

BDSM Bundle: 2018 Edition

Crimson Rose

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Devil's Bargain

Crimson Rose

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It was Friday night. My mother was out of town on business. The house was all mine and I fully intended on taking advantage. Getting home a little later than planned, I got out of my car, went inside to prepare for an evening of partying and stopped dead in my tracks. Strategically placed candles lit the living room and down the hallway leading in the direction of my bedroom. Heart racing, my eyes followed the rose petals on the floor and my feet walked of their own accord.

As I walked down the hallway I heard the faint sound of a tune I did not recognize playing. Hand trembling, I reached out and turned the knob. "H-Hello?"

"Hey babe," a deep commanding voice replied. I thought it sounded familiar but for the life of me could not place where I had heard it before. "Tonight's the special night. Are you ready to become a woman?"

"W-What are you talking about? Who are you? Why are you in my house? Did my mother send you? If this is one of her perverse jokes I'm not laughing."

"No, but soon you'll be moaning," the voice replied. "Come on, Marlee, you know you've been dreaming of this night as long as I have."

"I...I don't...I'm not...I don't even know who you are."

"Not funny, babe. How can you forget the man of your dreams?" A man appeared out of nowhere in front of me. He was tall, well-dressed in an obviously tailored suit and at least twenty years my elder. His handsome face looked vaguely familiar, but like his voice I could not place it. "I love you, Marlee, and promise to make this a night you'll never forget."

As my feet brought me to the room of their own accord, my right arm raised and I took his hand in my own. His skin was warm and rough, but at the same time strangely smooth. He pulled me close and our lips nearly met. I froze. His smile turned my knees to butter and I melted into his arms as he kissed me. It was, for lack of a better word, magical. My lips parted. Our tongues met and suddenly I wanted to rip my clothes off so he could ravish me. His right hand went to my lower back, his left to my ass. My body acting with a mind of its own, I reached down and unbuckled his belt and then his pants.

The man, whose name, for the life of me, I could not recall gently bit my lower lip and then took a step back. His eyes lowered and with them my knees gave and I knelt on the floor in front of him. "Please, Master, may I suck your cock?" I asked.

"You may."

"Thank you Master." Reaching up, I pulled his pants and underwear down. "My god!" I gasped when his huge cock sprang free. Wrapping my fingers around the thick, veiny shaft I stroked the nearly foot length. Leaning closer, I maintained eye contact and sucked his balls one after the other as if it were the most natural thing in the world despite it being my first time doing anything with a man. Licking up his shaft, I kissed the head and then sucked him down my throat. Literally. It was as if my gag reflex and throat muscles went on vacation and left a nice snug place for his cock to easily slide into. Surprised, I held it there longer than I thought possible before pulling back.

"Good job, slave."

"Thank you, Master, but I don't understand how I can suck your cock so easily when I've never done it before. Suck cock that is."

"You're a very gifted young woman, Marlee and that's what I love about you. Are you ready to become a woman? To take my seed and bear my children?"

“Yes Master.” Without being told to, I crawled to the bed and knelt head down and ass up – something in my mind telling me that was my Master’s preferred position. He got on the bed behind me. A finger traced down my spine causing goosebumps to pop up all over my skin. THWAP! His hand slapped me ass. “Thank you Master.” The huge head of his massive cock slid along my vulva causing me to inhale sharply and bite into my lower lip. “Please make me a woman, Master. There was a great amount of pressure and then he was in me – that thin flap of skin utterly destroyed by his powerful thrust.

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Waking in a cold sweat, I bolted upright and looked around the living room. There were no candles, no rose petals, no romantic music and definitely no men. Laying back, I stared at the ceiling. “Every damn night,” I sighed. Hands going down my belly I suddenly felt...strange. My entire body tingled. It was kind of pleasant at first but quickly grew painful as if I was being jabbed with a million tiny needles. A dozen hit my clit and to my humiliation I squirt like a fountain. Rolling onto my stomach I raised my ass and gushed again. A third came when I touched myself for the first time in my life. Unfortunately, the sensation passed and I did not get to experience a fourth.

Rolling out of bed I went to my private bathroom, opened a cabinet, reached under the towels in the back and grabbed a pregnancy test. I had no idea why I bought them, but was glad I had because if this one was the same as the others I was pregnant which begged the logical question of how, short of divine intervention, it was possible for a virgin to get knocked up. Sitting on the toilet, I opened the box and removed the test applicator. Positioning it, I peed and ten seconds later double blue lines appeared.

