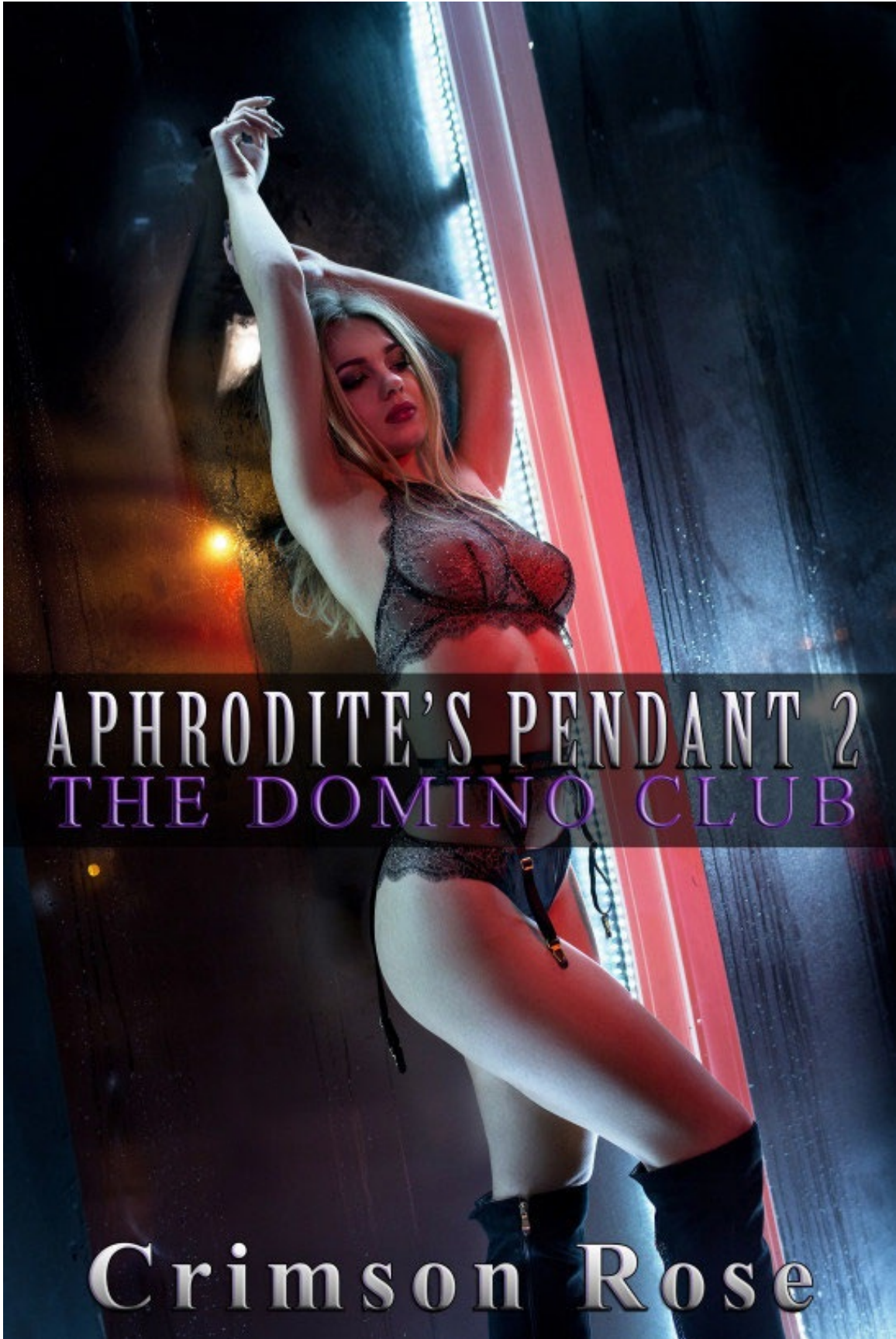
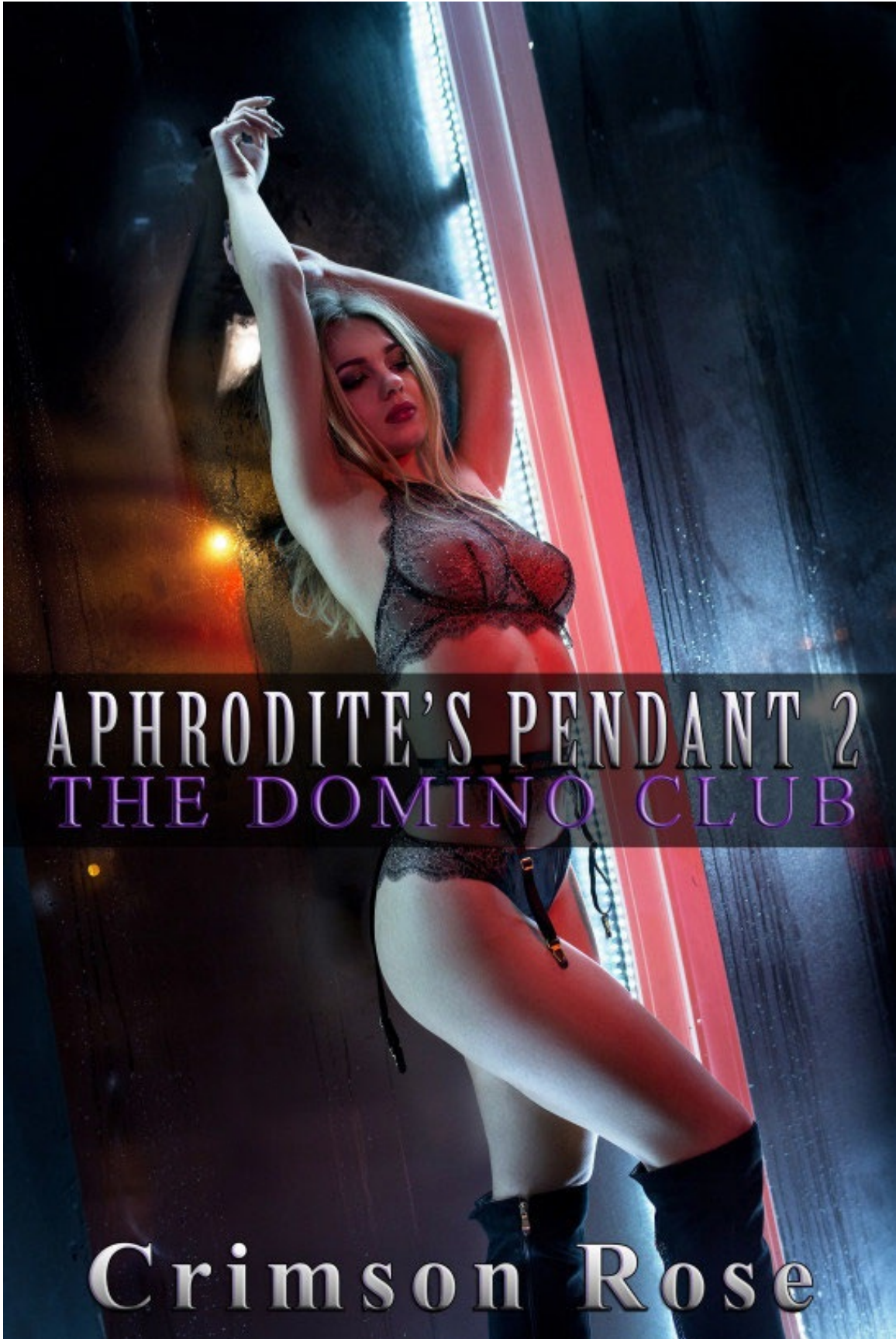




APHRODITE'S PENDANT 2
THE DOMINO CLUB

Crimson Rose



APHRODITE'S PENDANT 2
THE DOMINO CLUB

Crimson Rose

Aphrodite's Pendant 2

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Aphrodite's Pendant 2

This story is Copyright© 2012 by Crimson Rose. All rights reserved.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Version 2 updated 5/25/2017

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

Twenty-eight year old Julie Galloway stood naked before the full length mirror smiling ear to ear while gently rubbing the slight swell of her belly. Her eyes drifted down to SLUTTY FISTER tattooed on her mound courtesy of her new friend Barbara and her cheeks flushed despite it being one hundred percent true. Biting the left half of her lower lip, she felt her clit tingle at just the thought of sliding her hand deep inside of her. Moving her hands up to her breasts, she cupped them, giving them a few playful squeezes as she turned to face her husband whom was still lying in bed watching her. “These are going to get a lot bigger in the coming months,” she said, her way of telling him it had finally happened after three months of trying.

