on top of the humiliation. Some deep, fucked-up part of him relished his violation and brutalization.

“How dat dick taste, faggot?” the guard yelled. “Is you gonna cry, whiteboi?”

The seven-foot monster’s hips churned with violent thrusts. His sweaty black nuts slapped Alex’s chin. Strings of slobber and mascara-tinted tears mingled atop the black shaft. Alex struggled to breathe. The guard’s huge hands grabbed his head and pink-and-blue wig, pulling Alex harder onto the throbbing pole.

“Hol’ up, lemme have dis bitch fo’ a minute,” Jamal said.

He pulled his pants down to his ankles. They bunched around his combat boots. Jamal's legs were muscular, rippling with power. His hard black cock dripped with Alex's slobber, and he turned around and bent at the waist. His powerful black buttocks came into view: chiseled, muscular haunches.

"It's my muhfuckin' berffday," Jamal said. "You gon' toss my muhfuckin' salad, you colonizer FAGGOT."

The guards pushed Alex's sissy face into Jamal's beautiful black ass. Jamal's nuts hung low, and he jerked his cock as Alex's face dove deep between his ebony cheeks. Alex, senses exploding on ganjala, disappeared into a realm of delicious flavor. He rimmed Jamal with his tender sissy tongue, drinking in the musk of a real man, his sexual superior.

"Dat's rite," one guard groaned, shoving Alex's face deeper into paradise. "Git yo face in dat ASS, faggot. ALL UP IN DAT ASS."

Alex rimmed and tongue-fucked Jamal's hole, savoring the taste of a prime alpha bull. He dropped down and sucked his gorgeous black nuts. He felt them quiver in his mouth, the breeze tickling them in the night air. Then back up into his ass again, desperate to please him.

"Dis how da world work now, whiteboi," Jamal said, breathing heavily, luxuriating in Alex's tongue. "You nuffin' but slaves, bitch. You gon' serve us til' you bred out. History books gonna' say, dis is how whitebois ended: eatin' black ass while dey women havin' black babies."

Alex was crying. He wasn't sure if they were tears of rage, trauma, sadness, or shell-shock. These black kings had broken him. He wept openly as he ate Jamal's sweet black ass. The taste lingered in his mouth, and it drove him wild. His little clitty engorged further, filling his tiny cock cage, as he licked a long slobbery trail up from Jamal's nuts to his asshole and back again.

"Git dat tongue deep in dat ass, faggot. Dis what a KANG taste like," Jamal beat his huge cock faster.

The guards played with Alex's soft white ass. They fondled themselves with one hand, and fondled Alex's asshole and little pink balls with the other. Every sensation was new, overwhelming, and dangerous to Alex. He'd spent his entire life locked in chastity, and this brutal awakening sent

every nerve on edge. When he was a boy, he imagined his first sexual encounter being with a pretty, sweet blonde girl: someone like Kaylee. He had no idea he'd be used as a fuck-rag for big black slavemasters.

“Git dat tongue in dere!” the guard yelled.

They forced Alex even deeper. Alex stiffened his wet tongue, making it as long as he could, and he snaked it into Jamal's ass, tongue-fucking with rhythmic passion. The guards' grabbed his head and shoved him between Jamal's black cheeks. In and out, in and out, Alex tongue-fucked his master as his little clit dripped dainty droplets of precum in its cage.

Jamal loved it. Alex reached his sissy hand up and jerked Jamal off as he tongue-fucked his black master. His tongue and his tugs worked in rhythm, and Jamal's eyes rolled up into his head as his whiteboi supplicant edged him closer to orgasm. When Jamal got close, he pulled away, riding the edge of ecstasy like a pro.

“Git over here, bitch!” one of the guards yelled.

He manhandled Alex, placing him on his knees between the three of them. The three enormous cocks throbbed in the moonlight in front of him. Alex groveled on his knees before them. His tears kept flowing, and so did the drips of sissy precum from his clit.

“You an uppity lil whiteboi,” Jamal said.

Their intense eyes, reddened with ganjala lust, stared down into Alex's. They took turns slapping Alex's face with their heavy, slobber-covered cocks. They slapped him with their cocks, then their hands, then their cocks again. Stiff black meat accosted him from all angles.

“When yo' ancestas was oppressin' my ancestas,” Jamal said. “When dem white CRACKAS was holdin' down da BLACK KANGS, ya'll had a way of marking ya'lls property. Ya'll would burn a mark into a nigga in case he run away.”

