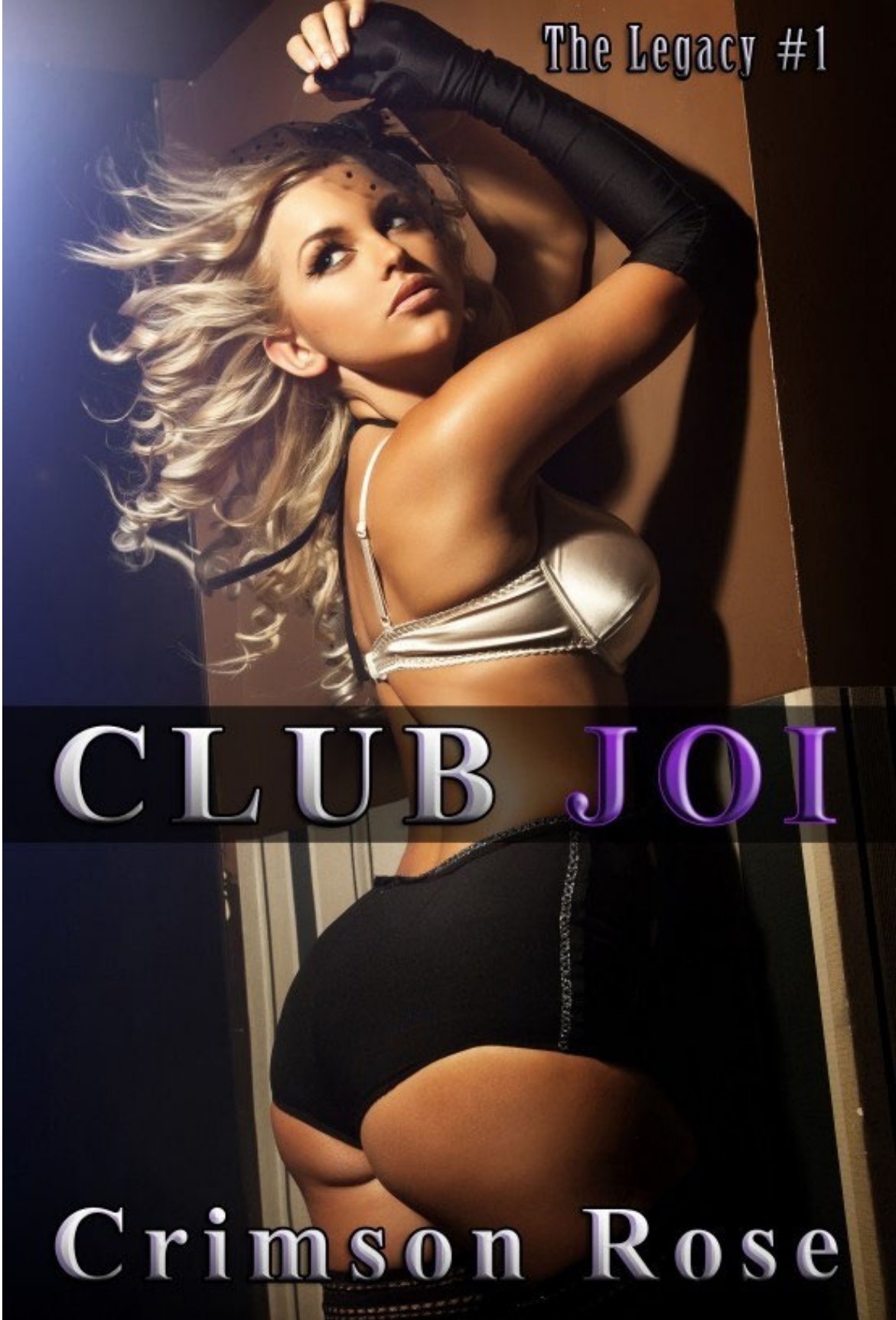
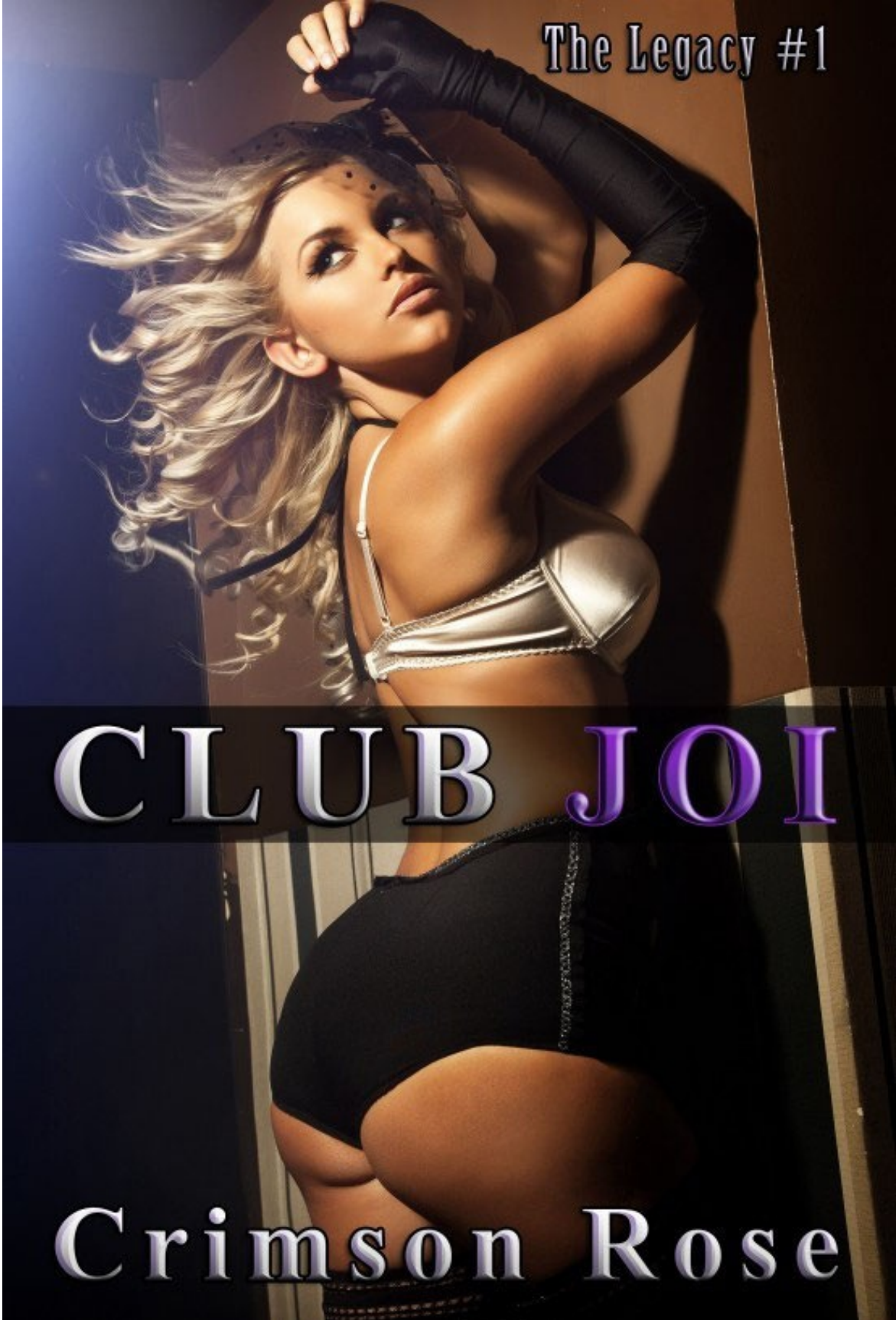


A woman with blonde, wavy hair is posing dramatically. She is wearing a silver, metallic-looking bikini top and long black gloves. Her right arm is raised, and she is looking over her shoulder towards the camera. The background is dark and moody, with some vertical lines suggesting a doorway or a wall.

The Legacy #1

# CLUB JOI

Crimson Rose

A woman with blonde, wavy hair is posing in a silver, metallic-looking bikini top and black gloves. She is looking over her shoulder with a slight smile. The background is dark and moody, with some light reflecting off her skin and the metallic top. The text "The Legacy #1" is in the top right corner.

