

The Legacy #2



APRIL FINDS LOVE

Crimson Rose

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Perched high in the branches of an old oak tree in the front yard of a newly painted ranch style house, the owl stared at the occupant walking around inside with extreme interest. The sun was setting, casting the creature in the shadows of oncoming night, but it was not thinking of where it should go in search of its next meal, or where it should roost for the night. No, he was right where he needed to be and exactly on time. Focusing on the parted curtains and the lovely woman on the other side, he waited for the show to begin as very un-birdlike thoughts ran through his mind.

That's because he was not a bird at all. Or not born one in any case. No, this peeping owl was thirty-four year old Simon Coswell who, thanks to an ancient artifact entrusted to him by his Uncle Paul – an archaeologist on dig in the remotest parts of Egypt, was able to transform himself into nearly anything he wanted. No one would think that stray dog who so affectionately rubs against select random women was really copping a feel, or that anything was out of the ordinary when he licked their cheeks and tops of their breasts when they squatted down to pet his furry head. And no one in their right mind would ever suspect, or accuse a bird sitting in a tree of being a peeping Tom.

Inside the house, nineteen year old April Harris paced back and forth – her routine for the last few weeks as she contemplated her life and why she was spending it alone instead of mustering up the courage to make some friends and find a lover even if it was a one night stand. Her shyness stemmed from the low self-esteem that came with being a bullied, overweight child wearing glasses thick enough to see the dimples on a gnat's ass from a hundred miles away, but she was no longer that girl.

Through exercise and diet she shed the pounds and toned up an exceptionally stunning body. To her embarrassment, the large breasts she had while overweight remained and now looked three times bigger on her slimmer frame. And her ass. Second only to her breasts in the cat-call department, she took to wearing baggy clothes to hide what she carried underneath. Surgeries corrected most of her vision problems and though she still wore glasses, they were of a far thinner and sexier variety. But she was unable to shake the shyness and low self-esteem.

She tried to make friends, but often found the effort less than rewarding. During her childhood boys and girls made fun of her appearance, but now those same men only wanted to get into her pants. She had a few women she called friend, but only one she trusted enough to call best friend. She thought moving to another state for college would be good for her, but quickly found that men were the same no matter where one lived, and so she shied away from the opposite sex altogether. Not out of some prudish sense of morality, but because she genuinely hated all the attention her new body garnered.

That's not to say she did not think about sex. Far from it. Like any other hot-blooded nineteen year old, April thought about sex 3,172 times a day. She got horny just like everyone else, and just like everyone else she needed to relieve the tension from time to time. Under her bed was a long rectangular container with her collection of sex toys and lubes for those nights the urge to get screwed silly were overpowering. Lucky for the bird watching her from the branches of the old oak tree, tonight was one such night.

Walking over to the curtains, April pulled them closed, made sure the front door was locked tight and then let out a pitiful sigh. "Tomorrow," she vowed. "I'll try to make more friends tomorrow." Entering the bedroom, she opened the curtains – not worried anyone would see her thanks to the fenced in yard with trees on the three remaining sides, she unlocked the window and raised it. As she turned and walked to the bed she failed to notice the owl swoop down and land in the branches of a maple tree.

Pulling the container from under the bed and removing the dark green lid, she stared at dildos and vibrators in one compartment with butt plugs and anal beads in the next. Four smaller ones below that held blindfolds, gags, clamps and teardrop weights. To the right of all that, folded neatly was a set of latex clothing with a very distinct dog pattern and an oddly-shaped tailed plug what, through experimentation Simon discovered was an exact replica of a dog's cock with the knot acting at the widest point to lock the toy deep in her sexy ass. And finally, all the way at the other end were several bottles of lube.

Placing the container of toys on the cedar chest at the foot of her bed, she took a step back and lifted her shirt off over her head. Balling it up, she tossed it into the hamper sitting in the opposite corner of the room. Her bra followed, but fell short. Leaning over her toy box, large breasts hanging like fruit ripe for the picking, she grabbed a pair of clamps connected together by a thin silver chain

and attached them to her already hard nipples.

Having never been intimate with a man, or another woman for that matter, April found release in her sex toys and the kinkier they were, the more they turned her on. And as her excitement grew, her imagination ran wild crafting scenes of exquisite sexual bliss she knew deep down she would never experience in the real world.

Fishing one of the weights from its small compartment, she hooked it onto the bottom of the clamp dangling from her left nipple. “Mmmm,” she purred, adding one to the right. “Oh god that feels amazing. “If only I had someone here to do it for me,” she said, her face growing a few shades pinker as her body heat began to rise. Unbuttoning her shorts, she tugged them over her hips and down her well-toned legs – kicking them into the corner as close to the hamper as she could get them. Her panties followed and then she picked up a long, thick blue dildo. Running her fingers along the veiny surface, she climbed onto the bed and made herself comfortable.

Head and back resting on a pile of pillows, she brought her feet back until her knees were raised before spreading them open and gently rubbed the head of the dildo against her clit – slowly working it down and back up as she softly moaned.

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This had become a nightly routine for owl Simon and it never ceased to amaze him how the stunningly beautiful young woman on the other side of the glass did not have at least fifty men chasing after her at all times. Okay, time to get a closer look at the action, the bird thought. Launching off the branch, he was perched on the windowsill with a few flaps of his wings and the scents of her sex was driving him crazy as they were carried out on a light breeze. Cocking his head almost ninety degrees to the right, he was a little surprised at the size of the dildo she was rubbing up and down her vulva. Having witnessed her taking a great many toys over the last few weeks, this one was far and away the biggest and he wondered if she could fit in into what looked to be a nearly virgin tight pussy.

“Mmmm, that’s it Leslie, lick my fucking pussy you dirty slut,” April loudly moaned her best friend’s name as she continued rubbing herself. “Make me

squirt my juices all over your fucking face!” Shoving hard, the head of the toy popped into her pussy. Her back arched and her hips rose up off the bed as the hand holding the fat cock thrust forward.

Simon’s bird eyes grew wide with astonishment as he witnessed the dildo disappear into April’s cunt with surprisingly little effort. Surprised something so large could fit into a hole that looked so tiny, his eyes were glued to her stretched labia as they were pulled in and out along the shaft glistening with pussy juices.

“Aahhh, fuck...uhn...uhn,” April moaned, turning the toy inside of her until the large testicles were slamming against her clit. With it completely buried in her she sat up and looked out of the window at the owl perched on the sill. “Come to watch me again?” she said to the bird. “You like watching me fuck myself? I bet if you were a man you’d want to fuck me too, right? That’s all men ever want from me,” she said sounding on the cusp of depression and aggravation. “They don’t want to be friends, or get to know me. All they want is to fuck their dicks into me as if that’s all I’m here for. Why do you think I stay cooped up inside fucking myself with fake cocks every night?”

Simon cocked his owl head as if to indicate he was listening to her and was rewarded with seeing her move into a kneeling position in the center of the bed as she fucked herself hard and fast on the large dildo. Reaching up with her right hand, she tugged the thin chain connecting the nipple clamps causing them to grow tighter, smashing her nipples between the rubber-coated ends.

“You like what you see birdy? You must think I’m sexy if you keep coming back night after night to see me debase myself. I didn’t realize or notice at first, but you are the same owl that perches on my windowsill every night as I fuck myself aren’t you?” Stopping dead, she stared as her feathered voyeur nodded. “Wait, did you just not at me?” The bird nodded again. “Really? Do you understand what I’m saying?” Another nod. “How many fingers am I holding up?” she asked, feeling silly, but never the less holding up three.

Having too much fun, Simon raised his right leg and held up three talons. April lowered a finger and he lowered a talon. Switching to her left hand, she held up four fingers. Mimicking her, Simon clung to the sill with his right talons and lifted the left to hold up all four.

“That is fucking amazing! Are you someone’s pet? Were you trained at a circus

or something?”

Simon shook his head no.

“And you really understand what I’m saying?”

Simon nodded.

“I’ve either lost my mind or you’re the smartest bird in existence.” Slowly fucking herself up and down the thick shaft of the dildo, she continued watching her ne avian friend. “So, do you think I’m pretty for a human?”

Simon emphatically nodded.

“Whoa, slow down there Mr. Owl before your head falls off. Time to test if you really can understand me, or if this is all some wild coincidence. I’m giving you three options. With me so far?”

“Simon nodded his owl head in understanding.

“After I give all three options hold up a number of talons equal to what you want me to do. Got it?”

Another nod from the owl.

The dildo still stuffing her pussy, April moved to the foot of the bed. Option one: I’ll slowly fuck this entire string of beads up my ass,” she said, grabbing a foot long string of silicone beads measuring half an inch at the smallest and nearly three at the largest. Two: I’ll fist my pussy. And three: I’ll clamp and hang weights from my pussy while dripping hot wax all over my naked body.”

Simon thought about it for a moment and while all of the above was not one of the options, he thought to make it one by holding up four talons.