“You mean...”

“We’re going to be parents. We’re having our first child.”

“Are you sure about that? I mean, I don’t doubt that you’re pregnant, I couldn’t be happier about that, but are you sure it’s mine? You did let four other men fuck you after all.”

“Based on the timing and what Dr. Clark told me yesterday, yeah, there’s no way it’s one of theirs. I’m eleven weeks. The party was nine weeks ago meaning you knocked me up soon after I bought this thing,” she said, playing with the ruby pendant hanging from the gold and platinum necklace she bought at a flea market three months back. The woman selling it spun a tale of it once belonging to Aphrodite – Greek Goddess of love, fertility and pleasure and while she was not one to believe such fantastical stories, Julie could not otherwise explain her and her husband’s actions since the purchase.

Within an hour of buying the gorgeous piece for a fraction of what it was worth, Julie’s sex drive increased tenfold and right off the bat she found herself doing things she never would have dreamed of before. It was at that same flea market she met Barbara – a woman selling jewelry for every piercing under the sun, and managing a booth to do the work. A woman that talked her into entering said booth for nipple piercings that led to one of the most amazing sexual encounters of her life as she experienced sex with another woman for the first time. And that

was only the beginning of her newfound sexual freedom.

Eyes drifting back down to her tattooed mound and pierced hood and outer labia, she recalled Barbara's arm thrusting in and out halfway to the elbow and the euphoric state it put her in. She recalled coming home and spilling the beans to her husband about the entire affair, leaving out nothing, and his surprising reaction to it. And she recalled being in bed that night with her head resting on the pillows as he fucked her up the ass for the first time in the ten years they have been together. It was one of the best days of her life and only a sampling of things to come.

"You going to stand there looking at yourself in the mirror all night or are you coming to bed?"

"Hmm? Oh, sorry, I was just thinking."

"About?"

"Everything we've done since I bought this thing. I don't know if it really is magical, but it certainly has changed the way we look at sex. I mean, I'm not the only one that got fucked by four guys, remember."

"How could I ever forget? It's been more than two months and I swear I can still taste the semen. I can almost feel the dicks sliding up my ass and down my throat and as you can see it's making me horny. I think you should do something about that."

"Oh?" Julie giggled, bouncing onto the bed between her husband's legs. "And what do you think I should do?"

"I think you should lube and take it deep in your ass."

"I've got a better idea. How about we change it up a bit? Instead of me taking you up the ass, how about you take me up your ass instead? This'll be a perfect opportunity for me to practice using the new toys and you'll get to feel a cock up your ass again. It's a win/win situation. And you can finish off in my mouth."

The thought of taking it up the ass should have disgusted him, and prior to his wife bringing home the pendant and necklace she never took off he would have said so, but now, now all he wanted to do was experience as much sex as

humanly possible and like her, he did not care what form the act took. Smiling, he rolled onto his hands and knees and lowered his head onto the pillows. “Have at it, honey. My ass is all yours.”

Looking at her husband’s upturned ass, Julie’s mind raced at the possibilities. “Do you trust me?”

“Of course I trust you.”

“Good. I’ve got an idea and I need you to trust I won’t do anything to hurt you. Stay just like that and don’t move.” Rushing to the closet, Julie grabbed the large cardboard box containing all of their new toys which, up to this point had only been used on her. Sitting it at the foot of the bed, she pulled the flaps open and stared inside the surprisingly organized container – the toys arranged in order from tallest to shortest with dildos and vibrators in the back followed by anal beads, butt plugs and lube. Picking up a feeldoe strapless strap-on, she placed the short, bulbous end into her pussy, her pelvic muscles instinctively clamping down on it, she lubed the longer shaft and placed it against her husband’s asshole. “Ready?”

To answer, Greg pushed back, taking all eight inches of the silicone phallus into his ass. In one go. “Mmm hmm.” Pre-cum dripping from the tip of his dick, he reached back and started jerking off.

“You’re not allowed to cum until I give you permission,” Julie said, pulling back and then thrusting her hips forward – the grunt it elicited making her clit throb with excitement. “If you do I’ll have to punish you for disobedience,” she added, the words bringing with them a sense of empowerment she had never before experienced. Wondering if this is what it felt like to dominate someone, she scratched her fingernails down his back and then slapped him hard on the ass. “That’s it you little sissy slut! Take my big fucking cock up your tight ass!”

WHACK! Digging her fingernails into his ass cheek, she squeezed hard, pulled back until only the head of the dildo was inside of him and then slammed forward, burying all eight inches only to pull back and do it again – alternating slaps to each cheek until both were bright red. Based on the rapid movement of his arm and his moans she knew he was jerking off like a madman. Reaching between his legs, she gave his balls a hard squeeze.

“Aahgh! God damn, not do fucking hard!”

“Slow the stroking. I told you no cumming until I give you permission.”

Pulling out of her husband’s ass, Julie coated a ten inch long, two inch thick dildo with a two and a half inch head and pushed it in – not bothering to stop and ask if he was ready for something so big. There was a brief moment where the toy refused to penetrate, but with a little added pressure she grinned as his asshole opened to accept the much thicker dildo. “Mmmm, you really do love it up the ass don’t you? I wonder if the guys would be willing to come back to gang bang you. Would you like that honey? You want me to call the guys so you can have the real thing again?”

“N-No,” Greg groaned as his wife worked the larger toy deeper into his bowels. “I’m...uhn...I’m more than c-content take...uhn...uhn...taking the dildos.”

“I think we both know that’s a lie. Nothing beats the real thing and just thinking about you letting John, Lenny, Ken and Derrick make you their sissy fucktoy is getting me all kinds of horny. And you can’t tell me you don’t want to taste their delicious jizz.” Shoving to the balls and leaving it, Julie lubed the next three – too excited to now to wait for him to gradually open up. Pulling the dildo free and dropping it to the floor, she rammed the next one in – it’s nearly three inch thickness causing him to grunt and lurch forward as if someone had just kicked him in the ass.

“Oh my fucking god! What in the hell are you trying to do back there? Let me get used to one toy before you fuck something bigger in me, damn!”

“Stop whining like a little bitch,” Julie replied, twisting the large silicone cock left and right as she worked it in and out. And if you really need me to tell you, I’m opening you up to take my fist. At least for tonight. With more practice you’ll be taking both hands at the same time just like me.

Taking dick up the ass was one thing, but when he heard his wife telling him she was going to stretch his asshole open to take two hands at the same time, his heart skipped a beat and for the first time since she brought Aphrodite’s pendant home he wondered if they were taking this new inhibition free lifestyle too far. His mind was screaming yes, but his rock hard cock dripping pre-cum was saying not even close. Conflicted between being a man and being turned into a sissy fucktoy by his wife, he let out a soft moan as she pushed another larger toy into his bowels.

“Mmmm, that’s a good boy. You took that one with barely any resistance at all. Just one more to go and then my fist. What do you think about that?”

“I think we’ve lost our damn minds, but I’d be lying if I said I didn’t like it. I never imagined it would be this easy to stretch my ass open so wide, Mistress,” Greg said, the word coming out of its own volition. “I mean...oh nevermind. My ass is yours to fuck and stretch as you see fit, Mistress.”