After finishing, I went back to my bedroom and added the applicator to the others lining my dresser. Standing naked in front of a full length mirror, right hand slowly circling my belly I stared at myself in shocked horror and confusion. Eyes drifting to the dresser, I shook my head at the little plus signs and double lines on the eleven pregnancy tests all indicating the impossible. *How?* I thought. *I’ve never had sex in my life. How in the hell can I be pregnant?* A knock on the bedroom door brought me back to reality.

“Marlee, you awake?” my mother asked through the door

Opening the dresser drawer, I swiped the pregnancy tests in on top of my bras and panties. “Yeah, I’m up.”

The door opened and my mother walked in. “I bet you’re all sorts of confused,” she said, her eyes going to my belly.

“W-What are you talking about?”

“You’re pregnant. And you’re a virgin. I imagine a million things are going through your mind right now, but...”

“H-How...how did you know? What’s going on mom? How can I be pregnant when, like you said, I’m a virgin?”

“The family curse, or gift depending on how you want to look at it. Also, I may have come in yesterday looking for you and saw the applicators on your dresser.”

“You were snooping in my room?”

“I wouldn’t call it snooping when you leave them laying out in the open.”

“Wait, despite being pregnant you still believe I’m a virgin?”

“I do because the same thing happened to me, my mother, her mother and her mother before that. Family curse, remember?”

“Thought it was a gift?”

“From a certain perspective. How many families do you know that not only have five generations alive, but each that is exactly nineteen years older than the next?”

“But I’m only eighteen.”

“And you’ll be nineteen when your daughter is born. Don’t bother giving me that look. Or have you not noticed the first born in our family are exclusively female?”

“What’s going on mom? And don’t give me that curse bullshit! I’m PREGNANT! I’m a virgin! I’ve never even had a boyfriend.”

“I’m going to ask you a very important question and I want the truth. Have you been having erotic dreams the past few months?”

“I...yes.”

“Thought so. No need to be embarrassed. Every woman in this family going back hundreds of years have had them in the months leading up to our first pregnancy and you are no exception.”

“You’re saying all these words, but you’re not telling me anything, mom. Please, what is going on? Who knocked me up? How? Believe me, I’ve checked and I’m still intact down there. I don’t even masturbate. Tell me something god damn it!”

“That’s why I’m here sweetie. Please, sit down, take a deep breath and prepare yourself for the craziest story you’ll likely ever hear.” Waiting for me to sit on the bed, she continued. “Let’s start with the dream. Stop me if I get anything wrong. You have the house to yourself for the night. You come home to find it lit with candles, rose petals carpeting the floor in the direction of your bedroom. You get there, body trembling with fear, excitement and anticipation. When the door opens you are greeted by a man you know but can’t place. You can’t resist his voice and when his lips press to yours you know you’ll do everything in your power to please him.”

“H-How?”

“We’ve all had the same dream, Marlee, and it always ends the same way. Being creampied and then one day you wake up absolutely certain you’re pregnant despite being a virgin. You tell yourself you’re crazy, but you take the tests day after day and the results are always the same. And then one day your mother comes in with a bizarre story to tell.”

“Are you trying to tell me I got pregnant in a dream, mom, because that would be pretty damn impossible. Now how about a little less fantasy and a bit more reality? Who knocked me up?”

“Would you believe me if I told you the devil is your baby’s daddy?”

“Not even for a second so stop dodging and answer the fucking question.”

“I just did.”

“The devil isn’t real, mom, so tell me what’s going on or so help me I’m going to the police!”

“And tell them what? That you’re a pregnant virgin and don’t know who the father is? Fancy a trip to the mental ward, or do you want them laughing you out of the station? Look, I’m telling you the father of your baby is the devil himself and if you don’t believe me I’ll prove it.”

“If you can prove the devil is real I’ll...I honestly don’t know what I’ll do, but we won’t have to figure that out since the damn devil isn’t real.”

“Come with me.”

“Where?”

“If you want proof then let’s go. And don’t bother getting dressed as we’re not leaving the house.”

Going to the basement we stood in front of a heavy steel door I had never been beyond despite every effort to thwart the inordinate amount of security my mother had placed on it. Positioning her eye in front of the retinal scanner and her right hand on the palm scanner she waited for them to beep before speaking. "I live to serve." There was a loud click and she pulled the door open. "After you."

