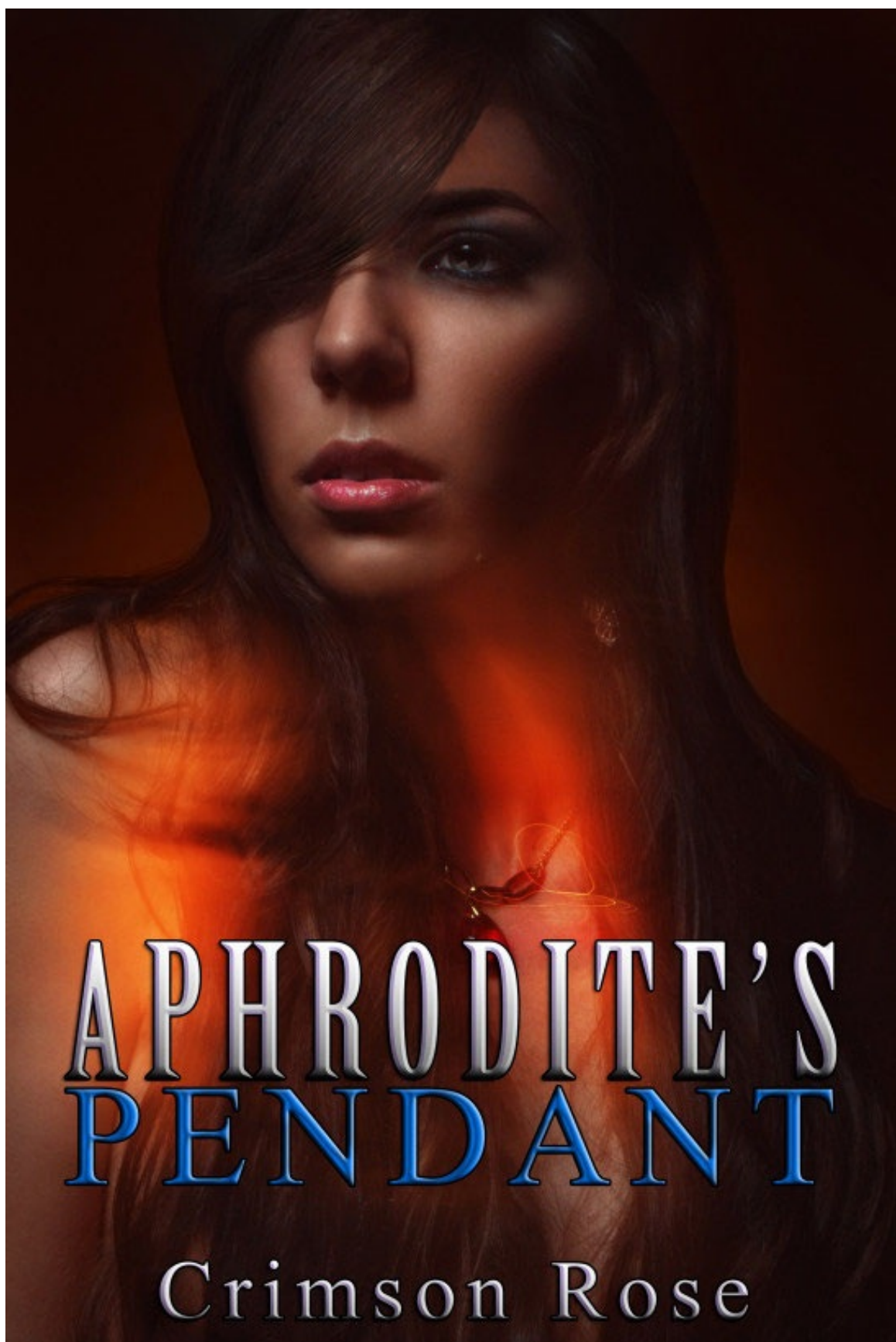


APHRODITE'S
PENDANT

Crimson Rose



APHRODITE'S PENDANT

Crimson Rose

Aphrodite's Pendant

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Aphrodite's Pendant

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 accessed 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 5/22/2017

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

Julie pulled into the outdoor flea market, parked in the furthest spot away and got out of her car smiling ear to ear. It was a beautiful summer morning with clear blue skies and shining sun above and countless rows of tables ahead for her to browse and hopefully pick up a few interesting pieces of jewelry. It was the perfect day to lazily meander around the flea market looking for deals. And if anyone claiming to know her knew anything about her it was that she lived for shopping, jewelry and great deals.

On any given day she wore no less than twenty pieces of jewelry – from the three rings or studs she wore in each ear to the rings she wore on every finger and thumb, she swore each piece held some significance. Her navel was pierced when she was fourteen to honor a friend who died of cancer while her tongue was pierced a year ago to better please her husband. Everything had its meaning.

Flea markets were a new luxury as an ever failing economy made shopping in her normal high-class shops a thing of the past. Discovering the joys of meeting strangers while looking for deals, she was hooked the first time she and her husband Greg stopped at a yard sale three years back. Lacking her husband's patience, however, it took her months to figure out slow and steady won the bargain race. Walking across the parking lot, she stared out at the rows of vendors peddling their wares and her smile broadened. She had a good feeling about today.

Julie walked around for more than an hour looking at tables covered in everything from chainsaws and clothes, to knick knacks and really tacky and cheap costume jewelry that looked seventy years out of date. But just as she was going to walk away something caught her attention. Lying under some old-fashioned necklaces was another that looked simply stunning. Digging through the pile she picked the item up by the pendant – a large teardrop ruby dangling from a gold and platinum chain. At first she thought it was glass, but the more she looked at it, the more she was convinced it was the real deal.

“Oh that would look so lovely on you,” said the woman at the table. “That’s one of my favorite pieces, but sadly, like everything else you see here, it has to go.”

She sighed in the attempt at pity, hoping Julie would buy something. “It is a family heirloom actually. It has been passed down from mother to daughter for more generations than I can count. According to my great grandmother, that is the pendant worn by Aphrodite – the Goddess of love, beauty, and pleasure.”

Julie only half-listened to the sales pitch as she continued turning the pendant over in her hands. Every item had a fantastic story behind it that she knew was most likely an embellished half-truth, but from what little she paid attention, this one was the icing on the cake in its outlandishness. “Why would you sell such a priceless thing?” Julie asked. “If that story is true perhaps you might sell it to a museum or something. I bet you could get a lot more for it there than at a flea market.”

“Oh honey,” the woman smiled “I could never sell it to a museum. That piece deserves to be worn... to be seen, not hidden away in some glass case for people to gawk at.”

“How much are you asking for it?”

“Twelve-fifty. As in One-thousand-two-fifty,” the woman replied. “That is real platinum, gold and ruby you hold in your hands.”

“Ouch! That’s a bit more than I was expecting to spend today. Would you take six for it?”

“Less than half the asking price? I think not.” the woman laughed. “Tell you what, I like you and I want you to walk away with it around your neck so I’ll let it go for eleven-fifty.”

“I only have nine hundred on me and that was supposed to buy me several new pieces.” Sitting it back on the table, she turned to leave.

“Wait! Can see in your eyes you want the pendant so it’s yours for nine hundred.”

“Why would you give it to me so cheap all of a sudden? It’s not stolen or anything is it? Or fake? That’s it isn’t it? The ruby isn’t real at all is it?”

“I’m selling it to you cheap because that’s all you’ve got and I have the feeling it’s destined to be with you now. And no, it is not stolen or fake. In fact, I have a

jeweler's letter that verifies it is one hundred percent real at stated."

"Sorry I jumped down your throat like that. When someone suddenly and greatly lowers their price it sets my bullshit meter to overload. I'll take it."