“I do love the sound of that. I also like the way your ass looks after a hard spanking. I’m thinking we need to get a few paddles so you can really feel the sting. I’m going to pull the dildo from your ass in a minute and then shove my hand in so get ready. When it’s in I want you to fuck yourself on it. I want to see it going deeper and deeper until you’re up to the fucking elbow. Is that understood, little sissy?”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

Generously lubing her hands, Julie yanked the huge toy from her husband’s now gaping asshole, and shoved her left hand in before the dildo hit the floor. Feeling his sphincter clenching around her wrist, she paused and allowed him to get used to it. “You did it! You’ve got my hand in your ass. How does it feel? And be honest. I don’t want there being any lies between us.”

“It hurts a little, but it feels good,” Greg answered truthfully. “Feels weird to be stuffed so full, but I think I can get used to it.” Pulling forward until only the tips of her bunched up fingers were in his ass, he slammed back, taking her entire hand and three inches more to prove he meant what he said. “Uuhhnnn! If you make a fist you’ll be able to push it deeper,” he moaned, speaking from three months experience fisting his wife’s pussy and ass. And when he felt her fingers bending and tightening into a fist, he shoved back as hard as he could – ignoring the pain of his stretching sphincter as he shot his load all over the bed. “JESUS CHRIST!”

“What? Are you okay? Do you need me to pull out?”

“N-No! I just...holy fucking hell honey! I came and I wasn’t even jerking off!”

“Dammit! I told you not to cum without permission. Now I’m going to have to punish you.”

“Don’t blame me! You’re the one making it feel so good I shot without touching myself. I didn’t even know such a thing was possible.”

“Well, now you do.” Pulling her hand out of her husband’s ass, Julie shoved a three and a half inch thick butt plug in. “As punishment you’re going to wear that for the rest of the night and you’re going to let Barb do a little work on you.”

“And if I say no?”

“Then for the rest of our marriage you’ll sit by and watch as other men fuck and breed me because you’ll never stick your dick, or any other body part in me again.”

“What work?”

“Whatever I ask her to give you.”

“Fine, I’ll do it”

“I thought you might. Go take a shower while I call her. And remember, the plug stays put or else.”

While her husband showered, July picked up the used toys and took them out to the kitchen. Placing them in the dishwasher, she grabbed her phone and called Barb in the hopes she was still awake and willing to drop by at a moment's notice. When her friend picked up, she breathed a sigh of relief. "Hey Barb, sorry to call so late, but I've got a huge favor to ask of you."

"Late? It's only midnight. What do you need?"

"Greg disobeyed a direct order and came without permission. As part of his punishment, he has agreed to let you do some work on him. You up for it?"

"Hell yeah I am. What sort of work is he getting done?"

"I'm thinking pierced nipples and maybe a humiliating tattoo. Oh, and you'll never guess what happened just before I called. I was fisting his ass and he shot without even touching himself."

"Nice. I didn't know he could take a fist yet."

"Tonight was the first time. I was going to finish him off with a blowjob and then feed him his own cum, but instead, he shot it all over the bed. So, you available to do this tonight, or should we set it up for another time?"

"We can do it tonight. And I've got an idea for another piercing if you'll let me."

"I'm listening."

"You know how you can replace the plugs in your pussy with tunnels so that he can lace you shut? Well, I'd like to give him the male equivalent."

"Fine by me. Maybe next time he'll learn to obey orders."

"So, is he your submissive now? I sort of got the impression that you served him."

"We decided to switch roles tonight and I'm glad we did. I never knew

dominating someone could feel so exhilarating. Anyways, drop by whenever you can. We'll be here."

∞ ∞ ∞

Barb arrived half an hour later and smiled when a very much naked Greg let her in. That smile broadened into a grin when she saw the base of the plug sticking out of his ass. "Nice. How big is it?"

"Three and a half inches. And he'll be wearing it for the rest of the night and maybe tomorrow as well. Hell, I might just have him wear the damn thing from now on just for the fun of it. Now you be a good little sissy slut and let Barb do her work or your punishment will be even more severe. Do you understand me?"

"Yes Mistress."

"God, that's so fucking hot," Barb said, sitting her bag on the coffee table. "I'll start with the nipple piercings and then the chastity one followed by the tattoos," she added as she opened the bag and began pulling items out one after the other until the glass-topped table was cluttered with bowls, bottles, needles, jewelry and tattoo gun. Dropping two hollow needles into one bowl, she swirled them around for several seconds. Next, she fished one out, placed an end of a barbell in the hollow end and pushed it through Greg's right nipple. He grunted, but did not move. Looking down, he saw one end of the barbell looked like the feathered end of an arrow and it was completed when she capped the other end.

One nipple down, Barb quickly pierced the left and added another arrow barbell. "The next three are going to hurt a lot worse, but I need you to remain as still as possible. Even the slightest jerk might throw the whole thing off and that'll be very unfortunate. And just so you know what to expect, I'll explain." Picking up an object consisting of a dark purple handle with a hollow, surgical steel bit at one end, she continued. "This is what's known as a dermal punch. I'm going to use it to make three tiny holes. Two will go above and to the left and right of your dick while the third will go in your scrotum. Once they are healed in a couple of months, Julie, or should I say Mistress, will be able to attach this chastity cage preventing you from getting it up."

"Fuck me, that's hot!" Julie squealed. "I never would have imagined such an ingenious thing."

“That’s why I’m the professional,” Barb grinned. Squatting in front of Greg, she placed the cage over his cock and after several adjustments to ensure it was properly located, she made two marks above his dick and another on his ball sack. Using the dermal punch, she cut away the pieces of flesh and then placed the anchors. Making sure everything still lines up, she pushed and twisted the razor-sharp tip through his scrotum and quickly placed a tunnel – impressed he was able to take it without so much as a peep. Giving everything one final line up, she placed two tiny locks in the top eyelets, fed the stud through the tunnel and placed a third, effectively locking him in the chastity cage.

“Jesus Christ that looks sexy as fuck,” Julie purred. “Are you sure he can’t keep it on now?”

“Positive. You don’t want the weight of the cage to irritate the piercings or they’ll get infected. It’ll be safe to use in a week, but I highly recommend waiting until they’re fully healed. And since everything is flush with the skin, it’s perfectly safe to have sex tonight if you wanted to. Speaking of which, I’d like to give you a few of the dermal piercings while I’m at it,” she said to Julie. I’m thinking in your cleavage will look nice. What do you say?”

“Okay,” Julie answered, it never even crossing her mind to stop and consider what she was agreeing to. All she knew for certain was it made her clit tingle with excitement meaning it could not be all that bad. “Since you’re doing the piercings you might as well do them now before getting to Greg’s tattoos.”

“My thoughts exactly. We have a myriad of options. You can go with jeweled beads, symbols, lettering to spell out anything your heart desires or any combination of the above, but given the size of your body and breasts I wouldn’t go more than seven. Any ideas?”

After thinking about it for a minute, Julie grinned and her eyes lit up. “Yeah, I’ve got an idea. How about breed me? I think it’s appropriate considering I’m Greg’s breeding cow.”

“I couldn’t agree more. So, any luck in that department yet?”

“As a matter of fact, yes. I was going to tell you tomorrow, but since you’re already here, I confirmed it yesterday at the doctor’s. I’m pregnant with my first child.”

“Congratulations! Do you know who the father is?”

“Based on the timing it can only be Greg’s, but don’t worry, I foresee many more gang bangs in our future so it’s only a matter of time before one of the others knocks me up. Speaking of which, do you know any other men that would be willing to join us? While four is nice I’d like to try it with like ten or more.”