“I knew it! You have no idea what I’m...” April stopped as the owl shook its head. “Well you don’t. I gave you three options and you held up four claws.”

Cocking his head to the left, Simon held up one talon, lowered it, raised a second, lowered them and then raised three.

“Make up your mind. Is it one, two or three?” Simon repeated the talon-raising again. “Hold on a damn minute! Are you telling me that by holding up four fingers you were adding a fourth option of all three?”

Simon nodded.

“Okay, one final test just so I know I haven’t gone insane. You’ve been watching me for weeks so this should be an easy one. Bring me my favorite flower.” Chewing her lower lip, April watched as the bird flew off into the night.

Flying away, Simon took to the skies in search. Spotting a bush nine houses down the road, she swooped in, used his beak to carefully snip a stem, he held it in his talons and flew back – dropping the rose on the windowsill in front of him.

“Right you are, Mr. Owl. And for that I’ll accept your suggestion of option four.”

April had seen the bird sitting there on her sill every night for the past three weeks. There were times she wondered if it knew what it was watching – if it understood the things she did to herself in the name of pleasure, but now there was no doubt in her mind what so ever as she lubed the string of anal beads and turned so that her ass was facing the window and the staring bird. “I’ve never been able to take all of the beads up my ass but for you, Mr. Owl I’ll push my limits. Would you like that?”

Simon nodded his owl head as he watched the first five balls of silicone slide into her ass – the sphincter rapidly opening and closing around each as they went deeper. For a moment he thought she was going to force the entire toy in there, but she stopped after the sixth. The rest of them hanging free, she picked up the large blue dildo, placed it between her feet and lowered herself on it. It took her a few minutes to work out the rhythm, but when she finally did, she fucked herself on the dildo while slowly working the beads in and out of her ass.

“Uhn...uhn...oh god yes, Mr. Owl,” April panted as two more beads found their way into her tightly clenched ass. “That’s it! Fuck my pussy and asshole! I’ve never been so stuffed in my life, Mr. Owl. My holes are going to be ruined after this but I don’t care! Uuhhnnn!” Another bead went in leaving only the largest two. Pulling the entire toy out, she coated it with more lube and then squeezed some directly into her asshole before shoving the beads back in again. After another minute she pulled them out and looked back at the window. “You like my gaping asshole, Mr. Owl?”

Simon nodded so hard and fast he made himself dizzy. Thankfully, his talons were dig deep in the wooden sill of the window and he remained perched.

“I’ve never been able to take the last two beads. Can I stop now?”

Simon shook his head no.

“You want me to force then in?”

Simon nodded.

“For you, Mr. Owl I’ll do my best. But first, I’ve got clamps and weights to place on my pussy.” Leaving the beads buried in her ass, April removed the dildo from her pussy and grabbed another pair of clamps from the box – this set with much longer clamps that would grip her inner labia in multiple places for a more even stretch. Once they were placed, she began adding the little weights until she had six ounces hanging from either side. Though she was not new to labia stretching, this was the first time Simon had ever seen it up close and in person and he wanted nothing more than to return to his human form and ravage her all night long as her labia now hung more than two inches.

Flipping around, she put her head back on the bed and lowered herself onto the dildo. Reaching back, she placed two fingers in the loop end of the anal beads, pulled three of them out and shoved four in. “Aahgh! Oh damn that hurt! But in a good way,” she smiled at the owl. “Only one more to go and I’ll be able to fist my ass,” she blushed. “I’ve never done that before but have always wanted to try. Do you want to see me fisting my ass, Mr. Owl?”

Simon nodded again and watched as she closed her eyes and forced the last bead in with a guttural grunt. The pain a little more than she expected, April flattened out on the bed and clenched her ass even tighter as she took short, rapid breaths. Simon’s owl ears heard the car pull into the driveway long before April’s human ones and he hoped the uninvited guest did not end the show prematurely.

While her eyes were still closed, he quickly flew to the front of the house to see Leslie Reed – one of the few people April called friend, stepping out of the car and walk up onto the front porch. Returning to the bedroom window, he saw that April was not stopping. On the contrary. She was picking up the pace as she pulled the beads from her overly stretched asshole and stuffed them back in one at a time until the entire string was buried and only the loop end remained visible.

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Simon heard the front door open and then close as the young woman entered her friend’s home. He knew Leslie as much about the twenty year old raven-haired Amazonian beauty as one could learn by watching through windows and getting invited into her home, albeit in the form of an innocent and friendly dog. Though he preferred April, he was not disappointed in what he saw Leslie and her boyfriend Jason doing when they thought no one was watching.

Can't you hear her walking through the house? Simon thought as he watched April once again pull the beads from her gaping asshole and then push them back in as the dildo slowly worked in and out of her dripping wet pussy. After several minutes, the bedroom door opened and Leslie stepped inside.

"HOLY HELL!" Leslie gasped at the sight of her naked and toy-stuffed friend.

"OH MY FUCKING GOD!" April gasped. Leaping forward as if kicked by a horse, she flipped around and yanked the blankets over her naked body. "W-What...what are you doing here? I didn't even hear you come in!"

"Obviously,"

"This is so embarrassing. Oh God, please go! I don't want you seeing me like this!"

"It's ok, sweetie," Leslie said taking a step towards the bed "we all get urges that need to be sated and you're no different. Trust me, this isn't the first time I've seen a pussy and ass stuffed with toys, or real cock for that matter. To be perfectly honest, I'm kind of glad to see you enjoying sex even if it's with toys. For a minute there I thought you might be working towards becoming a nun or something."

"Do you...um...have you ever?" April stammered in embarrassment, her entire body flushed red.

"Played with sex toys? Honey, I've got a big enough collection I could start my own shop. Jason and I have a very...open, sex life. We love to experiment with new things all the time. You didn't hear this from me, but he loves it when I fuck his ass with a strap-on."

"Really?" April said kneeling on the bed with the toys still inside of her and the blankets now in her lap, revealing her large breasts and clamped nipples to her best friend for the first time ever as curiosity got the better of her.

"Oh yes. When I fuck him really hard he can cum without ever touching his cock. And he shoots the biggest loads. We play with other women too," Leslie said moving another step closer towards the bed. Nice breasts, by the way. I knew you had to be hiding something amazing under all those baggy clothes you like wearing."

“I hate wearing them,” April admitted. “But it’s the best way I’ve found to keep the guys from making rude comments about my body all the damn time.” Wait! She thought as her eyes grew wide. Did she just say she plays with other women? Does she want to play with me? She must! Why else is she moving towards the bed like that?

“It’s obvious from the toys I saw stuffed in your pussy and ass that you’re not a virgin, and I’m guessing based on comments made and the fact you’ve never been with a man you might not like them sexual, but what about women? Are you secretly attracted to the fairer sex?” Leslie purred seductively. She had not planned on teasing her friend, or maybe more when she showed up unannounced, but now that she was presented with the opportunity she was not going to let it slip away without at least trying. Standing at the edge of the bed, she grabbed the blanket and attempted to pull it off of her friend and the bed, but April held it tight. “Aahhh, come on. Let me see what you’ve got stuffed inside of you. Maybe I could take over and make it feel really nice. Would you like that?”

Perched as still as a statue, Simon watched the scene unfolding before his eyes and wished he had a pair of hands to jerk off with. For weeks he had hoped to see her enjoying the company of another human, and as much he wanted to be her first, he was not going to balk at some lesbian loving assuming the shy young woman accepted her best friends proposal. Seeing her looking him in the eyes, he nodded.

“I...I’ve never been with another woman before,” April said, her voice trembling with a mix of emotions. “But I...oh god, Leslie, I think about you when I’m fucking myself.” Her secret confessed, she turned from the bird perched on the windowsill to face her best friend. “I’m so scared right now I don’t think I can move.”

“There’s absolutely nothing to be afraid of,” Leslie said as she traced a finger between her best friends breasts and down to her belly – tugging the chain connecting the clamps together and leaving a red line behind where her fingernail pressed hard. “Just lay back and let me make you feel good.” Pulling on the blankets, there was a moment of resistance and as April’s grip loosened they fell away to the floor leaving her naked and fully exposed. “My god that looks like a big toy,” Leslie said as her eyes drifted down to the thick blue shaft sticking halfway out of her friend’s pussy. And I could have sworn I saw

something sticking out of your ass when I walked in.”

“B-Beads.”

“Nice. So, are you a lesbian? Is that why you’ve never had a boyfriend? You know what? Nevermind. It doesn’t matter. I dropped by to see if you wanted to hang out, but this is way better than anything I thought we might do and I’m not going to waste it by talking all night. Leaning in, she cupped April’s right cheek and eased her back onto the pillows.

Leslie moved her head closer to April's who lay there frozen with fear and excitement. She had dreamt of this moment for so long, visualized it in her mind a million times over as she fucked herself with one toy or another. Leslie leaned a little closer. Their foreheads met and April let out a soft gasp. Their lips met and not in an innocent kiss your mother goodbye sort of way. It was fiery hot. Passionate. And comforting in ways words could never be and April lost herself to the embrace – her rigid body loosening up as she experienced the touch of another human being for the first time in her life.