Handing over her money, Julie put the necklace on and as the cool metal touched her skin she felt goosebumps forming as her entire body began to tingle with excitement. Placing the jeweler's letter in her purse, she walked away a happy customer.

∞ ∞ ∞

Most of her money spent on a piece she knew was worth at least ten times what she paid for it, Julie weaved her way between tables and stalls for another half hour before coming to one of the few spots selling more than junk and her eyes were immediately drawn to hundreds of sealed plastic packages containing jewelry. Behind the three long tables stood a small booth, a sign reading: BODY PIERCING BY BARBARA. Perusing the wares, Julie saw stud earrings and captive bead nipple rings to everything in between. There was even a table dedicated to men's jewelry and for a moment she imagined her husband with a Prince Albert.

"Looking to get some new piercings today?" asked the tall, slender woman running the tables and booth. "Or do you just need the jewelry?"

Looking up, Julie smiled at the pretty brunette as her eyes were drawn to her many piercings. Ears done multiple times. Right nostril. Three thin rings in her left eyebrow, five in the right. And as she watched the woman talk she notices two in her tongue. "Oh, I'm just looking to see if anything catches my attention."

"Well, take your time. If you need any help please ask. I'm Barbara and this is my shop."

Julie looked at a small sign hanging on the booth door listing the various prices. They were much cheaper than going to an actual shop and above the price list was a certificate stating that Barbara was a certified tattoo artist and piercer. Moving to a table covered in barbells and rings of every shape and size, she picked up several items and examined them.

"Looking for some new nipple jewelry?" Barbara asked startling Julie.

“Um, well, not exactly, no,” Julie stammered. “I don’t have pierced nipples.

“Oh, that’s a shame. You really should think about getting them done.” She leaned closer to Julie and talked softly so that only Julie could hear. “I got mine done a few years ago. Not only does it drive the guys wild, but the rings have a way of making the nipples nice and hard all the time.

“Doesn’t it hurt like hell?”

“Only for a minute,”

“I’ll think about it.”

“Tell you what, let me make you a deal. The normal price for nipple piercing is \$45. If you buy two sets of nipple jewelry I will pierce yours for free.”

Julie looked at the woman in surprise. “Why would you do that?”

“Because I think rings will really look good in your nipples, and I am just that nice,” She smiled.

Julie absent-mindedly played with the pendant hanging around her neck as she considered Barbara’s deal. It was a crazy thing to do, but for some reason the more she thought about it the better it sounded and the hornier it made her feel. Looking back down at the table as her cheeks flushed pink, she picked out two sets of rings. The first pack containing two platinum rings with ruby captive bead and heart-shaped dangle, and the second a pair of barbells with sapphire heart ends.

“I’ll buy these.”

“You know those are only for nipples, right?”

“I know.”

“Then step inside,” Barbara smiled, opening the door to the small piercing booth. Once they were both inside, she closed and locked the door so no one came by any opened it while her client was half naked. “Go ahead and take off your shirt and bra and I’ll set up. They will be a whole lot lighter than the dangles so I strongly suggest going with the barbells now and moving to the

dangles after the holes have healed.”

“You’re the expert,” Julie said, handing Barbara the little plastic package containing the barbells she picked out.” The brief moment their skin made contact making her clit tingle with excitement, she pulled her tee shirt off over her head and draped it over the right arm of the chair. Reaching back, she unhooked her bra and let it slide down her arms. Placing it on top of the shirt, she nervously bit her lower lip.

“Nice tits. And big nipples. I love big nipples. Not to sound creepy or anything, but I can suck on a nice pair of big nipples all day. Just the thought of it gets me horny. Can you rub them for me? It helps with the piercing if they’re hard. We wouldn’t want to sell you rings that are too small now would we? Or if you’re too embarrassed to do it in front of a stranger I can do it for you.”

The thought of another woman playing with her nipples had never once crossed Julie’s mind, but now it sounded like the best idea in the world. “You can do it,” she said, the blush in her cheeks deepening and spreading down towards her chest.

Barbara smiled as she put on a pair of blue nitrile gloves and then emptied the contents of the pack into a small bowl of rubbing alcohol to clean and sterilize them for use. After adding two long tapered needles, she pulled up another chair and sat down. Taking Julie’s left nipple between finger and thumb, she gave it a gentle twist and then pinched as she pulled it towards her. It responded immediate and she did the same to the right. Looking her client in the eyes, she leaned in, flicked her tongue over the left and then took it into her mouth.

“Oohhhh! W-What are you doing?”

“Sshhh...let me make you feel good before I do the piercing,” Barbara said, sucking Julie’s left nipple into her mouth now as she pinched and twisted the right. After a few minutes of alternating back and forth, she traced a finger down Julie’s trembling belly to her right thigh and up under her skirt – taking as much liberty as her client was willing to give.

Julie’s hand shot out and grabbed Barbara around the wrist as she felt the piercer’s fingertips touching her panty covered pussy. “M-My nipples aren’t under my skirt.”

“Just relax and enjoy the pleasure.”

“I...I’ve n-never been with another woman before.”

“Then today is both of our lucky day. Go on, let go of my wrist and let me make it feel good for you. If your nipples are this hard after a few minutes of pinching and sucking I just know you’ve got a little love button under here that’s begging for the same.” Barbara felt Julie’s grip relax and then let go and she grinned. “That’s it. Pull your shirt up for me, babe.”

Lost in some crazy world of sexual freedom she could not comprehend, Julie tugged her skirt up over her hips. Barbara hooked her fingers in the waistband of her lavender thong and pulled them down and off. Clamping her legs shut as her entire body burned with desire, Julie eased them open as Barbara kissed her way down. And when the piercer’s tongue slowly licked along her moist slit, she spread them as wide as possible.

Barbara sucked Julie’s clit into her mouth and nibbled playfully on it for a minute, sat back and then placed the unbeaded end of a barbell in the hollow end of a needle. Pinching Julie’s left nipple between finger and thumb, she placed the needle where she wanted it to go through and then pushed. Julie yelped and jerked. Barbara quickly dropped between her legs and licked again. But when Julie’s hips started bucking to meet her tongue, she stopped and pierced her right nipple.

Still kneeling between her client’s legs, Barbara sucked Julie’s clit and pushed three fingers into her pussy as hard and deep as they would go. Julie slid down the chair, heart pounding in her chest and mind racing at the unbelievable pleasure this strange woman was so freely delivering unto her writhing body.

“Oh my fucking god! I...uhn...uhn...I’ n-n-never imagined...aahhhh fuck that feels amazing!”

“Glad you like it,” Barbara purred, adding a fourth finger to Julie’s dripping wet pussy. “Just relax and let me make you orgasm. And then we can get on with the rest of the work.”

“R-Rest of the...mmmm...what do you mean? What work?”

“You’ll see.” Slapping Julie’s inner thighs, she grinned at the squeal it elicited. “That’s a good girl. You like being licked and fingered by another woman don’t you?”

“Y-Yes. I love it! I know I shouldn’t. I’m happily married and not even remotely

into women sexually but...uuhnnnnn!" she moaned as the fingers slammed in deep. "But it feels better than I could possibly ever dream." Looking down for the first time, she saw how many fingers were being shoved in and out of her and her eyes grew wide. "HOLY SHIT! I've never taken more than three before."

"Mmmm, you must really like it then," Barbara said as she tucked her thumb into the palm of her hand. "Your sweet pussy has opened up to take them so easily I want to try something. Relax and take slow deep breaths. That's it. I can really feel you opening up now." Barbara pushed and her eyes lit up as her hand disappeared – buried to the wrist in Julie's tightly clenched pussy. "You did it! It's been a long time since I've fisted another woman."

"H-Holy f-f-fucking hell! I can't...uhn...h-how did you...oh my motherfucking god! You're fisting me!"