The Legacy #1

# CLUB JOI

Crimson Rose

**Club Joi**

**Crimson Rose**

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# **Club Joi**

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## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

Pulling into the driveway of his ranch-style home, Simon was somewhat surprised to see only a dark blue Chevy Cruze sitting out front – windows tinted so dark he could not tell if it was occupied or not. Today was his thirty-fourth birthday and he fully expected his wife to have gathered everyone they knew for the occasion despite telling her a million times he would rather spend the night alone with her. Maybe she's finally decided to listen to me, he thought, getting out of his car and walking towards the front porch.

Giving the street another look, he put the key in the lock. A door opened and closed behind him and he looked over his shoulder to see a ruggedly handsome young man who clearly spent a lot of time out in the sun walking around the Chevy Cruze in his direction.

"Whatever you're selling, I'm not buying," Simon said as he pushed the front door open.

"Are you Simon Coswell?" the man asked.

"Look buddy, I said I'm not interested."

"Wait, I'm not here to sell you anything. Your uncle Paul sent me to deliver your birthday gift."

"You know my uncle Paul?"

"I've worked with him for the last four years, the last two on a dig in Egypt. My name is Ian Keller."

"Never heard of you before."

"Ulanyth gimbalpur," the man said in a language only two other people on the planet spoke – one of which he was talking to. "Do you know what I said?"

"Happy birthday. But there are only two people who know that language and you're not one of them."

“As I said, I’ve worked for your uncle for the last four years. He said you wouldn’t believe me so he taught me how to say happy birthday in the language the two of you invented. Please, may I come in?”

“You can give me the gift out here.”

“I’d much rather give it to you inside. It’s...complicated and the fewer people see it, the better. Look, I know this is all cloak and dagger, but Paul insisted it be this way.”

“Fine, but you should be aware I have guns in every room of the house and this is a stand your ground state.”

“Duly noted.”

Stepping into the house, Simon moved to the side and allowed Ian to enter before closing the door behind them. “Can I get you anything to drink?”

“No thank you. I have to deliver the gift and then catch a plane back to Egypt.”

“Why didn’t my uncle deliver it himself? Or sent it through the mail?”

“He could not trust that it would reach its destination unless personally delivered and since he’s neck deep in the archeological dig of the millennium he sent me,” Ian said, removing the fancy bracelet from around his right wrist and holding it out for Simon to take. “I’m sorry I had to wear it, but Paul insisted I never let it out of my sight.”

Simon took the gift and stared in surprise at the most magnificent Egyptian bracelet he had ever seen. Hand-carved hieroglyphics covered nearly every centimeter of the two inch wide gold band and the lines and areas around the images were filled with turquoise, jasper, malachite, and an assortment of gems. Two things became apparent the more he looked at it. First, it was old... extremely old. And two, it was by far the coolest gift his uncle, or anyone else for that matter ever gave him. “This must have cost him a fortune.”

“I don’t know much about it, but I do know that it was not bought from any shop. Here,” Ian said reaching into his inner jacket pocket and withdrawing an envelope. “Paul said this would explain. I wish I could stick around, but I really must get to the airport. Happy birthday and it was a pleasure finally meeting you.

Paul holds you in very high regards, you know? He said you were the only person he could trust with that bracelet.”

“Thank you. Tell my uncle I said hi and thank you.”

“Will do.”

Once Ian was out of the house, in his car and out of sight down the road, Simon tore the envelope open and stared at the page of jumbled words no one else on the planet had a chance of reading without the proper cypher. Invented when he was six, and called the Rosetta language after the stone of the same name, it combined elements of the world’s ten greatest dead languages as well as some originals into a complex and unique language system.

*Dearest Simon,*

*I’m sending you the most amazing Egyptian artifact I’ve ever had the privilege of discovering. The bracelet you now possess (assuming Ian was successful in its delivery), is the genuine article unearthed in a temple to the God Sutekh – the Egyptian God of the desert, storms, and chaos. Sutekh was also known as something of a trickster. If anyone ever found out that I sent the bracelet to you I’m certain I would be put to death. If not by my own team for such blatant disregard for the law, then certainly by the Egyptian authorities or those that would see it used for nefarious purposes.*

*I take this great risk because this is no ordinary artifact I have bestowed upon you. Calling it ancient does not do it justice. Seven independent tests confirm it predates the Egyptian civilization by more than twenty thousand years and after painstaking translations I finally discovered its power! I’ve uncovered the dark secrets of the ancient Egyptians and cannot risk that bracelet falling into the wrong hands. You, my dearest nephew, are the only one I can trust.*

*The bracelet of Sutekh is possessed of great powers of magic. I know, I know, magic isn’t real you say. Normally I would agree with you. However, I’ve witnessed it firsthand. Look closely at the little raised plates. I am sure you have pressed one or two of them down while examining it. Of course this did nothing*



*at all and you're probably thinking I need to get out of the sun for a while, but hear me out. The key is in the Incantation.*

*If you are alone, go to the bathroom and strip naked. Take the bracelet and this letter with you. When you are ready, press the little plate with the image of the female Pharaoh followed by the ankh and read the Incantation at the bottom of this letter. And no, I have not gone senile in my old age. Trust me on this. Your world is about to be rocked like you would never believe.*

Simon raised an eyebrow and read that section over again. "Are you sure you're not out of your damn mind, Uncle Paul?" he asked aloud, nevertheless heading to the bathroom – willing to entertain his favorite uncle's crazy ideas at least once before passing final judgement. Pressing the little image of the pharaoh followed by the ankh, he slipped to the bottom of the page and read the incantation written in bold letters. Great Sutekh, grant me my desire for change. His body began to tingle slightly - starting in his toes and working its way up until he felt buzzing in his ears.

Inhaling sharply, he grabbed his chest as he suddenly felt shorter and lighter. Eyes wide in shock – his body twisting and contorting in ways he never thought possible, he stared in disbelief as his muscular arms and chest shrank, arms becoming toned and chest filling out in what he could only describe as a perfect pair of female breasts. Hips narrowed and legs shortened. But the most shocking was the appearance of a pussy where his cock and balls once were.

"What in the actual fuck!" he exclaimed, staring in the mirror. But instead of the blonde haired, blue-eyed 5'10", 180 pound man that he was, he saw an attractive, 5'5", 115 pound olive-skinned woman with jet black hair and piercing blue eyes – the only part of his body that had remained the same, albeit a little more feminine. "I...I'm a..." reaching up, he gave his new breasts a gentle squeeze which sent shivers of excitement down his spine. "I'm a freaking woman! How in the hell is this even possible?"

Hands trembling, Simon grabbed the letter off of the vanity and continued to read where he left off, having to stop several times to calm his nerves enough to steady the shaking sheep of paper.

*If you did as instructed, you can see for yourself the power of the bracelet and why it must never fall into the wrong hands. In order to return to your true form press the blank tile, followed by the ankh, and say the same incantation. If you can imagine an individual the bracelet will allow you to change into whomever you have in your mind's eye. If you think of no one it will give you random features.*

*As you can see there are ten tiles on the bracelet – most of which are various animals of ancient Egypt. You can change into any of the creatures by pressing that tile followed by the ankh and reading the incantation.*

*I'm entrusting this great artifact to you my dearest nephew. I trust that you will not use it for the wrong reasons. I know well the lure of its powers for I've used it myself many times over the last year. I rid myself of it now only because I fear I am being watched and cannot risk its true powers being discovered by the wrong people.*

*It is my belief that this bracelet was not made on earth. That's right, Simon, I went there. You know my wild and crazy ideas. I've never stopped believing that the ancient humans had a little outside help and the bracelet proves that, I think.*

*I beg you to keep the true nature of the bracelet secret, even from Susan. Trust no one.*

*With all my love,*

*Uncle Paul*

*P.S. As a side note, if you turn into a woman, have sex with a man and become impregnated, plan on remaining a woman until the child is born. The changes you see are not merely surface deep. The bracelet changes your very genetic makeup. If you are reading this letter now as a woman, then you are 100% woman in every conceivable way. And that includes reproductive organs that work.*

*I think it goes without saying that you should memorize the incantation and destroy this letter so no one else may read it. Happy birthday!*

Simon read over the coded letter three times, still standing nude and fully female in the bathroom. He was on his fourth read through when he heard the front door close and Susan call out for him. Coming to his senses before yelling out to her, he pressed the blank tile and then the ankh before whispering the incantation. A minute later he was himself again.

“Honey,” Susan shouted again “are you home?”