“I know a lot more if you don’t mind being bred by big black cock. Actually, I might have another idea but it’ll have to wait until tomorrow. Right now let’s get back to work while I’m still awake enough to do it.” Dropping the dermal punch in a bowl of alcohol, Barbara carefully measured and placed marks where she wanted the anchors to go between Julie’s breasts. Standing back to get a better look, she frowned. “Hmm, I’m not sure now the cleavage is the best place for so many. Maybe two or three with beaded tops, but not seven. Perhaps we can place those elsewhere.”

“You’re the expert. Where would you suggest?”

“I’d go with your hip or thigh. Both are open areas that can be easily hidden under clothing. I have a client into all thinks perverted who gets microdermal piercings on her back of every fetish she’s mastered. We could go that route if you like. There really are limitless possibilities. I could place rows of them down the backs of your legs or your sides and back for permanent corset piercings or make any design you can think of. Any of that interest you”

“I’m sure no matter what I think of it’s been done a million times. I do like the idea of keeping a running tab on our perversions, but I’m not sure I want to get pierced that many more times. What do you think, honey?”

“To be honest I think it’ll look pretty hot,” Greg answered.

“So you think I should let her pierce the fetishes on me?”

“I do.”

“You heard the man. Pierces our fetishes on us.”

“Excuse me?” Greg said, eyes growing wide.

“You heard me. If she’s putting the list on me, she’s putting it on you as well. Go

ahead, Barb, pierce us both.”

“Okay, I’ll just need to know what fetishes you’ve done that you feel warrant it and I’ll start marking the locations.”

“Hmmm...let’s see. There’s fisting and breeding to start with. And then I think we can add submission, gang bangs, licking pussy and spanking to the list.”

“I know you’re submissive as well as dominant so what do you think of adding bdsm switch to it as well?”

“Sounds good. How bad is this going to hurt?”

“It’s not going to be comfortable I’ll tell you that much. It’s also going to take a lot of time and planning to get everything just right. That being said, I think I’ll give Greg his tattoos and call it a night. We can pick up again tomorrow if you’re not busy.”

“Sounds good to me, Julie replied. “So, what are you giving him?”

“You’ll see when I’m done. Until then I want you to go to your room until I call you out again. And as for you, close your eyes and keep them shut or you’ll regret it,” she said to Greg. Picking up her tattoo gun, she got to work above his cock and in between the dermal piercings.

∞ ∞ ∞

When Barbara was finished tattooing Greg, she packed everything up and then straddled his lap – riding him to completion before taking off. When she was gone, Greg called for his wife who came running as if the house was on fire. Emerging from the bedroom, Julie stopped dead in her tracks when she saw her husband standing in the middle of the living room red-faced and looking more humiliated than she had ever seen him before. Eyes going up and down his body, they settled on the tattoo over his cock which read: Sissy BITCH.

“Mmmm, is that the only one she gave you?”

“No.” Turning around, Greg showed his wife the tattoo on his ass. BBC FUCKTOY on the left side and GANG BANG FISTER on the right with an arrow pointing towards his asshole.

“DAMN! She really did a number on you didn’t she?”

“Yes, yes she did. She also took the liberty of fucking herself on my cock before leaving. Not that I’m complaining or anything. So, are we really going to do this? I mean have her pierce a list of fetishes on us?”

“Don’t tell me the idea isn’t turning you on. The dick doesn’t lie. And since you accepted your punishment like a good boy I’ll give you a choice. You can either jerk off and eat your load, fuck a load into me, or take the plug out of your ass for the night. Which will it be, sissy bitch?”

“Well, considering I’ve already dropped two loads tonight, I think fucking you and jerking it are off the table. That leaves taking the plug out.”

“For the night,” Julie smirked. “You’ll have to put it back in after your shower in the morning. Agreed?”

“Yes Mistress. And you’re right, the thought of Barb piercing the fetishes on us is making me horny.”

“And yet you say you can’t cum again.”

“Honestly, I just want to take the plug out because there’s no way in hell I’m ever going to get any sleep with it in there.”

“Fair enough.”

Kneeling between her husband's legs, Julie took his manhood into her mouth while making sure not to touch the fresh piercing in his scrotum. This had become her way of waking him every morning ever since purchasing Aphrodite's pendant three months back and she never stopped until he treated her to his creamy deliciousness. Looking up, she saw his eyes open. "Hello Master. How are you feeling this morning?"

"I thought about what Barb said last night and I've decided against the fetish piercings."

"What? But why? I think it's a brilliant idea."

"That's the pendant talking. We both know neither of us would be doing anything we've done the last three months if not for that damned thing screwing with our minds. Take it off for a few days and see if you feel the same. Come back on Friday and tell me you still want them done. Tell me you still love being my submissive breeding cow and everything else you've done and if you can look me in the eye and say it we'll continue on as we were, but if not then we get rid of that thing once and for all before it drives us to do even more perverted things."

Sitting back in a kneeling position, Julie continued staring into her husband's eyes. "Honey, do you honestly believe this thing is magical and belonged to an ancient Greek goddess? Come on, we both know there's no such thing as god, Greek or otherwise and magic certainly doesn't exist. I still can't believe after three months you still can't see the obvious." Reaching up, she grabbed the teardrop shaped ruby pendant between finger and thumb. "This has been our excuse to finally let go and open ourselves up to new things. We both opted to believe the story because deep down we wanted to do all those acts of sexual perversion. I wanted Barb to play with me in her booth and I wanted you to fuck me up the ass just as much as you desired sex with other men and using me as a breeding cow."

"I never wanted those things until you brought that home!" Greg replied, scooting back and resting against the headboard. "I was straight my entire life

until you talked me into doing that damn party.”

“Excuse me? You’re the one that told me to talk to Barb to do a threesome. And when I told you she would only do it if her friends joined what was your reaction? Oh yeah, that’s right. You said, and I quote: ‘you’re going to tell me a slutty fister can’t handle a few dicks and pussies? Call her up right now and tell her we’re in.’ You’re the one who wanted to do the gang bang because deep down you wanted those men to fuck you as much as you wanted them to fuck me so don’t you dare sit there and put the blame on me because you were a closet bisexual.”

Getting off the bed, she glared at him for several long seconds and then stormed into the adjoining restroom. When she was done peeing, she went back into the bedroom and stared at him some more. “You don’t want to get the piercings? Fine. But I’m getting them. You want to blame the pendant for all the wonderful things we’ve done these last three months including you impregnating me with our first child? Fine. But understand one thing. If you stop now, after everything we’ve done you stop it all. No more using me as your submissive fucktoy. No more morning wakeup blowjobs. No more fucking me up the ass or shoving your fists into me. If you stop, you stop everything we did since I bought this thing and there’s no going back. Think about that while I go take a shower.”

“Like I said, take the fucking thing off and come tell me the same thing on Friday. I’ll use the other bathroom and sleep in the spare bedroom until then,” Greg said as he got out of bed.

“Whatever,” Julie huffed. “We both know you can’t go three hours without wanting to fuck a load into me, let alone three days.” Shaking her head, she went back into the bathroom for her morning, or in this case early afternoon shower.

∞ ∞ ∞

Barb arrived at her friend’s house just after five and she could feel the tension in the air as she looked from Julie to Greg. “Everything okay? Is this a bad time?”

“Not at all,” Julie replied. “Greg and I had a disagreement about sexual matters. He no longer wants to get the piercings or do any of the other stuff he’s been doing and loving for the last three months.”

“You know, you don’t need to spew our problems to everyone in the fucking

world. But what should I expect from a woman who has as much trouble keeping her damn mouth shut as her legs.”

“Whoa! Okay, maybe I should come back another time.”

“Go to hell you no good son of a bitch!” Julie snapped. “Just because you’re somehow embarrassed about loving dick after three months doesn’t give you the right to talk down to me you sissy, ass-gaping motherfucker! Come on Barb, I’m ready for the piercings. What do you need me to do?”

“Are you sure this is really the time, Julie? I think you should work things out with your husband before getting anything else done.”