"There's no way in hell this is the first time you've taken a fist."

"Yes...uhn...uhn...I've never..." Unable to continue, Julie slid further down the chair as the first orgasm tore through her body. She had no idea how long it lasted, but when her mind cleared, she looked down to see Barbara's fist buried even deeper – the piercer's knuckles now hitting against her cervix as more of her arm slipped in. She knew in the back of her mind that she should be mortified, devastated her once tight pussy had been stretched open, but all she felt was unbelievable pleasure as more and more of her new lover's hand and arm plowed in and out.

Losing all control, Julie fell out of the chair and onto the floor – Barbara's hand still pistoning in and out like a jackhammer. Rolling onto her hands and knees, she lowered her head to the floor and spread her legs for easier access. Stunned at the turn of events, Barbara went with the flow and brought her off to four more glorious orgasms before pulling her arm and hand free. She had fisted a few women before, but none who could take it so easy and deep for the first time.

Her sexual desired sated after five orgasms, Julie pulled herself off of Barbara's hand and rolled over onto her back. "That...that was...wow! I've never felt anything so fucking intense in my life. I still can't believe you got your whole hand in me like that."

“Honey, you were halfway to my elbow. I can’t believe this is the first time you’ve been fisted. I know women that have been doing it for years that aren’t able to take it that deep and hard without begging for mercy.”

“Hand to god this was the first time I’ve ever done anything like this.

“That’s insane. You opened up so easily I was sure you’ve done it hundreds of times before.”

“I’ve never taken more than three fingers in my life until today. I don’t use overly large dildos either. Hell, I sometimes complain about my husband being too thick when he’s horny and rams it in without warming me up first.”

“I’m glad I could be your first. Woman and fist, that is. Go ahead and get back up on the chair for me. I have a couple things I think you’re going to like.”

“What are you going to do?”

“You’ll just have to wait and see.”

Hesitating only a moment, Julie pulled herself up off the cool wooden floor and sat back in the chair with her legs spread open in the hopes it was going to be more fisting. Barbara picked up her client’s black skirt, folded it over a couple of times and then placed it over Julie’s face down to her nose.

“What are you doing?”

“No peeking. I want it to be a surprise,” Barbara answered. Stepping out of the booth, she rooted through the tables until she found the perfect pieces of jewelry. Stepping back in, she emptied the contents into the alcohol and then sat between Julie’s spread legs. Taking careful measurements, she placed black dots on either side of her outer labia using a skin marker. She then placed a cork on the top inner right one and pushed the dermal punch through – permanently cutting away a piece of the sensitive flesh.

“Aahgh! What the fuck are you doing?” Julie groaned as the sharp pain in her pussy brought her back to reality. Pulling her skirt away from her face, she looked down to see Barbara placing something in the tiny hole she had just made. “What is that? What are you doing to my pussy?”

“I’m giving you something special and on the house. Now be a good girl and lay back so I can finish.” Placing the cork and dermal punch on the top left marks, she gave the tool a slow twist and push. Julie groaned, but remained in the chair as she placed another platinum plug with sapphire heart on the outer side through the hole. I have three more on each side to do. Are you okay with me to continue?”

“Why are you doing this to me? I never asked you to pierce my damn pussy!”

“Because I think it looks amazingly sexy on you. The plugs have sapphire hearts on them that match the barbells in your nipples. May I continue giving you the rest?”

Julie gave her consent by spreading her legs back open. Clenching her teeth together, she allowed Barbara to add three more plugs to each outer labia and a ring through her hood – a platinum dangle with sapphire heart to match all the rest. She had no idea why she let it happen, but when she was finally on her feet standing in front of a full-length mirror she was glad she did.

“Okay, I’ll admit they do look pretty sexy.”

“Yes they do. And if you’re ever looking for more work just let me know,” Barbara smiled, handing Julie her business card. “I have an actual shop I run in town. I come to the flea markets once or twice a month to help drum up new customers.”

“Are they really on the house?”

“Absolutely.”

“Thanks.” Putting the business card in her purse, Julie picked up her panties and was about to step into them when Barbara snatched them right out of her hand. Her bra was next and she gave the woman a brow raised look.

“Trust me, you don’t want to wear either for at least a week. I’ll keep them as a souvenir.”

“Shrugging,” Julie put on her skirt and blouse, thanked Barbara once again and then left the small booth. High from the experience, she bought several more pieces of jewelry, walked around for about another hour and then the adrenaline

and endorphins wore off and she found herself in a great deal of pain. Cringing with every step, she managed to make it back to her car an hour later after taking a dozen rests along the way to ease the ach in her now heavily pierced loins.

Arriving home with a few hours to spare before her husband got off work, Julie stripped out of her shirt and skirt. Kicking her shoes off on the mat by the door, she went to the bathroom and dropped her clothes in the hamper. After turning on the water and setting the temperature, she added some scented bath soap and let the tub fill as she looked at herself in the mirror. “Jesus Christ, what did I let that woman do to me?” She asked aloud, her eyes drifting from the barbells in her nipples to the ring in her hood and the plugs in her labia. “Okay, they look sexy as fuck, but still,” she tried reasoning.

Gently spreading herself open, she marveled at how tight she appeared to be so soon after taking Barbara’s arm halfway to the elbow – another first she would never have believed possible if she had not witnessed it for herself first-hand. “I must be out of my damned mind.” I had to have imagined it. There’s no way in hell I can take a fist in me. I was dreaming. That’s it. It was all a bizarre dream.”

Cupping her breasts, she smiled. Though she neared her twenty-ninth birthday, they were every bit as perky as they were in her teens with no signs of sagging whatsoever. Her big pierced nipples sat atop large areolas and she did something she had not done in years. Bowing her head, she brought her breast up and sucked the nipple into her mouth. It hurt in a good way that made her pussy tingle with excitement.

I wonder, she thought, slowly snaking a finger of her free hand down her flat belly. Reaching her pussy, she pushed two fingers in deep. “Mmmm!” There’s no way in hell I can be this damn tight if she fisted me only a couple of hours ago. Adding a third finger, she felt her knees go weak. Backing up against the vanity, she fucked the digits in and out and then added a fourth. Her pelvic muscles relaxed and they slit in without much effort. It was as if her body knew exactly what it had to do and adjusted accordingly to make the experience as pleasurable as possible. Scrunching her fingers together, tucking thumb into palm she pushed her hand in to the wrist.

“Un-fucking-believable! I can’t...I don’t understand. How is this even possible?” Pulling her hand free, she thrust it back in and yanked it out again. A wicked thought crossed her mind and she walked over and turned the water off

before the tub overflowed. Shoving her hand back into her pussy, she leaned over the vanity with her legs spread open. Reaching back, she pushed two fingers into her ass. “Uuhnnnn! N-No fucking way! That didn’t hurt even a little,” the shocked housewife exclaimed. “But...but how? I’ve never taken anything up my ass in my life! Okay, it is official, I’m insane.”

Removing her fingers from her ass, Julie watched the hole rapidly close. Bunching three of them together, she eased them in, thankful there was at least some resistance and mild discomfort as the hole was stretched more than before. But the fingers slid in all the way and her clit throbbed, begging to be rubbed despite the pain of the fresh piercing. Ignoring it for now, she added her pinky and fucked them and most of her palm in as far as her extended thumb would allow. Lost to the pleasure, she reached down and pushed her left hand into her pussy – fucking both holes at the same time until collapsing on the floor in orgasm.

Crawling across the floor, she climbed into the tub of soap hot water and sighed, her mind racing a million miles an hour as she struggled to understand these new sexual urges and the ease at which she was able to make them reality. After the water turned cold, she flipped the lever to drain the tub and then turned the shower on. Nothing relaxed her more than a nice hot bubble bath, but she was of the opinion that soaking in a tub of your own dirt and sweat did little to get a body clean so always took a shower afterwards. After her shower, he dressed in an over-sized tee shirt and loose shorts that minimized the discomfort of the material ribbing against her piercings. Eating a light lunch, she lay on the couch and was out in minutes.