Stepping through the doorway I made it all of four steps before stopping dead in my tracks. "HOLY SHIT!" I exclaimed. "W-What is all this? Oh god! What are you going to do to me mom?" I asked as I took in the hundreds of sex toys lining the walls and a dozen or so pieces of furniture and equipment strategically placed about the floor.

"This, sweetie, is my dungeon but don't worry, I'm not the one that will be dominating you today, but you will be dominated so wrap your head around that if you want to know the truth of your pregnancy."

"What do you mean by dominated, mom? If this is some sick joke I'm not laughing."

"No joke and the level of domination will depend on what your Master wishes to do to you. Now, I will ask one last time. Are you certain you want to know the truth?"

"Just tell me already dammit!"

Instead of telling me anything, she went to a cabinet, opened a drawer and withdrew a small piece of paper which she handed to me. "Read it aloud."

Looking at the piece of paper I saw four lines written in fancy, almost illegible script.

"Devil, Master, Lord below,

Thine unholy self, please do show.

Devil, Master, pleasure slaked,

A devil's bargain with me make."

No sooner was the last word out of my mouth then the lights dimmed, the room briefly doubled in temperature and then all of a sudden there was a third, incredibly beautiful woman in the room with us. Shocked at her arrival I stumbled back several feet. "W-What the fuck? MOM? What's going on? Who is this woman and where did she come from?"

Long black hair. Olive complexion. Big green eyes. Full lips. A body to die for and a dress that barely covered any of it. I'm not sure a word exists that adequately describes just how stunning our sudden guest was, but then my eyes were drawn to the small horns protruding from the front of her head and the long tail swaying side to side behind her as she stepped in my direction. "I am the devil. Satan. Beelzebub. The Angel of Darkness. Abaddon. Baphomet. The Morningstar. I go by a great many names, but you, sweet Marlee, may call me Mistress Lucy," she said as her right hand gently caressed my cheek.

I wanted to run away screaming, but my legs and vocal cords refused to obey as the warmth of her skin against mine gave me an all too familiar feeling. My knees unlocked and I found myself kneeling in front of her, my hands on her exposed hips. "M-Mom?"

"Hello again, Diane," Mistress Lucy said to my mother. "Has it been eighteen years already?"

"Yes Mistress," my mother replied "and she is definitely pregnant with your child."

"Then in accordance with our bargain I release you from my service and claim this one as my slave."

"Thank you Mistress." My mother then turned her attention to me. "I want you to know I love you more than life itself, but this is the price we must all pay. Do as your Mistress

commands and you'll have everything you've ever dreamt of. Refuse and, well, trust me, there's a reason none have. Anyways, we'll talk more after you and Mistress Lucy get better acquainted." And with that she walked out of the dungeon leaving me at the mercy of someone claiming to be the devil.

"I don't understand. How can you be the devil when you're a woman?"

"I am virtually a god, Marlee, I can take on any form I desire. In this case I assumed one you would find pleasing."

"You're an incredibly beautiful... woman, but I'm not a lesbian."

"No, you're a virgin with a million questions and I am here not only to answer them, but to give you whatever your heart desires."

"You said you go by a great many names. I seem to recall one of them being the Lord of Lies, so why should I believe anything you tell me? How do I know this is even real? For all I know I'm still in bed and this is all some really bizarre dream."

"Despite what your primitive holy books might say, I am incapable of telling lies."

"Which is exactly what the Lord, or is it Lady, of lies would say."

"Be that as it may, you have summoned me to strike a bargain and I accept, but first you must slake my pleasures."

"Um..."

"I mean you will pleasure me sexually until orgasm. Only then will I give you everything you desire. And before you refuse, know that an eternity of hell is not the worst punishment I can think of."

"I'm not selling my soul to the freaking devil!"

"You really have to stop believing everything you read or see on TV. I ask only two things in return for my services. First and foremost is your first-born daughter whom, when she turns eighteen and wakes from a dream pregnant with my child will continue the family tradition. And second, you will serve as my loyal and obedient slave until she comes of age and the reins are passed on."

"And if I refuse?"

"You know all those horrible things you've been told about hell? I'll make it seem like paradise in comparison to what I do to those who go back on our bargain. Which, I might add you agreed to by summoning me here in the first place so you might as well accept your fate."

"Assuming I do accept, what will I get out of it?"

