



FINDING LOVE

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From the outside looking in one might come to the conclusion that I was living the American dream, but that could not have been further from the truth. Sure, I lived on a nearly three hundred acre farm that had been in my father's family since the Civil War, had all the latest toys and electronics and never wanted for anything, but as the old saying goes: money can't buy happiness. To the public eye my parents were the greatest thing since sliced bread. My father owned several tech companies worth millions and my mother was one of the most highly regarded geneticist in the world and while he was introverted and liked to keep to himself, she threw some of the most lavish parties imaginable. But when the guests were gone her true nature reared its ugly head.

As a child I thought I had two mothers due to my father's slight build and very feminine features. I had heard words tossed around it would take me years to learn the meaning of, but I did not care as he loved me more than life itself. My mother, on the other hand, was a vile woman capable of deeds that would make the devil blush and I was the constant focus of her unending wrath.

For medical reasons she was only ever able to have one child. Never going to have the daughter she always dreamed of having, she settle for the one she could turn me into. No one had any idea what she had done until it was too late. Instead of growing facial hair, muscles and a deepening voice at puberty I got the same feminine features as my father including breasts, hips and if I do say so myself one of the finest asses this side of the Mississippi. She called the patches she expertly hid on my body medicine and when I got old enough to talk she forbade me ever speaking of it to anyone including my father for fear it would upset him. I loved my father more than life itself and the last thing I wanted to do was make him feel bad so, like the naïve child that I was I kept it to myself. In hindsight I guess I should count my blessings she knew what she was doing.

Puberty is a particularly emotional time for everyone, but nothing compares to having your mind and body in a constant state of conflict. Am I male? I have and X chromosome and the genitals of one. Am I female? My voice and everything else about my outward appearance including the way I dressed would indicate yes. So much, in fact, that my parents were often told what a pretty daughter

they had and what a beautiful woman I would grow up to be. Couple that discovering your mother had been giving you hormone replacement therapy since birth and one might get the tiniest glimpse of what it like for me growing up.

I remember one night when I was fifteen. I was alone in my room crying for the thousandth time over what my mother had done to me. There was a knock at the door but I ignored it. Another knock. Continued ignoring. After the third knock it slowly creaked open and my father slid inside. Sitting at the foot of the bed, head hung in shame he told me how my mother had slowly transformed him in much the same way she had done to me. He showed me pictures of them together at their high school prom and him on the field playing football.

According to him his transformation began when they started college and like me, by the time he realized what was happening it was too late. Unlike me, however, he had always felt more feminine than masculine and so was perfectly happy allowing the love of his life to continue turning him into a woman. He apologized at least a hundred times that night, but as far as I was concerned it was too little, too late. I told him about the patches and other so-called 'medicines' my mother forbade me to talk about and asked how it was possible that he never knew and as convoluted as the answer was, it made sense. He was never allowed to bathe or change my diapers. Not something he was looking forward to, he did not push the issue and unfortunately for me, the rest, as they say, is history.

That night was a turning point in my life. After years of struggling with my identity and letting my abuser get away with her horrific crimes, I let a lifetime of anger, humiliation and resentment escape. I went to the police. I hired an attorney and took her to court. She claimed mental illness but that was quickly refuted. The trial lasted all of three weeks. Found guilty on all charges, she was sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of parole for forty years and as way of compensation I was given her half of the family fortune.

Responsible for putting the love of his life behind bars for reasons he completely understood my father began to distance himself from me. Leaving me home alone more and more, I got a call on my sixteenth birthday that he had decided to remain in Seattle and that the property was now mine free and clear. Completely devastated, I did everything in my power to convince him to come home, but he blamed me for tearing our family apart. He said he would keep in touch, but I

knew from the tone of his voice that I would never hear from him again and unfortunately, I was right.

Emancipated at sixteen, I was left with growing up and learning how to take care of things on my own as the rest of the family had abandoned me and thanks to my mother I had no friends to speak of. Fortunately, my neighbors Alyssa and her husband James took pity on me and in short order taught me the most important life lesson of all. How to pay the bills. Being a child of the tech age and so that I did not have to worry about forgetting to pay I set everything up online. That out of the way, they taught me to drive and I'll never forget the day I went car shopping because it was the day all the pieces finally fell into place.

We were at the car lot and I was having trouble making up my mind when I saw a young man of maybe twenty eyeing me from several rows over. After several minutes he approached and introduced himself as Sean. I told him my name was Erin and then we spent the better part of an hour walking around the lot looking for my perfect car. I caught him checking me out on more than one occasion but instead of being creeped out as I normally was when men ogled my perky breasts and plump ass, other emotions were stirring within and I suddenly found myself extremely attracted to him. Which was lucky for him because I left the lot with three new vehicles.

Conflicted, I went home and did the only thing I could think of. Internet porn. I spent countless hours watching everything under the sun from the tamest vanilla sex to the most hardcore bdsm I could find. I watched lesbian porn. I watched gay porn. But as weird as it sounds it was not until I discovered transsexual porn that I finally felt complete. For the first time in my life I could look at myself in the mirror and call myself a woman and not cringe or feel utterly disgusted with what stared back at me.

Given my court case it took little effort to have my sex legally changed and once that was done I left home-schooling behind and enrolled myself in the local public school. Way out of my element, I never the less did my best to make the most of the two years I had remaining. The name-calling assholes were unavoidable. As were the gazillion questions about what my mother did to me and my father and whether I preferred boys, girls or both. High school was not without its problems, including all the jerks that only wanted to hang out with me because they thought I would be an easy score – bodily as well as monetarily.

