

April Finds Love

Crimson Rose

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

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

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

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

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

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

Walking over to the curtains, April pulled them closed, made sure the front door was locked tight and then let out a pitiful sigh. "Tomorrow," she vowed. "I'll try to make more friends tomorrow." Entering the bedroom, she opened the curtains – not worried anyone would see her thanks to the fenced in yard with trees on the three remaining sides, she unlocked the

window and raised it. As she turned and walked to the bed she failed to notice the owl swoop down and land in the branches of a maple tree.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mmmm, that's it Leslie, lick my fucking pussy you dirty slut," April loudly moaned her best friend's name as she continued rubbing herself. "Make me squirt my juices all over your fucking face!" Shoving hard, the head of the toy popped into her pussy. Her back arched and her hips rose up off the bed as the hand holding the fat cock thrust forward.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Simon shook his head no.

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

Simon nodded.

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

Simon emphatically nodded.

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

“Simon nodded his owl head in understanding.

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

Another nod from the owl.

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

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

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

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

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

Simon nodded.

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

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

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