∞ ∞ ∞

Julie woke to the sound of the front door closing. Bolting upright, she looked across the room to see her husband. “You’re home early,” she said as she stretched.

“Early? I’m home the same time I am every day,” Greg said as he dropped his keys in the basket and stepped out of his shoes. “Have a nice nap?”

Julie looked up at the clock hanging on the wall. 5:45. “Holy shit! How did I sleep so long? I guess walking around the flea market today was more exhausting that I thought. Damn, I didn’t mean to sleep the whole day away.

Give me a minute to wake up and I'll go start dinner."

"Take your time. I had a huge lunch today. There was a companywide meeting and they went all out with the catering. Nice pendant. You get it today?"

"Yeah, among several other pieces we need to talk about."

"How much? You know we're on a limited budget, right?"

"The woman was asking twelve-fifty for it but I talked her down to nine. It is real platinum, gold and ruby sweetie, and I can tell you right now it's worth at least ten times her asking price. I don't know why she let it go so cheap, but I couldn't pass it up. Anyways, that's not what we need to discuss. It's everything else I bought."

"How far over did you go?"

"I didn't, thank you very much," Julie said, sticking her tongue out. "I don't know if it was the sun shining, the birds singing or I lost my damn mind, but I... I got a few new piercings."

"Oh? What else did you get? I don't see anything new."

"I'll show you later," she purred, suddenly wanting to keep him in suspense. Getting to her feet, she walked over and wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips. At five feet nine she was on the tall side, but at six five he was a good head taller. Hand quickly going under her shirt, he pinched her right nipple causing her to gasp.

"I think I found one. You got your nipples pierced at a flea market? Isn't that a little dangerous? What if they get infected?"

"It was very clean. Barbara, the woman running the booth had all the proper certificates posted and knew exactly what she was doing. And yes, I got them both done. I'm wearing barbells now, but I bought some really sexy dangles I think you're going to like. Why don't you go get cleaned up and changed into something more comfortable and I'll get dinner started?"

It was not always like this. Before moving halfway across the country so that her husband could take a high-paying job at a security firm, she was a doctor

working ungodly hours she hated. With the move came a new lease on life that she fully embraced while they had the savings to do so. She knew it was only a matter of time before they hit the point they had to start cutting back and her weekend trips to flea markets and yard sales would be first to go, so she planned accordingly.

“That pendant is absolutely beautiful on you, honey,” Greg said, unable to take his eyes off it.

“The woman who sold it to me gave me a totally bullshit story about it belonging to the Goddess Aphrodite and that it was passed down through her family from mother to daughter since the beginning of time.”

Greg smiled and laughed. “Yeah, you hear a lot of silly things at the flea markets, but it’s worth it for the deals you can find.” Touching it, he kissed his wife again, his dick throbbing in his pants as he imagined all the perverted things he wanted to do to her. “It really suit you. So, what else did you get? Not more rings I hope. If you wear any more you won’t be able to bend your fingers.”

“You already spoiled half the surprise, you’re not getting the rest until tonight,” Julie said, pulling him down by the neck tie and kissing him hard. Their tongues met and they melted into each other. Picking her up, he carried her in the direction of the bedroom, but she pulled away at the last second. “Not so fast, mister. I’ve got dinner to cook and you’ve got a suit to get out of.” Giving him a playful swat on the ass, she went to the kitchen, leaving him standing there with tented pants and an urge to do bad things to her.”

Greg lay naked in bed waiting for his wife to join him. After spending the last several hours imagining what other piercings she could have gotten, and all the things he wanted to do to her, he was hornier than a colony of rabbits at the peak of mating season and his thick ten inch cock was proof of that. Hand slowly working its way up and down the shaft, he watched her walk out from the adjoining rest room wearing her red and pink silk robe.

“You have to promise me you won’t be mad once I show you what I did.”

“Honey, I can never be mad at you. Come on, don’t keep me waiting any longer or I won’t be responsible for my actions.”

“Well, as I said earlier I got a few new piercings. I don’t know what possessed me to do it, but it felt like the right thing to do at the time.” Loosening the belt holding her robe closed, Julie let it fall open. Letting it slide down her arms to the floor, she approached the bed so that her husband could get a better look. Cupping her breasts, she gave her nipples a very gentle pinch. “You felt these, but if you’ll lower your eyes you’ll see the rest.”

Greg loved his wife’s tits, capped with large areolas and big nipples more than anything. He could and has stared at them for hours, but tonight he let his eyes drift quickly down to her pussy where he first saw the sapphire heart dangling from the ring. It took another minute for him to process what he was seeing and then he hopped up onto his knees. “JESUS CHRIST! Are those real?”

“Yes. What do you think? You hate them don’t you? I knew it was a mistake to let Barbara do it. I...”

“Calm down, honey. I never said I hated them. Quite the opposite in fact. I can’t believe you did it, but they look amazingly sexy. God damn it! I’m hornier than shit and I can’t even fuck you. I hope you’re ready for a hard throat pounding because one way or another you’re getting me off.”

“You really like them?”

“Fuck yeah I do. How long before we can have sex?”

“At least a week. But don’t worry, I have another surprise for you.” Going to the dresser, she rummaged through the bottom left drawer, grabbed a bottle and then bounced on the bed. Lowering her head onto the pillows with her ass up, she handed her husband the lube. Looking over at him, she smiled. Oh, how he longed to sink his cock into her ass only to have her deny him night after night, year after year. That’s an exit, not an entrance, she would always tell him, but tonight, after stuffing four fingers in their earlier, she wanted it more than anything. “I want you to fuck my ass,” she purred. “But go slow and make it feel good or we’ll never do it again.”

“Are you serious? After telling me no for ten years you suddenly want me to fuck your ass? What’s the catch?”

“You have exactly two minutes to start working that cock in my ass before I change my mind.”

Greg never moved faster in his life. But while he wanted to shove all ten hard inches into his wife’s sexy ass, he knew she meant what she said. If it did not feel good to her she would make him stop and he’d never get another shot. Opening the bottle of lube, he squeezed some onto her tightly puckered hole and gently rubbed it in. Adding more to his fingers, he eased one in to the first knuckle.

“No, not your fingers. I want to feel your dick stuffing me.”

“I don’t want to hurt you, honey.”

“Tick, tock,” Julie said, wiggling her ass side to side.

“Are you sure?”

“Just do it. Slam all ten god damn inches in me and hold it there until I get used to it. Then you can start fucking me.”

“Who are you and what have you done with my wife?” Greg asked as he generously coated his cock. Placing the bulbous head against her ass, he grabbed her hips and pushed. There was a moment where it just sat there and then her hole opened and he felt himself slipping deeper and deeper until he was in to the

balls. “Jesus Christ! Are you okay?”

“Mmm hmm. J-Just stay still for a minute.” Despite taking four fingers only a few hours ago, she felt virgin tight as his long, thick cock pushed into her bowels. Taken by surprise, confused at what was going on with these weird sexual cravings, she slowly started rocking her hips as the pain subsided. “I am so sorry I made you wait so long to do this,” she purred. “It...uuhnnnn...it feels amazing in my ass! Go ahead and fuck me now. Fuck my ass, Greg! Plow your pole in as hard and deep as you want!”

Greg could not believe what he was hearing. In the ten years they have been together he had never once heard her talk dirty during sex, let alone beg him to fuck her ass. He did not know what had gotten into her, but he decidedly liked it. Taking her by the hips, he pulled back until only the head remained inside of her. Pausing briefly, he thrust forward, burying all ten inches to the balls.