Jamal pulled a small instrument from the pocket of his camo pants. It was a small cylindrical gadget, and with the click of a button, a red-hot heating implement telescoped out of the top, burning fiery orange. Alex had heard of these before. They were called insta-brands: originally used in the breeding pens to brand white women during their inseminations. Soldiers

began using them to “mark” sissies they’d fucked, similar to a graffiti tag on a city wall.

“Who you belong to, bitch?” Jamal yelled, brandishing the insta-brand.

“King Jamal,” Alex warbled, in his best sissy voice, through the tears.

“Dat’s rite,” Jamal growled.

The two guards laughed and cock-slapped the little whiteboi.

“Dis right here,” Jamal said, nodding at the insta-brand. “Dis my mark. You try to run, you try to hide like a runaway slave... Err’body gonna know you JAMAL’S bitch! Got dat?”

“Y-yes, king,” Alex said, kissing the purple heads of their master cocks.

Alex would suffer any indignity. They could do whatever they liked. He fully submitted to their black power. Kaylee’s future — and perhaps the future of whiteness itself — depended on it.

“Bend dis bitch ova!” Jamal commanded the guards, the insta-brand casting an orange glow on his sinister face.

The guards picked Alex up and wrestled him to a doggy-style position on the forest floor. They pulled up his sissy skirt to reveal his round white ass. They pulled his thong to the side. His tight, virginal boipussy and his caged clitty and balls were exposed. Jamal basked in the sight. Fresh, beautiful, succulent white meat. Untouched. He licked his big, wet lips in anticipation.

“W-what are you doing, king?” Alex asked.

“Shut yo’ fucking mouf!” one of the guards pimp-slapped him and fed him a hot mouthful of black cock.

Alex felt the heat of the insta-brand descending closer to his round, white ass. He relaxed his throat and took gagging thrusts from the guards, bracing for the searing heat.

“Yeah, dat look good,” Jamal’s smile flashed with gold, platinum, and ruthless desire.

Jamal’s heavy black cock fell atop Alex’s ass and lower back. Jamal spit on his cock as he slowly slid it between those fat white cheeks, as though he was titty-fucking a white woman. Alex shivered and shook from

the ticklish friction. Holding the insta-brand inches from Alex's right cheek, Jamal massaged Alex's pink hole with the head of his dick.

"You want dis dick?" Jamal asked.

"Y-yes, king," Alex said, bobbing on the guards' cocks.

"Beg fo' dis dick," Jamal said, sliding between those soft cheeks.

"P-please, king, fuck me!" Alex moaned. "I NEED that royal cock, daddy."

Jamal reached down with his left hand and grabbed Alex's shoulder and neck, preparing for insertion. Alex felt the heat of Jamal's sweaty cockhead teasing his puckering asshole. With a solemn grunt, Jamal started sliding into Alex millimeters at a time, tearing apart that snug little hole.

"Oh my f-f-ucking god," Alex groaned.

"Dat's rite," Jamal mumbled, watching his huge black dick parting those sweet white cheeks. "Open up fo' Daddy, bitch."

The pressure, the burning, stretching, tearing pressure built as Jamal's cock edged forward. He was only a third of the way in, and already he'd hit clenching resistance from Alex.

"Open dat ass up," a guard growled.

"I-I can't, k-k-kings," Alex cried.

"Open da fuck up, whiteboi!" Jamal screamed. "Or I'll brand yo' ass!"

Alex fought to control his breathing. His hands clung to the grass on the forest floor, and he tried to calm himself. Jamal's enormous dick felt like a freight train running right through him, barreling through his insides, but he overcame the urge to fight it. Instead of clenching down on it, he *accepted the violation*. He let it in. He let his ass accept the glistening daddy dick.

"Dat's good," Jamal groaned. He kept his tough exterior, but he was obviously in love with Alex's sweet little boipussy. It felt amazing gripping his giant black python. "Dat shit feel real fuckin' good. Fuck yeah."

Jamal thrust further inside Alex. And further still. Finally Alex's ass clenched again, with Jamal's cock only halfway inside him.

"Muhfuckin' faggot!" Jamal yelled, frustrated. "We dun' tried dis da easy way, we gon' have ta do dis da hard way, bitch. Open da FUCK up!"