Simon opened the bathroom door, his whole body shaking from the experience. “In the bathroom,” he answered back “I was just about to get in the shower.” Unable to help himself, he closed and locked the bathroom door and went through the process of turning himself into a woman again. With the water rolling down his skin he cupped his breasts with one hand and rubbed his clit with the other – gasping for breath at the sensation the little bundle of nerves gave him. He made a mental note to pay more attention to Susan’s clit in the future as he got to know this new female body of his.

“How in the hell did you get a reservation for this place?” Simon asked when his wife pulled into the parking lot of Trattoria Romano – his favorite Italian restaurant.

“I booked it seven months ago,” Susan replied. “And this is only the beginning of the night’s surprises,” she added, pulling between a Lexus on the right and a BMW on the left. “What’s the matter?” she asked, looking over to see her husband fidgeting with the gold bracelet snapped tight around his right wrist.

“Hmm? Oh, sorry, I’m just thinking about Uncle Paul’s gift.”

“I can see that. Is everything okay?”

He must have spent a fortune on it,” Simon lied. Though he showed it to his wife, he neglected to tell her about the letter (which he burned to ash), or the piece of jewelry’s amazing magical powers. Instead, he told her Paul bought it from a jeweler and something about finally getting him a gift worth more than a few bucks. “It’s just so expensive. I’m trying to think what to write him as way of thank you, but everything sounds so lame.”

“Well, enough of that for now sweetie, let’s enjoy dinner. The night is still young and we have a party to get to.”

“I knew you had a party planned,” Simon groaned. “Can’t we spend the night home alone?” Seeing the hurt in his wife’s eyes, he regretted the outburst, but it was too late to take it back now. “I’m sorry, honey. Where’s the party?” He asked with a forced smile.

“That’s a surprise,” she replied. “But trust me, you’ll love it.”

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After dinner, Susan got behind the wheel of the car with her husband taking the passenger’s seat. About a mile down the road, while stopped at a red light, she sprang surprise number two on him. “Open the glove box and put on the

blindfold you'll find within."

"Um, what?"

"You heard me. Put the blindfold on. And no peaking. I don't want to ruin the surprise before we get there."

"Really? You're going to make me wear a blindfold?"

"If you want the next gift then yeah. If it's not on by the next light I'll assume you're not going to wear it and we can go spend a boring night at home."

"This had better be one hell of a party," Simon said, opening the glove box and grabbing the blindfold – a wide strip of black leather with elastic band that completely covered an inch above his eyes to the tip of his nose and turning his whole world to black as his wife continued down the road. "So, whose house are we going to?"

"Who said anything about a house? Maybe we're going to a hotel. Or the park. A moonlight ride through the park sounds lovely doesn't it?"

"I'll have to wait and see when we get there."

"You'll have to wait and see when we get there."

Forty minutes later, Susan pulled into the crowded parking lot of a large, two-story brick building – a neon sign over the door reading CLUB JOI. Getting out of the car, she walked around to the passenger side, opened the door and helped her husband out.

"Can I take this thing off now?"

"Not yet." Taking him by the hand, Susan guided her husband through the parking lot until they stood about thirty feet from the door with the neon sign. "Now you can take it off."

Removing the blindfold, Simon blinked his eyes and looked around, his gaze finally settling on the large glowing sign above the door. "What the hell? Seriously?"

“Seriously. I know how much you’ve been dying to pay this place a visit.”

“Tell me this isn’t a joke. How did you get a reservation? The list is like a year long.”

“No joke, sweetie,” Susan smiled. “It just so happens that I showed a house to a Mr. Granger a few weeks ago. You remember me talking about it, I’m sure. He bought the old Halbourne mansion. Well, it turns out that Mr. Granger owns Club Joi. He gave me special passes to get us in any time we want for the next year. Happy Birthday!”

“I don’t think this night could get any better,” Simon said, pulling his wife close and kissing her hard on the lips. “Thank you for everything.”

“Honey, we’re only getting started. Come on, let’s see if this club is everything it’s cracked up to be.”

Despite the line of men and women wrapped around the building nearly three times, Susan and Simon bypassed them all, walking straight to the front of the line amidst yells of outrage and threats of violence. One woman stepped out of line and in front of Susan. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing cutting in line, bitch?”

“Lady, you had better get out of my face before you do something stupid,” Susan said, standing her ground.

“Then get your ass to the back of the line and wait like everyone else,” the woman shouted, taking a step closer – bringing her nose to nose with Susan.

“Unlike you, I don’t have to wait in line,” Susan sneered. And one word from me to the bouncer and you’ll never step foot in the club, so get the fuck out of my face.” Shoving the woman aside, Susan took her husband’s hand continued on to the large bouncer staring them down with a bemused look.

“Can I help you?” the bouncer asked.

Digging through her purse, Susan withdrew the two special VIP passes and showed them to the bouncer. He looked them over, handed them back and opened the door for them to enter. Looking back, Susan found the woman, smirked and flipped her the bird.

Inside, the talk was loud and the music louder as more than a hundred people drank, talked, and danced the wild and crazy way the half-drunk normally do. The layout of the club was surprisingly simple with a floorplan designed to fit the most people into the space provided without violating any safety codes. To the left was a bar that could seat about twenty patrons – nearly all of the stools occupied. To the far right was a dimly-lit stage where three topless women worked the pole with amazing speed, agility and grace. And a little further back was the booth where the DJ worked his magic on Tiesto's Maximal Crazy at slightly below deafening decibels.

The lighting, as in most dance clubs, flashed in shades of red, green, blue, and white as multi-colored laser lights danced a waltz of their own. Simon looked up to see more people dancing along the balcony and then felt a tug on his arm as Susan pulled him onto the dance floor. But they did not remain together long.

A hand on her ass, Susan spun around to stare into the eyes of a handsome, grinning young man. Taking her by the hips, he pulled her close. Looking over her shoulder, she saw her husband dancing with a stunning young woman who made no attempt to hide the fact she was practically dry humping him. Simon gave his wife an apologetic look as the woman pressed her ample bosom into his chest.

After nearly an hour on the dance floor, Susan and Simon managed to pull themselves away from other partners and found a table off in the corner. But their seclusion did not last for long. Looking up, Simon saw the long, wavy black hair and sparkling eyes of the first woman he had danced with and the young man that his wife was all over. Without saying a word, the couple sat down.

"Um, no offense, but we'd rather be alone," Simon said.

"None taken. I'm Jill and this is my husband Jack."

"I'm Susan and this is my husband Simon. We're celebrating his birthday tonight."

"Really? Jack and Jill?" Simon said with raised brow. "Do you live on a hill?"

“SIMON!”

“It’s okay, we’ve heard it a million times. As a matter of fact, we live on a seventy acre farm. Anyways, happy birthday. Jack and I loved dancing with the two of you and were hoping you’d like to join us in one of the private rooms.

“Private rooms? What private rooms?” Susan asked.

Grabbing Simon by the hand, Jill dragged him out of his seat. “Come on, I think you’ll find it a great deal of fun.”

“Where are you taking me?” Simon asked.

“Us,” Susan said as Jack caught up with his wife.

Near the back of the club, Jack and Jill lead Simon and Susan up the stairs to the second floor and into what looked like a large bedroom lit with electric candles for a semi-romantic atmosphere without the risk of fire. The door swung closed and Jack pulled his shirt off and had his belt unbuckled.

“W-What are you doing?”

“I’m taking my clothes off. Go on, don’t be shy.”

“Um...”

“What the hell?” Simon gawked as Jill lowered her dress, showing off her large breasts and flat belly.

“Do you think we’re going to have sex or something?” Susan asked.

“Of course. We’ve been turned on ever since we laid eyes on you and we simply couldn’t wait any longer,” Jack answered as he stepped out of his pants.

“WHOA! We’re happily married!”

“So are we,” Jill purred. That doesn’t mean we still can’t have a little fun with other like-minded couples, right?”

“What do you mean like-minded?” asked Susan.



“You do know kind of club you’re in don’t you?” asked Jill, stepping out of her dress and standing there in the skimpiest pair of panties.

“Apparently not,” Susan replied.

Jack and Jill broke out in laughter. “Oh... that...that is...the funniest thing...I... ever...heard,” Jill finally managed to spit out, collapsing on the bed and giggling.

“This is a swinger’s club, my friends,” Jack said.

“A swingers... OH MY GOD!” exclaimed Susan “You mean...” she slapped her hand over her mouth in surprise.