"Everything you're heart desires. With a few exceptions, of course. You may not use the bargain to break the bargain as it is eternal and you can thank your umpteenth great grandmother for that one. You may also not ask for immortality, eternal youth or anything that would break the laws of physics so no magic."

"What is magic if not converting matter into energy and energy into matter? Please correct me if I'm wrong but that's well within the laws of physics."

"I have to admit that is a very intriguing interpretation of magic but ask yourself if you want to have every government in the world hunting you down to learn your secrets."

"If I could use magic without breaking the laws of physics could you grant it?"

"I could, but I won't."

"Then you are breaking the bargain as that's what my heart desires."

"No it isn't."

"It is now. So, what happens if you break the deal?"

"No deal has been broken."

“Then grant me my magic.”

“You’re going to have to be more specific in what sort of magic you desire.”

“And if I desire more than just magic?”

“Tell me what you desire and I will make it happen, but make sure you tell me in one go as you cannot change it later.”

“I’m going to need time to think about it.”

“Then you may do so while pleasuring me, slave. Lick.”

I did not want to lick another woman even if she was the devil, but my hands moved the front of her short dress out of the way and my tongue licked along her slit of its own accord. Telling myself this was all a dream, I pulled her closer and pushed my tongue as deep as it would go. She tasted vaguely of honey with hints of lavender, jasmine and a touch of clover. It made for a very interesting nectar which I eagerly lapped up.

Her tail wrapped around my right breasts, the barbed end flicked my left nipple with levels of intensity varying from light and pleasurable to hard and painful but instead of moving away I pulled her closer and sucked her clit. To my surprise it started growing longer and thicker until a minute later I was sucking a huge, all too familiar cock. Looking up, she was still a woman, but I would know this dick anywhere as I’ve seen it in my dreams every night for months. Believing this was still a dream, I took it down my throat and immediately fell back on my ass in a coughing fit.

“I told you this wasn’t a dream,” Mistress Lucy said. “

“How did you impregnate me, Mistress?”

“I’m the devil, do you need any other explanation?”

“I suppose not.” I was something of a closet nerd and have played a few table-top rpgs in the past so I knew a thing or three about magic and how it worked in the various systems I had dabbled in. “I know what I want from you, Mistress.”

“Do tell.”

“I want the ability to cast every spell that has ever been thought up, spoken or written down as often as I desire and without the use of components as if I were a spell-caster of infinite level. If there is more than one version of the same spell then I want the one that is most advantageous to me. And seeing as how I’ll be dealing with real magic, I also want a perfect photographic memory and the ability to retain all knowledge I take in without losing it to mental degradation. That, Mistress, is what I want from you.”

“I can see into your mind, Marlee, and it won’t work. Oh, I can give you the magic, photographic memory and perfect mental health, but you cannot use said power to banish me as that would break the first tenant of the bargain. And the spells granted would violate the other two.”

“No, Mistress, they will not. You said, and I quote: ‘I cannot ask for immortality or eternal youth,’ end quote. I have asked for neither.”

“And yet if I grant your desire you will have both.”

“Bonus,” I grinned. “Grant my desire as stated, Mistress, or live up to being the Lord of Lies.”

“Very well. I will grant your heart’s desire but remember, you’re my slave until your first-born daughter reaches the age of eighteen.”

“Nineteen years of serving you is a small price to pay for immortality, Mistress.”

“Nineteen years? Oh, Marlee, you won’t be having a daughter in nine months, nine years or nine centuries. With all eternity at your disposal I think I’ll ensure you have nothing but sons until I tire of you. And that, my slave, is going to be an eternity.”

“But...”

“No buts. The bargain is struck and your powers will manifest when your child is born.”

“You are incapable of lying correct, Mistress?”

“That is correct.”

“Is it true the first-born in my family is always a daughter?”

“Yes,” she answered, the look on her face a little less pleased.

“Is that coincidence or part of the bargain, Mistress?”

“Part of the bargain.”

“Then by changing the sex of my children you are tampering with the bargain and thus nullifying it. Isn’t that correct, Mistress?”

“That is correct, slave,” she answered, her voice a low growl.

“Then what will it be Mistress? Are you going to break the bargain or uphold it?”

“Well played, slave. I will uphold the terms of the bargain. You have my word I will never alter the sex of your children for my own advantage.”

“And the rest of the bargain?”

“What about it?”

“I want your word you won’t try manipulating it in your favor ever again.”