Jamal buried the hot insta-brand into the soft white flesh of Alex's right ass cheek. As the brand seared into his flesh, Jamal thrust his huge black dick *all the way in*, balls deep, as Alex's body reflexively bucked and struggled against the pressure and searing heat.

"Ahhhhhhh!" Alex screamed, his wails echoing into the night.

"Take it, faggot!" one guard said, shoving his cock into the whiteboi's mouth.

"Stop cryin', bitch!" the other said, slapping his heavy dick against Alex's face, tears falling down atop its shaft.

Jamal held the insta-brand down, making his mark deep and long, while he fucked his sissy slave's asshole. No more mercy. Alex's ass clenched with spasms, but Jamal powered right through them. He destroyed Alex's tender insides. Each thrust was another dagger. Alex felt the warm, throbbing heft of Jamal's master cock within him, cutting through all resistance like a flaming sword of vengeance.

"Ya'll was on top, wasn't you?" Jamal snarled while he fucked. "White man ran da world!"

"Mm-hm," Alex moaned as he gagged on sweaty daddy dick.

"Now look atchu, bitch!" Jamal screamed. "You just a hole. A wet hole for black dick!"

Jamal threw all his power into his fucking. He showed no regard for Alex's feelings. He used the little sissy, with his pink-and-blue wig flowing in the breeze, as a masturbatory aid. Alex was fresh white meat: nothing but warm friction for the black kings.

"Yo country belong to us. Yo bitches belong to us. You 'bout to go extinct," Jamal grunted.

His rage powered his strokes. His muscular black ass clenched and relaxed, over and over, as he slung hundreds of years' worth of revenge and oppression into the sissy's tender boipussy.

"Y-y-yes, king!" Alex howled.

Jamal finally pulled the insta-brand away from Alex's cheek. His round white ass now bore a fresh, permanent brand: the symbol of a stylized spade, with a "J" for Jamal, inside a circle. It was an eternal

reminder that he was owned by black kings, and his holes had been claimed by them.

“You like dis big black dick?” Jamal taunted.

“Y-y-yes, king!” Alex sucked the guards, alternating between them, wildly licking their nuts and their shafts between sucks.

Jamal ran through Alex’s insides. He shredded them. But through the pain and the tears, a deep sensation built up underneath it all. Alex’s clitty stiffened, plumping up against the confines of his cock cage. His little pink balls radiated with pleasure as, with every stroke, Jamal’s powerful nuts plowed into them. Something strange was happening. Call it Stockholm Syndrome or call it simple sissy submission, but Alex began to give his body, his will, his soul over to his masters.

And it hurt really fucking good.

“D-d-daddy!” Alex whimpered. “I l-l-love that cock Daddy!”

Jamal’s deep grunts intermingled with Alex’s sissy cries. Dark muscle on soft white flesh. The buzz of the ganjala lifted them higher. Overwhelmed with fuck-lust, the two enormous guards seized control from Jamal.

The first guard lifted Alex up with ease. He pulled him roughly upward, like a sissy ragdoll, and Alex threw his thin white arms around his shoulders to hang on for dear life. Face-to-face, Alex’s hole still reeling from Jamal’s onslaught, Alex opened his mouth and began kissing the humongous musclebound guard.

“Look out. Dis little whiteboi bitch in love,” Jamal said, stroking himself.

The other guard and Jamal watched, their eyes red with ganjala haze, and jerked off as Alex gave himself over to black domination. He’d resisted before. He’d tried to hang onto some thread of masculinity, but in the heat of interracial passion, he became a submissive fuckslut.

“Dat’s what I’m talkin’ ’bout,” the other guard said, stroking himself. “Dis your place, bitch.”

As the massive guard held him aloft, his chiseled muscles slick with sweat in the night, Alex felt the true power of a black king. He sucked the guard’s sweet pink tongue. He nibbled and kissed those huge African lips.



He traded spit with him, then kissed his ear, his cheek, and his neck. The guard grunted and groaned, and he inserted himself into Alex's boipussy as he held him.

"F-f-fuck that's g-g-g-ood, king!" Alex groaned between kisses.

It was a totally different feeling being fucked from this angle. Just as intense, just as painful, but a powerful aching pleasure lurked beneath it. The first pangs of deep pleasure were like catching sight of an iceberg. Untold fathoms of lust and satisfaction lay beneath, and it deepened with every thrust of the black king's cock.