Reaching back, Leslie grabbed the base of the dildo and slowly worked it in and out of April's pussy as she kissed her way down to her clamped nipples. Staring her best friend in the eyes, she removed the clamps and tossed them towards the foot of the bed before leaning down and taking the left nipple into her mouth.

“Aaahhhhh! Oh my fucking god!”

“Do you like my mouth on your nipple?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“And the dildo sliding in and out of your pussy?”

“P-Please don't stop,” April cooed, bucking her hips up as Leslie thrust it back in. “It...uhn...Jesus Crist it feels so much better when you do it! I've dreamed of doing this with you for so long I can't believe it's really happening. It is happening, right? This is real and not some bizarre dream with birds that understand everything I say and my deepest desires finally coming true, right?”

“Um, bird that understand you?”

“The owl on the sill. He comes and watches me every night and tonight he's proven he understands everything I say.”

“Right. In any case, this is as real as it gets and I can assure you we're both wide awake. So, you've been dreaming of me, huh? What do we do in these dreams of

yours?” Leslie asked as she flicked the tip of her tongue over April’s right nipple.

“We make love.”

“Like we are doing right now?”

“And a thousand other ways but this is so much better than even my wildest dream.”

“Do I lick your pussy in these dreams? Do you lick mine?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“Do you want to experience it for real?”

“God yes! I don’t ever want this night to end.”

Simon watched as Leslie kissed her way down April’s trembling body. The raven-haired beauty pulled the dildo out of her friend’s pussy and gave it several licks. “Mmmm, you’re juices taste amazing. I can’t wait to drink from the source.” Opening both clamps at the same time, Leslie set them aside and lowered her head between April’s legs. “You’ve really done a number on your poor pussy. I’ve never seen labia so stretched out in my life. Not that I’m complaining, I think they look really fucking sexy, but damn!”

Flipping around, Leslie pushed her way back along April’s body and without hesitation or further foreplay she sucked April’s clit into her mouth. Spreading her best friend open, April paused and then let any inhibitions she might have had fly right out of the window before she extended her tongue and licked. One...two...three and then four fingers pushed into her wet pussy and she felt the orgasm building fast. “Fist me!”

“Um, what?”

“FIST ME! I can take it. Please, Leslie, shove your hand in me and make me cum! I promised the owl I’d fist myself but I don’t think he’ll mind seeing you do it for me.”

“Are you serious?”

“YES! You saw the size of the toy I was fucking myself with. Please. Ball your fingers into a fist and punch it into me.”

“Okay, but I swear to god if I hurt you doing this I’ll never forgive you.” First coating her hand with lube to make penetration easier, Leslie made a fist and shoved it into her best friend’s pussy hard, fast and deep.

“Aaahhhhh!” April squirted in orgasm as the knuckles hit her cervix. Having only ever fisted herself, this was the deepest she had ever taken it and far harder than she could ever achieve herself, but it was leaps and mounds better than anything she had ever felt in her her life second only to her first kiss only minutes ago. “Yes! That’s it! Fist me! Fuck your hand in me hard and fast!”

“Holy fucking hell, April! I can’t believe you’re taking my whole god damn hand. Before you go getting any ideas, three fingers is my max. Can you take a fist up your ass too?”

“I can now. I stretched my ass open on anal beads for the owl. It’s my first time so please be gentle with that hole.”

“The damn owl again? Are you okay, April? I know you don’t have a lot of friends, but you don’t need to resort to talking to birds.”

“I’m telling you he understands everything I say. Watch, hold up between one and four fingers and watch what he does.”

Looking at her friend as if she were completely looney, Leslie never the less held up three fingers of her right hand and to her surprise the owl did the same with his talons. “Coincidence.”

“Try different fingers, different hands. Watch. Do you want us to stop fucking each other now, Mr. Owl?”

Simon shook his owl’s head no.

“See? Do you want to see Leslie fisting my asshole?”

Simon nodded yes and then held up two talons of his left foot to match the fingers Leslie held up.

“You can really understand what we’re saying?” Leslie asked.

Simon nodded.

“Trust me, I’ve asked it a dozen different things and what really cemented it for me is that rose at his feet. I told him to bring me my favorite flower and that’s exactly what he did. And now that the chance for orgasm has passed, how about trying to give me another as I get back to licking your sweet pussy?”

“You’ll get no complaints from me.”

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Leslie and April cuddled together on the bed, recuperating after nearly two hours of licking, fingering, and fucking each other with toys. I can’t believe you can take a fist, but you’ve never been with a man,” Leslie said as she gently caressed her friend’s cheek. “You can’t tell me none have showed interest.”

“They have, but I don’t...I’m really shy in case you haven’t noticed. And my self-esteem isn’t exactly all that high either.”

“I get the shyness, but I’ll never understand the low self-esteem. You’ve got an amazingly sexy body, a brilliant mind and a wickedly good tongue. What’s not to love?”

“Everyone thinks I’m a nerd because I wear glasses and I’m not all that pretty so anyone showing me any interest at all is most likely doing it out of pity,” April began her normal routine of self-berating.

“So, you think I spent the better part of two hours having sex with you out of pity? Way to piss on a very special moment. And do you really think you’re not pretty? Fucking hell, April, have you actually looked in a mirror? You’re hotter than hell and I for one thing the glasses make you look even sexier. How about instead of wasting your life wallowing in self-pity and doubt you go out in the world and meet people. Make friends, find out for yourself what they really think instead of pretending you know. Tell you what, you want to know what men think about you, come back to my place and let Jason pick up where I left off?”

“I don’t know. What if he doesn’t like me? What if he...”

“Just stop right there, sweetie,” Leslie said pressing her finger against April’s parted lips. “First of all, my boyfriend has told me on numerous occasions the many ways he’d fuck you silly. Secondly, I wouldn’t have offered if I thought it was a bad idea. As I said before, he and I have an open relationship and have played with many girls in the past. To be perfectly blunt...I think you need to get laid by something other than a fake cock to help you get over that shy business. Now, I’ll ask you again, do you want to come over to my place for a night of uninhibited sexual bliss?”

April stared at her friend and new lover for a long time, biting her lower lip so hard she nearly drew blood. There were a million reasons running through her mind why it was a bad idea to screw another woman’s boyfriend and she started going through them all in rapid succession, but for some reason it never dawned on her that the opposite was equally as terrible. “Fine, I’ll go, but not tonight. Three hours of non-stop sex is enough for me for one day. And if things get too uncomfortable or weird I’m leaving.”

“Fair enough. And based on your little collection of toys I don’t think you’ll have any problems with anything we’ll want to do with you.”

The show at an end with promises of more to come, Simon flew off into the night with a better understanding of both women and as the wind blew over his feathered body, ideas started forming as to how he was finally going to make his dream of having sex with the shy exhibitionist a reality.

The next night...

“I don’t think this is a good idea,” April said three seconds after her best friend came to pick her up for a night of uninhibited sex. “What if things go wrong? I don’t want to be responsible for ruining our friendship. And if he doesn’t think I’m...”

“Just stop,” Leslie said, shaking her head. “You are not going to ruin our friendship and Jason is looking forward to being your first man so stop with the self-doubt and finished getting dressed or I’ll take you as you are.”

“In just my panties?”

“Damn straight. It’ll be less Jason will have to remove and the fun can start all the quicker. Now get your ass in gear because I am not letting you back out until you at least give it a wholehearted attempt.”

Going to the bedroom to finish getting dressed, April saw the owl sitting on the windowsill with a fresh plucked rose at its feet and gave it a smile. “Sorry, Mr. Owl, I’m going to Leslie’s so there won’t be a show tonight,” she said as she approached the window. “Did you bring me another rose?” The owl nodded. “Thank you, Mr. Owl.” Surprised he was not flying off due to her closeness, she slowly raised the screen. He still sat there unmoving. Reaching out a hand, her smile broadened when he leaned in and rubbed his feathered head against it. “My, you are a friendly one aren’t you? Are you sure you don’t belong to someone?”

Simon nodded his head, rubbed against her hand a moment longer and then flew off into the night. Though he could transform into a wide variety of animals, there was nothing quite like the freedom of being a bird soaring through the skies with wings spread wide. And while he was currently an owl for the simple fact they had superior night vision, his favorite by far was the peregrine falcon for its unsurpassed airspeed velocity that permitted him to zip around town at 50

mph without stopping for traffic. And diving at over 240 mph was as exhilarating the hundredth time as the first.

Her feathered friend gone, April went to the closet and picked out one of the few dresses she owned and put it on. Opting to go with as few clothes as possible on the off-chance the night actually went well. Slipping into a pair of heels, she left her hair down. Purse in hand, she returned to the living room. “I really, really hope you know what you’re doing.”