“I will make no such promise. The dreams are over, slave, assume the position so I can finally make a woman out of you.”

“Yes Mistress.” Turning, I lowered my head to the cold concrete dungeon floor, raised my ass and spread my legs. She traced a line down my spine and the goosebumps popped up all over my skin. She then used a fingernail to draw something on my right shoulder. It burned like lava and I screamed out in agony but she did not stop and for some reason my body once again refused my commands to move. It only took a few minutes but it felt like an eternity. When she was done I knew without looking that she had tattooed her stunning face on my shoulder and no amount of magic I would soon possess could ever remove it.

Her long, pointed fingernails dug into my hips and I felt the blood slowly trickling down my thighs. The head of her cock parted my womanhood and stopped. I took a deep breath and just like in my dreams I pushed back. “Uuhnnn!” I grunted. Unlike my dreams which were one pleasure-filled moment after another, her cock tearing through my virginity and stretching me open hurt like hell. “Oh god, Mistress, please go slow. It...uhn...it hurts.”

“You haven’t felt pain yet, slave.”

Her tail swiped across my back like a razorblade breaking the skin while remaining shallow enough to scab over and heal in a few days without the need for stitches. “Aahhgghhh!” I tried pulling away. This time my body responded, but her fingernails digging deeper into my hips prevented me from going too far. SWOOSH! Another cut running parallel to the first. It was followed by three more to my back and then the barbed tip pressed painfully into my hooded clit. Moving up to my mound, she pressed into my flesh and I suddenly felt intense heat as if I had just been struck by a hot coal. Grinding my teeth I yanked free from her grip and rolled onto my ass. Looking down, I saw an arrowhead permanently branded into my skin. “Y-You branded me!”

“I did. And that’s multiple times you’ve failed to call me Mistress. I taught you the positions in your dreams so you know what to do.”

“You cut me, Mistress! Branded me, jabbed your fingernails into my hips and drew blood! I think I’ve suffered enough.”

“Oh, slave, you don’t know the meaning of the word,” she said, a long barbed whip appearing in her right hand. “Standing punishment. Assume the position or you’ll only make things worse.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.” Gulping back my fear, I stood and spread my legs about two feet apart and held my arms out to the sides.

CRACK! The knotted tip of the whip bit into my left breast.

“One. Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson,” I said, recalling the punishments from my dreams and knowing if I moved or failed to count or give thanks it would only make things worse.

CRACK! This time the whip wrapped around my abdomen in such a way the tip came around my left side and dug into my right breast.

“Two. Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson.” She pulled the whip free. The barbs caught and jabbed into me like a dozen needles causing me to bite my tongue not to yell out in agony.

CRACK! The whip wrapped around my upper right thigh. She tugged and the barbs pierced my flesh.

“T-T-Three. Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson.”

CRACK! The tip of the whip swooshed through the air along my right arm, across my breasts and down my left arm leaving a nasty welt in its wake.

“Four. Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson.”

CRACK! She walked around me and with skilled precision the whip sliced into my ass.

“Five. Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson.”

She pressed against my back. Her arm wrapped around my body as the head of her cock teased my asshole. It felt wet as if lubed but I have no idea when she had the time to apply it. She gently nibbled my earlobe. “I’m going to fuck your ass.” And with that she thrust her hips and

my asshole was stretched to accept her enormous cock. “Or would you rather continue the punishment?”

“Please fuck my ass Mistress. Fist me. Use me as your toilet. Do all those humiliating and degrading things you make me do in my dreams but please, Mistress, I can’t take another swat.” Groaning, I fucked myself on her throbbing pole.

“You’d be surprised at what you can take, slave. And if you don’t believe me then just ask your mother.”

“My mother doesn’t have the scars what you did to me are going to leave, Mistress.”

“She’s also never been sick a day in the last nineteen years. Strange that, huh?”

“Are you saying my mother asked for what, perfect health? Speedy healing? What exactly did she bargain for, Mistress?”

“That’s something you can discuss with your mother. Now get on your knees and put the head of my cock in your mouth. If you spill a drop the whip comes back and I won’t stop this time until you pass out.”