“Aahhhh, that’s it! Harder! Fuck me harder! Slap my naughty ass! Fuck me god damn it! Shove your dick in me like you hate me you son of a bitch!” Julie moaned as she reached back and rubbed her slit. Although still sore from being pierced less than ten hours earlier, she could not help it. Tugging on the ring, she half moaned, half grunted as her husband continued fucking her up the ass. Spreading herself open, she pushed three fingers into her pussy as Greg’s powerful thrusts pushed her further up the bed until she was inches from the headboard.

Overcome with lust, Greg brought his right hand down on his wife’s ass, leaving behind a red handprint as he raised back for another. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! Each swat caused her shapely ass to jiggle in the most delightful way and as he drew back to slap the left side, he suddenly stopped and grabbed a handful of her long brown hair. Pulling her head back. He kissed her on the neck. “You like that slut? You like being spanked like a naughty little whore?”

“Yesss! Spank my naughty ass! Spank me until I can’t sit down for a week! I’ve been such a naughty girl and naughty girls deserve to be punished.” Spreading her legs and arching her back, Julie braced for more and her husband was more than willing to oblige – each powerful swat bringing her that much closer to orgasm.

Wrapping his hand around her neck he squeezed. Her asshole tightened around

his thrusting cock and he applied a little more pressure – only releasing when her face turned bright red. Holding her head on the bed, he slammed into her with all his might as he filled her with one of the biggest loads he had ever shot in his life.

“I don’t know what the hell just came over us, but please tell me you enjoyed that as much as I did,” Greg said, now laying on his back with his wife cuddled up next to him.

“It was amazing. All of it. Maybe that woman who sold me the pendant was right. Maybe this thing really did belong to some love Goddess. How else do you explain what we just did?”

“Well, if I have that thing to blame for getting you to open up to anal then you’re never allowed to take it off again,” Greg laughed.

“My ass is yours any time you want it from now on. And from this night forward I’ll never deny you any sexual act you wish me to try as long as you’re open to the same.”

“I think I can agree to that. Honestly, I don’t know what in the hell just happened, but I’m glad it did.”

“Me too,” Julie smiled, kissing her husband’s well-toned chest. “Me too.”

∞ ∞ ∞

Falling asleep in each other’s arms, Greg dreamt of fucking his wife up the ass, choking her to near unconsciousness and playing with her many piercings. Julie’s dream, on the other hand took a decidedly bizarre delve into the realm of fantasy. Starting with her encounter with Barbara, she did not let the leggy brunette have all the fun. In her dream, after Barbara licked and fisted her to multiple orgasms, she bent her over the chair and returned the favor – every lap of her tongue and thrust of her fingers making her clit throb with excitement.

From there, Julie found herself standing in the clouds atop an impossibly high mountain dressed in a skimpy toga, a wreath of ivy and gold around her head. There were others there similarly dressed. The men were all tall and powerfully built, and the woman petite with beauty beyond compare. Some of the faces she recognized from old mythology books she read as a teen and she knew she was

standing atop Mount Olympus. Zeus, king of the gods sat upon a jeweled throne while the messenger god Hermes zipped to and fro faster than she could keep up without becoming dizzy.

Hera, Queen of the Gods, sat next to her brother-husband Zeus in a toga made of white leather that hugged her perfect body like a second skin and gave her the distinct look of an ancient Greek dominatrix. She stared at Julie with scorn as Pegasus flew by on giant feathery wings. Off in the distance she heard the pounding of hammer on anvil and with but a thought she found herself standing at Hephaestus' forge. But instead of armor, shield or weapon, Julie was surprised to see him shaping a metal arm. Or at least on from hand to elbow. It was much larger than her own and definitely male.

When the God of Creation was finished, he picked up the arm and held it out for Julie to take. "For you, my love. Try not to wear this one out as quickly as the last one."

"Um, what exactly am I supposed to do with a metal arm? I've got two perfectly functioning flesh and bone ones already."

"No need to be coy with me, sweetheart. We all know what an insatiable slut the Goddess of love is. This one's got movable fingers so you can take it hand or fist. Go on, take it. Give it a spin. If it's not big enough I can always make it bigger."

Taking the massive arm-shaped dildo, Julie was surprised at how light it was. But she did not have time to test it out before she once again found herself floating across the clouds, an arm wrapped around her waist. "Ah, Aphrodite my love. Let's go to the forest and play. I hear you've got a new toy to play with."

Julie turned to see Greg standing there. Yet it was not Greg. He was Ares, God of war and one of her many lovers. As the two entered the forests of Olympia Julie woke sweating and hornier than ever. Grabbing the pendant, she gave it a good long look. What the hell is going on with me? She thought. Ever since I bought this damn thing I have been hornier than a dog in heat. And that dream. It felt so...real. Looking around the room, she almost expected to see a metal arm. When she did not, she exhaled, closed her eyes and drifted back to sleep.

Greg woke to see his naked wife pacing back and forth deep in thought. “You okay? Please tell me you’re not regretting last night.”

“Hmm? No, I don’t regret it for a second. There’s something we need to talk about. Something I did at the flea market yesterday. There’s no easy way to say it so I’ll just do it. I don’t know why I let it happen, but while Barbara was preparing to pierce me she...she tweaked and sucked my nipples. I wanted her to stop, but it felt great and the words wouldn’t come out. But that’s not all. She... she put her hand up my skirt. I stopped her, but she talked me into taking it off. Oh god, Greg, she licked me. I’m so, so sorry. I...I h-had sex with another woman!” Julie said, tears now flowing from her eyes and down her cheeks.

“Did you like it?”

“What?”

“Did you like it? Did you like licking and fingering her?”

“I d-didn’t do anything with her. She did everything. She licked me, fingered me and...and...”

“And what?”

“You’re not going to believe me, I didn’t believe it myself, but she fisted me, Greg. She pushed her hand in me like I’ve done it a thousand times before.”

“Is that why you let her pierce your pussy so it would have time to heal and I wouldn’t know you were stretched open?”

“What? No. I’m tight already. Check for yourself if you want to. I can never apologize enough for what I did, but you deserve to know the truth.”

“Do you think she’ll be interested in a threesome?” Greg asked to his wife’s surprise.

“Say what? Did you just ask if she’d do a threesome?”

“Turnabout is fair play, babe. You got to have sex with another woman so I should get the same pleasure. Or would you rather let this tear us apart, go through a nasty divorce and go our separate ways? I’m giving you the chance to make this right between us, honey. The ball’s in your court now.”

“And then what? Is this a one off thing or are you going to want to do it more?”

“No idea. Ask her if she’s interested. If not, I’ll find another woman to fuck, but one way or another I’m doing it with another woman. Now, what’s this about her fisting you?”

“She fucked her arm in me halfway to the elbow. I don’t know how she did it, but I opened up for her. And when I got home I fisted myself again. And I...I fucked four fingers up my ass just as easily.”

“Bullshit! Your ass was virgin tight when I fucked you last night.”

“I know, believe me, I know. But I’m telling you the truth. I took four fingers as if I’d been doing it for years. Maybe this thing really is magical. I don’t know how else to explain it. After sex it’s like my holes return right back to the state they were in before starting.”

“Get on the bed.”

Not wanting to piss her husband off which might lead to a nasty divorce, Julie got back into bed and did not protest when he husband pushed her head onto the pillows. Grabbing the lube from the night stand, he jerked off until hard, coated his dick and then placed it against his wife’s puckered asshole. Giving it a push, he was surprised when it did not immediately go in. And then, as the night before, he felt her sphincter give way and he slid in balls deep.

“What the actual fuck? How can you possibly be this damn tight after the pounding I gave you last night?”