Then along came a girl named Michele. Tall. Lanky. Pale freckled skin. Long red hair all the way down to her behind. It was love at first sight and while I would have given myself to her freely the moment we met, she was more interested in making a new friend and seeing as how I was desperately lacking in that department I kept my hormones in check if only so I did not scare her away. As funny as she was beautiful, she knew just what to say to make me laugh or to lift my spirits when I was feeling down. As the weeks went by she introduced me to her family and eventually other friends but I got the feeling they were judging me with every look. Chalking it up to my lack of social grace, I let it go until one night we were in her room sitting on the bed going over our calculus homework when the door slammed open and her mother stormed in like a madwoman. Most of the words coming out of her mouth were unintelligible gibberish, but I picked up enough to tell me she thought I was the devil come to corrupt her innocent daughter. Saying nothing, I collected my things and left.

It was only after talking to her at school the next day that she told me her family was extremely religious and when they found out what I was they demanded she either bring me to the Lord, or toss me away like trash. She swore she was not like them and only told them what they wanted to hear because she had nowhere else to go. I understood where she was coming from and offered her one of the many empty rooms at my place but she politely declined if only to save me the trouble of her family constantly harassing me. I countered with farmhands and other employees that would toss them off the property like garbage and she agreed to move in.

It took Michele's parents all of a week to figure out where she was really staying and then all hell broke loose. They called the cops and told them everything from me kidnapping their daughter to holding her hostage – both claims easily disproven by the fact she was free to come and go as she pleased and I had more money than they could count in fifty lifetimes. Unfortunately, even though we were the same age only one of us was emancipated and so she was forced to return home.

Her parents forbid her having any contact with me and even though she had a driver's license and a car they were there to pick her up every day. A few weeks later she dropped out of school altogether and she told me in text that her parents had decided she would do better off at home. Rebelling, she ran away several times but the police knew where to find her and try as I might, there was nothing I could do to convince them she was better off with me so she was taken home.

Rinse and repeat nine times in a five month period.

Now, if I had a child and they constantly ran away from home the first thing I would do is find out why and do everything in my power to rectify the problem. Not her parents. Their solution? Get a restraining order against me. Fortunately, the judge allowed Michele to speak on her own behalf and after hearing her side of the story not only denied the restraining order, he also granted her emancipation on the condition she stay with me and continued going to school until she turned eighteen. I guaranteed she would not miss a day unless deathly ill and by that night we were roommates.

Seventeen months later...

Our birthdays only three weeks apart, we decided to hold off until hers to have the party. Invitations were sent out. Replies were received. With a guest list nearing eighty, I opted to hire a few professionals to do the grilling if not so that I could spend time with the many friends I had made over the last year and a half, then at least to safeguard against my horrible cooking skills burning the house down.

It was the morning of the party and I woke to the sound of my bedroom door creaking open. When my vision cleared I saw Michele standing in the doorway wearing a silk robe and looking every bit as radiant as the sun shining through the window. "Morning," I groaned as I stretched away the last remnants sleep.

She stepped into the room and let the robe fall to the floor revealing her naked body. "I've waited nearly two years for this moment," she said as she moved toward the bed. "Please tell me I'm not making a mistake."

Throwing the covers back, I got up on my knees at the edge of the bed, took her outstretched hand and pulled her close. Fingers gently, nervously caressing her cheek, I kissed her on the lips. It was a first for both of us but we were not about to let that get in the way. She put a finger on my chest and playfully pushed me back on the bed. I wrapped my legs around her waist and pulled her down on top of me. My hardness pressed against her belly, we kissed again as our hands explored each other for the first time.

Her lips lightly brushed the side of my neck. Between my collar bones. And on down until she stopped and hovered uncertain over my right breast. My hands on her waist, I rolled her to the left and got on top of her with my knees to either side. Smiling, I cupped her much larger breasts and then took her right nipple into my mouth. My tongue playfully flicked over the sensitive bud causing her to moan. How I managed to hold back the floodgates was beyond me.

“Ooohhhhh god that feels good!”

“I would never do anything to hurt you,” I said as I sucked her left nipple into my mouth.

Her fingers wrapped around my hard shaft and she stared into my eyes. “I hope you’ll hurt me a little.”

The meaning of her words were not lost on me but I wanted our first time to be something we both remembered fondly. My only knowledge of sex what I saw in porn, I kissed my way down her belly and sucked her hooded clit. Her back arched and her thighs clamped shut. Then her hips began bucking wildly as fists pounded into the bed. At first I thought she was having a seizure, but when her juices gushed out and covered my face I knew she was in the throes of orgasm. Confident I had not triggered some sort of medical emergency, I continued sucking her clit and inner labia while my tongue probed her womanhood.

“FUCK ME!” she shouted. Letting her legs fall open, she rolled onto her belly and raised her ass while keeping her head down. “Please,” she said almost pleadingly. It was then I realized I did not have any condoms and seeing as how she was a virgin and we told each other everything I knew she was not on birth control. She must have sensed the reason for my apprehension. “If you can’t pull out then shoot it deep,” she grinned.

Well okay then. My brain temporarily out of the office, I moved behind her and teasingly slid my cockhead along her slit. Having none of that, she reached back and gave my balls a gentle squeeze. The moment I froze, she bit her lower lip and pushed back.

“Uuhhnnn!” we moaned in unison as she took all of me. “I...mmmm...I read somewhere that it was better to get it over quickly,” he panted.

“Are you okay? Do you want me to pull it out?” Not that I had the largest dick in the world, but at eight inches I knew I was above average in that department and the last thing I wanted was to hurt her.

“NO! I mean, yes, I’m fine. More than fine. Please, just give me a second to get used to it.”