“There’s nothing to work out. He’s made his stance very clear so there’s nothing more to say. I love this new sex life of ours, but for some reason, after getting everything he ever wanted – mainly my ass and fucking a baby into me, he suddenly doesn’t want to do it anymore. You know he honestly believes this is Aphrodite’s pendant and it’s somehow coercing us to do all these perverted things? He can’t face the fact that he’s bisexual now despite proclaiming his love for cock to me only last night. Tell me, if he hated it so much would he have let you tattoo those things on him? Would he have let you give him a chastity piercing? I don’t think so. Now, will you please do the piercings?”

“If you’re absolutely certain it’s what you want, I’ll do them. I’ll start by placing the anchors for the top line which will read my sexual training. Under that I’ll place four anchors to hold the line top. That’s this one here,” Barb said, pulling a long, thin platinum and blue sapphire rod from its plastic packaging. “And under that I’ll place the anchors for all of the fetishes. Due to the location of the butterflies I’ll have to place them on your right shoulder. I hope that’s okay.”

“That’s fine. Actually, since I have a feeling this is going to end up being a rather lengthy list is it possible to put them on my left side?”

“I can, but the shoulder is a much flatter surface which will hold the anchors better. For words like we’re doing I strongly suggest the back, but if you have your heart set on the side I can make it work.”

“I was only thinking the side because of being on my back during sex. I don’t want to risk ripping them out or anything.”

“I’ve never had anyone tear them out once they were healed. My suggestion is to always cover them during sex until healed anyway to minimize the risk of getting bodily fluids in them. And just so you know, we’re going to be doing a lot of piercings today and it will take a lot of time so if you’ve got anywhere to go we should reschedule.”

“My entire day is clear. My days are always clear,” Julie sighed. “Such is the excitement of being a housewife. And now that I’m pregnant I can kiss rejoining the work force goodbye for at least a few more years.”

“Speaking of which, have you ever had a job or have you always been a housewife? Sorry, I didn’t mean it to sound so bad.”

“That’s okay. Before moving here so Greg could take a much higher paying job at a security firm, I was just starting my career as a doctor. I’ve been thinking of getting back into it when I bought this pendant and everything changed. And now that I’m pregnant, it won’t be happening for a lot longer. Sure, we can afford to put him or her in daycare, but I don’t want my son or daughter raised by someone else so I’ll continue being a housewife for as long as I have to.”

“There’s nothing wrong with staying home and raising kids. Lenny and I are lucky in that we own the business and don’t really need to work anymore. We just go in because frankly we get bored to tears sitting around the house all day doing nothing. One of us used to stay home at all times while they were younger, but now that they’re older and capable of taking care of themselves for the most part, we both go in, or do our own thing. He loves golf and I love the flea markets. There’s also a club we belong to which I think you and Greg, well, you would like. I was actually going to give you an invite as it’s the only way to get in, but after hearing Greg going off I’m not sure he’ll be a very good fit for the place.”

“Meaning?”

“It’s a very exclusive club, Julie. And they only take couples. No single men. No single women. The only way in is if you are together and show them this card,” Barb said, digging through her purse and pulling out what looked like a black credit card with two double-six dominos on one side. And to answer your next obvious question, it’s a sex club where married couple can explore all of their sexual desires without fear of ridicule or sensor. But if Greg is no longer

interested in this sort of lifestyle there's no need to give you the card and directions to get there."

"Sounds like an interesting place. I'm sure I can change his mind if he'll just sit down and talk to me instead of fly off the handle. In the meantime, shall we get started on the piercings?"

"Back or side?"

"While I like the idea of the list on my side I'll take your suggestion and do it on the back."

"We can do the side if you want, but it'll take longer to heal and you're going to have to be more careful not to disturb them too much."

"Then back it is."

∞ ∞ ∞

Placing the last of the letters spelling out the word SPANKING, Barb cleaned the area with an alcohol wipe one last time before sitting back and exhaling. "Man that was a lot of work, but it looks amazing. And since I used as small of lettering and anchors as I could there's plenty of room to add at least a dozen more fetishes to the list. And with that I'm calling it a night. Remember, keep it covered during showers and sex for the next week and no real rough stuff until they're completely healed in two to three months."

"Got it." Seeing her friend out, Julie locked up and went to the spare bedroom to talk to her husband about their fight. Opening the door, she found him straddling the desk chair and bouncing up and down on a huge black dildo – all fourteen inches disappearing as his ass made contact with the seat. "What a fucking hypocrite! You're sure taking a massive cock up your ass for someone claiming not to like it. Oh, and in case you didn't noticed I haven't been wearing the pendant since Barb got here eleven hours ago so you can't blame it for what you're doing. Now admit you love it and apologize for blowing up on me. Barb told me about an exclusive club, but the only way in is together."

"I'm sorry," Greg apologized. "I honestly don't know what came over me earlier. It was like everything just slammed down on me at once and I snapped. As you can clearly see by the dildo stuffing my ass I clearly love it and you have my

word I'll never deny it again. So, did she do the list?"

"She did." Turning her back, Julie showed her husband her new list of trained fetishes which read from the top:

BDSM SWITCH

BIG BLACK COCK

LICKING PUSSY

BREEDING

GANG BANG

FISTING

SPANKING

"What do you think?"

"It's smaller than I imagined it would be. The words, not the list."

"She used the smallest ones she had and placed the anchors vertically so they could be placed closer together. Now, since you were such a fucking asshole to me today, once you're finished here you're going into the cage and staying there for a month. No sex, no jerking off and no morning wakeup blowjobs for one month. And I'll be watching you during showers to make sure you play by the rules. Understood?"

"Yes Mistress."

Nine months later...

After laying her three month old daughter Molly down for her afternoon nap, Julie lounged on the couch while her husband latched onto her left nipple and sucked the milk down like liquid candy. "Mmmm, god I love drinking your milk," he said, switching to the right side. Tracing a finger down her belly and then to her pussy, he gently tugged the ring piercing her clit.

"Today's the day," Julie purred. "At long last we're going to Club Domino. Barb should be here any minute to drop off the invites and give us directions to get there. Are you as excited as I am?"

"Mmm hmm." True to his word, Greg had not said one negative thing about where their sex lives took them. He stopped talking about the pendant altogether and just admitted to himself that he must have had some deeply repressed feelings and urges that could no longer be kept hidden away.

The trip to the club was supposed to happen months ago, but after the piercings on Julie's back healed she was six months pregnant, belly getting bigger by the day and so they decided to put it off until the baby was born and she had a chance to fully recuperate and lose the baby weight. And now, nine months later the time was finally here for them to get out and experience something new.

Barb arrived half an hour later smiling ear to ear. Closing the door behind her, she looked around, but did not see baby Molly anywhere in sight. "Damn, am I late again?"

"Yeah, she's napping," Julie replied. "If you can stick around she'll probably be up for another feeding in an hour or so. I swear she's as insatiable as her father," she said looking down at Greg who was still drinking the milk from her breasts. "Speaking of which, she comes first so you had better stop while I still have enough to feed her."

“I wish I could stick around, but I’ve got to get to the shop.” Reaching into her purse, Barb withdrew an envelope and handed it to Greg. “There are two cards, directions and a list of rules you must follow inside. The club is open twenty-four-seven so feel free to drop by whenever you like. I can’t make it tonight, but if you like it maybe we can double date one night. Anyways, I’ve got to run. Good luck tonight and follow the rules to the letter or it’ll be your last. At the club, I mean. Damn, that sounded way more ominous than intended.”

∞ ∞ ∞

Dropping Molly off at her grandmother’s, Greg and Julie typed the address for the Domino Club into the GPS and were off for a night of sex, swinger’s style. Following the rules, she was dressed in a strapless black mini dress that hugged her curves and strappy heels that added three inches to her height; and he in his best tailored black suit.