“I told you. Now you’ve got in in there, fuck another load deep into my bowls you horse-cocked son of a bitch!”

THWACK! Greg’s hand slapped hard on his wife’s ass. As if his dream was

coming true, he pulled out, flipped her over and thrust back into her. Leaning between her splayed legs, he wrapped a hand around her throat and squeezed – the look in her eyes making his cock throb. Letting up, he allowed her only a few short breaths before choking her again. Overcome with lust, he pinched her nipples and slapped her breasts. She groaned, wrapping her legs around his back and pulling him deeper.

Pulling out, Greg hopped off the bed and grabbed his belt. “Get on your hands and knees you dirty little whore.” Julie rolled over without even thinking about it and he swung – the long length of leather striking her hard across the middle of the back. He had no idea what possessed him to do it, but it felt like the right thing to do. “Fist yourself! Show me what a perverted fucktoy you are!”

WHACK!

“Aahhgghhh!” Julie groaned as the belt struck again. Reaching back, she pushed three fingers into her pussy. The belt hit her back again – this time leaving behind a long red mark from left shoulder to right hip.

WHACK! This one landed on her ass causing her to jerk forward. A fourth finger went into her pussy and she spread her legs wider to give her husband a better view of what she was doing.

Doubling up the belt, Greg swung. It slapped hard against his wife’s inner left thigh. “Aahhhh! Son of a fucking bitch!” she yelped, but remained in position as her fingers stretched her open. It was followed by a swat to her inner right thigh, three on her ass and four more to the back of the legs before her hand finally went in. “THERE!” she exclaimed. “It’s in! I’m f-fisting myself.”

“That’s a good, naughty little slut. And we both know naughty little sluts must be punished. Isn’t that right?”

“Y-Yes. Punish me Master. Teach me what happens when I’m a naughty little girl!” she had no idea why she said what she did, but it felt right.

WHACK!

“THANK YOU MASTER!”

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

“Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Again! Tear my ass up, Master! I’ve been so, so naughty and I deserve to be punished.”

Unable to hold back any longer, Greg climbed back onto the bed, placed the belt around his wife’s throat and pulled back as he slammed into her ass – fucking her balls deep until unloading inside of her.

“What in the holy hell was that?”

“I don’t know, but I want it again, Master,” Julie purred, rolling over to kiss her husband. “I told you, I think this thing really is magical,” she added, twisting the ruby pendant around in her fingers. “I think it’s turning us into perverts. You know me honey, you know I’d never cheat on you let alone beg you to fuck my ass and punish me like a damn slave.”

“Maybe you’re right, maybe not. Either way I still want you to talk to Barbara.”

“I’ll go once all the marks are gone. I don’t want anyone seeing the one around my neck and assume the worst.”

“So, now that we just did that, what do you think?”

“You mean getting spanked and treated like a submissive slut?”

“Exactly?”

“I’d be lying if I said I hated it, but that could be the pendant talking. We can try it again one night when I’m not wearing to see if I still feel the same. What about you?”

“I loved every second of it. And if you were being honest last night about doing every sexual act I desire then I’d like for you to seriously consider becoming my submissive.”

“I don’t need to think about it, Master,” Julie smiled. “I was being truthful and if that’s what you want then it’s what I will become for you.”

“No need to rush into it blindly, honey. Think about it for a while and if you still feel the same in a few weeks then we’ll explore it again.”

“Thanks. So, breakfast?”

“I thought you’d never ask,” Greg laughed, giving his wife’s ass a kiss before hopping back out of bed.”

Searching through her purse, Julie found the business card Barbara gave her at the flea market. Dialing, she paced back and forth as the phone rang. And when a young woman answered, she jumped.

“Barb’s Boutique, this is Cindy speaking how may I help you today?”

“Um, hi, this is a piercing and tattoo shop, right?”

“Yes it is. We don’t take appointments unless it’s for a larger piece such as a full sleeve or complete back.”

“Oh, no, I’m actually calling to see if Barbara is working today. She gave me her business card and told me to call when I was ready for more work.”

“Yes, she’s with a client right now. If you’d like to leave your name and number I’ll have her call whenever she’s free.”

“That’s okay, I’ll just drop by and wait if that’s okay.”

“Sure thing. And if you get tired of waiting we do have a staff of fourteen highly skilled artists on hand.”

“Thanks.” Hanging up, Julie took a quick shower, gave her husband a long kiss and then headed out.

Barb’s Boutique was far from what the name brought to mind. Instead of a quaint little shop with flowers and other girly things, she pulled into the parking lot of a long, blue painted, white-trimmed wooden building with tinted windows on the front. Going in through the side door, she saw half a dozen men and women looking through binders full of sample tattoos and another three women browsing racks of jewelry. Not seeing her friend anywhere, she joined the women looking through rings, barbells, tunnels and plugs to pass the time.

After about an hour, Julie picked up a three ring binder and sat in one of the padded chairs along the right wall. Flipping it open, she looked at a page of

tribal armbands. And then another and another until they changed to pages of flowers, butterflies and animals. Settling on a purple and black butterfly, she say the book back on the table she found it just as she saw Barbara emerge from a back room. Finally. Walking over, she greeted her new friend. "Hello again."

"Hey, Julie. How have you been since the flea market? Are there any problems with the piercings?"

"No, no everything's great, Barbara."

"Please, call me Barb. So, here for another piercing? Maybe a tattoo?" Noticing a man leaning in and listening to their conversation, she grinned. "Lenny, this is Julie, the woman from the flea market I told you about." Noticing Julie's face going bright red, she laughed. "No need to be embarrassed. You're among friends here."

"And just how many people have you told about me?"

"Only Lenny, but I'm afraid he told a few others and they spread the word. I'm pretty sure everyone that works for me knows about it by now. But don't worry about it, hun, they're ok with it. If you're too humiliated to talk about it in the open we can always go to one of the rooms for a little more privacy."

"I'd like that."

"Right this way." Taking her new friend by the hand, Barb led the way to one of the rooms at the back of the shop and closed the door. "Please, take a seat on the table and tell me you're here to let me fist you again. I haven't stopped thinking about that day since it happened."

Julie sat down and looked around the room from the shelves lined with bottles of ink and what she could only assume were tattoo guns and needle, to the little packs of jewelry hanging from racks, and then up to Barb, the flush spreading down her chest. "I'd like to ask you something crazy."

"Honey, after what you let me do at the flea market you can ask me anything you like."

"I told my husband about what happened. He was initially pissed," she lied "but liked the idea of me playing with another woman."

Barb smiled, having a pretty good idea where this conversation was going. “Oh, so that little display of embarrassment out there was all show then?”

“No. I’d rather not have the whole world know what we did. I can trust my husband to keep it to himself.”

“Okay, so what does this have to do with me?”

“Well, the thing is...my husband...he, well, he wants to see us playing together. He wants you to join us in a threesome. I know it’s out of nowhere, but I promised him I would ask. I completely understand if you say no.”

“Do you want to play with me again Julie, or are you only doing it for your husband?”

“I want to do this for my husband as well as myself. I’ve been thinking about it ever since the flea market and I cannot lie that it was a very memorable experience that I’d definitely love to do again. I just never imagined my husband would be so willing.”

“Then I am in, but I have one condition. Lenny and a few others get to join in the fun. If we are going to have a party, let’s make it one to remember.”

Julie wasn’t sure how to respond. She was willing to do a threesome with Barb, but involving others was a different story altogether. “And just how many will be joining if my husband agrees to it?”

“Well, there’s me and my husband Lenny to start. And then John, Ken, Derrick, Holly and Allison. We have our own parties from time to time and if you get one of us, you get us all.

“This is a bit more than we were thinking so I’ll talk to Greg and see what he says.”