“We’ll go at your pace, babe. When your hips start moving I’ll know you’re

ready.” To not sway her in any way what so ever I let go of her hips and let my arms hang awkwardly at my sides. She gave me a confused look to which I grinned and said “I’ll put them back when you’re ready.” She smiled and a few beats later she was slowly rocking her hips back and forth. I wish I could say our first time lasted into the wee hours of the morning, but I was an inexperienced eighteen year old having sex with one of the most beautiful women she had ever seen and I did not last five minutes with her tightness enveloping me. I wanted to pull out, but my brain had not returned from its break yet so fingernails digging into her hips, I unloaded deep inside her and did not pull out until completely limp. “God damn!” I exclaimed as I rolled onto the bed next to her. “Sorry. I tried holding back to make it last but...”

“Practice makes perfect,” she replied. And then she cuddled up next to me. I put my arm around her and she played with my nipples. “I love you Erin.”

It had been a long time since anyone said those words to me and even longer since they were said with such genuine sincerity. “I love you to Michele.”

We laid there on the bed holding each other in silent embrace for so long we both got a second wind and rang the bell for round two. This time she was on top and did not hesitate to suck my nipples. Again there were no condoms and I wondered if she secretly had some sort of breeding fetish like I had seen in many of the porn videos I watched during the more confusing period of my life. I probably should have kept my curiosity to myself, but I had to know so I put my hands on her hips and held her on my lap. “Can I ask you a serious question?”

“You can ask me whatever you want.”

“Are you trying to get pregnant?”

“Huh?”

“Sorry, it’s just that this is the second time we’re doing it without protection and unless you did it in secret I know you’re not on birth control so, um, are you trying to get pregnant?”

“Would you stop fucking me if I said yes?”

“That doesn’t answer my question. Please, I need to know where this new chapter of our friendship is heading.”

Putting her hands in mine, she pushed them back over my head as she leaned down to kiss me. “I love you, Erin, so I’ll tell you the truth. We may have been virgins a couple of hours ago, but I’ve spent a lot of time in my room watching porn and nothing turns me on more than the thought of being bred like an animal.”

“HOLY FUCK!”

“Sorry, I should’ve kept that to myself,” she blushed.

“Are you kidding me? First, as the one planting the seed I deserve to know your intentions. And second, I love breeding and impregnation porn.”

“Seriously?”

“God yes! If you don’t believe me I’ll show you my browser history.”

“Honey, I think we were made for each other.” Pressing her lips to mine while still holding my hands on the bed, she rocked her hips. “Please breed me.”

“Nothing would make me happier.”

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Michele and I made love one more time before finally getting out of bed to take our first shower together which lasted nearly an hour thanks to being unable to keep our hands off of each other and her doing her damndest to coax another load from me. Luckily, we were able to get dressed and put clean sheets on the bed with a whole fifteen minutes to spare before the backyard chefs arrived to fire up the grills.

After several minutes of nervous pacing she stopped and took my hands in hers. “I’ve been thinking about what we did and I want to assure you this isn’t some sort of devious plan to trick you out of your money. You got me away from my deranged parents and took me in, looked after me when no one else would. You made sure I was up every morning for school. You were there when I needed a shoulder to dry on or an ear to vent to. I love you in more ways than I can possibly describe and nothing will ever change that.”

“I love you to Michele. As for the rest? I was only being a friend.”

“Don’t sell yourself short. How many sixteen year olds are going to do what you did for me? Hell, if I were in your place I probably would have spent the last two years partying my ass off instead of graduating and thinking about college. You kept my life on track and that’s no small task. That all being said, I’m sure you have a team of high-priced lawyers at your beck and call so I would like you to have them draw up some sort of contract stating that I’m not in this for the money.”

“You mean like a pre-nup? Pretty sure that’s only for marriages. Besides, there’s no way in hell I’m going to father...mother, whatever, there’s no way in hell I’ll get you pregnant and then leave you with the burden of raising it alone so you can get that thought out of your head right now.”

“I know it’s a huge leap from losing our virginities to getting married, but is that such a terrible idea?” she asked, teeth scraping over her lower lip.

“Absolutely not. But I don’t want to ruin things by going too fast.”

“Fair enough, but we’ve been friends and roommates for nearly two years. We know everything there is to know about each other. Besides, call it the last remnants of the religion my parents pounded into my head but I’d like to be married to the father...mother...person that breeds me.”

“Fair enough. I’ll have the lawyers draw up the paperwork.”

“You mean...”

“Michele, will you do me the honor of being my wife?”

“YES!” Throwing her arms around my neck, she kissed me so hard I swore I saw stars. “I love you so much!” Before I could say anything she kissed me again. Unfortunately, it was interrupted all too soon by a knock at the door. Spinning her around, I reluctantly broke the embrace.

“I’ll get it,” I said, expecting it to be the grillers. So imagine my surprise when I opened the door to see my father staring back at me. Though it took me a moment to realize it because this was the first time I had ever seen him with shorter hair and not wearing a dress or skirt of some kind. “Dad? What in the hell are you doing here?”

“It’s been two years, Erin. I’d like to...”

“You said all that needed saying when you abandoned me for putting that monster you love so much behind bars where she belongs,” I spit back in anger. “There’s nothing left for us to talk about.” Taking a step back I slammed the door in his face. There was another knock which I ignored followed by three more before I yanked the door open. “GET THE FUCK OFF MY PROPERTY!” I screamed before realizing I was no longer looking at my father. “OH GOD! I am so sorry. I thought you were someone else,” I apologized to the cooking crew while looking past the man’s shoulder to see my father walking towards his SUV.

“Honey, why don’t you take a break and I’ll show these men to the back,” Michele offered. I gave her a pitiful smile on my way by and she gave my hand a gentle squeeze. “Please accept my sincerest apologies. If you’ll follow me I’ll show you to the back so you can get set up.”