Simon could not help but move his eyes in the direction of the bed and the lovely woman rolling around on it. And when Jill got up on her hands and knees, back arched, legs spread slightly apart and breasts hanging like unforbidden fruit, he felt his cock twinge to life.

“Yes, dear,” Jack said “married and dating couples come here to have fun, dance, drink, and see where things go from there. And yes, we do have sex with other couples.”

“So, if we said yes, we would all just pile up on the bed and screw each other silly?” asked Simon who was suddenly very interested in the conversation.

“That’s right,” Jack answered. “I hope you don’t take offense at this, but I’ve wanted to get your wife’s dress off since I first laid eyes on her.”

Susan’s face immediately became a deep shade of red without stopping at the various hues of pink in between. Suddenly feeling incredibly vulnerable, she looked at her husband as Jill crawled to the edge of the bed – swaying her hips to the music still playing in her mind.

“So I have sex with your wife and you have sex with mine?” Simon asked curiously. “I mean, you wouldn’t expect me to... you know...”

“Yes,” Jack replied. “That is, we would swap wives. I am not bisexual, but there are couples here that are. Jill loves to be with another woman though if Susan is into that sort of thing. Have you ever been with another woman?” he asked her.

“Of course not,” Susan gasped as if he asked her to rob a bank. “And we are not going to be with you either. Come on, Honey,” she said taking Simon by the arm, let’s get out of here.”

Simon did not know if it was the alcohol, or the fact he was a hot blooded male, but in that very moment he found the idea of swapping partners to be the single most exciting idea of his life. He had never cheated on his wife in all the years they were married, but there was something about Jill that had his mind racing, and cock throbbing at the possibilities. “Hold on a minute, sweetie,” he replied. “Why don’t we all sit down and talk about this?”

“WHAT?” Susan shouted, letting go of her husband’s arm. “You want to stay? You want to fuck her don’t you? Am I not good enough for you anymore?” she cried, slamming her fists into her husband’s chest in anger.

Simon grabbed his wife’s flailing hands and pulled her close – kissing her hard and deep. She tried to pull away, but his grip held firm. “You mean more to me than anything in the world and you know that. Let’s hear what they have to say about it and if you’re still not interested we will leave and never come back.” Letting go, he took a step back and looked Susan in the eyes. “And before you say anything, I saw the way you were dancing with Jack earlier so don’t act as if you’re all innocent. His hands were all over your ass and I’m pretty damn sure he groped your breasts more than once.”

“That’s different,” Susan protested weakly, slumping her shoulders and plopping down on the bed next to Jill – not convinced of her own argument.

Having no intentions of staying, wanting to only tease his wife, Simon was surprised when Susan sat down and shut up. He was even more shocked when Jill bounced behind her and began massaging her shoulders.

“W-What are you doing?”

“Trying to make you relax,” Jill said, lowering her hands. Reaching into Susan’s dress, she pulled her breasts out and gave the nipples a light pinch.

“P-Please...”

“Please what? Stop? Keep going? Suck your nipples?” Jill asked, pulling Susan back on the bed. Leaning down, she sucked Susan’s right nipple into her mouth.

“Now that is fucking hot,” Jack said, stepping towards the bed as his boxers hit the floor.

“I thought you wanted to ask questions?” Simon asked as he watched Jack approaching his wife.”

“I...I d-do,” Susan moaned, rolling out from under Jill’s skillful mouth and sitting on the edge of the bed.

“Are you sure you want to talk?” Jill purred. You have such lovely breasts and another nipple that needs sucking.”

“I’ll leave it up to you, honey,” Simon smiled. “Do we stay or do we go?”

“You want to see me with another man? Another woman?”

“I’d be lying if I said seeing her sucking your nipples didn’t turn me on, but this is a decision you’ll have to make. The only question I have is: Did you know this was a swinger’s club when you got the special passes?”

“Of course not! I had no idea or I would have never bothered taking them. What about you? Why am I the one that has to make the decision here?”

“Because I’m a half-drunk, red-blooded horny man and I think we all know what my answer is going to be. The ball’s in your court now, honey.”

“Not yet,” Jack laughed.

Susan hated making tough decisions and this was one that would affect the rest of her life. Her marriage. She was getting horny, that much she could not deny, but she did not want to look like a slut either. Could I really have sex with another man while my husband watches? Another woman? She thought. Can I watch my husband have sex with another woman? I know he wants to do it. Her eyes glanced in Jill's direction. Why wouldn't he? Jill is a beautiful woman. And Jack is pretty sexy himself. Her legs opened and closed. Suddenly feeling self-conscious she squeezed them tight and chewed her lower lip.

*I'll do it for Simon, she thought. It's his birthday after all. Besides, this was all his idea. Standing up, she moved to stand in front of her husband. "Unzip me," she said nervously. "Hurry up before I change my mind about all of this."*

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Simon asked, taking hold of the zipper running the length of his wife's dress. "Once his dick is in you there's no going back."

"I can say the same about you fucking Jill. It's your birthday, let's make it a memorable one."

"I love you so much."

Not wasting any time, Simon pushed Jill back onto the bed, shoving her legs back as he thrust into her tight pussy like a jackhammer – not bothering to take his clothes off for fear his wife would change her mind. But, looking back over his shoulder, he saw her down on her hands and knees with Jack's dick ramming in and out of her gagging mouth and he had never felt hornier in his life.

"P-Please take it easy," Susan panted. "I'm not used to deepthroating like that."

"But you look so pretty taking my dick down your throat," Jack said, grabbing a handful of Susan's hair and throat-fucking her for several seconds until she began gagging and drooling. Giving her a moment to catch her breath, he did it again. And again after that. Lifting Susan off her feet, he spun her around, bent her over the bed and then shoved hard up her ass.

“Aahhgghhh! Oh my god! Take it out! Take it out! Take it out! I don’t do anal!” Susan groaned. Jerking forwards, she yelped again – her shoulders nearly dislocated as Jack held onto her wrists.

“Calm down and relax, you’ll get used to it,” Jack said, slowly drilling his cock deeper into Susan’s ass. But she was having none of it and continued to struggle. WHACK! His hand came down hard on her behind. “I said calm down and relax.” WHACK!

“I...uhn...uhn...I c-can’t relax with you spanking me!”

Already feeling the pressure building and not wanting to come too soon, Jack pulled out of Susan’s ass, knelt behind her and began licking her pussy – his tongue flicking over her engorged clit. Reaching up with his right hand, he pushed three fingers in hard and deep, withdrew and then shoved them up her ass without his tongue ever leaving her pussy.

Meanwhile, further up on the bed, Simon flipped Jill onto her knees, pushing her head into the pillow as he continued ramming into her. “Y-You can pound me as hard as you like,” Jill purred, wrapping her legs around his back and pulling him deeper. “Fill me with your load! Give me your fucking babies you dirty bastard!”

“Mmmm, now that does sound exciting,” Jack moaned, “do you want me to shoot my load in you?” WHACK! “Do you want to have my babies?” WHACK! “Say it. Tell me you want my seed swimming around inside your womb! If you want it, get up on the bed and ride my cock you dirty little slut!” WHACK! WHACK! Pulling tongue and fingers from Susan’s pussy and ass respectively, he jumped up on the bed and stared at Susan as she weighed her options. Letting out a soft sigh, she crawled onto the bed, straddled Jack’s cock and lowered herself onto it, admitting to him and her husband that she wanted knocked up by another man.

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“That...that was fucking amazing,” Susan moaned, rolling onto her back panting.

“The fun isn’t over yet,” Jack said. “The two of you have very messy pussies and there’s only one way you’re getting clean.”

Without word, Jill rolled over and began licking Susan's pussy.

"W-What are you doing?" Susan exclaimed. "I...oohhh fuck...I'm...uhn...n-not into women."

"That's not what your pussy is saying," Jill purred. "Mmmm, look how sloppy you are. Jack really did a number on you didn't he?" she said, pushing four fingers in, tucking her thumb in palm. "Lick me! Shove your tongue in my pussy and lick me clean," she said, pushing her fingers in to the knuckles. "Do it! Or I'll ram my entire hand in your sloppy cunt. Is that what you want, slut? You want me to fist you?"

"N-No. Aahgh! Okay, okay! I'll do it. Taking a deep breath, Susan pulled Jill back and started licking her first pussy to avoid being fisted. Humiliated despite having been fucked and bred by a man that is not her husband, Susan found the heady mixture of semen and pussy juice to her liking. Extending her tongue, she licked harder. Faster. Deeper. Lapping up every last drop offered and then some.

