



Fetish
UNDERGROUND

Crimson Rose



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I had been driving by the Fetish Underground – a not-so-underground bdsm club, for the better part of two years before finally getting the courage to venture inside. Parking, I grabbed the bag from the passenger seat, got out and walked up to the huge brick building that, prior to becoming a fetish club, once served as a warehouse. Already dressed in accordance to the rules – a metallic gunmetal grey button up shirt, black vest with zipper front closure and three buckle detailing, silver neck chain with attached buttons, black slacks and combat boots, I walked up to the gorgeous brunette woman standing in the small booth, showed my ID, paid my fee and had my hand stamped.

The burly man standing to the right of the door pulled it open. I thanked him and went inside. It was everything I had dreamed of and more. The large open play space was filled with strategically placed equipment and furniture with socializing areas containing couches, chairs and tables off to the left and right. Spiral staircases led up to a wide balcony and multiple themed play rooms and hanging from the ceiling were cages occupied by barely dressed women swaying to the music thumping throughout the club.

There were Saint Andrews crosses, spanking benches, kneelers and sawhorses. There were bondage beds and several types of swings from straight board ones you might see on a playground to those specifically designed for sex. And toys. Whips, canes, floggers, paddles and crops hung from support beams while dildos, vibrators, wands, butt plugs and anal beads lined shelves. And then there were the other people in every state of dress and undress one could imagine from fully clothed like me to butt naked like the woman strapped to a spanking bench while her Master caned her behind.

One of the few clubs permitting full-on sexual contact I saw men and women giving blowjobs. Two women performing a sixty-nine. A man fucking another up the ass – not my thing but, whatever, to each their own. And towards the back of the club at least a dozen men and women participating in an orgy. There were men and women of all ages from eighteen to fifty-something. Black. White. Hispanic. Asian. Fat, Thin. Tall. Short. It truly was a mix of all walks of life and that could not have made me happier.

Walking around, I saw many beautiful women, but none more stunning than one walking in my direction. From her tall, lithe body, small perky breasts and round hips leading to well-toned legs and her long sandy-blonde hair hanging nearly to her sculpted ass she was the picture of perfection. And the sexy nun outfit she wore consisting of a black dress with high white neck and front panel with black cross accent and gold trim, cut-out bust, tulip skirt with gold trim and gold cross appliques, a black and white habit, black fingerless gloves with gold cross detailing, and white thigh high stockings with black cross detailing made me want to confess all of my sins.

“Excuse me,” I said as she drew closer. She stopped and stared at me with the sexiest, most piercing grey eyes I had ever seen.

“Yes?”

“Sorry to bug you, but I just had to say that has got to be one of the sexiest outfits I’ve ever seen.”

“Thanks.”

“Seriously, I kind of want to confess all my sins to you now,” I nervously smiled.

“I think that can be arranged. What is your preference?”

“I’m submissive. You?”

“Versatile. Call me forward, but do you just like the costume or what’s in it as well?”

“Honestly? I think you’re one of the most stunningly beautiful women I’ve ever seen.”

“Thanks. And you’re pretty damn sexy yourself. I’m Willow, by the way, and you are?”

“Mason.”

“Pleasure to meet you Mason. So tell me, are you open-minded?”

“I like to think so.”

“Would you be up for a bit of pegging?”

“Not really my thing, but if you’re the one doing the pegging I think I might be open to giving it a try.”

“Oh, I’ll definitely be the one doing the pegging, but if you’re not comfortable doing it then we can always discuss other fun things we can do.”

“If you use a small toy I’ll try it.”

“I won’t be using a toy,” she grinned.

“Um, okay, then I obviously have pegging all wrong.”

“Would you like to get head down and ass up right here, bend over one of the benches or take it to the free bed? Would you like to be restrained or no?”

“You want to do it right here?”

“Look around you, Mason, no one is really going to care if we screw in the middle of the room.”

“O-Okay. Sorry, this is my first time to a bdsm club.”

“No need to apologize. There are hangers there on the support column for your clothes. I would like you completely naked and kneeling.”

“Yes Mistress.” She smiled and I unzipped my vest. Grabbing one of the plastic hangers I hung it up and the rest of my clothes followed while she remained fully dressed. “Um, are you taking your clothes off as well, Mistress?”

“Not yet. Nice body.” Eyes going down, she took my semi-hard cock in hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. “Kneel.” As if I had been fully trained, I did not hesitate in getting on my knees in front of her. She reached under her dress and pulled her panties down. Stepping out of them, she looked into my eyes as the dress went up over her hips revealing an impressive cock and set of balls.

Gasping, I fell back on my ass. “Holy shit! You...you’re a...you have a dick!”

“I do. Is that a problem?”

“I’m not gay.”

“Please correct me if I’m wrong, but you did say you were open to letting me peg you right?”

“Yes but I thought you would be using a toy, not a real dick. Jesus Christ, I thought you were a woman.”

“I am. And until you saw my cock you thought I was the most stunningly beautiful woman you had ever seen so what’s the problem? I really want to peg your ass, but the choice is yours. If you want to experience something new and exciting then open your mouth and get me hard. And if not then just say so and I’ll move along,” she said, moving her dick closer as she caressed my right cheek. Her cock inched a little closer and I could almost feel it on my lips.

I parted them to tell her this was beyond my comfort level but she took it to mean I wanted to continue and she slid into my mouth. I froze and she went deeper. “Don’t worry, hun, just start sucking. We’ll decide later whether you’re a cock-hungry sissy by how much pre-cum leaks out of your all of sudden very hard dick.” She purred. I wanted to pull back, to bitch her out for what she was doing, but when I looked up into her eyes I knew there was no going back. Swallowing my pride, I slowly bobbed my head back and forth. “That’s it. Don’t think. Just react. Do what comes natural. Slide your tongue along the shaft. Feel the tip hit the back of your throat. Feel it growing in your mouth. That’s all thanks to you, Mason. If you want to make me really happy take me down your throat and hold it there. Show me how much you love my cock.”

Having a dick in my mouth, whether it was attached to a beautiful transsexual or not, was by far the most humiliating and degrading things I had ever done. It was hard yet soft at the same time. It was warm. Throbbing. And leaking pre-cum which, to my surprise had little to no taste. I wanted to stop. I really did. But when I saw the look of euphoria on her face, a look caused by my tongue swirling just under the head of her cock as I wrapped my brain around what I was doing, I could not bring myself to do so.

“That’s enough,” Willow moaned. “Get in position so I can peg your tight ass.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.” Turning around, I lowered my upper body. Folding my arms, I placed my forehead on them and spread my legs. When the lube hit my asshole I flinched, knowing the point of no return was fast approaching. Using a finger,

she spread it around. More was added and this time it was the head of her cock I felt pressing on my back door. Biting my lip, I tried to do my best to relax as the pressure grew more intense. “UHN!” Giving up, my sphincter released and she slipped in. “Holy hell!”

“Good boy,” Willow purred. “Since this is obviously your first time I’ll let you take control.”

“Thank you Mistress, but I’m not sure I can. Please just fuck me.”

“What was that?”

“Please fuck me, Mistress.”

“Are you sure that’s what you want?” she asked, lightly tracing a finger down my spine as her cock slipped deeper into me.

“YES Mistress!” I replied. And to prove it I pushed back, not stopping until I had taken every millimeter of her throbbing pole. “Please fuck me, Mistress. I want to feel your cock slamming in and out of me. My friends are going to think I’m gay, but I want you to creampie my ass, Mistress.”

“You’re friends aren’t going to think you’re gay because they’re going to want to fuck me too.”

“That’s never going to happen, Mistress. They’re not even submissive.”

“We’ll talk about it after we’ve had our fun.”

“Yes Mistress.” Her fingernails dug into my hips. She pulled back until only the head of her cock was in my ass and then I was filled as all eight inches pushed deep. “Uhn...uhn. Balling my hands into fists, I grunted and shoved back. “Jesus Christ I love your cock.” I knew I had just openly proclaimed my love for dick in front of about a hundred people that most likely thought I was at the least bisexual and it should have humiliated the hell out of me, but all I felt in that moment was pure, unadulterated pleasure.

Willow grabbed my hair and yanked my head up just as a man stepped in front of me cock out. “I...mmmm...I’m not gay,” I grunted. But my lips parted and I took the man into my mouth. If being fucked by a gorgeous tranny did not make

me bisexual then certainly sucking an actual man off certainly did. Now on all fours being spit-roasted my cock throbbed. I had not touched myself since walking into the club so imagine my surprise when I suddenly shot my load all over the floor.