Going to the bathroom I spent a few minutes composing myself before joining my new fiancé and the cooks in the back yard. If one good thing came out of my mother’s love for throwing parties it was the outdoor kitchen that put many indoors ones to shame. Nestled under the shade of an exposed beam roof, it had everything from countertops and cabinets to five large grills and a bar for seating and/or serving. Walking up to the men, I once again apologized for my outburst.

“Apology accepted,” a burly man in his late thirties wearing a tee shirt that perfectly conformed to his every bulging muscle replied. “Everyone has bad days, but hopefully we’ll do our part to make it all better.”

“Thanks. If there’s anything you need just let me know. I’m Erin by the way.”

“Jeff. And the men setting up are Dave, Will, Kevin and Rick,” he said motioning to the rest of his crew. “So, what’ll we be preparing for the party tonight?”

“A bit of everything. We’ve got burgers, hot dogs, steaks and everything that goes with it. And assuming everyone arrives we’ll have about eightyish guests not including the eleven farmhands that have agreed to provide security. And finally, all of us are under the age of twenty-one so no alcohol will be permitted on the premises. Oh, and before I forget...” I was going to mention the fat tip they would receive if everything went smoothly but a figure walking around the

side of the house stopped me mid-sentence. "Sorry, I'll be right back." My face a mask of undisguised rage I walked over to my father. "I thought I told you to leave?"

"Please, Erin, I know there's no forgiving what I did but..."

"I'm not interested in your excuses. Now get the fuck off my property before I call the police and have you arrested for trespassing and harassment."

"Fine, I'll go, but before I do I just wanted to tell you face to face that I'm sorry for everything. I love you, Erin, and nothing is ever going to change that." His shoulders slumped in defeat. "I still have the same number if you ever want to talk."

"Don't hold your breath," I said, barely containing the tears. Some might say I was being unnecessarily harsh on him, but he was the one that walked out of my life when I needed him the most and that scar needed a lot more time to heal before I even thought about forgiveness.

The guests started arriving around six and after a short tour of the house we went out back where eyes lit up at all the goodies. From the mini-golf course, giant jenga tower and bean bag toss to horseshoes, volleyball and a huge inflatable twister game there was something for everyone including the massive violin-shaped pool my mother had designed back when she thought it would help keep me interested in lessons. In truth, she did it for her own selfish reasons, but it now belonged to me and I enjoyed it whenever possible.

“Holy shit!” my friend Kelly exclaimed as she looked around. “The pool is a freaking violin!”

“Before we let loose and go wild there are a few rules,” I said. First and foremost, I want you all to have fun, but if anything gets destroyed this will be the first and last party I ever have. Second, we’re all adults here and I’m sure hormones are rising even as I speak so if you want to screw like rabbits, be my guest. That brings me to rule three. No means no. If anyone is accused of breaking this rule I won’t even bother asking questions. I’ll just call the cops and let them sort it out so for the sake of friendships and fun have some common sense and respect for each other. Number four: You’ll notice several men patrolling the area at all times. They are my farmhands that have agreed to take on the role of security for this and all future parties. They’ve been informed of all the rules and have the authority to escort you off the premises no questions asked. And with that, let the party begin!”

As everyone else scattered – some jumping into the pool, others teaming up for volleyball, bean bag toss and twister, my friends Kelly and Nate lagged behind and by the looks on their faces they were nervous about what they wanted to ask.

“What’s up with the two of you?” Michele asked. “Nothing piquing your interest?”

“Um, about that,” Kelly stammered. “Were you serious about us just screwing each other right out here for everyone to see?”

“If you’re so inclined,” I answered.

“Does that include sex with you?”

Now that took me for a loop. Not that I was opposed to the idea but in the year or so that I knew her she had never once come off as being interested in that manner and it would be the first time I had ever had sex with a man. Again, no longer opposed to the idea but that did not make her statement any less surprising. “You both want to have sex with me?”

“Yes,” Kelly answered.

“Nate?”

“I’d be lying if I said I hadn’t thought about it but I’ve never been with an, um...”

“Woman? Or were you going to say man?” I teased. “I prefer female pronouns and for the record, I’ve never been with a man before so it’ll be an experience for both of us. Assuming my fiancé agrees to join us,” I said looking over at Michele.

“I didn’t think we’d get to the sex this early in the party, but as you know I’m more than ready to go whenever you are, babe.”

“WHOA! Fiancé? When did that happen?”

“A couple of hours ago, actually. We just haven’t had time to go ring shopping yet. So, are the two of you sure you can have sex with us right out here in the open for everyone to see?”

“The more the merrier,” Kelly winked.

“Oh?”

“The rumors may have some truth to them,” she blushed. “Okay, they’re true. Yes, I did a gang bang with seven guys and loved it. So what?”

“Erin and I lost our virginities to each other this morning and now she’s breeding me,” Michele blurted out loud enough for the nearest dozen or so people to hear and look over in our direction. “If you’ve got a problem with that you know where your cars are,” she said, giving them all a stern look before continuing.

“That being said, she’s the only one permitted to fuck me without a condom, but don’t worry, we have boxes of them at our disposal. Um, if that didn’t answer your question, babe, yes, I am more than willing to join you and whomever else wants to play with us together.”

“There we have it then,” I grinned. “If you’re serious then we can start with Nate getting on his knees and sucking my cock.”

Nate stood there looking scared shitless for a good fifteen seconds before his body responded and he actually got down on his knees in front of me. Hands trembling, he pushed my dress up over my hips and then after a long look around to see how many people were watching, tugged my panties down, closed his eyes and took me into his mouth. Taking me down his throat he used his tongue to lick my balls and I sprang to full attention. Meanwhile, Kelly pulled her shorts and panties down and after stepping out of them her tee shirt and bra followed. Behind me, Michele grabbed the hem of my dress and a moment later it was on the ground.