"Dis why yo' women betrayed ya'll sissies," Jamal shouted over the grunting and moaning. "You feel it now, whiteboi? You get it now?"

"I do," Alex mumbled, overwhelmed with cock-lust.

Alex rode harder. His clitty felt poised to explode. He wanted desperately to touch it. To play with it. He'd never done it before. All his life he'd been in chastity — locked up tight like a good celibate sissy boy. But these black cocks awoke the flame of lust in him. He was ashamed, but his lust overcame the shame. Could it really be happening? What was this tingle? This crescendo? Was he going to cum?

"Got-dayum, dat's tight, got-dayum it!" the guard plowed Alex's warm guts, harder and faster.

Alex dug his hot-pink fingernails into the guard's muscular back. They became animals in the wilderness. Nothing existed but them, cloaked in the warm ganjala buzz.

"That f-f-ucking c-cock is HUGE," Alex whispered sweet nothings in his black master's ear, and it inspired even harder thrusts.

Alex's ass ate up that black dick. His boipussy was ruined. Each thrust loosened him up more, greased his insides, and plundered his tender tissues and muscles. He kissed the guard again, madly and passionately. The contrast was unreal. The rough, angry, vengeful thrusts counterbalanced by the tender kisses between daddy and sissy, master and slave, black and white.

"Gimme dat slut," the second guard demanded.

The guard handed Alex over to him. The second guard inserted, pumping away at Alex's right boipussy in the same position as Jamal

looked on.

“Fuck, dis whiteboi’s tight,” he said.

Alex caressed his bald head, his arms wrapped around him, hovering seven feet in the air. Alex wondered what it would feel like to be that tall, that muscular, that powerful. The heft of the guard’s body reminded him of his place in the racial pecking order. It was a brutal truth. Whitebois like him had been conquered. They’d been ruined. They were made obsolete.

Alex felt grateful that he could protect Kaylee from this knowledge. She must never know the touch, the feel, the overpowering allure of the black kings. If it meant pimping his little hole out to them, he’d gladly do it to keep Kaylee pure. Once you’ve felt their power, it’s seared into your mind forever: like the fresh spade branded on his ass, burning with pain.

“Loosen dat ass, bitch!” the guard grunted.

Alex obeyed. Tears ran down his face again, smearing his sissy makeup, as the guard wrecked him. Alex was beginning to gain some control over his spasms and contractions. He relaxed himself as the warm, wet, veiny tool of black supremacy ravaged him.

“I’m finna nut,” the guard yelled. “Got-fuckin’-dayum, I’m finna nut up in dis faggot!”

He howled and grunted. He was a wild beast in the forest. The moonlight shone on his dark features. A wet sheen of sweat coated his rippling body, and Alex clung tighter to him. He dug in with his nails. His toes curled. His clitty engorged.

Alex kissed him wildly. He sucked his long, tasty tongue. Alex opened his warm, wet sissy mouth and let his master spit in it. Alex gratefully swallowed his African spit as he relaxed into deeper thrusts.

“Fuck me, king!” Alex encouraged him.

The guard raged and bucked. His body went ballistic. He slammed Alex with insane force, Alex’s sissy ass slapping and reddening as it tore apart. Alex closed his eyes, swirling in the vortex of powerful African libido.

“Stay right dere,” the guard said.

Jamal and the other guard held Alex still, holding his body up in the guard’s preferred position. Alex’s sissy clitty seeped precum, his little balls

bounced up and down, as his hole was plundered waist-high off the forest ground.

“Fuckin’ faggot, you TAKE DIS NUT!” the guard screamed.

Veins popped out. Muscles flexed with exertion. The vascularity in his huge African muscles pumped up. His eyes grew intense. The warrior gene — the unconquerable African tribal spirit — rose up with fury as the massive guard used the sissy’s pink hole to cum.

“Ahhhhhhhhh fuuuuuck!” the guard howled.

Alex now knew what a white woman felt like at the breeding facilities. Helpless. Overpowered. In total awe. The flood of warm, potent, alpha jizz pumped in huge spurts. Contraction after contraction, the guard shot buckets of heavy, thick, precious African cum into his soft sissy guts.

“Dat’s rite! Breed dat lil’ white faggot!” Jamal yelled.

“Fill dat ass up!” the other guard encouraged.