Not stopping for a second, Jill sucked Susan's clit into her mouth and her fingers into Susan's pussy, watching as every thrust brought her that much closer to fisting her new lover while Jack and Simon watched – the former standing in the middle of the room and the latter kneeling at the foot of the bed, not paying attention until it was too late.

"Uuhnnnnn," Simon grunted as his ass was stretched open around Jack's thick cock. "W-What the fuck are you doing! I'm not gay!"

"Shhh," Jack replied "just keep watching and do your best to relax. Let me cock slide deeper into your tight ass."

"You fucked my ass," Jill said looking into Simon's eyes "it's only fair you let my husband fuck yours."

"Do it sweetie," Susan said to everyone's surprise. "Let him fuck your tight ass. If I can have sex with another woman, you can get screwed by another man."

"And you can take a fist!" Jill exclaimed, giving one last hard push of the hand.

"Oh my fucking god! Are you serious?"

“She...she sure is,” Simon grunted as Jack’s dick continued to pound his ass.  
“She’s got her entire hand in your pussy you slutty minx.

“You’re the best fucking couple we’ve ever met here,” Jack said, holding onto Simon’s waist as he shot his second load of the night. “I hope we’ll get a chance to do this again.”

“We’ll definitely have to do it again,” Susan cooed. “This was the most fun I’ve had in a long time.”

“It’s always a pleasure teaching new couples the ropes,” Jill said as she worked her balled fist in and out of Susan’s pussy. “Now get on your hands and knees. I want to try my hand at fisting your sexy ass. Pun definitely intended.”

“Only if I get to fist you back,” Susan said, rolling onto her hands and knees.

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Tired and exhausted, Simon and Susan traded numbers with Jack and Jill and promised to keep in touch. Getting dressed, the happy couple left Club Joi – avoiding the enticing lure of another couple and driving home with a whole new outlook on life and sex. There was no remorse, no regret, but the silence was deafening.

“About what we did,” Susan said, beating her husband by a fraction of a second.

“You were absolutely amazing,” Simon replied. “I’ve never seen you more beautiful, more open than you were tonight and I don’t just mean from the fisting. I really hope you had as much fun as I did.” He said, gently squeezing her hand.

“I can’t believe you let Jack fuck your ass.”

“That makes two of us,” Simon responded with a red face. “And if I’m going to be honest, it wasn’t nearly as bad as I imagined it would be.”

“So you like a nice big dick in your ass now, do you?” Susan teased.

“In all honesty...yes, yes I did. I won’t make a habit of it, but I also won’t rule it out. And you’re one to talk. You were licking Jill like a woman possessed.”

“Like you said, it wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be. If we never do it again I’ll be ok with that, but I’m happy that we tried it and I’d definitely do it again if the opportunity presented itself.”

“I’m with you one hundred percent, love. I nearly had a heart attack when you told me to unzip you. And if you never want to do it again I understand.”

“Do you want to do it again?”

“Only if you do.”

“You know, before tonight the thought of having sex with other men...and women, never crossed my mind, but now? Now I don’t think I can give it up. Call me a whore, but I’m hooked on swinging.”

“That makes two of us. And since you’re now capable of taking a fist up your ass I don’t want any more excuses as to why I can’t fuck it whenever the hell I like.”

“The same applies to you to, mister. You might not be able to handle a fist back there, but there’s no reason I can’t buy a strap-on and do a bit of pegging.”

“Agreed. Leave it all to me. I’ll go buy all the toys we’ll ever need and then some.”

“I think I’m going to really enjoy this new aspect of our sex lives,” Susan said, leaning down, unzipping her husband’s pants and taking his hard cock into her mouth as he drove down the road.”



Waiting for his wife to leave, Simon stripped naked, thought about what he found most attractive in a woman and then pressed the plates on the bracelets. Invoking the incantation, he began the transformation from handsome male, to stunningly beautiful woman with long, silky black hair, green eyes and a body to die for with flawlessly smooth skin and curves in all the right places. “God damn I make for a good looking woman,” he smiled at himself in the mirror. Going to the dresser, he picked out a pair of his wife’s lacy panties and slipped them on – a feeling of shame and excitement coming over him. Brushing it off, he put on a skirt, a bra that was a cup-size too small and a blouse.

Leaving the house, Simon thought about his new persona. By the time he reached his destination, he came up with the new name of Angelica – a twenty-seven year old out of work stripper. Getting out of the car, he grabbed the small clutch purse from the passenger seat, took a deep breath and walked into the adult toy shop. All eyes were on her and she felt her clit throbbing with excitement. Giving the young man behind the counter a sly smile, she picked up a blue basket and strode up and down the aisles placing one toy after another inside.

After paying for her basket of toys, Simone got into her car and drove to another shop – this one to buy some clothes, but realizing she had not told Susan about her new gift, she drove home instead. Once in the garage, she grabbed the bags from the trunk, took them into the kitchen and gave everything a thorough washing while occasionally tweaking her nipples and rubbing her clit.

*I need to get some new identification, Simone thought as she carried her new, clean toys to the bedroom. Lubing a long, fat butt plug, she sat it on a chair and straddled it – lowering herself onto it with a moan. “Aahhhh fuck that feel amazing!” she purred, working herself up and down the tapered length. Leaning towards the bed, she picked up a dildo, rubbed it along her moist slit and then pushed all eight inches into her pussy. “Aahhgghhh! Oh my fucking god!” she groaned as a stabbing pain shot through her loins. Looking down, she saw blood covering the silicone toy.*

“What the fuck? I...I’m a virgin? No. I was a virgin.” Taking the dildo out of her

pussy, she concentrated on another identity – this time of a sexy, lightly freckled pale-skinned redhead she quickly and aptly named Amber. Pressing the plates on the bracelet, she underwent the changes. When complete, she pushed the dildo into her pussy again. And again there was the same pinching pain of losing her virginity. “Jesus Christ. Am I going to be a virgin every time I change into a woman?”

Repeating the process, Amber once again became Simone and the dildo went in. This time, however, there was no pain. No blood. Her virginity was still gone. “Hmm...I wonder.” Removing the toy, she thought of herself again, but this time as a virgin. Pressing the plates on the bracelet, nothing noticeable happened. However, when she pushed the toy in, there was the unmistakable discomfort that came with popping ones cherry. “Interesting,” she moaned, working the fake cock in and out of her pussy as the plug went deeper into her ass.

“This...uhn...uhn...aaahhhh fucking hell this is the best feeling in the god damned world! No wonder Susan loves sex so much.” Bouncing up and down the plug, the dildo reaching her cervix, Simone felt her asshole stretching open to accept more of the fat toy. Grabbing the side of the seat, she let the dildo slide free as she forced the plug deeper. “Aahhh shit yeah! That’s it,” she moaned “I can take it. It’s almost in. A little more...more...Uuhhnnn!” she purred, her body shaking in orgasm as the fattest part of the plug – a whopping three and a half inches slipped into her bowels. “I DID IT! I can take a fist up my ass! Susan would be so proud. If I were Simon doing it, that is. Maybe...no, no, I won’t deprive her of that pleasure.”

Lifting off the fist-sized butt plug, Simone slammed back down again. “Uhn! Fuck that feels great.” Out. In. Out. In. Harder. Out. In. Faster. Out, in. Out, in. Bringing breast to mouth, she wrapped her lips around the left nipple and began sucking. Then the right – alternating back and forth as another intense orgasm built to climax. Her entire body trembling, Simone slid off the chair and onto the floor with the plug still buried deep.

“Yeah, this...this is going to be a great life,” she panted.

Having taken the day off work, a perk of owning one’s own business, Simon spent the day switching between various personas – putting the bracelet and his imagination to the test. There were Simone and amber and then came Veronica – an olive-skinned brunette with natural d-cup breasts and ten inch cock. After that

was Brianna, Jessica and Lisa. Each woman a distinct personality in his mind and easily brought forth by the power of the bracelet with but a thought of the name.

After coming up with various women to transform into, Simon tried his hand at men – finding the exercise more tasking as he never considered what he found sexy in another man before. Taking cues from his wife, magazines and television, he came up with half a dozen ranging from the timid Paul to the domineering Lance. And as each identity grew in his mind he discovered new aspects about himself that he never knew existed.