Pulling onto a narrow road leading into a forest, Julie looked over at her husband, suddenly feeling as if they were driving straight into a horror film. “I don’t like the looks of this. Who puts a club in the middle of the woods?”

“Um, every boy I know. Hell, I had three treehouses when I was a kid.”

“What if it’s a trap? What if there’s some maniac waiting to rob and kill us?”

“Calm down. Barb sent us, remember? Or do you now think she’s a murdering thief? Being so isolated just means we don’t have to worry about anyone we know seeing us, right?”

“Anyone we know? We’re three hours from home. Another detail Barb neglected to tell us I might add.”

Julie’s fears were assuaged when they emerged from the forest and into the parking lot of Club Domino where at least sixty or seventy other cars were parked. Pulling into the first empty spot, he put the car in gear and got out. Walking around to the passenger side, he opened the door for his wife. “You ready for this, honey?”

“I’ve been ready for this for nine months. I wonder if we’ll learn anything new.”

“Only one way to find out.”

Hand in hand, Greg and Julie walked up to the heavy steel door and knocked three times. A slot opened about eye level and they saw a man staring out at them. As per the instructions, they each held up the black domino card and their driver's license showing the same address and last name. There was a click and the door opened.

"Welcome to Club Domino," a tall, well-toned man dressed in a tuxedo greeted them. He then handed each of them a little black ticket with a number stamped on it. "That's your ticket for tonight's raffle. Please hold out your right hand." When the hands were offered, he stamped a number on them matching that of the tickets they were given. "When you enter the club drop the ticket into the box to the right of the door. Enjoy your evening."

"Thanks," Julie smiled. As they walked down the hallway towards the door leading into the club she said "I wonder what they're raffling off."

"Probably sex toys." Greg said as he opened the door for his wife. Their ears were assaulted with the rhythmic thumping of techno dance music as they entered. Pausing momentarily to look around, they saw seventy or eighty men and women in various states of dress talking, dancing and participating in all manner of sexual activities from a man off to the left getting his ass double fucked by two big black men, to several people off to the right dressed in sleek animal costumes.

"I think I'm really going to enjoy this place," Julie said, dropping their tickets into the black metal box. "So, where do you want to start?"

"The dance floor looks good," Greg said, staring at half-naked men and women covered in colored black light paint that made their various body parts glow in shades of blue, green, red, purple and orange. He watched as a tall, slender man walked up to an older woman wearing only a skirt, her large breasts painted red with blue nipples. The man said something in her ear and she bent over the half wall separating the dance floor from the rest of the club. The man pushed her skirt up over her shapely ass and shoved into her. "Yep, looking really nice."

Julie noticed her husband staring and grinned. "Maybe you should see about joining them," she said, nodding towards the couple. "I'm going to take a look around to see what I can get myself into."

Leaving her husband to his own devices, Julie walked around the club looking at

everything and everyone for something she had yet to try – amazed at what these people were doing out in the open where anyone could see them. Sure, she had been gang banged, fisted, spanked and used for breeding, but that was in the privacy of her own home. To the left she saw a petite brunette dressed in a purple and black corset and skirt leading a naked man around by a leash as if he were a dog. And to the right she saw a woman standing spread-eagle in a small stage, naked save for a g-string while a middle-aged man undertook the delicate process of weaving a thin nylon rope through more than a hundred piercings on arms, legs and back.

Her interest piqued, Julie moved closer to the stage and continued watching as the man finished threading the rings. He then tossed the free ends over a thick rafter and around five short posts until he had the woman suspended in the desired position. He then tied them off so that she remained hanging like living art. Looking up at the woman, Julie could see a look of serenity on her face. The woman looked down at those watching, giving them a smile that told them she was in heaven.

“Are those decorative or actual dermal piercings?” a man asked, pointing to Julie’s right shoulder.

“They are dermal piercings,” Julie answered, turning to see a handsome man of about thirty standing to her right.

“Cool. And a very interesting way of letting everyone know what you’re into. Are those the only fetishes you’ve ever tried, or just the ones you like?”

“Both.”

“Care to add another to the list?”

“What do you have in mind?”

“Ever head of golden showers?”

“You mean getting pissed on?”

“Got it in one try. So, you interested in giving it a go? My friends and I have been looking for a sexy woman to shower for the last hour.”

“As interesting as that sounds I’d rather not get covered in pee right now. My husband and I just arrived and I’d like to stay longer than ten minutes my first time here.”

“If it changes your mind, there are showers here you can use to clean up afterwards.”

“Okay, lead the way. How many friends do you have here looking to piss on someone?”

“It’ll be me and seven others if you’ll let them all.”

“I’ll give it a try, but I can’t guarantee I’ll be able to do them all. One more thing, are you going to just pee on my body, or in my mouth as well?” Julie asked as she followed the man to the opposite side of the club. Looking over at the dance floor, she saw her husband dancing with two young blondes. Smiling, she continued following the man. “My name is Julie, by the way.”

“Pleasure to meet you Julie, I’m Dave. And to answer your questions, we would love to piss in your mouth and perhaps see you drinking it, but you don’t have to go that far if you don’t want to,” he said, stopping at a table where seven other men sat. “Hey guys, this is Julie and she’s agreed to be our urinal. She’s never done a golden shower before so keep it below the neck unless she says otherwise. Okay, if you’ll follow me we’ll take this to one of the private bathrooms.”

Following the guys upstairs and into a large bathroom, Julie stripped out of her heels, dress and panties and then knelt on the cool tiled floor. The eight men surrounded her and took their dicks out. “Are you sure you want to go through with this?” Dave asked. “Once we start there’s no going back.”

“I wouldn’t be kneeling here naked if I didn’t want to do it. And as much as I think I’ll regret saying this, go ahead and piss on my face and in my mouth. I can’t promise I’ll drink it, but I’ll at least go that far.” Taking a deep breath and exhaling slowly, Julie opened her mouth and tilted her head back to give them a better target.

Wasting no more time, half of them feeling as if their bladders were about to burst from waiting so long already, all of the men save for Dave started pissing. Seven streams of warm urine splashing on her face, Julie closed her eyes and

jerked her head back and away from it. When the initial shock wore off, however, she moved back into position – letting the salty, acrid fluid fill her mouth and cascade down her chin. She then felt her clit tingling and for reasons she was unable to explain, drinking it sounded like the best idea on the world. And so that is exactly what she did.

Closing her mouth, Julie gulped and opened for another. Drinking down another, she let it fill for a third time before the streams trickled to a stop. But there was one man left and he was not about to wait any longer. Stepping up to Julie, Dave offered the kneeling, piss-covered woman his dick. She knew in the back of her mind what he wanted and she did it anyways. Opening up, she took him into her mouth. No sooner were her lips wrapped around it then he started to pee. She gagged, but let it flow down her throat – only throwing it up after Dave finished and pulled out.

“That...ach...that was, interesting,” Julie said as she spit the taste of piss out of her mouth. “Please tell me there’s toothpaste and mouthwash around here.”

“In the medicine cabinet over there,” Dave replied, pointing to the glass-front cabinet across the room. “And thank you for letting us do that. You were amazing for drinking it like that. So, do you think you’d ever do it again?”

“Yes, I just think I might. But not tonight. I don’t want to get sick on it.” Walking over to the row of shower heads affixed to the wall, she turned the water on and stepped under. Looking back over her shoulder, she saw Dave and his men had gone.

After showering, brushing her teeth and rinsing her mouth out, Julie returned to the club where she found her husband still on the dance floor. Only now he was fucking one of the blondes he was earlier dancing with while sucking the clit of the other. Leaving him to it, she migrated towards the men and women dressed as various animals. She had read about such things in stories and heard about it on TV, but this was the first time she ever saw it up close and personal. Watching a man wearing form-fitting latex with a distinct canine pattern fucking a woman made up like a rabbit brought weird and disturbing imaged to mind, but it was the woman sitting alone on a chair ten feet from the rest of the group that made her curious.