“Mmmm...that’s a good cock-hungry slut,” Willow cooed. “Make sure you swallow every drop or I’ll have to discipline you.” I started to move my head back to say something but stopped when she continued. “No, don’t stop until you drink his sweet cream unless you no longer want mine flooding your ass.” I went back to sucking the man off without further interruption.

My gay threesome turned into a cock-sucking train as the man came down my throat, thanked me and walked away only to be replaced by another as Willow continued pounding my ass with no hint of slowing down. I know all I had to do was say the word and it would come to an immediate stop but my cock had grown hard again but truth be told I quickly realized three things. One, I loved being pegged by a beautiful transsexual. Two, I loved the varied taste of semen. And three, the feeling of a hard cock sliding down my throat was a surefire way to get me hard as steel without ever touching myself.

One cock became two, three, five and finally eight before Willow could not hold back any longer and she started cumming deep in my bowels. Pulling off the man I was sucking I spun around and took a glob on the face as I moved in to take her in my mouth and down my throat. When I did, the man I had been sucking grabbed my hips and shoved his cock into my ass. I grunted as his thicker rod stretched me open, but I did not stop sucking Willow off until I had drained her of every last drop.

“Guess you really like cock after all, huh?”

“Yes Mistress, I really think I do. Please tell me we can do this again sometime.”

“You’re not stopping now are you? There’s at least a dozen men lined up to take you.”

Looking back over my shoulder, I saw a long line of men. “Will it please you if I let them all take me, Mistress?”

“It would.”

“Then that’s what I’ll do Mistress, but only if I can suck you off and fuck your sexy ass.”

“You can fuck me after Matt is finished.”

“Thank you Mistress. I can’t wait.”

The moment Matt’s cock pulled out of my ass I was taking Willow from behind and it took every ounce of restraint I could muster not to shoot in the first three seconds. Though she had taken on the role of dominant, she did not seem to mind me taking control even if for the few minutes it took to dump my load in her. When my cock went soft and I slid from her ass, I got back on all fours and let the next man in line screw me.

Like a lot of horny men I've had my fair share of gang bang fantasies and like each and every one of them I never gave a second thought to just how exhausting it was to be on the receiving end. Until now. After sucking and being fucked by twenty-three men and a stunning transsexual I had a new appreciation for what women went through. I wanted to do more with Mistress Willow, but after nearly five straight hours of sex I was beyond exhausted. "I really want you to dominate me, Mistress, but I'm not entirely sure I can even get up. Off the floor that is," I said, leaning against the support pillar to my left.

"I think you've done enough for one night. It really was a pleasure playing with you, Mason."

"The pleasure was all mine, Mistress."

"I think we both know that's not true," she smirked. "I honestly hope this isn't our last scene together."

"Me too, Mistress. I'm still curious as to how you plan on getting my friends to have sex with you."

"Meet me here tomorrow night and we'll talk about it."

"I'll be here Mistress. And thank you for showing me the joys of cock. I'm not entirely sure what this makes me, but I'm glad I let it happen."

"Glad to be of service. Now, in all seriousness, are you looking for a Mistress to serve?"

"I would serve you in a heartbeat, Mistress, but I think I'd rather get to know you better before taking that step."

"Good answer." Leaning down, she kissed me.

"I could really use some water, Mistress."

“Unfortunately, food and drink aren’t permitted in the play space, so let me help you get dressed and to the social area and I’ll get you a bottle from the bar.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Grabbing my boxers, I got to my feet and started putting them on.

“Wait,” Mistress said. “Bend over and I’ll plug your ass so you’re not dripping semen everywhere. And don’t worry about the toy, I’ll take care of the cost.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Standing, I braced my hands on the support column and spread my legs as I backed up. Plucking a fat plug from a shelf, she lubed it up and pushed it into my ass. I winced, but took it without complaint. “Uhn. Thank you for plugging my ass Mistress. How big is it?”

“Seven inches long, two and a half thick and you took it like a champ. How does it feel?”

“It hurts, but only because my ass has been fucked raw by all those men, Mistress.” Pulling my boxers up, I stepped into my pants and then slipped my shoes on. “I can’t believe I did a gay gang bang,” I said more to myself than Willow. “I can’t believe I freaking loved it”

“There’s no shame in enjoying some same sex action,” Willow said. “I love a man, especially a straight man able to put his inhibitions aside and enjoy new things and seeing you gang banged by all those men was an incredible turn on for me.”

“I’m glad you liked it Mistress.”

“What really matters is if you liked it. Did you? Honestly?”

“I can say in all honesty that I liked every second of it, Mistress. If I wasn’t so damn exhausted I’d happily do it again right now. I still can’t believe I’m saying it, but I also really like the taste of semen,” I said as I put my shirt on. “And the feeling of gagging on a big fat cock. Jesus, I loved everything they did to me, Mistress.”

“I really am pleased you liked it, but your emotions are no doubt running wild right now and you might not feel the same come tomorrow. That being said, let’s go sit down and get to know each other.”

“Yes Mistress. And yes, my emotions are all over the place right now, but I honestly feel no guilt, shame or remorse for what I did. Seriously, just say the word and I’ll gladly suck your cock again.”

“I appreciate it, but I’ve definitely had enough sex for one night. Go ahead and take a seat and I’ll grab us something to drink.”

“Yes Mistress.”

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Willow returned with two bottles of water. She handed one to me and I thanked her. Opening it, I downed the entire thing in one long drink. “Aahhhh! Man, I needed that. Thank you Mistress.”

“You’re welcome. Here, take this one but sip, don’t gulp.”

“You need something to drink as well, Mistress.”

“I’ll go get another.”

“Thank you Mistress.” She walked back towards the bar and I stared at her perfect ass swaying and marveled at how feminine she was. So feminine, in fact, that there was a pretty damn good chance she could fool my friends as long as they did not go for her crotch and a plan was forming in my mind. When she returned, she sat two bottles on the table and sat across from me. “You really are incredibly beautiful Mistress.”

“Thank you.”

“I’ve been thinking about what you said about my friends wanting to have sex with you and I think I have an idea how to spark their interest if you’re willing to get kinky.”

“Are you forgetting where we are? What do you have in mind?”

“How do you feel about a bukakke with me and a few friends?”

“I’m listening.”

“I know I’ve said it several times, but you really are the most stunningly beautiful woman I’ve ever seen and I’m sure my friends will agree as long as they don’t see your cock. I suggest jerking and sucking us off and only showing your dick after you’ve made us all cum all over your pretty face.”

“I’m not comfortable tricking people like that.”

“It didn’t seem to bother you when we met, Mistress.”

“I showed you my cock before we did anything and you made the choice to take it. If I do this with your friends I’ll give them the same choice or I won’t do it at all. You need to understand that not everyone is as open-minded as you and I’ve been in some pretty fucked up situations thanks to not telling my partners and I vowed to never put myself in that position again.”

“I understand, Mistress. Do you have another suggestion on how to get them interested? I mean, you seemed really certain when you said they’ll want to have sex with you.”

“We can discuss the details when the time comes, but I’d like to get to know you and your friends better before having sex outside of the club setting.”

“I understand, Mistress. So, what would you like to know about me?”

“How old are you?”

“Twenty-three, Mistress.”

“You’re obviously submissive, but you did show a bit of dominance when you took me like you owned me. Which do you prefer and how long have you been submissive?”

“I’m definitely more submissive and I’ve been as long as I can remember. Can I ask how old you are, Mistress, and how long you’ve been transsexual? I mean, I know you were born this way, but I guess what I’m asking is how long you’ve been taking hormones to transition?”

“I’m twenty-five and I’ve been on HRT for the last nine years. And like I said before I’m versatile when it comes to all of my preferences. I can top or bottom, be submissive or dominant depending on who I’m with. I’m also very open-

mindful with very few limits. For instance, what would you say if I asked you to kneel, take my cock in your mouth and drink my pee?”

“I’d say yes Mistress. I’ve never tasted anyone else’s, but I have pissed on myself more than once and drank a little from time to time. I can’t promise I’ll be able to get every drop down but I’ll give it a try if you want to use me as a urinal.” Sliding out of my chair I got onto my knees and opened my mouth.”