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A slow day at work, Susan took off early. Unable to stop thinking about Club Joi, she drove there instead of home – showing the bouncer her VIP pass, she was let in with a firm slap on her ass. Stopping in the doorway, she turned around to see the large black man grinning at her. “You like my ass, big guy?”

“It’s a nice ass.”

“Go ahead, give it another slap. And make it a hard one.”

WHACK! The man’s big hand bit painfully into her behind.

“Uhn. Another!”

WHACK!

“Take it inside whore,” a man in line said.

“Or, you know, you could come over here and make me. Another. Give me another swat, big guy. Make my ass red.”

“One more, love,” the bouncer said. “Then you’ll have to take it inside before making a scene.”

Lifting her skirt, Susan placed her hands against the brick wall, arched her back and pushed her ass out. “Go ahead. I’ve been a naughty girl, punish me.”

WHACK!

“Uhn. T-Thank you!”

WHACK!

Aahhh yes!

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! The bouncer delivered three more hard swats in rapid succession, unable to stop himself.

“FUCK YEAH! AGAIN! Do it again!”

Take it inside, babe. Go upstairs and try the fifth room on the left. You want spanked, they’ll more than gladly do it for you.”

“Thanks,” Susan said, pulling down her skirt and stepping into the building. Forgetting about the dance floor, she walked straight towards the stairs. Hitting the balcony level, she danced around a lovely blonde with her tits out, a man getting sucked off by two brunettes – one taking his dick down her throat, and the other sucking his full balls into her mouth.

“Like what you see?” the man asked with a smile.

“I sure do, but I’m not looking for a cock to suck tonight.” Leaving the trio to it, Susan continued down the hall until she reached the fifth door on the left. Turning the knob, she found it locked. Knocking, there was no answer. Waiting a few seconds, she tapped her knuckles in the wooden door again to the same result. Disappointed, she turned to leave when the door popped open.

“Can I help you?” a statuesque, raven-haired beauty asked.

“Um, is this the spanking room?”

“It is. Unfortunately, I’m with someone right now, but if you can wait half an hour I’ll take care of your needs.”

“But I need spanked now,” Susan huffed.

“That’s too bad. I’m with someone right now and you’ll just have to wait your turn.”

“Dammit!” Letting out a long sigh, Susan slumped against the wall, but the thrill of being spanked was quickly waning.

“I’ll spank you,” a blue-eyed redhead standing across the hall said.

“Really?”

“Sure. Do you want it bare-handed, belt, cane or paddle? What’s your preference?”

“I don’t really know. I’ve only recently discovered a liking for being spanked. I let the bouncer spank me outside before coming in.”

“Nice. Come on love, let’s go in room eleven and we’ll learn what you really like.”

Excited, Susan followed the woman into the next room and her eyes went wide in shock. “Holy shit!” she gasped, looking from a wall lined with gags, clamps, spreader bars, cuffs and a myriad of spanking implements to another with dildos, plugs, beads, and a slew of other toys she had never seen or used before.

“First dungeon you’ve ever been in, love?”

“Yes.”

“What’s your name?”

“S-Susan.”

“Pleasure to meet you Susan. My name is Lori, but you may call me Mistress. Are you submissive, Susan?”

“I don’t know. I never really thought about it. My husband and I visited the club for the first time last night and we ended up having sex with another couple. That’s the kinkiest thing we’ve ever done in twelve years of marriage.”

“Nothing to be ashamed of.”

“Oh, I’m not ashamed. I fucking loved every second of it. Even the part where Jill fisted my pussy and ass.”

“Very nice. Well, I think we should test the limits of your submissiveness. What do you think about that?”

“What do you mean? Test me how?”

“I’ll give you a crash course in bdsm and you’ll try out several fetishes. You already love spanking, fisting and having sex with multiple partners so I think you’re off to a good start, but there is so, so much more for you to experience if you’re open-minded enough to experiment.”

“Okay. I’m here to get spanked, but after the amazing time I had last night I’m more than willing to broaden my horizons as long as it’s nothing too outrageous or illegal.”

“You have my word that nothing illegal will take place anywhere in this club.”

“Then let the testing begin.”

“First things first then. Safewords. Do you know what they are and how to use them?”

“Not a clue.”

“Then please strip out of your clothes while I explain,” Mistress Lori said, waiting for Susan to begin stripping before continuing. “A safeword is a codeword or series of codewords that are used in BDSM to mean that a bottom or submissive – that would be you in this instance, is reaching a limit or for the Top/Domme to stop the scene play and are agreed on by all participants before playing a scene. Many organized BDSM groups have standard safewords that all members agree to use to avoid confusion. Here at Club Joi we use the traffic light system of green, yellow and red. With me so far?”

“Yes,” Susan said, dropping her bra to the floor and unzipping her skirt.

“Good. Green is used to indicate that you are fine and that the scene may continue after a stop. Yellow indicated you are reaching the limit of what you can handle, there’s an issue that may be resolved without coming to a complete stop, or that you just need a break before going on. And red means stop. Say red and the scene will come to a swift end and will not restart until you’ve had some downtime to recuperate and process what you’ve done. Understood?”

“Got it. What if I say red as part of a sentence? Does that mean the scene will end?”

“No. It’s all about context. If you say: ‘spank my ass Mistress. Make it nice and red’, for instance, the scene will go on and I’ll continue spanking your ass until its nice and red. If, however, you yell: RED, then the scene will stop. It’s all about context. Got it?”

“Got it,” Susan said as she stepped out of her panties.

“You are an incredibly sexy woman by the way. I think we’re going to get along

fine.”

“Thank you. You’re incredibly sexy as well, Mistress. I’ve only ever been with one woman before, but I’ll do my best to please you.”

“I’m sure you will. Now, about calling me Mistress. When the scene begins, you will call me Mistress at all times, or you will be punished. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good. Now we’re going to play a game of truth or dare. Ready?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Truth or dare?”

“Truth, Mistress.”

“Is it true this is really your first bdsm scene?”

“Yes Mistress, it’s true. I’ve never done anything like this before in my life.”

“Truth or dare?”

“Truth, Mistress.”

“Is it true you can take a fist in your pussy and ass at the same time?”

“Yes Mistress. Though last night was the first time I ever took a fist of any kind.”

“Truth or dare?”

“Dare, Mistress.”

“Now the fun will begin, my pet. Before I give you your dare, if you fail or refuse to do it you’ll be punished. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then, I dare you to open your mouth and drink my piss.”



“OH MY GOD! Are you serious, Mistress?”

“I am. I need to take a piss and since you’ve agreed to try out some fetishes we might as well get that one out of the way. Now, either open up, or face the punishment.”

“What is the punishment, Mistress?”

“I’m not telling you. Are you saying you’re not going to do the first fetish I command of you, my pet?”

“I...oh god I can’t believe I’m doing this.” Dropping to her knees, Susan opened her mouth and looked up at Mistress Lori as she approached. Hiking up her dress, Lori positioned her pussy against Susan’s mouth and began pissing. Susan jerked her head back and choked on the bitter liquid as the stream continued splashing on her face and trickling down her chest. “That...ack...that is so fucking gross.”

“Drink it or be punished.”

Reluctantly moving back into position, Susan allowed her mouth to fill up once again. Cringing, she gulped it down and nearly gagged to death. Shuddering in disgust, she swallowed another mouthful and then another until the stream came to a thankful end.

“Not bad, my pet. Maybe after drinking thirty or forty loads you’ll get the hand of it. Truth or dare?”

“D-Dare, Mistress,” Susan said clearing her throat.

“Nice. I like that you’re still open to experimenting after drinking piss. “I dare you to go down into the club and find every man and woman that needs to pee that you can and bring them back up here to use you as their urinal.”

“But I’m naked and covered in piss, Mistress.”

“The choice is yours. Do it, face the punishment, or say the safeword to end the scene.”

Taking a deep breath and exhaling slowly, Susan got to her feet and left the room

without word. “Excuse me, she said to the first person she ran into – a forty-something man with bulging belly and salt and pepper hair “do you need to pee?”

“Not at the moment, but it smells as if you’ve already been used as a urinal.”

“I have. I’m looking for more.”

“Well, do everyone a favor and go back into the room you came from so you don’t track the place up with piss and I’ll go down and have the DJ make an announcement. What room are you in?”

“Room eleven. And I’m looking for every man and woman that has to pee to use me as a urinal.”