Wearing another latex dog costume complete with snout, ears and tailed butt plug, it was the oddly shaped dildo between the woman's legs that drew Julie's attention. It was long and thick just as she liked it. The tip came to an angled point while about three quarters of the way down was a bulge about the size of her fist. Beyond that was another three inches of shaft that disappeared into the woman's pussy.

Seeing Julie watching her, the woman raised a pawed hand and motioned her over. Nervously looking around as if she had just been caught shoplifting, Julie approached the sexy woman. "Sorry, I didn't mean to stare. This is the first time I've ever seen anyone dressed like animals. You're furies, right?"

"That is correct. But unlike those big, bulky animal suits you're probably used to seeing, we've slimmed it down and made it a hell of a lot sexier if I do say so myself."

"I agree. Wait, is that fur?" Julie asked, leaning in for a better look at the outfit.

"It is. Fake of course, but it adds a level of realism don't you think? My name is Jenny, by the way. And this," she said pointing to a man kneeling at her right "is Adam."

"I'm Julie."

“So Julie, like what you see between my legs? Would you like to give it a try?”

“I’ve never seen anything like it before.”

“Go ahead and suck it if you want. Or you can pull that dress up, get on all fours and I’ll fuck you like a bitch in heat. What? I am dressed like a dog, after all.”

Cheeks blushing, Julie pulled her dress up over hips – the tight material making it easy for the garment to stay up. She then pulled down her panties and stepped out of them. Seeing Jenny and Adam’s eyes going down to her naked pussy, she flush deepened as she forgot all about the tattoo and piercings.

“Nice tattoo and piercings. Slutty fister, huh? You should have no problem taking this bad boy to the hilt. “How easily can you take a fist?”

To answer, Julie did not even stop to think about what she was doing as she scrunched her fingers together and pushed them into her pussy without effort. “About that easy. In pussy and ass.”

“Nice. Can I fuck you with my big doggy cock, Julie?”

“Mmm hmm,” Julie purred, dropping onto her hands and knees and turning so that her back was to her new friend. She felt the pointed head sliding along her slit and then the entire thing slid in. She felt her pussy stretch to accept the bulge and as the rest of it penetrated her the tip pressed against her cervix. “Wait, when you say doggy cock you don’t mean...”

“This dildo is modeled after a real canine dick,” Jenny said as she pulled the knot out and slammed it back in. Holding Julie by the hips, she increased her speed and the power of each thrust. I can never fully replicate the real thing, but dogs fuck hard and fast. Can you feel it hitting your g-spot?”

“Y-Yes.”

“That’s the knot – the big bulge in the cock. When two real dogs are fucking it is designed to lock inside the bitch to ensure impregnation. You’re a hell of a lot looser than a real bitch which is why I can plow it in and out so easily, but it still hits the g-spot of most women. And now you know why fucking animals is as popular as it is. Nice dermal piercings,” she added, running a finger along the platinum and sapphire bar below the piercings of TRAINED FETISHES.

“Thanks. I’ve tried golden showers for the first time tonight and once I get use to drinking it without throwing up I plan on adding it to the list,” Julie said, pushing back on the thrusting dildo. “Oh my fucking god that feels good,” Julie cooed. “I can’t...uhn...oohhhh...I can’t believe I’m getting fucked by a dog dick!” she purred as the knot plunged in and out so hard she was having trouble remaining on all fours.

“Dog cock dildo, but yeah,” Jenny smiled. “And I’m glad you like it. Honestly, it’s the best fucking sex in the world. Beats sex with men and women any day of the week. And I’m not just talking about the dildo.”

“You mean...you...uhn...uhn...uhn...” Arms growing weak, Julie lowered her head to the floor, opening herself up for easier penetration.

“Do you mind?” Adam asked, getting up and slapping his hard dick on Julie’s lips. When she opened, he pushed in to the hilt.

“You mean do I have sex with real dogs? Yes, yes I do. And while that may disgust you now just remember how many wonderful orgasms you’re having thanks to a dildo of a dog cock. This, Julie is almost exactly what the real thing feels like. I say almost because a real dog constantly shoots pre-cum and like I said a moment ago they fuck much harder and faster. That’s it, cum for me again you sexy little dog fucker.” Hitting a little lever inside of her front paws, short claws shot out which she raked down Julie’s back, sides and hips.

“Aahhgghhh! What the fuck?” Julie screeched, jerking her mouth off of Adam’s cock and looking back to see long scratches on her right side. It was the same on the left and she could only assume her back looked identical. Or worse now that more scratches were added to it. The claws dug deep and slowly dragged down her back for a third time as the knot pressed hard against her g-spot. Her entire body trembled and falling forward off the doggy dildo, she writhed on the floor as an intense orgasm swept over her.

∞ ∞ ∞

Greg had to admit the Domino Club was his kind of place. Not only was it filled with beautiful women and men more than willing to feel him a load should he want it, but the patrons engaged in every form of sex as if they did not have a care in the world. It was both liberating and a little scary for the budding swinger and as he approached a table with a stunning raven-haired beauty was bent over

it while a black man fucked her from behind, he wondered what his wife had gotten herself into. Emboldened by the atmosphere, he walked up to the couple. “Mind if I join?”

“Help yourself,” the man said, pulling out of the woman’s pussy and walking off.

“Um, okay. I didn’t mean for him to leave.”

“Who cares?” the woman sighed. “Stick your dick in and fuck me! My name is Stella, by the way. And you are?”

“Greg,” Greg answered, stepping behind the woman and pushing his cock into her.

“Mmmm, and you’re a big boy aren’t you, Greg? I’m going to give you the single most important piece of information you’ll ever need to know about me. I’m not here to be pampered like a fragile little flower. I want it hard. I want it fast. And above all else I want it rough. The rougher the better. Pull my hair. Bite me. Slap my ass and call me your dirty little whore. Got it?”

Grabbing Stella’s long black hair in one hand and spanking her ass as hard as he could with the other, Greg yanked her head back as his dick slammed into her. “Like that you slutty little cunt?” he asked, not allowing her a chance to answer as his free hand wrapped tightly around her throat. When he felt her pussy clench tighter, he grinned.

“Oh god yes!” Stella moaned. “Choke me! Squeeze tighter! Fuck me like an animal!” She was going to say more, but her voice was suddenly cut off by the pressure applied to the sides of her neck by Greg’s tightening grip.

Greg hammered his dick in and out of Stella’s pussy when he suddenly felt hands on his waist. Looking back, he saw a man standing behind him – dick hard and ready to go. “My name’s Chris. Mind if I join the party?” the man asked.

Eyes drifting down a well-toned chest to a solid ten inch cock, Greg smiled. “More the merrier.” Turning his attention back to Stella, he did not resist when Chris’s cock pushed into his ass. By the time he worked out a rhythm where he was fucking Stella with each forward thrust and Chris on the backstroke, Greg had reach the point of no return. Pushing as deep into her pussy as he could go,

he came – filling her with every last drop of potent, baby-making seed he could.

Greg may have been done, but Chris was only getting started. Wrapping an arm around Greg's waist, he pulled him to the floor, dick still buried deep in his ass. Greg rode his newest lover reverse cowgirl for a few more minutes and then spun around to look him in the eyes while lowering himself on it again. Leaning down to kiss him, Greg felt another pair of hands on his hips and a dick pushing into his well-fucked ass. Looking back expecting to see another man, he was shocked to instead see a stunning, exotic-looking woman with long black hair cascading down her back in waves, pale green eyes and naturally perky breasts. She looked sexier than some real women he had met, but the dick plowing into his ass told him she was something else.

"Hey there sexy," the woman purred seductively when Greg looked back to see who was fucking him. "Sorry to barge in, but I couldn't resist fucking your hot ass. And I simply couldn't wait for him to finish."