Everything came to a complete standstill as all eyes turned in our direction. Even the cooks stopped to get a look at the action and I heard one of them make a comment to the effect that he would pound my ass ten ways to Sunday. Glancing back over my shoulder I gave him a smile and then nodded at the box of condoms sitting at the edge of the bar. His face turned bright red, but instead of taking me up on the offer he returned to the task of he was hired to perform. I, however, grabbed one and rolled it down my stiff cock. “Turn around so I can fuck your ass,” I said to Nate as I picked up a bottle of lube.

“Please go slow,” he said as he stood up to take his clothes off.

“Trust me,” Michele said as her hands explored my body “it’s better to get it over with quickly the first time. When you feel it pressing against your tightly puckered hole just slam your hips back and take her fully.”

“O-Okay.”

“Wait,” Kelly said as she lay on the grass. “Let’s do a sixty-nine while she fucks you.”

A moment later, in front of all our friends Nate positioned himself over Kelly and started eating her pussy as she sucked him off. Cock lubed, I placed it against

his virgin asshole and as Michele advised he slammed back taking all eight thick inches. “Aahghh! Oh god damn!” he grunted. But a beat later he gave the okay for me to fuck him and I was more than happy to oblige. A pair of hands gently held my hips and I knew they were not my fiancé’s. Looking over my shoulder I saw the cook Dave.

“May I?”

Eyes going down I saw his hard cock poking out the front of his pants. “I’ve never taken anything up the ass before so once you put the condom on and lube it just shove it in.”

I had never seen anyone move so quickly before in my life. Fumbling, he dropped the first condom on the ground, but the second made it onto his throbbing cock. Generously lubed, he put the head against my asshole, held my hips and then he was in – the force of his thrust driving me deeper into Nate. All around us phones came out. Pictures and videos were taken. Clothes were removed. Cocks sucked. Pussies, assholes and mouths filled as more than a dozen friends let go of their inhibitions and openly embraced their sexuality. A few stripped out of their clothes and played naked twister. Others went skinny dipping. The party was just getting started and a third of our friends were enjoying a sexual freedom they had never before experienced and my only hope was more would follow.

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Four hours in and the party was still going full swing with seventeen couples sucking and fucking each other and three more women taking two and three men at the same time. Hornier than I had ever been in my life, I decided to see how far I could push them so I called for attention. Not an easy task when balls deep in a tight pussy or asshole believe you me, but everyone eventually stopped what they were doing to hear what I had to say.

“I know a lot of you are straight, but if this party is about anything it is sexual experimentation so to that end I’m offering a thousand dollars to the first five straight men that spend ten minutes sucking my cock and taking me up the ass. I’m also offering the same to the first five straight women willing to spend ten minutes pleasuring and being pleased by my fiancé Michele. And just to see how far you’re willing to go, if we can get five straight men and women to do

that then I'll give each and every one of you a thousand dollars if the rest of this party is spent as an orgy you all participate in."

To my surprise, several men and women scrambled away from their partners and practically bull rushed me and Michele to be the first to earn a grand. My cock was sucked down the throat of an athletic black man named Mark while our friend Allison – a petite brunette, sucked Michele's clit into her mouth.

"Well, that was easier than I imagined," I said loud enough for everyone to hear. "Alright everyone, once they finish pleasing us the orgy can start and if you all participate you'll earn yourself a thousand dollars but if even one of you holds out no one gets anything." Getting ten straight men and women to push their boundaries was one thing, but to get eighty-seven men and women to participate in an orgy was another and I saw the looks of doubt on many faces as Mark continued sloppily sucking me off.

Taking Michele's advice, Mark pushed back onto my cock as she and Allison began their sixty-nine a few feet in front of us. Doing everything in my power not to blow my load, I took my time and kept myself edging through Mark, Josh, Adam and Steve, but when my good friend Kyle's tight asshole enveloped my cock I could not hold back any longer. Fortunately, money was a powerful motivator and he did not stop until the timer buzzed some seven minutes later. By then I was hard again. Pulling off my cock, he turned around sat back in a kneeling position.

"I'm only doing this for the money," he said before taking me into his mouth.

"If that were true you would've stopped when the buzzer went off," I said as I ran my fingers through his short black hair. Cock down his throat, he stopped and looked up at me. "It's okay. Tell you what, why don't you get on all fours so the others can take turns fucking your ass while you coax another load from me?"

"Um...I'm not fucking another man up the ass," Josh said.

"There's another grand in it for you."

Pushing our friend aside, Steve grabbed Kyle's hips and raised them. "I'm not gay either, but I'm also not going to miss the chance to make a grand. Can I?" he asked Kyle. Gulping back his fear and pride, Kyle nodded and then grunted as

his ass was filled for the second time.

One of the farmhands – a deeply tanned and well-fit man named Toby walked over to me with dick in hand. I gave him the okay and I enjoyed my second round of anal. Leaning in, he whispered in my ear. “You should buy a bunch of toys and let this party get really kinky,” he suggested.

At midnight when the party was supposed to end, I called for everyone's attention one last time. "I know we're all pretty exhausted, but before we go our separate ways let me pose another level of action to this already amazing party. It's Friday. We have the entire weekend ahead of us and I'm more than willing to keep it going if you are. My good friend Toby suggested I bring in some toys so things can get really kinky. I'm thinking sex toys of all manner. Fucking machines. Furniture and other equipment. If any of you are interested please form a group to my right and if not, then you may go with my sincerest gratitude for everything you've already done."

"What exactly do you mean by kinky?" Allison asked.