“I’ll let them know.”

“Thank you.” Opening the door, she walked back into the room.

“That was quick. Are you telling me no one has to pee?”

“No Mistress. I asked a man and he didn’t have to go. He said he would ask the DJ to make an announcement so I didn’t track piss all over the club.”

“Very well. Then while we wait we’ll get on with the game. Truth or dare?”

“Since I’m here to learn about fetishes I’ll take dare, Mistress.”

“Then let’s push those limits, shall we? Go to the cabinet at the back of the room – the one on the right, grab three needles and a pair of tongs off the bottom shelf and return to me.”

“Yes Mistress,” Susan gulped, knowing she was about to experience some pain, but never the less doing as commanded. Walking on shaky legs, she went to the cabinet and opened the glass doors. Looking from top to bottom, she saw bottles of lube, packs of barbells and rings, and on the bottom shelf tongs and needles. Grabbing three needles in hermetically sealed packaging and a pair of piercing tongs, she returned to Mistress Lori.

“Truth or dare, my pet?”

“D-Dare Mistress.”

“I dare you to let me pierce you with the three needles.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

“Just so you understand, I’m going to take these needles and push them through your nipples and slit hood. Do you understand and agree?”

“Yes Mistress.

Tossing the piercing tongs to the side, Mistress Lori opened the first needle – keeping the back half in the packaging. Pinching Susan’s right nipple, she swiftly shoved the needle through. Susan grunted, but otherwise remained still as her left nipple was pierced with equal skill. “You did very well. Did it hurt?”

“Not much Mistress.”

Kneeling, Mistress Lori pinched Susan’s clitoral hood in her fingers and stretched it out as much as possible before jabbing the needle through. Susan yelped and jerked. “We’re almost done. All that remains is placing the jewelry. Go to the cabinet and pick out three rings that you like and I’ll finish the job.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Wait. Get on your hands and knees and crawl to the cabinet and back. And shake that sexy ass.”

“Yes Mistress.” Without hesitation, her nipples growing harder and pussy wetter in excitement, Susan dropped onto all fours and crawled across the large room. Mistress Lori grabbed a cane from a hook on the wall and walked behind and to Susan’s side. Drawing her arm back, she brought it down hard. “Aahhgghhh!” Susan wailed, dropping to the floor and rolling around in a futile attempt to get away from the pain.

“Get back into position, my pet. You wanted that ass spanked, well, I’m going to make it as bright as Rudolph’s fucking nose. And thank me after each swat. Understood?”

“Y-Yes Mistress! Thank you,” Susan said, taking a moment before rolling onto

her hands and knees again. Making it all of five feet, she let out another screech of agony as the cane tore into her ass. “THANK YOU!” she bellowed, hastening her pace towards the cabinet. But it did not spare her six more swats there and another nine back to the center of the room.

“Mmmm, your ass looks even lovelier covered in welts. Get to your feet so that I may place the rings.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I must say all arrows are pointing to you being incredibly submissive, my pet. Are you even stopping to think about what I am commanding you to do?”

“Not really, Mistress,” Susan answered as the ring dropped into place in her right nipple.

“And why is that?”

“Because I can see how happy it makes you to see me do as commanded, Mistress. And that makes me feel good.”

“Have you thought about using the safewords at all?”

“I’ve seen no reason to, Mistress.”

“You’ve let me...oh, I wonder who that could be,” she said, turning to look at the door after someone on the other side knocked. Quickly pushing the rings into Susan’s left nipple and hood, she stepped aside. “Crawl to the door and open it.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Opening the door, Susan stared up at a group of eleven men and fourteen women – those needing to piss and ready to use her as their toilet. Dropping back onto all fours, she crawled back to Mistress Lori and waited.

“You must be the men and women in need of a bathroom,” Mistress Lori smiled. “Are you ready to drink their piss, my pet?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“You heard her, get those pussies and dicks out and use your urinal. Piss in her mouth, on her body and up her ass as you see fit. And when you’re all done you may gang bang her. Isn’t that right, my pet?”

“It would be my pleasure to satisfy them all, Mistress,” Susan said, getting up onto her hands and knees as the group approached. “I am not on birth control so please don’t come inside of my pussy.”

“You hears her men, she’s not on birth control so fill her pussy with every drop of your potent, baby-making seed.”

“But Mistress, I...nevermind. Fill my pussy,” she said looking up as the first dick went into her mouth and filled it with pee.

“Where have you been all night?” Simon asked when his wife finally came home looking worse for wear.

“I paid a visit to Club Joi,” Susan answered, putting her purse on the stand.

“Oh? And how did that go?”

“It...it was a...experience.”

“Don’t keep me in suspense. I want every dirty detail of what you did.”

“Well, it started with me letting the bouncer spank my ass right outside the door where everyone could see it,” Susan said, kicking off her shoes.

“I thought you didn’t like it when Jack spanked you last night?”

“I didn’t either, but it’s all I could think about at work and so I had to go give it another try. After that, I went to a room to be spanked, but the woman was busy. While waiting another woman, Mistress Lori said she’d spank me. One thing led to another and, well,” unbuttoning her blouse, she dropped it to the floor.

“HOLY SHIT! You...your nipples! You got pierced?”

“Mistress Lori pierced me.”

“And you let her?”

“I did. And not only my nipples. She also pierced my hood,” she said dropping her skirt.

“Um, didn’t you have a bra and panties on when you left this morning?”

“I did, but I seemed to have lost them at the club. So, what do you think about the piercings?”

“Surprising, but sexy. I like them.”

“I think so too. Mistress Lori and I played a game of truth or dare. For my first dare she dared me to drink her pee.”

“Jesus Christ! You didn’t!”

“I did. Well, most of it anyways. Then she caned my ass and pierced me. After that I was pissed on and in by eleven men and fourteen women.”

“Pissed in?”

“In my ass. They called it a piss enema. And then I was gang banged by them all. They filled me with so much semen it leaked out for an hour. And the women. Oh my god, Simon, I let them fuck me with strap-ons, tongues and fists alike. My holes are wrecked.”

“I think I’ve awoken a beast in you.”

“Are you mad?”

“Not one bit. I love that you’re willing to experiment. I’m surprised you did so much, so soon, but I’m not mad or jealous.”

“So, what did you do today?”

“Nothing as exciting as what you did. The only thing I did today was go toy shopping, Simon lied. “We have everything we need to make sex exciting. Including some paddles, canes, floggers and gags,” he added with a grin. I guess we both have a hidden dark side the club brought out. I was going to ask you to experiment with bdsm, but it seems as if you beat me to it in the biggest of ways.”

“Sorry.”

“Nothing to apologize for, sweetie. I’m proud of you for letting go of your inhibitions and doing all that kinky shit. So, what did you like and hate the most?”

“Honestly, I loved it all for different reasons. The spanking made me feel ashamed. Getting used as a urinal was humiliating. And getting gang banged made me feel like a common whore.”

“And the piercings?”

“Submissive. It was when Mistress Lori pushed that first needle through my nipple that I felt the most submissive. I didn’t bat an eye when she told me to get the needles and tongs and I did not hesitate when she did it. After everything I’ve done these last two nights, I think that defined my submissiveness.”

“Does this mean I get to dominate you?”

“Maybe it does. But not tonight. I’m all fucked out and need some rest.”

“That’s okay. Take all the time you need.”

“Thanks hun. Are you sure you’re okay with what I did tonight?”

“Did you enjoy what you did?”

“Every second of it.”

“Then I couldn’t be happier for you.”

“You know this means you’re going to have to go out and do something crazy, right?”

“I think that can be arranged. I’ve been thinking about a side job.”

“Why? We’re not hurting for money.”

“Maybe job isn’t the right word. No, I think hobby is a more apt description”

“Do tell,” Susan said, sitting on the couch and cuddling up next to her husband.

“I want to become a magician.”

“Bwahahahaha! Oh god, that’s hilarious.”

“I’m serious. I want to do magic. It’s something I’ve wanted to do ever since I was a little kid.”

“This is the first I’m hearing of it.”



“That’s because I’ve never felt comfortable talking about it before. But I’ve been working on some illusions that I think will blow people’s minds.”

“Show me.”

“I’m not ready yet.”

“You’re all talk. You don’t know the first thing about magic, sweetie. You can’t even do a card trick.”

“I’ll show you one illusion but you must swear to keep it a secret until I’m ready to go on stage.”