“Understandable,” Barb replied. “While you are here how about I give you another piercing, or perhaps a nice little tattoo?”

“I don’t have anything left to pierce,” Julie replied.

“Are you kidding me, sweetie? You’ve got plenty of places to stick a needle

through. Hell, I can think of at least a dozen off the top of my head.” Seeing the incredulous look Julie gave her, she grinned. “Let’s see, I can pierce your nostrils, septum, lips, inner labia, your clit, and add more to your eyebrow or outer labia. I think your ears would look good with a couple more. Should I go on?”

Julie shook her head no.

“So where would you like it? You know, a little tattoo on your pussy mound would look really sexy as well.”

“I did see a butterfly I really liked, but I don’t think I want it on my pussy. What would you suggest?” she asked nervously.

Barb smiled. She knew Julie was a little minx and this just proved it. “Well, first I suggest you take off your clothes and lay on the table. “Unfortunately, I can’t fist you here at work, but I can give you a tattoo. Tell me, Julie, are you a slut?”

Julie responded before her brain filter could kick in. “I’m the biggest slut you’ll ever fucking meet,” she replied, immediately slapping her hands over her mouth. “Oh my god, Barb, I have no idea why I said that.”

“It’s ok, sweetie. Being a slut isn’t a bad thing and it give me an idea for the perfect tattoo for your sweet pussy. Are you ready slut?”

“As I’ll ever be. What are you going to put on me?”

“That’s a surprise. We’ll start with the butterfly tattoo and I’m getting a pretty good idea for that one as well. What color would you like them to be?”

“Purple and black.”

“Perfect. I think you’re going to love it.”

Gathering up everything she needed, Barb rolled the cart over to the table, placed the needles in the tattoo gun and got to work – placing the first small purple and black butterfly on Julie’s left breast using shadowing to make it appear as if it were real. Moving up, she added another and another – seven in total from breast to shoulder. “Hmm, that looks amazing, but it seems...off. I know! Sit still, I’m going to add to it. Dipping the needle in black ink, she

started on another butterfly – this one located on the side of Julie’s breast. The next three went on her side and then she worked her way around and down her back, not stopping until she reached the opposite side.

“That’s better. Ready for the pussy tattoo?”

“How many butterflies did you put on me? A better question would be why did I let you?”

“Twenty-three and because you love it as much as I do. Now close your eyes. No peeking or you’ll never get to have an orgy with me and my friends.”

Julie closed her eyes and kept them shut tight as the needles jabbed into her pussy mound three thousand times per minute as they injected black ink into her flesh. Mind racing at the possibilities, she felt her juices starting to flow. Barb noticed and smiled, but did not stop for even a second. And when Julie reached down to finger herself, she slapped her hand away.

“Aawww, come on, you’re making me horny dammit!”

“Then you can play with yourself when I’m done. Unless you want crooked lines, that is. Now hold still and keep your hands away from your pussy or I’ll replace the plugs with tunnels and lock you shut.”

“You wouldn’t!”

“Try me. You can wait twenty more minutes.”

“Fine,” Julie huffed, crossing her arms.

Twenty minutes turned into an hour as Barb put the finishing touches on the tattoo. Putting the gun down, she wiped the last bits of blood away and gave it a once over for missed spots. Everything in order, she stood up and stretched.

“Okay, you can look now.”

Opening her eyes, Julie looked down to see SLUTTY FISTER tattooed on her mound in such a way it looked as if it had been stamped right into her flesh. “OH MY FUCKING GOD! What in the hell did you do?”

“You said you were a slut and we both know how much you love fisting so I

thought it made perfect sense. Trust me, the guys will love it. As will the women for that matter. Do you seriously not like it?”

“Yes...no...I mean, it looks cool and everything, but it’s far from what I was expecting. How much do I owe you?”

“Let’s see, twenty-three butterflies and two words would normally run you six fifty, but for you, a hundred bucks and an orgy with me and the guys.”

“Deal. I’ll somehow convince my husband to do it.” Picking up her clothes, she noticed her panties were missing. “Keeping another pair?”

“Why not? Maybe this’ll become our thing,” Barb giggled. “WAIT! Oh my fucking god I need to add another a few more butterflies to make it perfect. How could I have missed it?”

“Are you out of your mind? Twenty-three is more than enough for one day.”

“Trust me. I know what I’m talking about and you’ll agree or the whole thing is free.”

“Fine, where are you going to put them?”

“I’m going to continue around your right hip and across to the tattoo on your pussy. Trust me, it’ll be perfect. And then I’d like to even out the labia piercings by adding another set of plugs at the bottom if you’re up for it.”

“Do it before I change my mind,” Julie said, dropping her clothes back on the floor and getting back on the table.

∞ ∞ ∞

Once again, Julie drove home without bra and panties. Entering the house, she found her husband lounging on the couch watching TV. Kicking off her shoes, she dropped the keys into the basket on the table and walked over to stand between him and the television. “Hey honey, I’m home.”

“Well, don’t keep me waiting. What did she say? Any why were you gone so long? Did you have sex with her again?”

“No, I didn’t have sex with her, but I did get some more work done. I’ll show you in a minute. First, she said she’d join us, but there’s a rather big condition. He wants her husband and six others to join. She said it was all or nothing.”

“And who are these others?”

“She gave names, but I didn’t get to meet them. I understand if you don’t want to have an orgy with six others. I’ll give her a call tomorrow to let her know.”

“Hold on a minute, I never said I wouldn’t do it. How many men and women are we talking about here?” Will Barbara be the only other one?”

“No, there will be four men and three women. Five men and four women counting us.”

“I can live with that if you can.”

“Seriously? You really want to have an orgy?”

“Why not? Unless you’re getting cold feet now that it’s getting real. Now tell me what work you got done.”

Taking her clothes off, Julie stood naked before her husband whose eyes were wide open in shock. “Jesus Christ! How many butterflies did she put on you?” he asked as she slowly turned so that he could see them all.”

“A lot. And then there’s what she put on my mound.”

“And 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. And then bend over the fucking couch. I’m going to wreck your holes you dirty fucking slut.”

“Yes Master,” Julie grinned, easily falling back into the role she only discovered a few hours ago. “Just one more thing before I make the call. You do realize there will be four other men fucking me right?”

“Yeah, I sort of got that impression.”

“Four men that will no doubt cum in my unprotected pussy. Four men that have the potential of knocking me up.”

“I see where you’re going with this and I can honestly say I never thought about it, but what the hell. We only live once, right?”

“So, let me get this straight. You’re sitting there telling me you’re not only okay with other men fucking me, but potentially breeding me as well? Am I hearing you right?”

“Yes. You said you’d do everything I asked without question. Well, I’m asking you to be a slutty breeding cow. And we’re not stopping until you’re knocked up. Is that understood?”

“Yes Master,” Julie answered without hesitation, the pendant feeling warm against her skin. “I am your perverted slut to command. I mean...oh nevermind, this damn pendant is controlling my libido so I’m just going to keep my mouth shut and go with it.”

“Don’t shut it too tight. This dick isn’t going to suck itself.”

“I’ll get it nice and hard, Master, but I want your load deep in my pussy. If I’m going to be used for breeding I’d like to increase the odds you’re the father. But first, I’ve got a phone call to make and an orgy to set up.”

Two weeks later...

Right on schedule, the doorbell rang and Julie opened the door to let her guests in – greeting them all with a smile as she ushered them into the house.

“Welcome everyone, for those that don’t know who we are, I’m Julie and this is my husband Greg. We thought it would be a good idea to get to know each other a little better over dinner before getting to the party. Any objections?”

“None at all,” Barb smiled. “You’ve met my husband Lenny, John, Allison, Ken, Holly and Derrick,” she said going down the line.