"I mean a no-holds-barred weekend of sexual perversion. I mean bondage, spanking and gang bangs. I mean fisting, domination, submission and golden showers. I mean, if you're into it and it's legal then this is the weekend to live out your every fantasy."

"Jesus! D-Do you do all of those things?"

"Nope. Other than sex with Michele you've all witnessed the extent of my sexual experience, but I've watched a lot of porn and I'm open-minded enough to give it all a try at least once. Anyways, if you're interested please form a group to my right and we'll go from there."

There was a lot of milling about as they considered my words and despite everything they had already done, there was still a lot of hesitation but a few eventually started drifting to where I had pointed while others gave their farewells and left. Four became ten. Thirteen. Nineteen. And finally twenty-eight counting me and Michele with a nice distribution of ten women to sixteen men. After hiring the cooks to come back for the rest of the weekend I saw them off for the night and then sent my farmhands to do some late shopping.

"Again, let me thank you all for staying. I honestly did not expect so many, but it makes me happy knowing I have such amazing, open-minded friends. Um, I for one have been at it since this morning so I think we'll call it a night and pick

back up tomorrow. I've got more than enough room here if you want to stay all weekend, or you can go and come back at noon. Your choice.

"Um, seeing as how I have a feeling we're going to be spending the rest of the weekend naked I have no problem staying, but I'd like to wash my clothes before leaving if that's okay," Kelly replied.

"Absolutely. Um, I should also mention that I only have nine spare bedrooms so you'll have to double up as you see fit and the rest can take the couches."

"Ten spare bedrooms," Michele corrected me. "Unless you don't want to share a bed with your fiancé that is."

"My mistake. I have ten spare rooms."

"How many bathrooms?" Allison asked. "Because I for one can go for a nice hot shower right about now."

"Eight plus my private bath which you're free to use if needed. Let's go in and I'll get everyone settled. Oh, and if you get hungry or thirsty please help yourself to anything in the fridge."

"If you weren't already engaged to be married I'd ask you myself," Kyle said as I slid the glass door to the kitchen open.

"From the look of things I'd say we're in a very open relationship so don't give up on taking my cock just yet."

"Let me know if you're ever looking for a roommate," Kelly said as we walked into the house. "Seriously. This place is a slice of freaking heaven. Hell, I'd even be a live-in maid if you needed one."

"It takes a lot of work to keep this place clean," I said as I slid the door shut.

"I'll help," Allison said. "As long as the job comes with benefits," she added while tracing a finger down my shaft.

"Having a couple of sexy maids would give us more time for other things," Michele said.

“I’ll do anything to get away from my parents so if you’re hiring I’d love a job,” our friend Fiona said.

Doing a bit of mental math on how much money I had minus a fair salary for a few maids and perhaps a chef and butler should any of the guys be looking for positions other than sexual, I determined I could easily pay them for the next twenty years and still have more money than I’ll ever need. “Let me think about it and I’ll give you an answer in the morning. And gentlemen, if you’re looking for honest, good-paying work then I can always use some more farmhands or maybe a butler or two. And just to be clear, I call them farmhands, but as you saw for yourselves I don’t own any livestock or crops so you won’t be doing any of that sort of work. Anyways, think about it and assuming I say yes I’ll hire three men and five women for various positions. And yes, this will be legitimate work and not me just giving handouts to friends so if that’s what you’re expecting then don’t bother applying. And with that out of the way, to the bedrooms.”

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Once everyone was paired off and settled into their rooms – a couple of the ladies opting to take multiple men to bed with them for no particular reason, Michele and I went to our room and heard the muffled grunts and groaning before the door shut behind us. “I can’t believe we have so many kinky friends,” I said as I sat on the foot of the bed.

“I’m still waiting to wake up from the dream,” Michele replied. “I wonder how many of the ladies will be with child before it’s all over.”

“Um, did you forget about the condoms they all used?”

“Not all of them used condoms every time and none took condoms to their rooms with them so...”

“Maybe they have breeding fetishes. And if not, well, it’s nice to fantasize. No. Absolutely not. I see you looking at my dick and there’s no way in hell I’m getting it up again tonight unless your goal is to fuck me to death.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it.”

“Liar. Don’t make me have the guys buy you a chastity belt.”

“You wouldn’t!”

“No? I think a chastity belt is exactly what we both need right now.” Picking up my phone, I sent a text off to Toby telling him to make sure they picked up plenty of male and female chastity devices. “It’ll be here in the morning along with the rest of the stuff.”

“If I have to wear a chastity belt then you can wear a cock cage,” she said, playfully hitting me in the face with a pillow.

“I’m not the one having trouble controlling her urges.”

“You just have that sort of effect on people, babe. I mean seriously, who else can you name that can get a bunch of straight men and women to go gay for any amount of time?”

“Pretty sure my dick had far less to do with that than the money.”

“Money no one seemed too keen on collecting. Anyways, fair is fair. You wear a cage and I’ll wear a belt. Deal?”

“Deal, but only to bed. Otherwise this is going to be a very boring party for us,” I replied as the pillow flew in her direction.

“Deal. So, one more go before we’re cut off?”

“Good lord, woman! I think you need to go back to the bathroom and take a cold shower. Um, there’s plenty of ice in the freezer. Maybe that’ll help cool your jets. You know what? That gives me an idea. Get on the floor head down and ass up. I’ll be right back.” Not bothering to explain my plan I got up off the bed and left the room. When I returned several minutes later she was in position. “Okay, the game is very simple. I’m going to shove a bunch ice cubes up that perfect ass of yours and if you can hold them in for, let’s say twenty minutes, then I’ll fuck you one more time tonight. But if you can’t then I’m bending you over my knee. Deal?”