Willow stood, pulled her dress up and moved her panties to the side. Stepping in front of me, she aimed her cock and started to pee. My mouth quickly filled and the stream stopped. I swallowed. She filled my mouth and stopped again – showing a level of control I could only dream of. After each mouthful she stepped a little closer until the head of her cock was resting on my lower lip for the last one. I drank it down and wanted to suck her off but she moved back before I could.

“Good job. You didn’t spill a drop.”

“Thanks to your amazing control, Mistress. Seriously, I don’t know how you did it.”

“Practice.”

“Well, I’ll certainly like to practice drinking yours again, Mistress. And just so you know, I don’t have many limits either. That being said, this is the first time I’ve ever submitted to anyone so I only have my feelings towards various perversions to go on, but I if doing a gay gang bang taught you anything about me it’s that I’m willing to experiment with things way out of my comfort zone.”

“Which I really like about you. Answer this. Now that you’ve been with men and women, which do you prefer?”

“Honestly? I prefer you, Mistress.”

“That’s sweet, but I’m being serious.”

“So am I, Mistress. I don’t know how else to put it so I’ll just say now that I like the cock you’re the best of both worlds. This probably makes me sound like a crazy stalker person, but you really are perfect in every conceivable way. But to answer your question, I think I like pussy and cock equally now. Sorry if that’s

not the answer you're looking for, but I still love pussy too much to give it up."

"The only answer I'm looking for is the truth, Mason, and as long as you're honest with me I can see us being more than friends."

"I'd like that Mistress," I yawned. "Sorry. I think the endorphins have run their course and I'm starting to crash."

"No need to apologize. You've been through a lot. Are you okay to drive home? If not I'll be more than happy to take you to a hotel for the night. To sleep," she added, the left side of her mouth curling into a smile.

"I don't live too far from here Mistress. I should be fine, but thanks for the offer." Getting up off the floor, I gave her a kiss. Despite having just drank her piss she did not hesitate in kissing me back. "Goodnight, Mistress, it truly was a pleasure."

Waking, I rolled over and looked at the large plug sitting on the nightstand and the events of the previous night came flooding back. I wanted to feel guilty and ashamed, but try as I might all I felt was pure, unadulterated excitement. Getting out of bed, I grabbed the toy and went to the bathroom. After using the toilet and brushing my teeth I turned the water in the tub on and while it heated up I sucked the plug down my throat – holding it there until my eyes started watering. When it was thoroughly coated with saliva I put my left foot on the toilet, adjusted the right and then eased the plug into my ass.

“Uuhhnnn...Jesus Christ that feels good,” I moaned as my cock sprang to life. Unable to stop myself I started jerking off. I then remembered something I saw last night. Sitting on the cool floor, I leaned down and attempted to suck my own cock. I got close, but I just could not get there. Not one to give up, I kept trying. Losing balance, I fell over. Bringing my legs back, I kept going and then it happened. My lips touched the head of my cock and I nearly exploded all over my face.

Turned on by the knowledge I was so close to self-sucking, I redoubled my efforts and after several more minutes of bouncing and putting my flexibility to the test, I was sucking about an inch past the head. Unfortunately, no matter how hard I tried, I could not get any further. Content with my progress, I sucked my own cock until flooding my own mouth with my own semen. Savoring it on my tongue, I reached up, yanked the plug from my ass and then rammed it back in. Fucking myself, I swooshed the semen around my mouth as my cock once again grew hard. Ramming the plug up my ass and leaving it there, I swallowed and then went back to sucking my cock.

Gulping down the second load, I put my legs down and then hopped in the shower. I really, really wanted to suck myself some more, to fuck my ass with the fat plug but I would be meeting my new Mistress later and needed to conserve my energy. Leaving the plug up my ass I stepped out of the shower, dried off, dressed and went to the kitchen to grab a bite to eat. Two and a half inches, I thought as the plug went a little deeper when I sat down. Mmmm... wonder if Mistress if going to fist me. “Yes,” I said, deciding she would

definitely fist me before this night was over.

After breakfast I drove to an adult toy store I knew about an hour away and was greeted by a pretty brunette woman named Bianca. “Morning,” she said sounding bored. “Can I help you find anything?”

I should have been embarrassed, but again all I felt was excitement. “I’m looking for some larger toys so my Mistress can fist my ass.”

“Nice,” she smiled. “How big can you currently take?”

“Um, I’m wearing a two and a half plug right now.”

“Ouch. Sounds like you’re well on your way then. The plugs are on the shelves in the back and to the left. Since you’re nearly there you could just get a few toys incrementally larger than the one you’re wearing or you could buy a complete set, but seeing as how you’re pretty stretched you might not want or need the smaller ones. Dildos are on the wall to your left and if you’re looking for gags they’re in the back to the right. Paddles, floggers, canes and the like are on the wall to your left and videos and magazines are in the center aisles.”

“Cool. Thanks. Um, know much about bdsm?”

“A bit. Anything I can help you with?”

“Just curious what you would suggest in terms of toys for someone just starting to build their collection.”

“I suppose that all depends on what you’re into. Obviously larger plugs, beads and dildos to help with the fisting. We do sell two shaped exactly like an open and closed hand for the fisting experience when your Mistress isn’t there to do it or you don’t feel like doing it yourself. Are you just looking for a few toys for personal use or building a play room?”

“First one then the other?”

“I guess the next question would be how much money are you working with? That will at least put a cap on what you’re able to purchase today.”

After thinking about it a moment I answered. “I’ve got about three grand on a

credit card I can use.”

“Jesus! That’ll get you quite a lot. Do you live with your Mistress or trying to build something for when she visits?”

“Something for when she visits.”

“Well, I’d start with the basics. Dildos, anal beads, plugs and the like. Then get some gags, restraints, maybe some clamps and definitely things for discipline. We don’t sell them here, but I can give you a few websites where you can get larger pieces of equipment and furniture. I’m sort of addicted to Saint Andrews personally, but that’s just my opinion.”

“Being tied to one? Are you submissive?”

“Yes and yes. Honestly, I have a thing for being bound, gagged and helpless while being taken over and over. God, that really gets me off.”

“Nice. How long have you been submissive if you don’t mind me asking?”

“Um, would you believe all my life?”

“Yes, yes I would. I’m actually the same. Went to my first bdsm club last night and met a beautiful transsexual woman. She was my first cock and holy shit I loved it.” I had no idea why I was confessing this to her, but now that I started I found it hard to stop. “While sucking her off a bunch of men lined up behind me. I was scared shitless and humiliated but I let them gang bang me.”

“That’s fucking hot.”

“It really was. I freaking loved everything they did to me. Willow, the transsexual woman I met is my new Mistress.”

“Wait, Willow? Willow Pearce? Tall, thin-framed, long blonde hair with perfect, perky natural tits and stunning grey eyes?”

“Um, yeah, that sounds exactly like her. You know her?”

“I do. She is a wonderful woman and an excellent Domme. I’m guessing you were at the Fetish Underground then?”

“Yeah.”

“That place is amazing. I will give you one bit of advice concerning Willow. If you haven’t already figured it out she’s an incredibly perverted woman with few, if any, limits.”

“She told me.”

“It’s true. If you accept her as your Mistress she will honor your limits, but at the same time test them at every turn unless you firmly tell her no. That’s how I ended up with pierced nipples and a submissive tattoo.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. I’d show you but it’s on my mound.”

“I understand. Can you tell me what it’s a tattoo of?”

“It’s a triskelion with breeding and dairy slave written around the outer edge.”

“Nice. Um, are you?” She stood up and I saw her lower half for the first time including a belly that looked to be maybe five or six months pregnant. “Not gonna lie, that’s hot.”

“Thanks.”

“Do you mind me asking how many you’ve had?”

“This is my third pregnancy, but fourth and fifth babies.”

“Wow!”

“I just saw your cock twitch in your pants,” she grinned. “Guess you really do like that I’m a breeding slave.”

“I honestly do.”

“If you’re interested I’m also lactating. Have been for three years non-stop now.”

“Sorry if this sounds creepy, but I have a breastfeeding fantasy. I’d love to find a woman to nurse me. Anyways, I better get to shopping before I say something

I'll regret." To my surprise she looked from me to the door and back and then pulled her right breast out of the top of her tee shirt. "Are you serious?"

"I wouldn't have my tit out if I wasn't. I'll let you drink your fill if you show me the plug in your ass."

"Um, aren't you worried someone will walk in and catch us in the act?"