Alex rode harder through the guard’s orgasm. As he did, he edged closer himself. At least he thought; Alex couldn’t be sure. His little clitty was tucked away and, besides, he didn’t know what an orgasm felt like. All he knew is that as he gyrated on that huge daddy dick, a delicious tingle filled his balls, his clitty, and his belly. The warmth of the cum greased the searing pain of the dick, and the guard’s thrusts became wetter and sloppier. It was heaven and hell at once: a nightmarish, aggressive, brutal paradise of untamed black lust and rage.

“Got-dayum!” the guard kissed his sissy bitch as he filled his belly up with jizz. “Dat’s goooooood.”

The guard produced at least five times his typical volume of cum. The ganjala had blown his balls up to epic proportions, and its rumored orgasmic enhancement proved to be true. The guard’s face contorted into pure bliss. That snug little sissy hole squeezed out the best orgasm of his life.

“It’s so warm, king,” Alex whispered into his black master’s ear. “It’s oozing inside me.”

“Git da fuck down here. My muhfuckin’ turn!” the second guard yelled.

He grabbed Alex by the neck and threw him to the forest floor, pulling his tight asshole off of his fellow guard's spent cock. The cum threatened to ooze out of Alex's boipussy, but the guard wrestled him into a "face down, ass up" doggy-style position.

"Show me dat ass," the guard commanded.

Alex lifted his round sissy butt up into the air. As he hiked it higher, gravity sent the thick gobs of African cum further into his insides. It slid deep within him — viscous and warm — coating the tender tunnel ravaged by their big black cocks. Alex's little clitty dripped more precum, and he prepared for another hot injection of jizz.

"Dis what you get, whiteboi, fo fuckin' wit my ancestas," the second guard threatened. He worked the head of his dick into the sissy's asshole. Sweat dripped from his mighty, simian brow. "I'm gon' FLOOD you ass' wit dis NUT!"

"Do it, soul brotha!" Jamal encouraged him. "Break dis' lil' bitch!"

Jamal sparked up a joint: this time regular military-issue weed. All New African soldiers carried packs of pre-rolled joints with them. He jerked himself off and took long draws from the joint. The weed buzz complemented the ganjala nicely.

The second guard was bigger than the first. His cock was just as long, but even thicker. Alex wailed in aching agony as it stretched him. The guard's huge black hands wrapped around Alex's thin white hips and pulled him into his body.

"Who you love, bitch?" he barked.

"I love YOU, king!" Alex cried.

"Who own you, bitch?" he barked.

"YOU own me, king!" Alex moaned through mascara tears.

This ritual humiliation pleased the second guard. The pace of his fucking grew rapid. It became hectic and ecstatic, less regular, more feverish: sure signs an overpowering orgasm was building. Inspector Jamal relished the sight as he filled the air with dank weed smoke. He couldn't look away: a thick, wet, glistening black dick splitting those soft white cheeks in two, gliding back and forth through the snug aperture, his

homeboy destroying that tender hole and claiming it for the greater glory of the black race.

“Pound dat shit,” Jamal coached his subordinate. “Show dis whiteboi how a REAL nigga fuck.”

Jamal put his boot on Alex’s head and forced his face down into the grass. The guard pounded out thumping, heavy thrusts, busting Alex’s tender ass cheeks, tearing into him.

“Dis is fo’ slavery! Dis’ is fo’ Jim Crow! Dis is fo po-leese brutality!” he cried.

Each thrust was a micro-reparation. Each shredding, angry slam was righteous justice. The guard was drunk with lust and retribution. The twin forces fed each other, and his gigantic seven-foot frame reeled with apoplectic arousal as he fucked his way to orgasm.

“F-f-uck yeah, I’m gon’ nut!” he growled from his deepest being.

Jamal held Alex still as the second guard filled him up. No wiggling. No struggling. He would take the cum injection like a good slave bitch. And he did. Alex sobbed softly, relaxing as best he could, his tiny cock tingling with desire and shame.

“Ahhhhh FUUUCK!” the second guard lost control.

His explosion was even angrier, more forceful, and thicker than the first. Oceans of pearly white cum rampaged through Alex’s insides. The African seed added to the vast reservoir already within him, and Alex felt a sensation of warm fullness.

“Oh sheeit! Is you still nuttin’?” Jamal asked, smoking his joint and tugging himself.