“Do you even need to ask?”

“Always.”

“And that’s just another reason I love you. I can handle anything you throw at me so do your worst.”

“Careful what you wish for,” I said as I plucked the first ice cube from the bowl. She clenched as soon as it touched her asshole but I was not going to stop unless she asked so in it went. The second and third followed relatively easily, but by the fifth she was fidgeting and making soft whimpering noises. “Have you had enough?”

“No.”

Three more cubed went in. “The timer doesn’t start until the bowl is empty. Are you sure you want to keep going?”

“Just shove them in already!”

“And deny myself the pleasure of seeing you squirm?” Grabbing another cube, I touched it to her clit and she leapt upward like a startled cat. “Mmmm, that one got your attention.” Sliding it along her slit elicited a groan but she remained in position as I slowly added it to her ass. “Only...seven more to go.” She took a deep breath and I pushed the next cube in on the exhale. “Make that six. It’s getting harder to get them in there. You sure you want to keep going?”

“I. Can. Take. It. Please, just finish putting them in me so the timer can start.”

“What’s the rush, babe?” Putting the next ice cube in the palm of my left hand I pressed it hard against her clit for a slow ten count before sliding it back and pushing it into her pussy.

“Oh god! W-What are you doing? You said up my ass not in my pussy.”

“If you can hold three of them in there till the end I’ll give you a onetime pass to use me however you want. Deal?”

“D-Deal.”

“You want me to fuck you that badly, huh?”

“What can I say, babe,” she groaned as a second ice cube entered her pussy “you’ve got the best cock I’ve ever felt.”

“I have the only cock you’ve ever felt,” I countered as the next cube filled her ass.

“Fair enough.”

Another ice cube went into Michele’s pussy and I managed to get the rest of them in her ass thanks to enough time passing for the first ones to start melting but they did not stay there long. Stomach rumbling, she scrambled off the floor after only three minutes and barely made it into the adjoining bathroom before it all came rushing back out. She came back a few minutes later and I threw her onto the bed. Flipping her over, I pulled her hips up and fucked my cock into her.

“UHN! I thought you weren’t going to fuck me if I didn’t hold the ice in for twenty minutes?”

“I guess you just have that effect on me, babe. So, how was your first enema?”

“Cold.”

“Since I’m feeling generous I’m going to let you do whatever you want to me once without limit.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously.”

Moving off my cock she jumped off the bed, grabbed my hand and pulled me into the bathroom. “Get in the tub.”

“Um, okay.”

When I was in the tub she gently guided me to my knees and then put her vulva over my mouth. I started licking but she stopped me and a moment later my mouth filled with pee. Taken completely by surprise, I choked and spit it out as more covered my face. Hand on the back of my head she once again filled my mouth. I started to spit it out again, but she held my jaw shut and forced me to swallow.

“Good girl. Now keep drinking.”

I've seen my fair share of piss drinking porn and would be lying if I said I was not at least a little curious, but now that I have tasted the bitter warmth I could say I was not a fan. Never the less, I gulped it down as quickly as she filled my mouth and when the stream trickled to a stop I gave her a few licks.

"So, how did you like drinking piss for the first time?"

"It tasted disgusting but I'm glad I could do it for you."

"And I'm glad you actually managed to get and keep it down. It almost makes me want to give it a try."

"Then get on your knees." To my surprise she did just that and opened her mouth. I pressed my vulva to her lips and as to be expected she gagged on the first mouthful but managed to get the next couple down before choking and spitting. The rest drenched the back of her head. "Looks like we're going to need another shower."

"God, that's gross. But I'll do it again whenever you want to use me as your toilet." Standing, she caressed my right cheek and then kissed me.

"We'll use each other as toilets."

"You don't have to if you don't want."

"Would being your toilet make you happy?"

"Yes."

"Then it would be my pleasure to be your toilet. Now let's take a shower before I fall asleep in the tub."

"You don't have to tell me twice."

After making a mess of attempting to drink each other pee, Michele and I took a shower and then joined our guests out back where the guys we hired were cooking up a veritable feast of breakfast foods including bacon, sausage, hash browns and pancakes while three huge pots of coffee brewed to perfection. But that was not the most amazing thing.

Heavy-duty plastic folding tables were lined with glass and metal dildos, butt plugs and anal beads alongside myriad clamps, gags and bottles of lube while floggers, canes and paddles hung from racks. Strategically placed around the patio area and out in the yard where necessary were several pieces of furniture and equipment included, but not limited to a Saint Andrews, kneeler, sawhorse, stockades, pillories, several varieties of fucking machines and three spanking benches. How the farmhands managed to set everything up without waking us all up was testament to just how exhausted we all were.

Seeing me looking around, Toby walked over and handed my bank card back. "We tried to get a little of everything, Ma'am."

"Please, call me Erin. And you did great. I like that you got metal and glass toys. Should make for easy cleanup."

"That was the idea. If you haven't seen them already the chastity devices are on the table over there next to the racks of costumes. Assuming you guys feel like dressing up. If not, well, at least you'll have them for future use."

"Thanks a million Toby. Since there's a much more manageable crowd you and the others can join us or take the rest of the weekend off if you like."

"Thanks. I'll let the others know but I can say for myself that I'd prefer to have sex with you in a more intimate setting."

"Oh? I didn't know you were interested in..."

"Beautiful young women?" he smiled. "I think I'll take the rest of the weekend off but I'm looking forward to sucking your cock and taking it up my ass. Oh,

and in case you're wondering, yes, my ass is one hundred percent untouched."

"The party doesn't start for a couple hours. What do you say we take this inside?"

"After you."