"Not really." Unbuttoning my pants, I pulled them and my boxers down. Turning, I bent and showed her the base of the plug sticking out of my ass. "I want to see how big it really is." Reaching back, I tugged it out and held it up. "Damn! That is a big one. Go ahead and put it in and you can drink as much milk as you want."

Shoving the plug up my ass, I pulled my pants up and walked over to the counter. "I'm Mason by the way."

"Bianca," she said holding her hand out to me.

"Pleasure to meet you," I said offering the hand I did not use to play with the plug. She shook it and then gave her exposed breasts a squeeze. A droplet of milk appeared and I latched on. As I sucked down the sweet nectar she ran her fingers through my hair. "Mmmm, even better than I imagined."

"Less talking, more drinking."

Not one to disobey an order, I latched back on and started sucking. It was, without a doubt, the most delicious fluid to ever fill my mouth but I was not content with just sucking her nipple. Testing how far I could go, I gently bit and rolled it between my teeth. She squealed but did not stop me so I bit a little harder and then pulled back, avoiding the barbell and letting it slowly slide free.

"Mmmm...that's nice," she moaned "but you're supposed to be drinking."

"Do you want me to stop playing?"

"No."

"Is there somewhere we can sit with you on my lap?"

“Yes, yes there is.” Taking a step back she put her breast back in her shirt, locked the door, flipped the sign to closed, drew the blind and then took my hand. Taking me to the back of the shop, she pointed to a chair with a long tapered dildo attached to it. “You can sit on that.”

I looked at the dildo and then to her. “You have some lube?” she grabbed a bottle from a nearby shelf and I took my pants and underwear off. I lubed the dildo, turned, straddled the chair and sank down on the huge toy. Bianca smiled and pulled my shirt off over my head.

“I don’t normally do this, but you’re really sexy and I’m horny as hell,” she said, taking her pants off. Straddling my legs, she lowered herself down on my cock – her added weight causing me to take more of the thick toy up my ass. I grunted as it stretched me open but I was not about to stop her. Hand on the back of my head, she pulled my mouth to her nipple and I sucked and she bounced up and down on my cock.

“Not what I meant by sit on my lap, but I’m not complaining. Shame you’re already pregnant.”

“I won’t be in four months,” she purred.

“Talk like that will have me in here screwing you every night.”

“I won’t complain as long as you promise to continue draining my breasts.”

Holding her by the hips, I thrust up into her. Grabbing a handful of her shoulder length hair I kissed her. Our tongues twisted and twirled around each other. The first thought through my head was to dominate her if only to even out my submission to Willow. “Who knocked you up? Are you married? Have a boyfriend?”

“I was knocked up all three times at the Fetish Underground. I honestly don’t know who the father of any of my babies are. And I’m single so there’s no one you have to worry about.”

“How many times are you going to be bred like a sexy little bitch?”

“This is the last one planned with Mistress Willow but I’ll more than willingly let you give me a few more Master.”

“I like the sound of that, but I’m mostly submissive like you.”

“So, you don’t want to dominate me, Master?”

“I definitely do, but you need to understand I have no experience doing so.”

“Then I’ll gladly let you practice on me.”

“Why? Don’t get me wrong, I love that you’re willing, but you don’t even know me.”

“We can get to know each other and honestly I just love the thought of submitting to a submissive if that makes any sense. Anyways, please drink my milk and fill me with your load, Master. We can talk about the rest afterward. One more thing, you wanted to be stretched to take a fist, right?”

“Yes.”

“Congratulations! Thanks to the dildo stuffing your ass you can now easily take at least small fists. WHOA!” she screeched when I lifted her off of me. “What are you doing?”

Standing, I turned and placed my hands on the back of the chair. “Prove it. Fist me.”

“Seriously Master?”

“Unless you were lying to me.”

“I wasn’t lying Master.”

She picked up the bottle of lube and coated her hands. Scrunching the fingers of her right hand into a cone, she eased them into my ass. There was a slight pressure and then my sphincter snapped closed around her wrist. I felt her hand ball into a fist and push deeper. And then it was yanked free. There was a brief moment where time stood still and then I was filled with her left hand. Left out, right in. Right out, left in. “Uhn...uhn...” Alternating hands, she fisted me harder. Deeper. Faster. “Uhn! H-H-Holy fucking hell!”

“I told you,” she giggled. “You’re asshole is wrecked. But don’t worry, it’ll

return mostly to normal in a day or two.”

Standing, I spun around, grabbed her, turned her around and bent her over. She placed her hands on the chair and to my surprise kept going until the dildo that had been in my ass moments ago was now in her mouth. Holding her hips. I slammed into her balls deep. After a minute or so I placed a hand on the back of her head and pushed down until she was gagging on the thick silicone toy – letting up only when she started struggling. Pulling her upright, I spun her around and impaled myself on the dildo and then pulled her down on my cock. She fucked herself for several seconds reverse cowgirl and then turned around. I latched onto her left nipple and sucked more of her milk into my mouth.

Bianca and I went at it for about half an hour until I finally came deep in her pussy. Holding her, I continued drinking her milk for another ten or fifteen. We kissed a few times and then she lazily got to her feet. “That. Was. Amazing.” She cooed. “Please tell me we can do it again, Master.”

“And again, and again and again. I can drink your milk all day.”

“I know this is forward given that we just met but after that fucking I feel the need to ask: are you seeing anyone, Master?”

“Only you,” I smiled.

“I’m being serious, Master. I’ve been fucked a lot since embracing my submission, but never like that and I want more of the same. Can we at least get to know each other and see where things go?”

“I’d like that, but you should know I’ve submitted to Mistress Willow and will be having a lot of sex with her.”

“As long as you’re okay with her fucking me as well I’m okay with her fucking you, Master.”

“I think I can live with that. In all seriousness, I know I said I’d like to breed you, but I think we should get to know each other better first.”

“Well, you’ve got at least four months before you have to worry about that, Master,” she said rubbing her belly. “So, need help with anything else, Master?”

“I think I can handle things from here. Thanks.” Standing, I pulled her close and kissed her one last time before getting dressed. She got dressed and unlocked the shop and I went about my shopping – making sure to purchase one of the chairs along with everything else. Bianca and I exchanged numbers and she called me then and there to make sure I gave her my actual digits. Pushing her shirt and bra up I sucked a mouthful from each nipple. “I’ll be at the club tonight if you want to play again.”

“Wish I could but I only have a babysitter until five.”

“How about tomorrow? Maybe we can get together for dinner.”

“I’d like that.” Writing her address down, she handed me the slip of paper. “I get off at five so how does six sound?”

“Like a date.” Giving her another kiss, I pulled her bra and then shirt down.

Relaxing for the rest of the day if only to have some energy for my trip to the club, I thought about my encounter with Bianca and wondered what Willow would have to say about her and our potential relationship. Taking an hour to wash the new toys that I could, I put them away in the bedroom closet until I figured out which room I could secretly convert into a dungeon. At about eight I took a shower, got dressed and drove to the Fetish Underground. After once again signing the consent and rules forms and paying the fee, I entered the club and immediately began my search for Mistress Willow.

After half an hour of looking around and not finding her I got a bottle of water from the non-alcoholic bar and sat in the corner of the left social area and waited for her to arrive. Letting my eyes wonder around the room, I spotted a woman strapped to a spanking bench while another fisted her pussy and ass at the same time. My mind immediately going to the sex shop and Bianca, my cock sprang to life in my pants and the next thing I knew I was walking towards them.

Knowing it was rude to interrupt a session in progress, I stood off to the side and watched. The Mistress – a petite brunette wearing a corset dress and long latex gloves looked over at me. I gave her a polite smile and she smiled back.

“Like what you see?”

“Yes Mistress.” Since she had broken the ice it was okay for me to continue until she said otherwise. “I was fisted for the first times this morning and was looking for someone to do it again while waiting for my Mistress to arrive.”

“I’ll be busy with my slave for the next hour. I’ll gladly fist you then or you could talk to Mistress Jayme – she’s the redhead in the purple and silver dress at the bar, or Master Ryan – the handsome man to her right. They are both very experienced in fisting.”

“Thank you Mistress. I’ll let you get back to your slave now.” Walking over to the bar I really wanted Master Ryan to fist me, but did not think I could take his larger hand so I approached Mistress Jayme. “Excuse me, Mistress, do you have a moment?”

“Absolutely. And you are?”

“I’m Mason, Mistress. I’m looking for someone to fist me and the Mistress over there said you were an expert. If you have time I would love for you to fist me.”