John was average height and build with dirty blonde hair, blue eyes and full sleeves going up each arm. Allison stood somewhat away from the rest of the group and looked nervously shy. Standing five and a half feet and weighing in at a hundred and twenty pounds, she was the only redhead of the bunch and the freckles lightly dotting her cheeks had Greg’s cock twitching in his pants. And her lack of a bra and thin white blouse told everyone looking that she had large breasts and pierced nipples.

Ken stood over six feet, but fell short of Greg’s height by at least four inches. And weighed about fifty pounds less. Long black hair pulled back in a ponytail, he had the sexiest green eyes Julie had ever seen on a man. Holly was a petite woman in her early twenties with long, light brown hair and grey eyes. Barely five feet tall and a hundred pounds soaking wet, she had small, perky breasts and a round ass that begged to be fucked. And finally, there was Derrick – the only black man in the group.

“So, Julie tells me you want to use her for breeding,” Barb said. “Is that true?”

“Absolutely. I’ve been fucking three loads a day in her ever since she set this part up in the first place.”

“Nice. I knew she was a kinky little slut the moment I laid eyes on her.”

“And a damn sexy one at that,” Derrick said. “Fuck dinner, I say we get this party started right now.” Pulling his shirt off, he tossed it to the floor and unbuttoned his pants. Julie grinned and followed suit and in minutes everyone was butt naked. Derrick pulled Julie close and kissed her. There was a few seconds of hesitation as she got over the fact another man was kissing her right in front of her husband and then she returned the embrace. Lenny moved in from behind and traced the butterflies down and across her back.

Flushed, Julie reached down and wrapped her fingers around Derricks cock as she felt Lenny’s growing against her ass. H-Honey, do you want to go get the lube? I’m pretty sure I’m about to take it up the ass and I’d rather it not hurt if I can avoid it.”

“In the meantime you can suck Lenny off while I take you from behind,” Derrick said.

Julie dropped onto her knees, turned around and took Lenny’s dick into her mouth. Her hips were lifted and she felt Derrick push his big black cock into her. She had never been two men before, let alone a black one and her entire body trembled with excitement and then fear as it dawned on her that she might have a mixed baby. Not that she thought there was anything wrong with that, but it would be definitive proof to family and friends that she cheated on her husband and she was not entirely certain that was a humiliation she could ever live down.

On the other side of the room, Barbara was on all fours with Ken fucking her pussy and John shoving down her throat. Holly was waiting for Greg to return so that she could continue sucking him off and Allison saw away from them all and watched.

Greg came back carrying three large bottles of lube which he sat on the coffee table along with several new toys they bought for the occasion. Walking over to the couch he sat down. Holly got up and knelt between his legs. Taking his cock into her mouth, she started to suck. Sitting alone, now rubbing her clit, Allison continued to watch the others fucking each other.

Slamming into Julie’s pussy, Derrick was the first to cum. And no sooner did he pull his shrinking black cock from her dripping wet pussy then Allison finally joined the action. Dropping onto all fours, she crawled over to Julie and began lapping up the semen slowly oozing out of her well-fucked hole. Adding two

fingers, she scooped some out and slowly licked them clean, purring like a kitten in the process. And when she was finished, she crawled back to where she was sitting and resumed watching.

Rock hard and ready to shoot any second now, Lenny stopped fucking his dick down Julie's throat and pushed into her pussy just in time to fill it with the second load of the evening. Once again, Allison crawled silently across the living room to lick and finger her clean only to return to her seat without letting the others touch her.

Trying to figure out what the hell Allison was doing keeping him from cumming, Greg watched as the sexy redhead once again crawled across the room to lick a fresh load from Barbara. Horny as hell and wanting to fuck his seed into her, he walked up and took her from behind – surprised at how tight she was.

“Aahhgghhh! Oh god no! T-Take it out you son of a bitch!”

Pulling back, Greg noticed the blood on his cock. “OH SHIT! Were you a virgin?”

“YES! And I wanted to stay that way!”

“Um, no offense, but if you wanted to remain a virgin why in the hell do you participate in orgies? And why didn't you tell us before we started to fuck?” Feeling something pressing against his asshole, Greg looked back over his shoulder to see Barb. And pushing dangerously hard against his hole was a thick black strap-on. “Oh, hell no! There's no way you're putting that thing in me.”

“Hey, you took Allison's virginity without permission and now I'm going to take yours. I'm sorry, Allison it's my fault. I should have remembered to tell them you were only here to eat the semen out of us, but the damage is done and he's going to pay for it. Will you let him continue fucking you while I take his ass?”

“I...yes, I'll let him fuck me. But please take it easy. This is my first time.”

“I really am sorry. I didn't know,” Greg apologized as he pushed back into her tight pussy all the way to the hilt. Barbara followed and he knew when he rocked back he'd impale himself on the strap-on. Swallowing his pride, he closed his eyes and got it over with. “Uhn! Jesus Christ! How fucking big is that thing?” he grunted as the bulbous head and half the shaft went in.

“Only a foot long and two inches thick. Now be a good little sissy slut and fuck yourself on it.”

“Opening his mouth to say something, Greg suddenly found it filled with Derrick’s big black cock. He did not know if it was his wife’s supposedly magical pendant, or the insanity of the moment, but instead of pulling away, he allowed it to happen. Out of the corner of his eye he saw his wife smiling at him and he breathed a sigh of relief around the dick now pushing its way down his throat.

“I’m sure you’ve heard Barb has fisted me” Julie said, getting on the floor in front of Allison. “Will you do it for me? Will you fuck your hand in my pussy as deep as it’ll go?”

“Only if you take over licking Holly clean while I do it.”

“Deal. So, I take it you really love semen.”

“Mmm hmm,” Allison answered as she coated her right hand with lube. “I’ve swallowed every load since I first tasted it at eighteen to prevent my boyfriend at the time from fucking me.” Scrunching her fingers together as tightly as she could, she pushed her hand into Julie’s pussy all the way to the wrist. She then balled it into a fist and shoved deeper. “Damn, you really can take it deep can’t you?”

“Yeah. And a whole hell of a lot easier than I ever imagined possible. Feel free to fist fuck me as hard as you like. I can take it.”

∞ ∞ ∞

Hours passed as the nine men and women fucked each other ten ways to Sunday. Greg had swallowed Derrick’s load and had fucked himself to orgasm in Allison’s pussy while Barb took him from behind. Allison had worked both hands into Julie’s pussy at the same time and true to her word, Julie ate every load of semen shot into Holly from Ken, John and Lenny before they finally took a much needed rest.

When the party finally resumed, Greg found himself kneeling on the floor sucking one man off while another took him up the ass. Across the room, the women played together – each of them taking a fist save for Allison who had

managed to take four fingers before it began to hurt too much to enjoy.

Going until the wee hours of the morning, the men were the first to peter out, exhausted and unable to get it up any more. The women, on the other hand, continued licking and fisting each other until the sun started rising over the horizon. Even Allison now taking an entire hand with relative ease – an impressive feat for someone who had lost their virginity only ten hours before.

Naked, Julie saw her new friends out and after locking the door and collapsing onto the couch next to her husband, she smiled. “I don’t know about you, but I can’t wait until the next party, Master.”

“I can’t believe we did it. We actually did an orgy. I sucked dick, swallowed semen and took it up my ass and I am at a complete loss to explain why.”

“Because like me you’re a dirty little slut, Master. And I loved seeing you taking other men as well as women. So, will you do it again? An orgy, I mean.”

“Absolutely, but not until you’re pregnant with my child. Call me greedy, but I want your first one to me mine.”

“Nothing would please me more, Master.” Burying her head in her husband’s shoulder, Julie curled up next to him and closed her eyes, content she was finally free to express her sexuality to the fullest with a husband open-minded enough to allow it.