“Yeeeessss,” the second guard’s face contracted and twitched with fury. His nostrils flared. His bleary eyes squinted. The corners of his huge lips curled downward in deep mammalian bliss. “S-s-still nuttin’.”

For a full thirty seconds, the guard’s trembling cock shot fresh ropes of cum. His balls quivered and shook, and they contracted back down to normal size as the ganjala-fueled cumload filled the sissy’s belly. Finally, he came to rest, breathing heavily in the cool night air.

“It’s so fucking warm, kings,” Alex whimpered. “I’m full of cum. I’m ready to fucking burst.”

“You ain’t seen shit yet,” Jamal said.

He handed his joint to the second guard, who pulled his giant limp cock out of Alex and stood beside his other seven-foot cohort. They were in for a show. Even though Jamal was shorter and less slighter than his guards, he burned with masculine African virility. He’d fought in the revolution, and it hardened him into a pitiless brute.

“You best make room up in dat ass, bitch, cuz Daddy finna fill you ALL DA WAY up,” Jamal said, squeezing Alex’s tender ass. He examined his gaping boipussy, dripping with warm cum, filled up like a pastry overstuffed with cream. “Turn over, bitch!”

Jamal threw Alex onto his back. The cool grass caressed Alex’s sweaty, ravaged sissy body. The ganjala high was peaking. The world was surreal and vivid. Every nerve stood on edge. He laid on his back, his quivering sissy clitty begging to be touched, but locked in a permanent frustrated chastity.

The ganjala had swollen the inspector’s balls. His nuts filled up with jizz, and he ached for release.

“Get yo’ muhfuckin’ legs back!” Inspector Jamal grabbed Alex’s soft, supple white legs behind the knees and pushed them back like a contortionist. His sissy heels and ankles wrenched back, almost behind his head. Gravity once again settled the buckets of cum inside him. “You best open dat ass up, slut. It’s my berffday, got-dayum it.”

Alex peered into those cold eyes. Jamal meant business. The complicated symphony of anger, rage, hate, and desire swelled to its grand finale. Alex fought back tears, focusing on Kaylee. He looked past Jamal’s muscular body, out into the dark horizon of pines, and whispered “hang on, baby.”

Jamal laughed at Alex’s tiny little clitty. He slapped it with his heavy cock, rattling its chastity cage. The vibrations drove Alex insane with desire. Despite the shame, he wanted nothing more than to rub his little nub against Jamal’s beautiful master dick. He wanted to know what pleasure felt like.

“How you like dat, whiteboi?” Jamal asked as he inserted.

“I l-l-love it, king,” Alex cried, fighting to relax his ass.

Jamal grunted loudly, with proud groans. As he savagely wrecked Alex's little hole, as his huge black cock sloshed amid the sloppy cum inside, as he pounded balls-deep into his slave, he made Tarzan-like shouts of triumph.

"Who's yo' muhfuckin' Daddy?" Jamal screamed.

"I-Inspector J-Jamal," Alex sobbed.

"Who run da world?"

"Black k-kings!"

A strange and terrible quaking overtook Alex. It emanated from the deepest parts of him. It might have been the angle, or the rhythm, or merely the ganjala, but Jamal's violent thrusts gave him waves of intense pleasure. *Holy fuck*, Alex thought to himself. *He's hitting my prostate.*

Jamal dominated Alex completely. He fucked his little cum-filled ass brutally, his muscular frame holding him against the forest floor. The electric sweat dripped from the black king's torso. Alex held onto the sea of rippling muscles, riding the unbridled black power. Each time the black king bottomed out, a tingle snaked up into Alex's little pink cock.

"It's over for ya'll bitches. Ya'll on da way out. Extinct," Jamal growled into Alex's ear as he neared completion.

The guards, exhausted from their orgasms, looked on as though they were witnessing a sacred ritual. Jamal grunted, angry and vengeful, his hot breath on his sissy captive's ear. And in-between the cruel taunts, he kissed Alex with dominating, aggressive, open-mouthed smooches — his long tongue probing the mouth of the helpless little whiteboi.

"You never was nuffin'," Jamal growled. "Ya'll just stole and colonized. And held us down! You ain't shit. You feel dat? Dat's a real man's dick! Dat dick gonna fuck yo' mom and yo' sista! Dat dick gonna end ya'll white faggots foreva! Yo' women gonna nurse our black babies, faggot!"