“Have you ever been fisted, Mason?”

“Yes Mistress. For the first time earlier today actually. After taking a huge tapered dildo. It was an amazing time and I want to experience it again.”

“Is fisting all you’re looking for?”

“I’m open to suggestions, Mistress, and I’m also very open-minded.”

“Your orientation?”

“Recently bisexual, Mistress. I did my first gay gang bang here last night actually.”

“Damn, and I missed it. Alright, here’s what I propose. I’ll fist your ass if you agree to suck off ten men while I cane your ass.”

“I agree, Mistress.”

“That was quick.”

“Like I said, I’m very open-minded, Mistress, and to be honest I’m curious what it feels like to be caned.”

“And if you don’t like it?”

“Then at least I’ll have fun sucking the guys off, Mistress. I give you permission to keep caning me until I’ve sucked off all ten men.”

“Fancy yourself a masochist do you?”

“Only one way I’ll find out Mistress. I’m ready whenever you are.”

“Let me finish my drink and then go to the bathroom and I’ll get you strapped to a bench.”

“I’ll drink it for you Mistress,” I offered. “Um, your pee, not your drink.”

Downing the last of what I assumed was tea, she stood, raised her dress and moved her panties to the side. I immediately placed my mouth over her vulva and after a few seconds I was drinking her warm, tangy urine. Knowing exactly what to expect I did not flinch, cringe or show the slightest hint of disgust. When the stream slowed to a trickle and finally stopped I gave her about a dozen licks and then sat back in a kneeling position. “Thank you for using me as your urinal, Mistress.”

“You didn’t spill a drop. Well done.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“Tell me, how long did it take for your Master or Mistress to train you?”

“I’m not trained, Mistress, and I don’t serve anyone. Well, not officially anyways. I met a Mistress here last night that I’m hoping will be my first once we get to know each other.”

“Oh? And her name?”

“Her name is Willow, Mistress.”

“Nice choice. Willow may be young but she’s very knowledgeable in all things bdsm. Why are you not with her tonight if you don’t mind me asking?”

“I’m waiting for her to arrive, Mistress. We’ve agreed to meet here until we’re more comfortable with each other. Have you been coming here long, Mistress?”

“About nine years.”

“Do you know a woman by the name of Bianca? Brunette, about five and a half feet tall. Pregnant and lactating?”

“If I’m thinking of the same woman then I’ve had the pleasure of playing with her several times. Does she have pierced nipples and a tattoo?”

“Yes Mistress. A…”

“Triskelion with breeding and dairy slave on her mound?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I do believe she agreed to have a few pregnancies for Willow. Shame she’s stopping at three. She is a beautiful breeding cow. Did you play with her last night as well?”

“No Mistress. I met her where she works and she told me she knew Mistress Willow. She’s also the one that fisted my ass.”

“Nice. Why don’t you tell me all about it while stripping?”

“With pleasure, Mistress.”

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Naked, strapped to a spanking bench and unable to move I parted my lips and sucked my first black cock. Well, to be honest I was not really able to move my head enough to give a proper blowjob so settled on him fucking his growing dick down my throat while behind me Mistress Jayme gave my ass light taps of the cane from different angles. She then struck hard. My first instinct was to clench my teeth together but realizing how horrible that would be given the big black cock filling my mouth I instead went to straight to the grunt and groan. Taking a moment to breathe through my nose I resumed sucking as the second swat landed even harder than the first.

By the time I was swallowing the first man’s semen Mistress Jayme had given me seventeen swats and my ass felt like it was on fire, but I was a man of my word and no matter how much I wanted to stop I remained silent and accepted the next cock – this one attached to a lanky white guy. It seemingly took forever to get him off as the addition of thirty-one swats criss-crossing my ass proved but he finally came and was quickly replaced by my second black man.

Eighty-three swats and five men later and I was staring at a beautiful cock attached to someone with very nice hips. Eyes going up I saw small perky breasts and then Willow’s gorgeous face. “Mistress!”

“We can talk when you’re scene is done.”

“Yes Mistress.”

After sucking ten men and Mistress Willow and receiving nearly two hundred swats of the cane, Mistress Jayme unbuckled the straps and helped me to my feet. "Thank you so much for the amazing scene, Mistress," I beamed. "I'm not sure if this makes me a masochist or not but I loved every swat."

"You were great and will gladly play with you again if you ever find yourself waiting for your Mistress in the future."

"Thank you Mistress."

"Have room in your belly?" Mistress Willow asked.

"You ready to be sucked off again, Mistress?"

"Not exactly."

"Oh. Um, I drank Mistress Jayme's pee and all that semen but I'll do my best to get your pee down as well, Mistress," I said dropping onto my knees and taking her cock into my mouth.

"Are you sure? I don't want you getting sick on me before we've had a chance to play."

Keeping her cock in my mouth I nodded and she started pissing. I don't know if she drank a lot of watch which diluted it or if it was simply the fact I was head-over-heels in love with her but she had the absolute best pee I've tasted to this point and my soft moans were evidence of that. When she was done I attempted to suck her off but she stopped me.

"Not yet. We need to talk before doing anything else."

"Why do I get the feeling you're about to tell me you no longer want to dominate me, Mistress?"

"It's nothing that dramatic. Some, let's go to the social area and talk."

“Yes Mistress.”

Following her to the right side of the club, she took a seat and with a motion of her hand commanded me to kneel at her feet. “I heard through the grapevine that you’ve recently taken on the role of breeder. Is that true?”

“Yes Mistress. I met Bianca this morning while shopping for some toys. One thing led to another and we had sex. I have no intentions of lying or hiding my activities from you mistress so I’ll tell you right now that I plan on getting to know her over the next few months before committing to breeding her so if that’s going to be a problem please tell me now.”

“No problem at all. Bianca is a beautiful young woman deserving of a handsome, loving man capable of fulfilling her many and varied fantasies and I honestly believe you can do that.”

“Thank you mistress, but where does that leave us?”

“That all depends on you, Mason. If you still want to get to know me and eventually serve as my submissive then I’m still open to the idea and to answer your next question, I have no problems what so ever with you and Bianca screwing. And if you choose her over me that’s okay too.”

“That’s just it, Mistress. I don’t want to choose just one of you. I like her and can honestly see us being together, but I love everything about you Mistress and can also see us being together as well.”

“I talked with her and she’s pretty infatuated with you and the level of attention you showed her today. I’ve known her for several years now and I can say without a shadow of doubt that the two of you will hit it off and she’ll be a very good girlfriend, lover and possibly more if that’s what you’re looking for.”

“And what if I want you to be my girlfriend, lover or more, Mistress?”

“I won’t lie, Mason, I like you and your willingness to experiment and how submissive you are but I’m not one to jump headfirst into relationships. I’m not saying we won’t hit it off because we obviously already have, but I prefer to take things slow, get to know somebody before dating or training outside of the club scene.”

“I completely understand, Mistress. OH! I need to tell you. I learned something new today.”

“I heard all about you taking Bianca’s fist.”

“Not that, Mistress. I learned that I can self-suck and I really like the taste of my own semen.”

“Nice. I really am pleased you’ve so easily embraced your new sexuality. It’s not something many accept without a great deal of anger, denial and a slew of other emotions that drive some to drinking, drugs or worse because they never can come to terms.”

“You have nothing to worry about from me, Mistress. I’ve fully accepted that I love cock and I have you to thank for it. So, do you want to do a scene or spend the night talking and getting to know each other better?”

“Seeing as how you’ve already sucked off me and ten men, been severely caned and drank two loads of piss I think we should talk.”

“Are you going to have me pierced and tattooed, Mistress? Sorry, I was just thinking about Bianca and she told me you had her pierced and tattooed and was curious if you planned the same for me.”

“I didn’t have her pierced and tattooed, Mason, I pierced and tattooed her. And to answer your question, that all depends on your limits. She was okay with certain body modifications and so I gave them to her but only after nearly two years of doing scenes and training sessions together. That being said, I’ve always liked the look of a Jacob’s ladder.”

“What’s that, Mistress?”

“A series of frenum piercings. That’s rings or barbells running along the underside of a man’s cock.”

“Ouch! Um, I have to ask, if you like the look why don’t you have one, Mistress?”

“Good question with a very simple answer. I’m not big on decorating my own body but I love seeing all manner of work on others.”

“How many barbells or rings?”