“Trust me. Jason and I have been doing threesomes with other women for nearly two years now. Neither of us is the jealous type. I know you have hang-ups from the past, but you really need to get over it and move on. That awkward, overweight girl everyone used to tease has blossomed into a gorgeous woman and the sooner you realize that the better off you’ll be. Now come on, Jason isn’t the only one waiting to get you into bed tonight.”

“W-What do you mean? Who else is going to be there? I never agreed to let anyone else...”

“Calm down. I only meant me, silly. Though, seeing you getting fucked by about a dozen men does sound appealing.”

“NO! Absolutely not!”

“I’m kidding. Mostly. Come on, you’ve stalled enough.” Taking her best friend by the hand, Leslie gave her a hard kiss on the lips and then led her out of the house and to her car.

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Reaching Leslie’s back yard with plenty of time to spare, Simon landed in the trees, transformed into his human self, pressed the canine plate on the bracelet his Uncle Paul gave him as a birthday gift and softly spoke the command phrase. “Great Sutekh, grant me my desire to change.” Flesh rippling like a pebble skipping across calm waters, he dropped onto his knees as bones twisted, contorted, broke and healed so quickly he did not have time to register the agonizing pain such an ordeal should have caused. In less than a minute he was walking out of the woods as a greyhound.

Choosing a different animal based on the house and people he was peeping in

on, he chose a dog for Leslie and Jason for the simple fact they had a large doggy door. As he trotted across the lawn, he recalled the first time he casually entered their home. Jason was lying on the couch watching a baseball game and Leslie was in the shower. And when the former jumped up yelling about a dog being in the house, the latter ran out butt naked. Seeing her dripping wet naked body was the first time Simon got horny in animal form. He remembered walking over to her while keeping an eye on Jason and rubbing against her legs. She scratched his head and then he disappeared right back out the doggy door before he let his animal urges get the better of him.

It took a few more times of randomly showing up whenever he pleased before Jason finally took to him and started putting out food and water. At first it was plain dry dog food which Simon tried exactly one bite of before swearing that if he ever owned a dog he would never feed it such vile garbage. Since he had no collar or tags, the couple took to calling him Brutus – a name he did not particularly care for, but was in no position to argue about. And as long as they allowed him to sit in the corner and watch their many and varied sexual adventures they could call him whatever they liked.

Walking through the doggy door into the kitchen, he went to the bowls which were empty. No surprise there since it had been nearly a month since his last visit. Hearing the television on in the next room, and smelling Jason's cologne, he left the dishes and walked into the living room taking Jason by surprise.

"Jesus Christ, dog! You trying to give me a damn heart attack? Bark or something the next time you decide to pop in so we know you're in the house. Like you even know what I'm saying."

"Woof!"

"I'll just chalk that up to coincidence. You hungry, boy? I've got some leftover chicken. You want some chicken, boy?" Jason asked as he got up off the couch and headed for the kitchen. Going to the bowls, he picked them up and placed them on the counter next to the sink. He filled one with cold water and sat it back on the floor and then grabbed the container of grilled chicken breast from the fridge. Placing a full piece and half of another on a cutting board, he sliced it into chunks, dropped it into the dog bowl and put it on the floor. "There you go, Brutus, eat up."

Transforming always making him hungry, Simon scarfed down the offered meal as only a dog can – in rapid, barely chewed bites. When the bowl was empty, he took turned his head to the left and drank half the water. Sated, he walked into the living room and sat at Jason's feet and let the man pet him until the front door opened and Leslie and April entered. Jumping up, he bounced over to Leslie and brushed against her legs as he did every time he greeted her.

"Hello to you too, Brutus. When did he get here?"

"I didn't know you had a dog," April said, looking nervously at the seemingly affectionate animal.

"Oh, Brutus isn't really our dog. He just started showing up one day through the doggy door, seemed harmful enough so we let him come and go as he pleases," Leslie replied.

"We've never seen him with a collar or anything so we don't even know his real name," Jason added. "Leslie named him Brutus after her favorite childhood pet, but he doesn't seem to mind."

"So, do you want to get right to the fun, or would you rather sit and talk about the dog all night?" Leslie asked, looking from best friend to boyfriend.

"Leslie tells me you're apprehensive about tonight," Jason said. "Well, let me put your fears to rest. As she's told you already, we're in an open relationship that involves at least one or two threesomes a week. I can also say with complete sincerity that you are one of the prettiest women I've ever laid eyes on."

Eyes locked on Jason's 6'3", 225 pound toned physique, April's mind began racing, heart thumping in her chest as her pussy juices flowed of their own volition as fear was replaced with excitement. I'm about to have sex with my first man, she thought as he stood up and removed his shirt. Not only that, but OH MY FUCKING GOD I'm going to do a threesome. A freaking THREESOME! Hands moving of their own accord, she pulled the thin straps of the dress off her shoulders and tugged it down her body. Stepping out of it, she nervously bit the left side of her lower lip as she stood there in only her panties and heels.

"My god you are gorgeous," Jason exclaimed, taking a step closer April. "Is it true you've never been with a man before?"

Unable to speak, April stood there looking like a deer caught in headlights. “Earth to April,” Leslie said, waving her hand in front of her friend’s face. “You in there?”

“Huh? S-Sorry, I was just thinking.”

“Well stop it and finish taking your clothes off so my boyfriend can fuck you.”

“Y-Yes,” April stammered. “The answer is yes. You will be the first man to have sex with me. But I’m not a virgin.”

“So Leslie tells me. Is everything she said true? Did she walk in on you fucking yourself with huge toys?”

“Yes,” April answered as she kicked her heels off, barely missing Brutus’ head as the right one flew wild.

“And you had sex with her, let her fist you?”

“All true. You must think I’m a total slut. I knew this was a bad...” Her complaint was cut short by Jason’s lips pressed against hers. She did not resist as he pulled her close, his strong hands gently caressing their way down to her shapely ass.

“Our goal tonight is to make you feel good so, if at any point you begin to feel uncomfortable with anything we’re doing just say the word and we’ll stop then and there,” Jason said, his voice calm and soothing, his hands reaching into the back of April’s panties. Moving them around to her hips, he slowly pulled them down until her behind was free. When she gave no indication of stopping, he continued until they were off and she was the first of them to be naked. Taking two steps back he looked the nervous, trembling brunette up and down.

“W-What? Is there something wrong?” April stammered.

“God no. I’m just admiring your beauty. Leslie tells me you don’t see it, but let me assure you it’s there.” Cupping her cheek, he kissed her again. This time their tongues met and the embrace went on until April felt her ass being spread open and being rimmed. Looking back, she saw her best friend kneeling behind her, looking up with a smile. Exhaling slowly, she turned back and for the first time initiated a kiss.

Simon watched from the corner and despite his best efforts to prevent it, his canine cock emerged from its furry sheath. Thankfully, the three lovers were too preoccupied with each other to take notice of him and so he sat there and suffered through it.

Once again breaking the kiss, Jason took a step back and removed his jeans and boxers. He smiled when he caught April’s eyes going straight down to his semi-hard dick. “Would you like to suck it?”

“I’ve never sucked a cock before. Not a real one anyways.”

“No different than doing it on a toy,” Leslie said. “Just wrap your lips around it and let instinct take over.”

“Everyone has to start somewhere,” Jason added. “How long have you been sucking on dildos?”

“Um...” April started and then stopped as her mind went blank. She was not

accustomed to talking sex with men and it was beginning to show as her entire body turned pink.

“It’s ok,” Leslie tried to reassure her friend “you can tell him. Nothing you say will surprise us and neither of us will ever make fun of you for anything you’ve done or want to do.”

“Almost two years,” April answered, her eyes glued to the floor.

“Can you take eight inches down your throat?”

“Yes.”

“More than eight inches?”

“Yes.”

“How much more?” Jason asked, his cock twitching to life.

“I, um, I can...that is...most of my double dildo,” April said without looking up.

“You mean that long red one we fucked each other with last night?” Leslie asked.

“Yeah.”

“Holy hell! That thing is eighteen inches long! You’re telling me you can suck that entire thing down your throat?”

“Most of it yeah. I have to hold onto one end so it doesn’t slip down my throat and kill me, but the rest goes down my throat.”

“How the hell is that even possible? I’ve been sucking dick longer than you and I have trouble keeping Jason down my throat more than a few seconds without gagging.”

“I’ve got to see this,” Jason said. “Go get your double dildo, babe.”

Getting up off the floor, Leslie ran up the steps to their bedroom and was back in under a minute holding a long black double dildo in her right hand. Giving it to April, she stood next to her boyfriend and waited for her best friend to suck it

down her throat or admit she made it up so her cocksucking skills sounded more impressive than they really were.

Taking the toy from her friend, April ran her fingers down the length as she brought it to her mouth. Lips parting, she wrapped them around the head and went down three or four inches before removing it and licking from one end to the other to get it as wet and slick with saliva as possible. Giving them a wink, she put it back in her mouth, tilted her head back and eased it in inch by inch until only the three inches held tightly in her right hand remained.