Alex cried and wailed, holding tight. The thrusts hit all the right spots. Waves of shame and anger washed over him, but lust won out. There was no denying the power of the black man. Jamal was a force of nature, and he swept over Alex's soul like a hurricane.

"Daddy I'm g-gonna c-c-c-um," Alex screamed.

Without touching his nub, with only the furious thrusting friction of his black master's cock, Alex went over the edge into the infinite, painful bliss of orgasm. It was a hands-free prostate orgasm, surging up with tremendous force from his innards, gripping all extremities with turbulent, brain-melting pleasure.

“F-F-Fuuuuuck!” Alex whined and wriggled.

In the blinding joy of the orgasm, Alex clenched his tearful eyes tight. Time stood still. In a vision, he pictured Kaylee in a wedding dress, under the shade of a tree along some spectacular Appalachian ridge. She lifted her veil and stared into his eyes. He disappeared into her precious, rare, otherworldly Aryan features.

“Dat's rite,” Jamal yelled, making Alex's sissy ass cum, watching the sissy jizz dribble out of Alex's locked-up cock into the clear cock cage. “Kiss me, faggot.”

The black master kissed his sissy with a wet, open mouth. As his tongue invaded Alex's mouth, Jamal went over the edge into his orgasm. The build-up was long and gradual. Like a tidal wave it crested slowly and built to dizzying heights. With angry grunts and growls — in monosyllabic rasps of hatred and malevolence — the hulking black brute bred Alex's sissy guts.

“Got-dayum, white, bitch, fuck, got-dayum, cracka ass, bitch,” Jamal mumbled angry curses as he plowed through his wild orgasm.

“I'm s-s-s-o fucking full, king,” Alex cried between kisses, still riding his prostate orgasm.

Jamal's diamond-hard master dick spurted buckets into Alex. It felt like gallons. It was a warm, unending, savage injection of African semen. Its hot potency filled Alex fuller and fuller, as though his belly was about to burst, and Jamal's quivering balls shook between long contracting ejaculations.

Gripping and kissing his brutal black master, legs wrapped around his superior body, in awe of the strange warmth of his first orgasm, Alex welcomed the African cum. He was proudly a martyr. He relished the full feeling, the flood of the hot poison that would wipe away his race, if only to save Kaylee from knowing its horrifying power.



“Dat’s rite, I own you, bitch,” Jamal mumbled to himself in lusty exhaustion. “I own you. I own you.”

On the forest floor, beneath the gorgeous naked bodies of his black conquerors, Alex stared up into the pale shafts of moonlight. He decided, then and there, that he’d never tell Kaylee what her freedom had cost. And he most certainly would never tell her that, in the fucked-up depths of his soul, he enjoyed the brutality so much his little clitty came.

“Hell of a berffday present, huh boss?” a guard asked.

“Got-dayum rite,” Jamal said, shoving Alex’s spent body on the floor like used trash. “Now let’s get up outta dis bitch. We done here.”



The black kings had pimp-strolled away, rolling a fresh ganjala blunt as they disappeared into the forest. When the last of the black master seed dribbled out of Alex’s gaping boipussy, he limped back toward his cabin to tell Kaylee she was safe. The black kings had done plenty of damage to the village, but Alex couldn’t wait to explain how he’d saved her by bartering only a small bag of their large ganjala cache (sparing her the grisly details). Even though he’d been humiliated, degraded, and ravaged, he felt like a triumphant martyr for the cause of whiteness.

The moon was high now. Alex’s sissy skirt billowed in the cool night breeze. His sissy ass ached. He came over the ridge to his cabin in a dreamy haze, full of a strange, wounded optimism. There was nothing more he could lose. His ego, his waning masculine pride, had been shredded by the demonstration of black power. This made him feel paradoxically free — ready, at last, to flee for freedom with his beloved. Step-brother and step-sister, the fate of the white race riding on their success, would make a run for it across the loose network of sissy villages dotting the landscape.

They’d do it together. The very next morning.

“Kaylee!” Alex called out as he arrived at the heavy cabin door.

“Alex!” her muffled voice cried out.

The door flew open with tremendous force, knocking Alex backward, into the front yard, onto his sore sissy ass. He brushed the pink-and-blue tresses from his face and looked upon his worst nightmare.

“Alex! Help!” Kaylee cried, sobbing in mortal terror.