“Yes Mistress.” I knew it was not semen I would be eating as I got on my knees. *I can do this*, I thought as I took the head of her cock in my mouth. *I’ve done this dozens of times in my dreams. I know what it tastes like. I can do this.* Her piss hit the back of my throat and I swallowed. It was warm. Bitter. Salty. Everything I imagined in my dreams taken up about seventy-three notches, but if the alternative was a brutal whipping then I would drink every last drop. And I did. Gulp after gulp after gulp. After ten mouthfuls I was wondering how long she had been holding back and after twenty I knew she was using her devilish powers to increase the flow to unnatural levels. My belly was filling rapidly and just when I thought I was going to explode she stopped.

“Well done, slave.”

“Thank you Mistress, but it’s not fair you increased the amount so much.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about, slave. Looks like the practice has paid off.”

“Practice, Mistress?”

“In your dreams, slave.”

Something in her voice told me she was hiding something and I aimed to get at the bottom of it. “What aren’t you telling me Mistress?”

“A lot, slave, now the time for questions is over. Assume the position so I can finish fucking your ass.”

I know I was risking another round with the whip, but I had to know. “You weren’t pissing down my throat in my dreams were you, Mistress?” I asked as I got into position.

“I thought I said the time for questions was over, slave? Do I need to use the whip again?”

“No Mistress, but I know you’re hiding the truth and I won’t stop until I figure out how you did it.”

“I know you won’t which is why I’ll give you this one for free. But ask another question without permission and you will feel far worse than the whip. No, I did not use you as my personal toilet in your dreams. You were in a hypnotic state that, with a few exceptions, made you believe you were dreaming everything you experienced. I hope that answers your question, slave, because it’s all you’re getting.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

Lying on the floor, my asshole completely wrecked thanks to my new Mistress slowly increasing the length and girth of her cock, I stared up at the ceiling and panted like a dog. “So, What now, Mistress?”

“Now you introduce me to your friends as your girlfriend. After coming into some money you’ll move out of your mother’s house and into a home of your own where we’ll continue your training.”

“I don’t remember you living with my mother while I was growing up, Mistress.”

“Because I didn’t. But you’re different. I like you Marlee and I plan on keeping an eye on you at all times to make sure you’re not abusing your new powers.”

“Powers I don’t possess yet Mistress.”

“You will and seeing as how this is the first time I’m granted anyone real magic I’ll be keeping those eyes on you, slave.”

“Yes Mistress, but can I ask one favor?”

“You can ask.”

“I am your slave, Mistress, and I accept that as part of this infernal bargain but can you please not refer to me as such in front of others?”

“You are my slave, Marlee, and not only will everyone know it, but they’ll hear it from your mouth just as soon as we move in together. Is that understood?”

“Please Mistress.”

“Is. That. Understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good. Then this concludes session one. Go take a shower and get some rest because your training resumes in the morning.”

“Yes Mistress.”

One month later...

Doctor Wilkinson slowly moved the ultrasound along my belly and an image appeared on the screen that had me more than a little confused. "Um, is that what I think it is," I asked, as I stared at what appeared to be three babies."

"If you're thinking triplets then, yeah, that's exactly what it is," the doctor replied. "Congratulations."

"Thanks."

"Now I must ask about the scarring I'm seeing around your thighs as I am required by law to report any and all signs of abuse."

"I'll stop you right there Doc. Have you ever heard of bdsm? The immediate look on her face told me she had so I continued. "I am what's known as a masochist and I can assure you everything you see on my body is there because I asked for it," I said with such conviction it left no doubt I was telling the truth.

"I meant no offense, but you do understand I had to ask, right?"

"I understand and thank you for the concern, but like I said, I asked for it. So, triplets, huh?"

"Triplets and they appear to be very healthy girls. That being said, multiple birth pregnancies are not without risk so I would like to see you in here once a month for regular checkups. And while I cannot enforce it, I would also suggest taking a break from intense stress and trauma to your body whether you like that sort of thing or not as it can cause unnecessary complications."

"So, no bdsm for the next six or seven months?"

"You don't have to give it up entirely. Light bdsm play should pose no risk, but I encourage you to radically reduce your exposure to whatever left those scars."

"They were caused by a whip."

"I don't need to know the details unless it was forced upon you against your will."

"I can say with one-hundred percent certainty that I have never been forced into anything in my life," I lied. "I will talk to my Mistress about a new training regime until the babies are born. I have to ask, do you get a lot of patience into this sort of thing?"

"More than you might imagine. Nothing to your degree of masochism, but we've seen a fair few."

"Are you into it? Sorry, forget I asked," I said when her cheeks turned bright red.

"You didn't hear this from me, but I dabbled a bit in college."