“I see it and I still don’t believe it,” Leslie exclaimed. “Jesus fucking Christ!” she gasped when April pulled all but the head out and shoved it back in. Out! In! Out! In!”

“That is the hottest thing I’ve ever seen in my life,” Jason stated matter of fact. “Can I fuck you while you do it?”

Mouth full of dildo, April nodded her consent as she continued fucking the toy down her throat. When Jason placed his right hand on her hip and left on her back, she bit into the toy and gave no resistance as he lowered her to the floor. He teased her for several seconds – rubbing his cockhead along her clit and slapping it against her clit. When he finally pushed it into her it was as if every cell in her body came alive at once.

April had fucked herself silly on dildos and other toys for so long it was all she knew until Leslie became her first human partner the night before. But the feeling of Jason’s hard, throbbing cock thrusting in and out of her tightly clenching pussy was unimaginable better than even the largest toys, or her best friend’s fist stretching her open. Jerking the double dildo from her throat, she lost grip and it went flying across the room. Lowering her head to the floor, she balled her hands into fists as she experienced her first ever, real-cock induced orgasm.

OH MY FUCKING GOD!” she screamed out in pleasure as Jason’s cock did not quite. “Oh god fuck me harder! HARDER! Uhn...uhn...I can’t...oh shit it feels...uuhnnnn!” Another orgasm tore through her as Jason’s cock broke through the last of the barriers that had kept her swimming in self-pity for far too long. Finally free, she raised back up onto all fours and rocked her hips back to meet his every thrust.

Simon, in the form of Brutus the dog, had his keep eyes glued to the scene playing out before him. He wanted nothing more than to mount both women, but had a feeling that would be going a mile too far. Looking down between his legs, he saw the effect they were having on him even in this form and unlike the owl, it was very noticeable.

Reaching the point of no return, Jason pulled out of April's pussy, stepped in front of her and offered her his cock. She took it as easily as the much longer double dildo – sucking him balls deep and not letting up until was rewarded with her first load of semen.

Rejoining the action, Leslie crawled behind April and stuck her tongue into her best friend turned lover's asshole. After a minute or two of rimming her out, she sat back and started giggling uncontrollable, her eyes locked on Brutus' big red doggy dick.

"What's so funny? Jason asked.

"Oh, nothing," Leslie said trying to stifle the laughter "I just thought of something kind of funny and a whole lot kinky." Burying her face in April's ass, she resumed the rimjob.

"Aaahhhhh," Jason groaned as he shot his load down April's sucking throat. She pulled back and coughed, choking on her first ever taste of semen. "You ok?" he asked with genuine concern.

"Ahem...yeah, I've just never tasted cum before and I wasn't prepared for it."

"How did you like it?" Leslie asked.

"Well, it shot mostly down my throat, but what landed on my tongue tasted okay. So, what were you laughing about while licking my ass?"

"Nothing. Trust me, you don't want to know the dirty things running around inside my head."

"I had sex with you and your boyfriend. I just ate his jizz while you licked out my asshole, and you don't think I can handle what you were laughing about?"

"Well, if you really want to know, I thought it would be hilarious if Brutus over

there walked over and mounted you while you sucked Jason's cock. I mean look at him. The poor guy is as horny as we are."

"Dear lord woman!" Jason sighed. "That is fucked up on so many levels."

"And what if he mounted you instead of me?" April asked. "Would you still think it funny?"

"Sorry. I didn't mean to offend you. I told you I had some crazy kinky thoughts. And no, I would probably freak the hell out if he decided to mount me. And I'm pretty sure I'd nail the doggy door shut if that ever happened," she said glaring at the dog. "So, how did you like your first real cock?"

"It was amazing."

"You over being shy around guys now then?"

"Probably not. It might take a few more times before that ever happens." Batting her eyes, she gave Jason the most seductive smile she could.

Unable to control his urges any longer, Brutus got up and walked across the room – looking at the three naked people on the floor. Going first to April, he licked her left cheek. "Go away you crazy dog!" she giggled as he did it again. A third lick swiped across her belly and she froze. "You just stop right there, mister!"

"Looks like not even a dog can resist your beauty," Leslie grinned.

"Not funny."

"Kind of funny." But Leslie changed her tune when Brutus turned his attention to her. Standing over her, he lowered his nose to hers and then licked from chin to forehead. Taking small steps back, he gave her neck several puppy kisses and then moved to her belly. He wanted to lick her nipples, but thought that might be pushing things too far.

"Guess he can't resist you either," Jason laughed. "You better stop him before he licks somewhere you don't want him to. Unless you really want him to, that is."

"Shut up you perverted asshole! That isn't even remotely funny!"

“But it was funny that he licked April?”

Leslie let the dog lick her legs and belly a few more times and then pushed him away and got to her feet. “I think it’s time for you to go out for the night, boy. Come on, let’s go before you do something we all regret.”

Brutus followed her into the kitchen and out the back door she so graciously opened for him. Licking her right thigh, he rubbed against her legs and walked out of the house. As he disappeared into the night, he wondered how far he could have gone with her had they been alone.

A week later...

A week after Simon watched April have real sex for the first time; he received another letter from his uncle Paul – an archaeologist who had spent the better part of thirty years digging around Egypt in search of ancient artifacts that would lend credence to some of his more eccentric theories. Written in what they called the Rosetta language he and his uncle created when he was a child – a difficult, written-only language full of codes that were impossible to break without the key, Simon sat back in his office chair and read.

Dearest Simon,

I'm writing to let you know more about the gift I sent you on your birthday. Please bear with me as this story gets stranger by the day. I've recently discovered many more artifacts in the same ancient tomb where I found the bracelet. Among them were more than a dozen stone slabs with writing perfectly carved into them. Given the primitive tools of the time this should have been an impossible endeavor, and yet I have concrete, or rather granite proof that it happened. But that's only the beginning. I've translated the writing and what I found will change the world.

We are not alone, Simon. Everything we talked about while you were growing up is true. Alien life exists and I have the proof. You wear part of that proof around your wrist even now. Or at least I hope you do. According to the writings I discovered, an ancient race known as the Veistriks travelled the vast emptiness of space in search of a new world to populate. For thousands of years they voyaged through the cosmos in the hopes of finding a suitable new planet to settle upon as their home world of Zustrythia was a dying planet no longer capable of supporting their form of life. After countless generations they happened upon

what they called D'vestra. The closest translation I could come up with is blue jewel.

Their ships were damaged and supplies were low. The conditions were not as ideal as they would have liked, but with little choice they landed. According to what I was able to translate, this was nearly three billion years ago.

Their life ship, the ship that carried the seeds of Veistrik life, crashed into what can only be translated as 'primordial goo'. These Veistriks, millions of light years from home, were the start of life here on earth. They were the catalyst that turned that primordial goo into the stuff of life even if they didn't mean to. Records show that they lived in isolation for much of their time here. With the loss of their ship and a dwindling population, they struggled to survive.

Then something happened. The texts are too garbled to make out for certain, but I believe it was a catastrophic event and the Veistriks were nearly made extinct.

Sometime around 4,500BC the primitive humans that would become the ancient Egyptians discovered some long buried Veistrik technology. It was with the aid of this advanced technology that they were able to advance as a culture much faster than any other. It was this alien technology that allowed for the building of the Great Pyramids and all that followed.

Why more traces of alien life were not found is still a mystery to me, but I can only assume that they were destroyed over the course of hundreds of millions of years, broken down over time into nothing more than dust. Honestly, it's surprising anything should have lasted for so long.

As far as I can tell, the bracelet you now possess is the sole survivor in a tale nearly three billion years old. The bracelet was designed to allow the Veistriks to blend in with the natural civilizations on whatever planet they inhabited. It would allow them time to assess the probability of not only surviving on the planet by allowing them to watch and learn unnoticed.

The tomb I found the bracelet and everything else in is not an actual tomb. It is more like a time capsule. There was only one body and it is not human. At least not any form of human we've ever discovered. The body is perfectly preserved in a sort of stasis and I've not taken exact measurements, but from the size of the container, and assuming the Veistrik is an adult, they stood at least 9 feet tall; their skin ranging from a pale blue to deep black in color. Their arms are long,

hanging well past the knees. What is truly alien about them, however, is their head.

We all know the stories of the little Roswell Grays that started popping up after the supposed 1947 UFO crash – short aliens with oversized head and eyes. That is not at all what the Veistriks look like. The Veistrik head is proportional to its body, but it has long pointed ears and six eyes positioned in two rows of three; its mouth a thin, lipless line. Its only other distinguishing feature is a long prehensile tail that appears to end in a hand.

Although the specimen I now possess is completely hairless, could he be the missing link to our evolution? Instead of evolving from apes, could we have evolved from an alien life form that kick started everything here on earth completely by accident? The evidence I now hold certainly points in that direction.

I trust you to reveal this information to no one. Not even Susan. What might happen if this were to get out is anyone's guess, but I want to delve deeper into this mystery before taking it to the world stage.