“Okay.”

“Say it.”

“I swear to keep it secret.”

“Then prepare to be dazzled.”

Getting up from the couch, Simon walked to the middle of the room and paced back and forth, occasionally looking nervously at his wife as his pace quickened. Back and forth. To and fro. Faster. Faster. Thinking of Simone, she waved his arms and hands about in a manner that allowed him to press the plates on the bracelet without suspicion while almost silently whispering the incantation. Height shortened. Waist narrowed. Hips and ass rounded as his hair grew longer and limbs thinner and more toned until he stood before her as a woman.

“HOLY SHIT! You... you’re a woman! How did you do that?”

“Magic,” Simone smirked. “And a good magician never reveals her secrets. “I call this one Simone. What do you think?”

“Sexy. But how in the fuck did you do it really?” Getting up from the couch, she approached the beautiful woman that was her husband. Reaching out a shaking hand, she groped Simone’s left breast. “It feels so real.”

“That’s because it is real,” Simone said. “Go ahead, give my pussy a few fingers. That’s real too. For all intents and purposes I am a woman until I want to be

otherwise.”

“Unbelievable!” Susan said, pushing three fingers into Simone’s pussy. “Can you change into anything else?”

“I can. How would you like to meet Marcus?”

“Okay.”

“Get back on the couch and prepare to be amazed.”

“I don’t think I can be anymore amazed than I already am,” Susan said, taking a big step back and plopping down on the couch as her husband turned woman once again began pacing back and forth. When he came to a stop, she stared at a black man with the largest cock she had ever seen in her life.

“Think you can handle my big black cock?”

“I think I’d like to give it a try, but I am so sore from being gang banged and fisted.”

“So, still think I don’t know a thing about magic?”

“I sit corrected.”

“And since you doubted my abilities, you’re going to bend over the couch and take my cock in your pussy and up your ass until I come. Understood?”

“But I...yes Master,” Susan said, rolling into position.

“I do like the sound of that,” Marcus said, stepping behind Susan and shoving eleven of his fourteen fat inches into her gaping pussy.

Having mastered transforming into more than a dozen different men and women, Simon finally made the leap to animals. Finding a remote place in the park, he pressed the place etched with a dog followed by the ankh while thinking of a Siberian husky – his favorite breed. As his bones twisted and repositioned themselves, his ears lengthened and his hair thickened – turning into fur as his face contorted into that of a snout.

Simon's senses were all over the place as his human/canine mind fought to make sense of the world around him. While his hearing greatly intensified to the point he could pinpoint the squirrel knocking a walnut against a rock fifty yards away, and two women walking the trail thirty yards to his left, his vision was another thing. The world looked muted and strangely captivating. While the trunks of trees appeared a duller shade of brown, the leaves appeared white. As did the grass all around him. In fact, all he could see with his new canine vision were shades of grey, blue and yellow that took several moments to get used to.

His hands, now paws, felt far less sensitive which made sense considering he had to use them to walk on. Looking down, he saw the bracelet wrapped tightly around his right paw and wondered how he was supposed to transform back into a human without a voice to speak the words. Awkwardly pressing the plates with a claw, he barked the incantation and once more became human. "Oh, thank god," he said with a great deal of relief before turning back into a dog.

Taking to the trails, Simon explored the world around him from the canine perspective – finding himself using his sense of smell more than any of the five with hearing coming in a close second. Taking off in a full sprint to test his speed, he darted down the tightly packed dirt paths much quicker than his human legs could ever carry him.

Going left towards the sounds of sex, he came to a small clearing where a man and woman were getting it on – the latter naked, hands bound by rope to a tree and mouth gagged as the former took her from behind. Lucky motherfucker, Simon thought as he looked the lovely, twenty-something brunette up and down – his eyes fixed on her swinging breasts. That is until he realized something was not right. Her movements were all wrong. While her wrists were bound, they

were also bloody as if she were struggling. And her legs. She was kicking at the man as if to make him leave her alone. And though her mouth was gagged, she was clearly screaming as tears flowed down her cheeks.

The man picked a knife up from the ground and thrust it in the woman's face. "I told you to shut the fuck up and take it like the bitch you are or you'll get cut. Is that what you want, whore? You want me to cut that pretty face of yours?"

Simon's reaction was immediate and without regard to his own health and safety. Had he been a normal dog he probably would have walked off and let the couple engage in their kinky sex, but he was no ordinary dog and he knew rape when he saw it. Lunging from the trees, he landed hard on the man's right side with teeth bared and claws fully extended, knocking him off the woman and causing him to drop the knife.

"You stupid fucking mutt!" the rapist exclaimed. "I'll rip your god damn throat out!"

*Not before I rip yours out, Simon thought with a growl, lunging again and sinking his large teeth into the man's inner thigh a mere two inches from his dick. The man rolled away in pain and made for the knife, but Simon's reflexes were quicker. Latching onto the man's wrist he tore through skin and bone. A hit to the side of the head dazed Simon momentarily and his jaws released enough for the rapist to get away. The man ran for his life, but Simon was on him in seconds, jumping on his back and knocking him to the ground. Rage welling up inside, he bit into the man's left shoulder while raking his sharp claws all over his back – leaving bloody, cuts and scratches in their wake.*

The rapist, bloody and fighting for his life, knocked Simon the dog off his back, scrambled to his feet and ran while he still could. Though Simon's first instinct was to give chase and tear the man to shreds, he waited a moment and then returned to the crying, frightened woman. Nudging her side in an attempt to let her know it was over, he scratched and bit at the thin rope until it finally came loose and the woman fell to the ground.

"Y-You saved my life," she cried, wrapping her arms around Simon's furry neck and hugging him tight. Simon allowed her to hold him for as long as she felt comfortable doing so and then stood guard as she gathered her scattered clothes and got dressed. And then he walked alongside her the entire mile and a half

back to the parking lot before she finally ran into someone with a phone. Only when the police arrived did he dart off knowing he had just saved one life and put the fear of god into another.

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Euphoric at what he had done, adrenaline coursing through his canine body like a raging river, Simon transformed into an eagle and took flight – soaring over the streets below as their winged protector. Landing on the limb of an old oak tree, he stared into the living room window of a two story house and watched a family of five watching television together and a new fetish was born.

Excited at the possibilities, Simon took to the skies flying randomly from house to house to see what he could catch people in the act of – even stopping off at home to see Susan bent over the bed with a plug up her ass and a fist in her pussy. But it was not in the homes that he found a woman that piqued his interest. Her name was April Harris, as he would later find out – a nineteen year old college student majoring in biology. At first glance she was just another shy, baggy-clothes-wearing plain Jane, but beneath it all, Simon could see the beauty she fought so hard to disguise with black-rimmed glasses, oversized shirts and sweatpants.

Simon could not explain why he found April so interesting, but perched in the branches of a maple tree, he watched her sipping coffee and knew deep inside that he needed to get to know her better. And he soon discovered that the April Harris out in public was vastly different than the April Harris at home.

No sooner was the door closed behind April's sexy ass, then she was out of her clothes. Walking to a small closet, she withdrew several items and laid them out on the coffee table. A purple leather collar. Headband with ears. Latex leggings and gloves with patterns of black, brown and white. A sizable butt plug with what looked like a dog's tail attached to it. As he watched through the split in the curtains, Simon's interest was piqued and he watched as she seductively put the leggings on, followed by the gloves, collar, headband and finally the plug. Dropping onto her hands and knees, Simon got the distinct impression that she was going for the look of a puppy and pulling it off in spades.

*Holy shit that's hot as fuck, Simon thought as April crawled through the living room and into the kitchen. Taking flight, he swooped down along the back side of*

*the house in time to see her lapping water from a replenished pet waterer with metal bowl and nearly full gallon container. Having her fill of water, April crawled to the refrigerator, opened the door and withdrew a covered plate which she sat on the counter. Uncovering it, she grabbed a knife and carefully sliced the stake into small strips to make into a stir-fry.*

Her meal cooked, she scraped the contents of the pan into the large metal bowl next to the waterer and then dropped onto her hands and knees to eat like a good puppy.

After dinner the action moved to the basement where Simon had no windows in which to view. Disappointed, he took flight in search of someone else to peep in on. But, finding nothing else of interest, he returned to the park, found a secluded spot despite the late hour and transformed back into his human form before walking back to his car and driving home to his wife.