"Hey Sonia," Chris said. "This is Greg. Greg, Sonia."

"Pleasure," Greg moaned as more of Sonia's dick pushed into his ass."

"As easily as you're taking two dicks at the same time I can only assume you've done it before?"

"Yes. And my wife fists me."

"Very nice. You may resume kissing Chris now while we fuck our loads into your sexy ass."

Ass flooded with eleven loads of semen and stuffed with a three and a half inch plug courtesy of Sonia, Greg looked around Club Domino for his wife. Walking between two men sucking each other off, a woman taking two fists in her pussy and a third in her ass and another woman strapped to a spanking bench while a man caned her, he found Julie kneeling in a semi-circle of men – her face and chest covered in semen with what looked to be at least a dozen more to come.

“Having fun, honey?”

“More than you can possibly imagine,” Julie answered, licking a stray strand of semen from her upper lip. “These nice gentlemen were just offering me the house desert.”

“Don’t stop on my account.” Walking over to the chair behind and to the left of his wife, Greg was just about to take a seat when the music died and feedback from a microphone caused everyone to stop what they were doing and look around. Looking towards the stage, he saw a still naked Chris standing behind the microphone.

“Testing...testing one...two...three. Is this thing on? Good evening ladies and gentlemen. I’m truly sorry to interrupt your sexual pleasures, but it is time for the raffle to begin. Tonight is a very special night my fellow perverts! Normally, we would draw three tickets from the box, but thanks to the very generous donations of our members we won’t be picking three lucky winners. It won’t be four, five or six either. Nope. Tonight, for the first time in Club Domino history we will have SEVEN winners!”

After several minutes of obnoxiously loud cheering and clapping, Chris covered his eyes, reached into the box, swished the tickets around and drew one at random. Uncovering his eyes, he brought the little slip of paper closer to his face so that he could read it in the dim lighting. “The seventh place prize of a one month paid membership to Club Domino goes to number one-fifty-seven. Number one-fifty-seven please come up and claim your prize!”

There was a round of applause as a lanky, flat-chested woman waded through the

crowd and walked up on the stage – the only thing giving away her gender the vagina between her legs. Repeating the process, Chris reached in and pulled ticket number two. “The sixth place prize of five hundred dollars’ worth of sex toys goes to number one-ninety! Will number one-ninety please come up and claim their prize?” This time it was a black man that took the stage and Chris continued. “The fifth place prize of a six month paid membership to Club Domino goes to number one-forty-eight.” Before he had a chance to say it again, a pixie-haired brunette standing front and center leapt up and took her place next to the black man.

Reaching in for another ticket, Chris gave them a thorough stirring. “The fourth place prize of a gift certificate for one thousand dollars’ worth of sex toys goes to number two-thirteen. Will number two-thirteen please come up?” Julie could not believe her luck. Seeing 213 stamped on her right hand, she showed it to her husband, spent a few seconds jumping for joy and then walked up onto the stage with the rest of the winners. “Third place, and a one year paid membership to Club Domino goes to number one-sixty-five. Number One-sixty-five.” A blonde man that looked as if he had just came off the beaches strutted up on stage and the crowd gave a rather half-hearted applause.

Pulling another ticket from the box, those gathered around went silent in anticipation as eyes went from hand to stage. Tonight’s second place prize – a one week, all-expenses paid vacation for two to the Maidenfair Dude Ranch goes to ticket number two-one-four. Will number two-fourteen please come on up!”

Shocked, Greg stared at his hand and then took the stage, his cock sticking out like a steel pole. “Hello again,” Chris greeted him as he stood next to the surfer guy. “And finally, tonight’s first place prize – a two week, all-expenses paid vacation for two to Tijuana goes to number one-ninety-three. Number one-ninety-three please come on up.” There was an excited screech and then a petite blonde-haired woman made her way up to stand at the end of the line. “Congratulations to all of our winners, but that’s not all folks! I told you this was going to be a very special raffle and I wasn’t joking! Please give a warm Club Domino welcome for the one...the only...SOPHIA ORTIZ!”

The patrons of Club Domino went absolutely wild as they clapped, whistled and cheered. But Greg stood there staring in utter surprise as the sexy transsexual that fucked him earlier in the evening emerged from the shadows at the back of

the stage. Leaning in, he whispered in his wife's ear. "She fucked me earlier. Her and the MC. His name is Chris. They double fucked my ass. Now I wonder who the hell she really is."

"Can you believe our freaking luck? A vacation and a thousand dollars in sex toys? This night couldn't get any better. Oh, and nice. I wish I could have been there to see that performance. She's pretty damn sexy. You sure it was her? She sure doesn't look like she was born with a dick."

"Trust me, that's her. I'd never forget those gorgeous green eyes anywhere."

As the noise died down, Sophia took the microphone in hand. Good evening ladies and gentlemen! For those of you who do not know me, my name is Sophia Ortiz and I am half owner of Club Domino with my husband Chris. And I'm here tonight to offer a very special gift to three of you. All tickets have been returned to the box to make it as fair to everyone as possible. But before I draw the winners, let me tell you about the prize. Three very lucky patrons will win a trip to my private farm for two weeks of pampering and uninhibited sex!"

After more cheers and applause, Sophia reached into the box and withdrew three tickets one at a time. Looking down at them, she smiled. "Will number one-eighty-one please come up and claim your special prize. Number one-eighty-one! The other two winners are already here. Please give a round of applause for numbers two-thirteen and two-fourteen! Thank you ladies and gentlemen. You may now return to your regularly scheduled perversions."

Walking over to Greg, Sophia gave him a kiss on the lips. "Hello again. And congratulations on winning a raffle prize."

"Thanks. This is my wife Julie."

"Pleasure to meet you Julie," Sophia said, leaning in to give her a kiss as well. "You're a very lucky woman to have such an anally receptive husband. He took me and Chris like he's done it a thousand times."

"That's probably all thanks to me fisting and keeping him stretched with plugs," Julie grinned.

"Very nice. And can you take a fist, Julie?"

“Two if they’re small. In pussy and ass.”

“I think the two of you are going to love it at my farm.”

“Can I ask you something in private?” Greg asked.

“Sure. We can go backstage if you like.”

Following Sophia behind the heavy black curtains, Greg pulled her close and kissed her hard. “Tell me, Sophia, what are the odds of me and my wife winning a prize and then a trip to your farm? Was the raffle rigged?”

“The first part my husband called out was strictly above board. It was simple luck that you and Julie won a prize. But I’ll admit a little sleight of hand for the farm drawing. I like you Greg. You’re not only a very handsome man, but you seem willing to open yourself up to new things. I saw you talking to your wife during the auction and up on stage. I knew she was with you and so palmed your tickets to ensure you won. But if you mention it to anyone I’ll not only deny it, but the two of you will be banned from this club for life. Place nice, however, and you just might end up with a lifetime membership on me.”

“My lips are sealed.”

“Hopefully not too tight. My dick isn’t going to suck itself, you know.” Giving him a wink, she pulled the curtain back and stepped out onto the stage to continue congratulating the winners.

Greg joined his wife and after gathering their clothes and dressing, they left Club Domino hand in hand. “You know I’m buying gags, cuffs, paddles and that sort of thing with the prize money, right?”

“I had a pretty good idea, yeah. You know, we’re going to have a rather large collection soon and I the club got me wondering. What do you think of turning the back room in the basement into a play room?”

“That’s probably the best idea I’ve heard all night,” Julie replied. “So, did you have fun?”

“If I died right now I’d go a very happy man. You learn anything new?”

“I got pissed on and drank the piss of eight men. I’ll be adding golden showers to the list once I learn how to drink it without getting sick. What about you?”

“Nothing new, but I’ll gladly help you with your piss drinking problem.”

“Only if you let me train you to drink it as well.”

“I think I can live with that.” Putting the pedal to the metal, Greg sped home – the need to pee suddenly becoming very urgent.