—Uncle Paul

Simon read the letter several times to make sure there was nothing he missed. Happy that we had it all committed to memory, he held the lighter flame to it and dropped it into the small metal trash can sitting next to his desk. Better to destroy all evidence regarding the bracelet than leave it sitting around for the wrong person to find.

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While her husband was at home relaxing, Susan Cowell was in a large empty bedroom – naked with her head on the hardwood floor and her ass up as the strong hands of her client Mr. Cole tightly gripped her hips as he rammed his cock in and out of her asshole while she furiously rubbed her clit.

Screwing potential buyers was a new thing for the thirty-two year old realtor, but

in a declining economy she did what she needed to do to climb the corporate ladder and make ends meet. Until taking Simon to Club Joi for his birthday a few months back, her services were exclusive to her male clients, but now she offered herself to the females too and even after having sex with nearly a dozen women, it still surprised her how many wives were willing to go down on another woman.

“Uhn...uhn...fuck my ass harder you dirty bastard! Fill me with your load!”

“You like my cock in your ass you kinky slut?”

“GOD YES!” Susan purred. “Tear my ass open! Make me your fucking bitch!”

Feeling the pressure building, Mr. Cole grabbed Susan’s long brown hair and yanked her head back, kissing her as the first blast of semen blasted into her bowels. Quickly pulling out, he shoved into her pussy with enough left in his balls to paint the walls with a few thick coats of baby-making white and breaking cardinal rule number one.

Pissed, Susan pulled off the throbbing cock and rolled onto her ass. “You stupid son of a bitch! I told you no fucking my pussy! Who in the fuck told you to cum in me?”

“Don’t act like it’s the first time you ever took a load. I’m sure a slut like you has taken plenty.”

“I’m not a slut and I’m not on birth control, dipshit. Now, I hope you’ve got your checkbook ready because like it or not you’re buying this house.”

“Nah, I don’t think so. Honestly, I’m not even looking to buy. I only set up the appointment because my friend said you were a good lay.”

Anger growing, Susan did something she swore never to do and the instant the words were out of her mouth she regretted them, but he had pushed all the wrong buttons and she could not stop them coming out. “You’ll buy this house or I’ll go to the police and tell them you raped me. And with a pussy full of evidence who do you think they’ll believe?” Picking up his belt, she slapped it hard across her belly, breasts and thighs while giving him the wickedest look she could muster.

“I’m not buying this damn house, but I’ll tell you what, I’ll give you this check

for ten grand and we'll call it even."

Feeling like complete shit, Susan took the check and sat there as he got dressed and left. When the door closed behind him, she broke down into tears and cried for nearly half an hour. Looking down at the check, she tore it into tiny pieces and went to the bathroom to flush them down the toilet. After getting dressed, she sent Mr. Cole a text. I'm sorry I overreacted, but I don't like it when the rules are broken. I've torn the check up and flushed the pieces down the toilet so you can add the money back to your account. Cancelling the rest of her clients, she got in her car and drove home.

"You're home early," Simon said as his wife shut the door and dropped her purse on the table. "Everything okay?"

"No. I did something inexcusable today that will probably cost me my job. You know how I've been screwing potential buyers, right?"

"The best part of my night is hearing you tell me all about it."

"Well, one of them broke the rules and came in my pussy. I sort of flipped out and tried blackmailing him. I told him if he didn't buy the house I'd have him arrested for rape! What kind of fucked up monster am I?"

"You're not a monster at all. I'm sure if you talk to him he won't get you fired."

"He wrote me a check for ten grand, Simon. After he left I cried and then tore it up and flush it down the damn toilet. I sent him a text apologizing, but he never replied. I don't know what the hell I was thinking. He's right, it's not the first time I've taken a load in me, but the rules are there for a reason and his attitude afterwards just set me off."

"If you're so worried about having another man's baby why don't you get back on birth control?"

"Because I want your babies dammit! But it seems ever since Club Joi we've rarely the time or energy to fuck anymore. I know that look and the answer is no. I am not in the mood after the day I had so you'll just have to get your jollies elsewhere."

"I think I'll stay in and spend the night with my wife."

“It’s okay, really. Besides, I’d rather be alone right now. And don’t give me that look either. This isn’t up for debate.”

Taking to the night skies, Simon flew to April's house, perched on the bedroom window sill and stared at the three naked people on the bed. Jason was lying on his back with April riding his hard cock and Leslie practically sitting on his face – his tongue lapped at her moist pussy as the two women kissed.

"Mr. Owl is back," Leslie said with a nod of her head towards the window.

"It's almost as if he knows when I'm having sex," April replied, giving the bird a wink and smile. Is that it, Mr. Owl? Do you know when I'm having sex?"

Simon nodded his bird head.

"I bet you wish you were human so you could get in on the action, huh?"

Simon nodded emphatically.

"Yeah, I bet you do," Leslie giggled. "Enjoy the show you little pervert. It promises to be a good one tonight." Picking up the long red double dildo from next to her on the bed, she took about three or four inches of one end into her mouth and bit down while offering the other to her friend. April took it into her mouth and kept going until their lips met – holding it there for nearly a minute before pulling back and doing it again. After four or five times doing that, April pulled her head back about six inches and bit down. Simon noticed Leslie's jaw unlock and then the dildo was shoved down her throat as their lips met. Out, in. Out, in. Out, in. Though she was not taking nearly as much as April, and gagging a whole lot more in the process, Simon found it hotter than hell and his urge to turn human and fuck them both silly reached its peak.

Sitting on the sill, Simon watched as April pulled the dildo free and in one swift thrust it was up her ass. Yanking it out, she took fourteen inches of it down her throat. Up the ass...down the throat. Up the ass...down the throat. All the while, Jason fucked his cock up into her pussy. Removing the toy from her ass, April rapidly shoved it into Leslie's open mouth until her fingers were touching her friend's lips. Leslie's eyes grew wide and her cheeks bulged out as she started choking, but April held it there a few more seconds before pulling it out and

shoving it back into her ass.

“YOU DID IT! You took fourteen inches of cock down your fucking throat!” April exclaimed. “I know it’s a lot to handle all at once, but would you like me to do it again?”

“Y-Yes! Keep doing it. I want to learn how to suck dick as well as you do.”

“It won’t happen overnight, but I’ll be more than happy to help out however I can. What do you think, Mr. Owl? Do you want to see Leslie taking fourteen inches of silicone down her throat?”

Simon nodded and adjusted his position on the sill.

“When you feel it hitting the back of your throat relax and let it slide down. Don’t panic or you’ll trigger your gag reflex and want to throw up. And remember, once it is down you can breathe through your nose,” April instructed, knowing from nearly two years’ experience that it was far easier said than done. It took her months to win out over her gag reflex and more than a year of multiple daily lessons before she was able to swallow fourteen inches without feeling as if she were choking to death.

Jason grabbed April’s hips and pulled her down onto his cock as he bucked upward. His cock throbbed and his load spewed forth, filling the sexy young nymph for the second time that day. Leslie ground her pussy into his mouth and came shortly after, collapsing on top of him. Sticking out her tongue, she licked April’s clit and when she lifted off his shrinking cock, Leslie’s mouth was there to catch every drop that gushed out.

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After a short break during which Jason placed d-rings in the ceiling at precisely marked locations, Leslie laid out a cane, flogger, belt and paddle on the dresser next to what looked like the plunger end of several syringes and accompanying needles while April lay on the bed relaxing. When everything was ready, Jason grabbed April by the ankles and pulled her towards the foot of the bed.

“On your feet, slave,” he commanded, giving her inner right thigh a hard slap.

“Ooww!” April yelped. “Yes master.”

Standing, Jason grabbed April roughly by the hair and practically dragged her across the large bedroom. Lifting her right arm, he placed a wide leather cuff to the wrist and then did the same to the left. He then hooked a chain to each cuff and secured it to one of the rings in the ceiling. Kicking her legs apart, he kept them that way with a spreader bar. "You've been a very good slave so far, but your training is only beginning," Jason said as he slowly walked around April's spread-eagle body. Are you prepared for the next lesson?"

"Yes Master."

What in the holy hell did I miss before getting here? Simon thought as he watched with renewed interest. He had a feeling April was at least somewhat submissive based on what she did during previous shows like dressing in full puppy gear, walking on all fours and eating out of bowls on the floor, but this was the first time he had ever seen her go full-on sex slave.

"These crazy cunts think you can understand what they're saying," Jason said to the owl perched on the sill. "If that's true, do you want me to one: torture this slave with cane, flogger and paddle? Two: give her a lesson in needle play. Or three: give her a gentle, full body massage?"

Simon raised his right foot and held up two talons.

"You want to see me give her a full body massage?"

Simon shook his head no and once again showed two talons."

"Torture it is then."

Aggravated, Simon shook his head, twisted his foot around and raised the middle talon as if to flip him off before adding another."