“All depends on what you want, but with a cock as big as yours could fit as many as eight. Fifteen to eighteen if we go down the scrotum and further back.”

“Jesus! Not sure I could go that far but it’s something to think about, Mistress.”

“You are under no obligation to do anything you don’t want to, Mason, and I want you to understand you don’t have to do it or anything else because you think it’ll please me.”

“I really liked the tattoo you gave Bianca, and would like you to give me one like it.”

“Um, pretty sure you can’t get pregnant or lactate.”

“True, Mistress, but I am incredibly submissive and really like the triskelion. Maybe you can incorporate my love of cock, fisting, piss and gang bangs, Mistress.”

“Not to mention being caned,” she grinned.

“That too, Mistress.”

“Hmm...how about sissy sex slave?”

“Sex slave indicates I have no limits, Mistress, and since I do that wouldn’t be appropriate, but sissy submissive would.”

“How about submissive semen slurper?”

“I like it Mistress and give consent for you to give it to me. So, do we do it here or elsewhere?”

“We can do it here if you want. Where would you like it placed?”

“Right above my cock, Mistress.”

“We can do that. I’ll shave you nice and smooth first and then do the tattoo. As long as you serve me you’ll remain shaved or waxed. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then let’s go to the free Saint Andrews and once you’re strapped in place I’ll gather my equipment. Are you sure you want me to do this?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“You understand it’ll mean an end to the play for the night, right?”

“I understand Mistress. I’d rather spend it talking and getting to know the woman that so easily captured my heart.”

“Flattery will get you everywhere,” she smiled. Leaning down, she kissed me. Biting my lower lip, she slowly pulled back and my cock throbbed.

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Willow strapped me to the metal ‘X’ and then left to gather up whatever supplies she needed to shave and tattoo me. When she returned pushing a cart I was hard as a rock. To my surprise she got on her knees, took me into her mouth and sucked until I blew my load down her throat. After thoroughly cleaning my cock with alcohol wipes, she lathered me up, shaved me smooth as promised and then ignored me while she drew up several templates. When I settled on one I liked she applied it above my cock and then picked up the tattoo gun.

“I’m going to ask you one last time if you’re sure you want me to tattoo you. Wait, don’t answer yet. I want you to think about it because once I start I won’t stop until finished.”

“Please do it Mistress.”

“Very well. Get comfy because you’re going to be there a while.”

“As long as it’s your hands touching me you can take all the time in the world, Mistress.” The needles jabbed into the very tender flesh above my cock and I winced. It was apparently loud enough to catch the attention of several people including Mistress Jayme who gathered around to watch. The thrill of being watched mixed with a bit of masochism had me hard as a rock and dripping pre-cum.

When she was finished with the tattoo, Willow cleaned the area, covered it with plastic wrap held in place with medical tape and then sucked me down her throat. When my cock was good and wet she stood, turned around and backed up until I was balls deep in her ass. One of the men that had been watching walked up and offered her his cock. She sucked it and rocked back and forth taking us both at the same time until we filled belly and bowels with our loads.

After draining us dry, Mistress turned, sucked my cock clean and then released me from the Saint Andrews. Going back to the social area we spent the rest of the night talking and getting to know each other and I found myself falling for her more and more with every word we exchanged and her body language, the closeness at which she drew the longer we talked told me she was feeling more than friendship between us as well.

After spending half the night weighing my options and getting very little in the way of sleep, I got out of bed and went to the bathroom. While going through the morning motions, I thought about Bianca and where I saw our relationship. On the surface she was perfect. Beautiful. Openly perverse. Sweet personality. Already a mother of three with two on the way and willingness to let me breed her some more. It was this last bit that had me the most hesitant because should our budding friendship turned to dating and eventually marriage I would be responsible for raising a lot of kids that weren't mine. Not that that was necessarily a problem, but Rockefeller I am not.

Then there was the issue with me being deeply, madly in love with Willow. Which brought issues of its own. She was stunningly beautiful and I had no doubt what so ever that my friends and family would think the same, she was transsexual and that would be something I would have to tell them. They, of course, would think I was gay which would lead me to confessing my recently discovered bisexuality and potentially my love of being a submissive pervert and I feared they would turn their backs on me.

Do I go with the beautiful woman willing to let me breed her like an animal in the hopes my feelings for her would grow, or the beautiful transsexual I already loved? Do I go with the woman that could lead to financial hardship, or the one that could cost me friend and family? These and a hundred other questions were what kept me up half the night and continued plaguing me even as I sat down to my first cup of coffee.

By noon I could not take it any longer and took a drive to the shop Bianca worked at. Arriving shortly after one, I went inside and saw her sitting behind the counter looking radiant in a loose summer dress, and three customers – two young women holding hands while shopping strap-ons and an older man looking through DVDs. Walking up to the counter, I gave Bianca a kiss. She returned it with a soft purr.

“Is it six already?”

“I wish. Shame there are others here. I’m a bit thirsty,” I grinned. To my surprise

she popped her left breasts from the top of her dress. If she had no shame then neither did I. Latching on, I knew the other customers were watching when I heard the two women gasp and the man called me a lucky son of a bitch. I drank fifteen or so mouthfuls and switched to the right to even out the supply. “God I love your milk.”

“And I love you drinking it. Did you see Mistress Willow last night?”

“I did. She told me the two of you talked. I have something to show you.” Reaching down, I unbuttoned my pants.

“Um, I’ve already seen that, remember?”

I just gave her a grin and continued. Lowering the front of my pants and boxers to show her my new tattoo. It took her a moment to realize what she was seeing and then her eyes went wide and lips formed into a wide grin.

“OH MY GOD! That is so fucking cool.”

“Mistress gave it to me last night. Still want to be with a submissive semen slurper?”

“More than ever. I was going to wait until tonight to tell you this, but since you’re here we might as well get it out of the way right now. I talked with Willow this morning. She didn’t tell me about the tattoo, but she did tell me the two of you spent most of the night talking. She also told me how you feel for each other. I want you to know I will not get between the two of you unless you want me to that is. I’m not going to lie to you, Mason, I’ve never clicked with anyone like I have with you and I can honestly see us being together, but at the same time Willow is an amazing and beautiful woman so I completely understand if you only want to be friends.”

“I like you a lot, Bianca, I really do, and I can honestly see us spending the rest of our lives together.” I was going to say more but suddenly paused and stared into her eyes as a dozen different emotions overwhelmed me. It struck me like a ton of bricks. I kept telling myself I was in love with Willow and I think on some level I may have been, but deep down I knew what I was really feeling was lust and the real love I was feeling was for the beautiful woman standing in front of me right now.

“You okay?”

Caressing her cheek, I kissed her. “I know I’m being greedy, but I want both you and Willow in my life. I want to serve her and breed you.”

“That’s an arrangement I can live with. To be completely honest, meeting you yesterday has rekindled my desire to serve and I think we can be very happy serving Willow together.”

“Nice cock,” one of the female customers said as she and who I’m assuming is her lover walked up to my right.

Looking down I saw my dick was still out and semi-erect. “Sorry,” I said, pulling my boxers up.

“Don’t put it away on our account.”

“You two going to fuck?” the other woman asked. “Because if you are we’ll totally stick around to watch.”

“We’ll have sex if the two of you join,” Bianca said.

“I’ll join,” the male customer replied.

“No thanks. Mason here is all the man I need,” she said rubbing her belly, giving the indication I was the father of her unborn twins.

“What do you say, babe, you want to stay and get fucked by his big cock or would you rather...”

“Oh, I definitely want his dick stuffing me,” the other cut in as she walked to my left and put her hand down my boxers. “I hope you don’t mind,” she said, stroking my cock.

Dejected, the man left and Bianca locked the door behind him. My pants were yanked down and I suddenly had the feeling I was having the best dream of my life and hoped I never woke up. “I’m Bianca and this is Mason. What are your names?”

“I’m Sherri and this is my girlfriend Erica.”

“We couldn’t help overhear your conversation,” Erica said. “You really submissive?”

“We are,” I answered.

“And he loves the cock,” Bianca grinned. “And fisting,” she added, going to the dildos and grabbing a massive one and a harness from a shelf. From another she grabbed a bottle of lube. Putting the harness on, she attached the dildo. Without word I took my clothes off and got down on all fours. Erica unzipped her dress and let it fall to the floor. Her pantied followed and she got on the floor and slid under me. Hands on my hips, she pulled me down and took me into her mouth. I gave her pussy a lick and then sucked her clit.