Leading him to the house, I stopped off to tell Michele that I was taking Toby to the bedroom. She agreed to look after things and in we went. Stopping again in the kitchen I told him to go ahead to the bedroom and I would join him momentarily. Running back outside, I grabbed a selection of toys and a bottle of lube before going back inside. "This is your private party so I'll let you take the lead."

"Thanks. I've never done anything with a dick other than jerking my own so how do you feel about doing a sixty-nine?"

"I'm open for whatever you want to try," I said as I unbuttoned his flannel shirt and kissed his muscular chest. On my knees I looked up into his dark brown eyes and tugged his pants and underwear down. He put a hand on my shoulder to keep from falling as I helped him completely out of them. "If I do anything that makes you uncomfortable don't hesitate in saying so."

"I spent enough time watching you last night to know I'm in good hands." He offered me a hand. I took it and he guided me to the queen-sized bed. Crawling up between my legs, he audibly gulped and then wrapped his lips around the head of my cock. Resisting the urge to shove it down his throat, I let him go at his own pace. It took him a couple of minutes but he eventually kissed his way up my body – spending a long time sucking and nibbling my nipples before finally moving around so that we could suck each other off.

Lost to the pleasure of sucking him off, I was taken a bit by surprise when he suddenly stopped sucking, adjusted his position and then took me up his ass reverse cowgirl. I nearly blew my load the moment his tightness squeezed me like a vice. Unlike Michele, Kyle and the other guys who let me pop their anal cherries he did not stop to get used to it before fucking himself.

"Uhn...Uhn...sweet fucking Jesus!" he grunted while bouncing up and down. Lifting off, he spun around and then leaned down and kissed me while reaching back and guiding me into his ass. "Michele is right, your cock feels amazing."

“As does your tight ass. After I shoot my load my ass is all yours.”

“Can’t wait. And for the record, my ass and mouth are yours whenever you want them. Seriously, you don’t even have to ask. Just walk up and take me like you own me.”

“I appreciate that but I’ll still ask before doing anything sexual with you or anyone else.” Digging my long fingernails into his hips, I gave him about twenty more hard thrusts and then kissed him as I blew my load deep in his ass. Pushing him off me, I rolled onto all fours and then lowered my head. He moved behind me and wasted no time in fucking me.

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A large plug stuffing Toby’s ass, we rejoined the others outside already done with breakfast and enjoying the new selection of toys. Piling food onto plates, we watched as my fiancé took a cane to Allison’s red ass while off to their right Kelly was locked in a stockade getting fucked by a machine and flogged on the back by Nate. Others were experimenting with various other toys and pieces of equipment and I could not wait to join them. Gobbling up everything on my plate, I dropped it in the trash, washed it down with a gulp of orange juice and then walked over to Michele and Allison.

“Having fun?”

“God yes. Who would have thought she was a pain slut?” Michele replied. Drawing the cane back she brought it down hard on our friend’s ass. Allison yelped but asked for another which Michele was all too happy to give. “You want a few swats?”

“No thanks. Would you?” I asked, lifting another cane from the rack.

“Um...Only on my ass.”

“Really?”

“This weekend is all about experimenting, right?”

“Fair enough. Okay, I’ll make you a deal. I’ll take as many swats as you’re willing to let me give you.”

“I’m giving Allison fifty. She has eleven more and then you can give me that many.”

“Jesus! That’ll teach me for opening my big mouth.”

“If your big mouth is open I need to pee,” Kyle said. “Um, if you’re willing to drink it that is.”

“I can’t guarantee I’ll be able to swallow it all but I’ll give it my best try.” Getting on my knees I opened my mouth. He walked over and put the head of his dick in but did not stop there. Hand on the back of my head, he pushed down my throat. He started pissing but I barely tasted anything as it warmed its way to my belly. Excited at drinking every drop, I sucked him until hard and then offered him my ass. He accepted and I pushed my tongue in my fiancé’s ass as he fucked me.

Two friends approached, one with three lit candles and the other a flogger. I gave them a nod and a moment later hot wax dripped and then hardened between my shoulders. While it was being flogged off more was added on my lower back. Then it was dripped all over the place until it felt as if I was wearing a tight shell. Then wax chips were flying in every direction as the tips of the flogger cut through and painfully bit into my skin. More friends walked over. Hot wax dripped. The flogger struck hard. Several streams of piss stung my battered back and Kyle continued fucking my ass.

“Don’t think this is going to get you out of being caned,” Michele said as she pushed her ass back onto my tongue as she leaned forward and licked Allison’s pussy.

The onslaught of different sensations coming in from all directions had my mind racing in tune to my throbbing cock. I could feel the pre-cum dripping from the tip. Fingernails raked across my back causing me to clench around Kyle’s thrusting cock. And then we came together which, considering I had not touched my dick once throughout the entire encounter, was a minor miracle. “Oooohhhh god! I love you all so fucking much! Please never stop using me as your fucktoy!”

“We’re only here for the weekend,” Kyle panted “but I’ll gladly drop by whenever you feel like doing this again.”

“That goes double for me,” Allison moaned as my fiancé continued eating her out. “Uuhhnnn...actually, if the job offer is still on the table I’ll be here any time you and Michele want to use me as your obedient little pain slut.”

“You’re hired. Babe, can you stop eating her long enough to fist my ass?”

“Gladly. But that’s still not getting you out of being caned.”

“Ditto, babe, now grab a bottle of lube and work your hand in me.” Three lubed fingers pushed into my ass. Released from the spanking bench, Allison wiggled her way under me and immediately sucked my cock. Lowering my head, I sucked her hooded clit. Candles blown out and dropped on the ground, two friends stood on either side of me and took turns flogging my back. Any normal, sane person would have felt humiliated and degraded but after a lifetime of being alone I had finally found the love I had so desperately sought.