"I'm pretty sure that owl just gave you the finger," Leslie giggled.

"So, you want to see some needle play?" Jason asked.

Simon nodded once and then looked the tall, buff man in the eyes, looked down at his dick and then open and closed his beak as if to say what would happen if he continued messing with him.

“You know once we begin there will be no stopping, right?” Jason said to April. “There will be safewords, no amount of pleading that will get you out of tonight’s lessons. Are you absolutely certain you want to continue?”

“Yes Master. The only way I’m ever going to know if I like it is if I do it. I give you and Mistress Leslie permission to do anything you want to me as long as it does not leave permanent marks or draw too much blood. I understand the needles will draw some and I am okay with that, but no cutting or anything.”

“Understood.” Going to the dresser, Jason picked up one of the needles and slowly pushed it through April’s left nipple. Biting her lip, she cringed. The next went through the right. Number three went directly into her left areola one tap at a time until about half of the three inch long needle was gone.

“Aahhgghhh! Oh fuck that one really hurt, Master.” But her cry fell on deaf ears as nine more followed to different areas of both breasts.

“Tonight’s your lucky night, bird,” Leslie said as she picked up the cane in her left hand and the flogger in the right. Swinging the cane, she struck April on the ass and followed through with a swat of the flogger to her inner left thigh. April yelped, but with nowhere to go and permission given for them to do whatever they wanted, she hung her head and tried turning the pain into pleasure – a task she miserably failed at as the cane bit deep into her ass for a second time.

Circling their bound slave like vultures, Jason added more needles and Leslie caned and flogged her best friend without mercy. She then removed the needles from April’s nipples and placed one of the clear glass tubes over the right. As she pulled the plunger back, Simon watched as the nipple and part of the areola extended up the length of the tube. Locking it in place, Leslie repeated the process to the left nipple, her clit and a dozen other random spots before picking the cane and flogger back up and continuing where she left off.

The scene lasted about an hour and by the time Jason and his girlfriend were finished, April had more than a hundred welts, a dozen suction tubes and more than fifty needles all over her trembling body. Picking up another needle – this one much thicker than the rest, Jason held it up for April to see. “You know what these last three needles mean. Yes or no?”

Head hanging, sweat dripping from her brow, April gave the question considerable thought before giving her answer. Consisting of three small words,

it was never the less the most important question she would ever be asked – one that would change her life forever, and she wanted to give it the time it deserved. Minutes ticked away in complete silence and then she finally lifted her head and looked from Jason to Leslie to Mr. Owl sitting on the sill and back to Jason. “Yes Master,” she answered. And with those two words she committed herself to a life of submission.

“You surprise me,” Leslie smiled. “I was almost certain you were going to say no.”

“For a moment I almost did, Mistress. But something tells me I’ve made the right decision.”

Removing the tubes from April’s nipples, Jason pushed the larger needle through, placed a ring in the hollowed end and finished the job. When he was done, gold rings hung from her puffy nipples – a tag dangling from the right reading: SEXY while the left had SLAVE stamped into it. A third ring went through her hood – the word PUPPY across the tag’s surface.

“That will conclude tonight’s lesson,” Leslie said as she carefully removed the suction tubes and needles while Jason cleaned each location with an alcohol pad. “While the piercings heal I want you to work on the positions we printed out for you.”

“Yes Mistress.”

After everything was cleaned up and put away, Jason and Leslie gave April a kiss and headed for the bedroom door. “We’ll come by tomorrow to let you down,” Jason grinned.

“Y-Yes Master.”

Simon sat there on the sill for the longest time as April fidgeted and finally fell asleep. He could not believe they would just leave her hanging like that, or that she would let them. What happens if there’s a fire or someone breaks in? What complete idiots, he thought as he shook his head. When he was certain she was out, he did something incredibly risky. Pecking a hole in the screen, he transformed into a snake and slithered into the room. Moving behind her in case she woke, he took the form of his favorite woman and then undid the bonds starting with the spreader bar between April’s ankles. Holding her up by an arm

wrapped under her breasts, Simone undid the last cuff and helped the exhausted young woman into bed – somehow managing not to join her.

Finding a piece of paper and a pen, he wrote a letter.

Leslie and Jason,

First, let me say I thoroughly enjoyed the show. And second, you must be new to the role of dominant or else you never would have left your slave bound and alone. What would you have done had there been a fire, or someone broke in while she was cuffed and defenseless? I will give you one pass, but if it ever happens again I will personally peck your eyeballs out.

-Mr. Owl

Rolling the note up and placing it in one of the cuffs, he transformed back into a snake, went back out the hole in the screen and flew off into the night as an owl. Soaring high, a plan started forming in his mind. Putting everything he knew about April in one basket, and all of the perverted things he enjoyed in another, he tossed it altogether in the hopes that a brilliant idea would form out of the chaos. And by the time he returned home two hours later, one had.

Entering her new submissive's room, Leslie was surprised to see hey lying sound asleep in bed instead of bound where she was left the night before. "Wake up, slave, you've got some explaining to do," she said loudly.

April woke with a start and sat up. "Is something wrong, Mistress?"

"You tell me. How did you get in bed? Did you slip out of the cuffs after we left?"

"No Mistress. They were far too tight for me to get out of. I have no idea how I got to bed."

"Don't lie to me. We all agreed you would hang there for the night and you broke the rules."

"I'm not lying, Mistress. I have no idea how I got out or in bed."

"Come on, April, I'm not a damn fool," Leslie said, hitting the cuff that Simon happened to put the note in. It slid free and fell to the floor. She bent down and picked it up. And as she read it her brow raised. "Is this some sort of joke? Look, if you're not serious about being out submissive then just say so. There's no need to write this nonsense."

"What nonsense, Mistress? I'm honestly as baffled as you are. What does it say?"

"It reads:

Leslie and Jason,

First, let me say I thoroughly enjoyed the show. And second, you must be new to the role of dominant or else you never would have left your slave bound and

alone. What would you have done had there been a fire, or someone broke in while she was cuffed and defenseless? I will give you one pass, but if it ever happens again I will personally peck your eyeballs out.

“And it’s signed...Mr. Owl.”

“Um, what?”

“Do you really expect me to believe that a bird flew in her, uncuffed you, placed you in bed and wrote a letter? Come on, April, I’m not a damn fool.”

Getting up from the bed, face red in anger at constantly being called a liar, April ripped the piece of paper from her friend’s hand. “I did not slip out of the fucking cuffs and I certainly did not write this letter. And if you’re going to stand there calling me a liar you can just get the hell out of my house and not come back!”

“You were alone in the house when Jason and I left and since he was with me the entire time I know neither of us came back to let you down or write that letter. That can only mean...”

“I swear to god if you finish that sentence I’ll kick your teeth in! You know what? Forget it. Just get the hell out of my house and don’t come back. I thought we were better friends than that but I guess I was wrong.”

Listening in on the conversation from the rooftop, Simon felt bad for ending their friendship so he swooped down and landed on the windowsill, letting out a hoo, as Leslie turned towards the door.

“Oh look, your owl is back,” Leslie huffed. “Maybe he’s here to write another letter with his fucking beak.”

Pecking a larger hole in the screen, Simon flew into the bedroom and landed in the middle of the room. He knew he shouldn’t do it, but he felt responsible for the fallout and so he transformed before their very eyes into a busty, olive-skinned woman named Simone. “Actually, I’m here to make sure the two of you don’t do something you’ll both regret. And I meant what I wrote in the letter. You never, ever leave a submissive bound and alone like that,” she said to Leslie

who was staring mouth agape.

“W-What the actual fuck!?” April exclaimed. “Did...did you just...”

“I will not explain and you will ask no further questions. Know only that I am here to make sure you are safe from those who would take advantage and all I ask in return is continued viewing of your sexual endeavors.” Turning back to Leslie, Simone scowled. “I’ve got my eyes on you. Mistreat her and I’ll unleash hell upon you. Got it?”

“Y-Yes.”

“Now apologize and then kiss and make up. April is many things, but a liar is not one of them.” Gently caressing April’s cheek, Simone dared kiss the stunned woman on the lips. There was a moment of resistance that quickly faded and just as it was getting good, she pulled away, transformed back into an owl and flew to the windowsill.

“I’m sorry I called you a liar,” Leslie apologized. “But you have to admit how it looked before that...whatever the hell just happened, happened. And you have my word we will never leave you like that again even if you ask us to.” Looking over at the owl, it nodded and then fly off. “What in the fuck just happened here, April? Please tell me you saw that.”

“You mean an owl turning into a beautiful woman, telling you off and then kissing me? Nope, I have no idea what you’re talking about. That’s my story and I’m sticking to it.”

“Probably best or we’ll be locked in the looney bin for sure. I really am sorry I doubted you. Do you still want me to go?”

“No. We still have to kiss and make up.”

“And that’s all we’re doing until those piercings heal. You don’t want to risk them getting infected or migrating do you?”