“Are you really going to fuck him with that monster?” Sherri asked as she took her bra off.

“Nope. I’m going to use it on you.”

“What? Um, no, that thing isn’t going anywhere near me.”

“It is if you want to have sex with me and my breeder.”

“Stop bitching and just take it,” Erica cooed.

“Have you seen the size of it? You take it.”

“If that’s what it takes to have fun with these two then that’s a price I’m willing to pay. Now stop being a baby and let her stretch your pussy with that bad boy.”

“I like the way your girlfriend thinks,” Bianca said as she lubed the enormous strap-on. “Besides, it’s not that big,” she grinned as she slowly stroked it – her fingers not even close to closing around it.

“Not that big? It’s got to be five inches thick!”

“Don’t be silly. The head is three and a half and the shaft three. How get head down and ass up and take it like a good girl.”

“Please don’t fuck me with it,” Sherri pleaded even as she got onto her knees.

“I’ve never taken anything even remotely that big in my life.” Her head lowered

to the floor and legs spread.

Seeing I was going to get a reprieve, Erica and I rolled over so that she was on top if only to make it easier for her to suck my cock. Bianca lubed her hands and pushed a finger into Sherri's pussy. It was quickly followed by two and after a few minutes I saw her struggling to add a third.

"Mmmm... you are tight aren't you?"

"That's what I've been saying," Sherri moaned as Bianca finger-fucked her. "Please, I'll beg if I have to, but please don't use that dildo on me."

"There's only one way it's not going in you and that's for you to get up and leave."

"Like you'd just let me leave. Besides, you locked the door."

"I'm not a monster and I sure as hell ain't going to keep you here against your will. If you want to go then get up, get dressed and leave."

"Dammit Sherri! Stop being such a wuss," Erica grumbled.

"You're the fucking masochist, let her fuck you with it."

"I will right after she uses it on you. It'll only hurt for a minute and then you'll be cumming buckets."

"NO! Do it now."

"If I do will you do it without bitching?"

Sherri thought for so long I wondered if she was ever going to answer. After two or three minutes of still being fucked by three of Bianca's fingers she finally spoke. "I'll do it you do it first and only if she works me up to it"

"You heard her," Erica purred. "Shove that fucker in my cunt. As stated, I'm a masochist so don't hesitate in ramming that fucker in my cunt."

Bianca added more lube to her hands and rubbed them on Erica's pussy. Lining up the dildo, she took a deep breath and shoved. Erica's head went back and she

let out a pain-filled yelp as the baseball sized head of the dildo popped into her. Bianca grabbed a handful of Erica's hair and thrust her hips until the toy bottomed out.

"Sweet motherfucking Jesus!" Erica moaned. "Harder! Fucking fuck that hurts so good! You're going to love being stretched open, babe," she went on.

"God damn it," Sherri exclaimed. "Fine, do it. Shove it in me before I change my mind."

I learned then and there Bianca was not one to hesitate when given orders. Pulling out of Erica's pussy she moved behind Sherri, lined up and slammed the dildo in. Sherri grunted, screeched and scrambled forward, but Bianca pulled her back. The next three or four minutes was a struggle, but Bianca was nothing if not persistent so it was no surprise when Sherri's resolve was the first to crumble and seeing her calming down, accepting her fate had to be one of the hottest things I think I've ever seen. My dominant side taking over, I rolled Erica off me, flipped her onto all fours and shoved into her recently wrecked pussy. She attempted to use her pelvic muscles to make herself tighter, but there was no way in hell she was ever going to be the same again after taking such an enormous toy.

"That's a good girl," Bianca said. Looking over, I saw her standing still while Sherri fucked herself on the dildo. "You like having your pussy stretched open now don't you?"

"Uhn...n-no."

"Don't lie or you'll need to be disciplined. "If you didn't like it you wouldn't have accepted it. You wouldn't be fucking yourself on it. Now tell me the truth."

"I like it."

"What was that? Speak up, I can barely hear you."

"I LIKE IT!" Sherri moaned as the dildo slammed into her. "UHN...UHN...Oh god damn I like it!"

"I knew you would," Erica purred. Looking back over my shoulder she smiled. "Can you really take a fist up your ass?"

“Absolutely. And as soon as my seed is fertilizing your eggs you can see for yourself.”

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Sherri, Erica, Bianca and I fucked each other for nearly two hours before Bianca finally called an end to it. “Sorry to be a party pooper, but I can’t keep the store closed all day. That being said, if you want to pick up where we left off I’ll be at the Fetish Underground tonight at six.”

“I thought we were having dinner tonight?” I asked.

“Right. Make that eight.”

“What the hell is the Fetish Underground?” Sherri asked.

“A bdsm club I highly recommend you visit at least once even if you don’t think you’re into the lifestyle,” I answered.

“I know what you’re going to say and I agree. We should go,” Sherri said.

“Um, actually, I was going to say no thanks, but if you think we should then I’m willing to give it a try.”

“I let her fuck me with that huge dildo and fist me for you so you can do this for me. We’ll be there.”

“Wear something sexy. Jeans and tee shirts aren’t permitted,” Bianca said. Sherri latched onto her right nipple, Erica on the left and they drank in unison. “Alright, alright, that’s enough. You can have more tonight.” But she did not stop them for several more minutes.

When the two beauties were gone and Bianca had the door unlocked, I picked the huge dildo she had used on all three of us and put it on the counter along with the strap-on harness. “Ring them up, babe.”

The door opened and a tall, busty woman with a pixie haircut fading from light purple at the tips to almost black at the roots walked in. “Hey B,”

“Hey Krista. What brings you in this early? Shit, where are my manners? Krista,

this is Mason, Mason this is my friend Krista. She usually works the night shift.”

“Pleasure to meet you,” Krista said, her eyes going to the dildo. “That yours?”

“Yep and Bianca is going to use it on me tonight,” I answered honestly. “Is there something wrong with that?”

“Nope. I have three just like it in red, blue and purple. So, you using it on him, B?”

“We’ll use it on each other. You know, we’re in an open relationship so maybe you can join us sometime.”

“I think that can be arranged. Anyways, I just came in to buy some lube so I’m gonna go do that and the two of you have fun.”

“That’s what we just spent the last two hours doing,” I grinned.

“MASON!” Bianca shrieked.

“We both know you’re not the only one working here to use the shop as their own personal play room so stop acting all worried,” Krista said. “Anyways, it was nice meeting you Mason. I’m gonna go get that lube now.”

“And I’m gonna get out of here before I take them clothes right back off you.” Paying for my new toy, I gave her a kiss and headed home to prepare for my first official date with Bianca and a night of sex at the Fetish Underground. I still had no idea what I had done to deserve such an amazing string of good luck, but I hoped it continued for a long time to come.

Two months later...

I had been dating Willow for two months, introduces her to family and friends – none of which had a clue she was transsexual. And true to her word, several of my closest friends hinted they would gladly take my place while others outright said they wanted to fuck her silly. Some men might take offense, but I took it as a compliment and after a very long conversation she agreed to finally do a bukakke with ten of my friends on condition she could have an armed friend present for her own protection. I agreed and the date was set. They still had no idea they would be sucked, jerked off and cumming all over a transsexual's face but that's what made it all the more exciting.

On the night of the bukakke I stood in front of my friends with a knotted stomach while Spencer – Willow's armed friend, leaned against the wall and watched. "Alright, guys, there are a few rules to go over before the party starts. First, and most important, no one is to touch Willow below the belt for any reason. Do so and not only will you be booted out of my house, but my life as well. She has agreed to suck and jerk you off and that's it. Two: Since this is a bukakke, you will cum only on her face and in her mouth. Three: as previously talked about, the entire event will be recorded and you are all entitled to a copy of the video if you want it. Alright, clothes off and cocks out."

Willow took her shirt and bra off but left her panties and skirt on. Getting on the floor, she waited as my friends stripped naked. My best friend Cameron was first and let out a moan when she took him down her throat. Drake and Eddie were next and she jerked them off. As more men formed a circle around her she spun on her knees sucking their dicks, licking shafts and slurping balls.

After watching my Mistress sucking off ten of my closest friends for about fifteen minutes I decided to take a risk and see how far I could go with it. "Did I mention she's going to peg all of you once she's taken your loads on her face?"

"Um...what?" Cameron said, looking over at me as Willow sucked on his balls

while stroking his eight inches.