The terrible truth dawned on Alex. After using his body for pleasure, Inspector Jamal and his guards had called in reinforcements.

“Let me go!” Kaylee yelled.

She kicked. She clawed. She screamed. The massive New African soldier just laughed, carrying her over his shoulder like an ancient barbarian pillaging a village. Inspector Jamal and a unit of soldiers followed him out of the cabin, guns drawn, and doused the cabin with kerosene.

“You promised! You motherfuckers promised!” Alex rose to his feet and ran to Inspector Jamal. “Let her go! We’ll leave New Africa. You’ll never see us again!”

“Dis bitch fine as hell,” Jamal said through gritted teeth, blunt dangling from the corner of his mouth, eyes red with drunken joy. “She goin’ straight to Chief Darius X’s private chamber. We throwin’ dis fine-ass bitch to da PURESTRAINS.”

Alex’s blood froze. Kaylee looked desperately into his eyes, hoisted over the warrior’s massive black shoulder. All this time, they’d kept her from so much as laying eyes upon black men. And now the monsters came to capture her, helpless and flailing in the middle of the night. Her soft white skin, her fertile features, all that human potential, now mere chum to be thrown to the purestrains: the blackest, purest, most aggressive African supermen. Purestrain specimens made the seven-foot-tall guards look like beta male sissies.

Alex shuddered at the thought of their plans for Kaylee. Sweet Kaylee. Beautiful, pure, unspoiled Kaylee. His only hope. His only love.

He yelled, screamed, protested, gnashed his teeth, and begged as the soldiers carried her to the transport truck.

“What’s happening, Alex?” Kaylee cried.

Her lustrous blonde hair shone in the moonlight. Her beautiful white dress billowed. She was a captive angel, and they were smuggling her into Hades.

“Be strong, Kaylee!” Alex yelled.

“Rememba’. Ain’t nobody touch dis bitch ’til we git to da Chief’s palace,” Jamal yelled to his team. “No touchin’ her ’til Atlanta. Break dat

rule and I'll fuckin cap yo' ass!"

"Awwww, why not, boss?" a soldier whined.

"Dis bitch a virgin," Jamal said. "And ya'll know how Darius X likes his virgins."

"Alex! Get help!" Kaylee yelled.

"Stay strong," Alex yelled over the mayhem. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Kaylee said, tears of horror falling from her eyes.

"I promise you, Kaylee-" Alex craned his neck, keeping eye contact as they threw her into the prisoner hold of the transport truck. "I'm coming for you! I swear to God, Kaylee! I'm coming for you!"

They slammed the door shut, and the soldiers kicked Alex's little sissy body to the ground, laughing and smoking ganjala. The village sissies were still assembled in the village square, watching in terror as their precious lost vessel was locked away.

In the black of night, Kaylee's face shone through a small round window in the back of the truck — no larger than a dinner plate. Alex wailed as the soldiers piled into their trucks and rode away.

"I'm coming for you!" Alex yelled again.

The beautiful blonde vision, framed in a small round halo of light inside the prisoner's hold, grew smaller as it receded into the distance, down the mountain, headed for the heart of blackness.



**ALSO BY WHITNEY RYAN:**

**Sissified by Her Thug: An Interracial Bisexual  
Cuckold Story**

**Pumped by the Bodybuilding Thugs: An  
Interracial Sissy Story**

## **A WORD FROM WHITNEY RYAN:**

Thanks for reading this outrageous, surreal, trashy, and strangely literary foray into interracial power dynamics. I hope you enjoyed our journey, but the story has only just begun. Be on the lookout for Book Two, where Kaylee and Alex journey into the dark heart of New Africa's capital city.

Your opinion matters to me. If you enjoyed this trip through the mind of sissy, please consider leaving a review for this story, *BLACK FUTURE: BOOK ONE*, on Amazon or Goodreads. For more kinky fun, interact with my Twitter [@WhitneyRyanLit](#).

I welcome all constructive feedback (especially rave reviews, naturally), and I'm fond of discussing these taboo themes with other curious minds.

Be well, and be well-read.

– Whit

# Table of Contents

[TITLE PAGE AND COPYRIGHT](#)

[BLACK FUTURE: BOOK ONE](#)

[ALSO BY WHITNEY RYAN:](#)

[A WORD FROM WHITNEY RYAN:](#)