“No Mistress. Let me just...” she was going to say go to the bathroom, but as her phone started ringing she finished with “get the damn phone.” Sighing, she picked it up. “Hello?”

“Hi, is this April Harris?” A sexy male voice replied.

“Um, yes. May I ask whose calling?”

“Oh, yes, right. My name is Sean Gilmore. I’m a student at Highland University and I’m in some serious trouble with calculus. I saw your posting on the bulletin board for tutoring and hoped you could help.”

Drawn in by the sound of his voice, it took April a moment to realize he had stopped talking. “Oh, um yes, I tutor all math courses up to and including statistics. The rate is \$35 per hour but the first session is discounted at \$25. I meet at the campus Starbucks until I’m comfortable with the client and then may travel elsewhere at my discretion.”

“Sounds alright to me,” Sean replied happily. “I really need all the help I can get so I hope you don’t mind a little overtime. When can we set up a meeting?”

“Well if you’re in that great a need I can pencil you in after my 3 o’clock class and we can go until six or seven.”

“You are a lifesaver. I’ll be there.”

“Great, see you then.” About to hang up the phone, she put it back to her ear.

“Wait! Are you still there?”

“Yeah.”

“I’ll be the brunette with glasses and wearing the royal blue dress sitting at the table closest to the counter.”

“Sounds perfect. See you at, what, four?”

“Yeah, that’ll give me plenty of time to make it across campus.”

“Then I’ll see you there and thanks again.” Hanging up the phone, Simon grinned as the first phase of his plan went off without a hitch.

“Tutoring gig, huh?” Leslie asked.

“Yes Mistress, but not until this afternoon. We’ve got plenty of time to kiss and

make up before my first class, but first I really need to go pee.”

“Actually, I’ll kiss you now and we can make up later. I’m supposed to be meeting Jason and thanks to that whole misunderstanding I’m going to be late as it is.”

“Yes Mistress.”

April sipped at her coffee and waited nervously for Sean to arrive. When a young man sat down opposite her, she nearly choked as the hot liquid went down the wrong pipe. Holy fucking hell, she thought as she looked into the sexiest grey eyes she had ever seen. “Um, are you Sean?”

“I am. April, right?” he said holding his hand out to her.

“No, it’s actually September,” she made a silly joke to break the ice.

“Ha, I see what you did there. So, would you like to talk for a bit, or get right down to work?”

I’d like to get right down your fucking pants, April thought. But what she said was “I prefer to get to work and we can talk during as long as it doesn’t interfere. That way I don’t waste your money with idle chat.”

“Believe me, it’s not a waste of money,” Sean smiled, pulling the textbook from his backpack and placing it on the table. Taking a seat, he cracked the book open and flipped to the correct section thanks to sitting in on the class as a random female student.

The session running much later than intended, Sean apologized and offered to buy April dinner. She accepted and the two ate at one of the campus restaurants. Throughout, they made idle talk and it did not escape his notice that she could not keep his eyes off of him. Already knowing the answer, he asked anyways. “I don’t want to sound too forward, but are you seeing anyone?”

“I’m single. My life is incredibly complicated and it doesn’t allow me the time for dating.”

Complicated indeed. “Well, I’m single as well and I practically wrote the book on having a complicated life. I’m not saying we should rush anything, but I like you and would love to get to know you better. Maybe over more calculus lessons?”

“I’d like that,” April blushed as she saw his eyes drifting to her cleavage. Heart racing, she entered all new territory. “You know what? Let’s not kid each other. We’ve been staring at each other since you walked into the coffee shop. It’s obvious we like what we see so how about we go back to my place and see where this night goes?”

“Are you saying what I think you’re saying? Because if you are you’ll be making my year.” April gave him a seductive smile that told him in no uncertain terms that if he hurried up and paid the bill he would be seeing a whole lot more than cleavage. Beckoning the waitress over, he paid and left a tip. “I’m ready whenever you are.”

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“I have to admit this is the first time I’ve ever done anything like this. Bring a guy I just met home, that is,” April said as she closed the door. “But there’s just something about you I can’t resist. I don’t want to waste time talking. Let’s just take our clothes off and fuck. We can get to know each other afterwards.”

“You don’t have to tell me twice,” Sean smiled. Pulling his shirt off over his head, he dropped it on the floor and unbuttoned his pants. Stepping forward, he hooked a finger under the right strap of April’s dress and lowered it off her shoulder. “You are so stunning.”

“You’re already getting in my dress so to speak, flattery isn’t going to get you anywhere,” April grinned.

“Only stating the obvious. Can I make one small suggestion? Never lose the glasses. First, they make you look ten times sexier in my book. And second, they make good shields when I blast my load all over your face.”

“Assuming I don’t drink it first,” April purred as she ran a finger down Sean’s well-toned chest. “And you are hands down the sexiest man I’ve ever seen.” Tugging his pants down, she dropped to her knees and stared at the biggest cock she had ever seen in her life and it was not even hard yet. “Jesus Christ! Are you part horse or something?”

“Could be. If it’s too much for you to take I understand. Very few women can.”

“Oh, I can take it. Maybe not down my throat as it’s far too thick, but pussy and

ass? No problem.”

“Care to make it interesting?”

“I’m listening.”

“If you can take my entire cock in your pussy and ass I’ll do anything you want no matter how perverted it is. And if you can’t then you’ll do the same for me.”

“Deal,” April quickly agreed, knowing without a doubt she could take every last inch. Taking him in her left hand she stroked him, cupping his balls with the right as she stretched her jaw to the limit just to take the head. As he grew harder, she had to stop sucking or risk dislocating her jaw. Looking up at him as she continued jerking him off, she turned and lowered her head to the floor. His cockhead pressed against her pussy and she took a deep breath. It popped in and she inhaled even deeper. “Oh sweet Jesus! Uuhhnnn,” she grunted as it went deeper, stopping only when it hit her cervix.

“You lose. I’m as deep as I can go and I still have three inches to stuff in you. We’ll talk about what perverted thing I’ll have you do for me after we’re finished.” Slapping her ass, he pulled back and thrust forward – knowing he had her right where he wanted her. When he sensed she was on the verge of orgasms he stopped and pulled his huge cock out. Kneeling behind her, he waited until the moment had passed. Spreading her ass open, he licked her clit and then pushed it into her – using the powers of transformation granted to him by alien technology to grow it much longer than normal. As it snaked its way deeper, April moaned and writhed. Flipping over, she bucked her hips up so hard it caused his eyes to water and vision to blur.

“A little birdy told me you were a wild one, but I didn’t believe him.”

“Sorry. I didn’t mean to...wait, what did you say?”

“Nothing. It’s not important.”

“Tell me or you can get dressed and go home. And you can find yourself another tutor while you’re at it. You said a birdy told you about me? What kind of bird?”

“An owl.”

“No fucking way! Tell me everything right now.”

“You believe an owl talked to me? You don’t think I’m crazy?”

“Let’s just say I’ve got an open mind about these sorts of things. Now tell me about this owl.”

“It showed up at my window one night and kept coming back. About a week ago it actually talked to me. It told me about you and how we had so much in common. It said you...”

“What? What did it say about me?”

“That you loved kinky sex as much as me and that you also loved big dicks. I honestly had no intension of ever seeking you out, but the damn thing kept insisting. Said we were made for each other.”

“Maybe it was right. I mean, what are the odds an owl would pay us both a visit for weeks? Did it sit there and watch you have sex?”

“Jerking off mostly, but yeah. Like I said, not a lot of women can handle my dick so I spend most of my time self-pleasuring.”

“I know the feeling.”

“Um, I can see your entire body and I don’t see a fourteen inch long, three and a half inch thick cock anywhere.”

“I meant the self-pleasuring. Until very recently I was incredibly shy and had some very serious self-esteem issues. You’re only the second guy I’ve ever been with. Anyways, I lost our wager. What act of perversion are you going to ask me to do for you?”

“Our owl friend told me you love kinky sex, and that you’ve been fisted in both holes and are being trained as a sex slave by your best friend and her boyfriend. Is that true?”

“Yes,” April answered, unsure why she was telling him her every secret, but unable to stop.

“You were caned and after needle play they pierced your nipples and hood? Which look sexy as fuck on you by the way.”

“Thanks. And yes. They did that to me last night actually. I get it, you know everything about me. Is this leading up to what you’re going to ask me to do?”

“It is. There’s one fetish I love and that the owl did not mention. I want you to let me give you a golden shower.”

“Um, what?”

“A golden shower. I want to piss on you, April. And if you could drink some of it I’ll die a very happy man.”

“Okay.”

“Really?”

“Yes. I lost the deal and I’ll pay up. Besides, it’s only a matter of time before my Master and Mistress command me to do it so this is practice for the inevitable.”

“God, I love you! Let’s go to the bathroom. And afterwards I’m going to fuck you so hard you forget your own name.”

“Then let’s not waste any more time,” April said, taking Sean by the hand and leading him into the bathroom – certain that this was not going to be their last kinky night together.