“You heard me. When you’ve all covered her face with your loads she’s going to peg your asses. A small price to pay to play with my girlfriend I think.”

“You’re not serious,” Toby replied. “There’s no way in hell I’m taking up the ass even if she is hot as hell.”

“Then you’re free to leave,” I shrugged. “Same goes for everyone. If you’re not willing to let her peg you then get dressed and go home.”

“What the fuck are you doing, Mason?” Willow asked.

“Seeing how far my friends are willing to go to have sex with you.”

“You let her peg you first,” Eddie said.

“I peg him twice a day,” Willow replied. She then stopped and got to her feet. “Alright gentlemen, you deserve to know the truth.” Stepping out of the circle and towards Spencer, she unzipped her skirt and locked eyes with me. “Raise your right hand if you think I’m beautiful and you want to have sex with me.” Every right hand in the room went up. “Keep them up,” she said wiggling out of her skirt. Next, she bit her lower lip and tugged her panties down. Her cock sprang free and the silence was palpable. “Keep your hands up if you still think I’m beautiful.” To my surprise every hand remained raised. “Keep them up if you still want to have sex with me.”

“Jesus fucking Christ!” Cameron exclaimed. “Are you fucking serious? You’re dating a tranny? Since when were you...”

“I’d stop right there if I were you and take a look at your hard cock before judging me. That goes for all of you. She did that and is willing to do a whole lot more if you’re willing to put your prejudices aside and experiment. Trust me, you’ll love every second of her cock going down your throats and up your asses. The question is: are you man enough in your sexuality to do it with an admittedly gorgeous transsexual?”

“You do it first,” Eddie said.

“Okay.” Taking my clothes off, I walked over to Willow, knelt and took her dick

in my mouth and started sucking until she was hard as a rock. Turning, I gave my friends a wide smile and then lowered my head to folded arms. Willow placed the head of her cock on my asshole and I pushed back.

“Jesus Christ! I’m seeing it and I still don’t believe it,” Eddie exclaimed. “You’re really doing it. You’re getting fucked.”

“And I love every inch of her amazing cock. Full disclosure since none of you had a chance to see the tattoo, I love cock of all type and have been with more men than I can count in the last two months. And Willow isn’t just my girlfriend, she’s my Mistress and I’m her submissive. If you cannot accept that as part of who I am then you’re free to leave and not come back.”

“Are you telling us you’re gay?” Cameron asked.

“Bisexual and there’s nothing wrong with that. Now either get on all fours so Mistress Willow can peg your asses or get dressed and go home.”

As expected Cameron was the first to dress and leave. He was followed by several others until only Eddie, Toby, Drake and Gary remained. To my surprise, they looked at each other as if to say what happened never left this room and then they were lined up on all fours. Mistress pulled out of my ass and walked over to Eddie. She was about to spit on his asshole but stopped.

“Mason, go get some lube.”

“Yes Mistress.” Running to the bedroom I grabbed a bottle of lube from the closet and ran back. Handing it to Willow, I took a few steps back and knelt.

Willow lubed her cock and Eddie’s asshole. Unable to bear me staring at him, he lowered his head to the floor which was only going to allow her to fuck him even deeper. Placing the head of her dick against his hole, she paused as if to give him a moment to change his mind and then he grunted. “UHN! UHN! H-HOLY FUCK!”

“What’s it feel like?” Drake asked.

“It...uhn...I wish I could say otherwise but it actually feels pretty damn good.”

Willow fucked Eddie’s ass for five or six minutes, pulled out, took a step to the

right and lubed Toby's ass. Having given them ample opportunity to leave, she did not hesitate in thrusting into his ass. "Oh my god! I can't...it's...sweet motherfucking Christ!"

"I know, right?" Eddie said. "Um, you can fuck me again."

"Not until I've taken all of your asses," Willow replied. "Actually, on second thought, Mason, take your friend's ass."

"What? No! I don't want Mason I want you," Eddie said.

"If you want me again you'll let Mason keep your ass open and ready."

"I swear to god this had better never leave this fucking room," Eddie replied.

"What are you saying?" I asked.

"Just do it."

"Do what?"

"Dammit Mason."

"I can't do anything if I don't know what you want me to do, Eddie."

"Fuck my ass dammit."

"Wow, you like her cock that much, huh? Or have you realized how much having your ass fuck feels and don't care who does it?" I asked as I moved behind him. Lubing my dick, I pushed into his ass. "There's no going back now. You've taken a man's cock and you love it. Now fuck yourself on my dick." Eddie pushed back and Willow pulled out of Toby and pushed into Drake.

Keeping myself edging for as long as possible if only to further Eddie's humiliation, I reached between his legs and jerked his cock while slowly thrusting in and out of his ass. When he was getting close I pulled him back and Willow got on the floor with her head towards his dick. I jerked faster and a few moments later he was cumming all over her face. She scooped it up with her fingers and let it drop into her mouth but did not swallow. Rolling onto her knees, she kissed Eddie until he gulped down his own semen.

“Good boy,” she purred. “Now go suck Gary’s cock while Mason is the first to pop his anal cherry.”

Despite their seeming acceptance I still expected a lot of bitching all around, but no one said a word and Eddie wrapped his lips around Gary’s dick. I walked up behind him, lubed my dick and slid into his asshole. Willow gave me a quick smile and then looked down at Toby. “You may come suck my cock now while Drake fucks your ass.” Toby remained where he was. “I believe the words you’re looking for are yes Mistress.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.” Crawling across the living room floor, Toby took Willow’s dick in his mouth and his legs spread as Drake pushed into his ass.

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The six of us sucked, licked, fucked and swallowed each other for more than three hours when things were taken to the next level. “Alright guys, we’ve been going at it like rabbits for hours now. You’ve each done everything possible with another man and have cum buckets so there’s no denying your love of cock,” Willow said as she paced back and forth in front of us. “To commemorate this special occasion I would like to give each of you a tattoo similar to the one Mason has. If you accept then please kneel. If not, then please get dressed and go home knowing the joys of gay sex.”

“If we get the tattoo will we get to fuck you again?” Eddie asked.

“Only if you agree to let me train you as my submissive.”

“And if we get the tattoo?”

“Then you may fuck me whenever Mason and I agree to bring a guy home to play with.”

“I’ll do it,” Gary said.

“Me too,” Eddie added. A moment later Toby and Drake also agreed and Willow left to get her bag from her car.

“I want to thank the four of you for putting your inhibitions aside and engaging in some gay sex with me and my Mistress,” I said. “Seriously, you have no idea

how much this means to me and I want you to know I'll never forget what you've done here tonight."

"It was recorded," Drake said "none of us will."

"My head is still spinning, but like Willow said, there's no denying how much we all love dick now," Toby said. "You're a very lucky man, Mason, I hope you know that."

"Believe me, I know exactly how lucky I am. And if the four of you want to share in this wonderful new life then I strongly suggest paying the Fetish Underground a visit."

"There are plenty of gay and bisexual men there that'll gladly gang bang you all," Willow said as she walked back in. "Before we get started I need to pee. I know Mason will drink it without hesitation, anyone else willing to give it a try?"

"I've done it a few times," Eddie admitted.

"Really?" I asked.

"Remember Heather? Yeah, she was a little on the freaky side and got me into it," he said referring to his now ex-girlfriend. "I'll drink it for you if you want." Not bothering to wait for her to answer, he scoot cross the floor, pushed her skirt up over her hips and wrapped his lips around the head of her dick. His cheeks puffed out and then he started swallowing. When he was done Willow stepped back and set up her tattoo equipment.

Each of the men were shaved and tattooed about an inch above their cocks with the bdsm triskelion. She placed Sissy Cock Slave around Eddie's, Submissive Jizz Junkie around Drakes and Submissive Fucktoy around Toby's. Finally, she tattooed Gang Bang Slave around Gary's triskelion and sat the gun down. Giving them each a kiss, she got down on her knees and looked up at us.

"I can see you're all horny so please jerk off all over my face."

"I love you so much, Mistress," I said taking cock in hand.

“I love you to, Semen Slurper,” she replied. I knew from the moment I laid eyes on her that we would spend the rest of our lives together, but it was in that very moment I knew she felt the same. Gently caressing her left cheek, I offered her my cock. She sucked it down her throat and my friends stood to her left and right and started jerking off. I really wanted to be on the receiving end of the bukakke, but my dominant side was showing through and I did not want to deny my Mistress her request for a sticky white facial.