"Cool. Dominant or submissive?"

"I tried my hand at both but definitely more submissive. And I think that's enough about that."

"Thank you for being honest with me, Dr. Wilkinson. And for what it's worth, if you ever want to dabble again give me a call and I'm sure my Mistress would love to do a session or fifty with you."

"Thanks for the offer, but I'm happily married and my husband is not into that sort of thing."

"Well, if you ever change your mind the offer will remain open. So, is there anything else or am I free to go?"

“You’re free to go and I’ll schedule an appointment for the same day and time next month.”

“See you then.”

Getting out of the chair, I got dressed, left the small clinic and made it halfway to my car when my phone went off – the cha-ching tone indicating it was from my bank. Confused as to why I would be getting a deposit notification on Wednesday when I currently did not even have a job, I got in my car and logged into my account. I had saved every allowance, birthday and Christmas gift I had ever received and brought home a whopping \$176.53 when I was working part time so imagine my surprise when my balance read: \$557,692.81 from a corporation I did not recognize.

My first reaction was to call the bank to inform them of their mistake, but then two things happened. First, I recalled what the Devil said about coming into a small fortune and then I saw a note attached to the payment confirming it was indeed from Mistress Lucy. Heart racing in my chest, I rushed home and immediately stripped out of my clothes. Going to the kitchen where I heard my mother and Mistress talking I walked up to the latter and kissed her hard on the lips. “I got the deposit today, Mistress.”

“Then we’ll go house shopping first thing in the morning. How did it go at the doctors?”

“The babies are healthy, Mistress.”

“Babies? As in plural?”

“Yes Mistress. I’m apparently having triplets.”

“Congratulations,” mom exclaimed.

“Congratulations indeed, slave,” Mistress grinned. “This is a rare opportunity indeed.”

“Mistress?”

“Your umpteenth great grandmother Lilith, the one that made the first bargain...”

“Wait, Lilith, Mistress? *Thee* Lilith? As in Adam’s first wife Lilith?” Are you seriously telling me that we’re directly related to her?”

“That’s exactly what I’m telling you, slave. In her infinite wisdom she added a clause to the bargain pertaining directly to multiple birth pregnancies which states that the one making the bargain may ask for one additional desire per daughter born during the first pregnancy. That means if you wish to take full advantage of the bargain you may fulfill two more desires.”

“And in return all three of my daughters become your slaves?”

“Correct.”

“Does the multiverse exist, Mistress?”

“It does.”

“Then for my second desire I want to know, understand, retain and perfectly recall all the knowledge of the multiverse, past, present and future.”

“Damn, that didn’t take long,” my mother gasped.

“I may have been thinking about alternate desires since this all began. And for the third I want you to relinquish all powers as the devil except for your immortality until the last star in the multiverse burns out. Then, and only then will you be permitted to resume your role as our Mistress and bargain-maker.”

“By the time the last star burns out there will be no one left to make bargains with, slave.”

“Sounds like a personal problem, Mistress. Now tell me, are you able to fulfill that desire?”

“Yes,” she answered, but the look on her face was one of barely contained rage.

“Then you know my desires and I expect them to be fulfilled as my daughters are born, Mistress.”

“Well played slave.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“I don’t understand,” my mother said as she looked from me to her former Mistress. “If you no longer possess the powers of the devil does that mean you won’t be able to make bargains with her daughters?”

“That’s exactly what it means, mom, and thus ends our servitude to the Devil. At least until the last star in the multiverse burns out which, given the timetable for this universe will be on the order of a hundred trillion years. I bet you wish you could lie now, huh, Mistress?”

“Dungeon, now!”

“About that, Mistress. Doctor Wilkinson said I need to lay off the intense masochism until after the babies are born and that’s exactly what I intend to do. Don’t get me wrong, I will still serve as your slave in every other capacity, but the constant torture ends until they are born and that is non-negotiable as I will not put my babies at risk because you’re pissed I outsmarted you. In fact, I think it might be in everyone’s best interest if took a break from the bdsm completely until the babies are born.”

“I’m the one in charge here, slave, and I say what we do during the sessions and when we take breaks.”

“And I’m a pregnant woman that will do anything to ensure the safety of her unborn babies, Mistress.”

“Mistress, you are not permitted to do anything to put our children at risk so please stop with the posturing and accept her terms,” my mother said.

The Devil glared at her and for the first time I saw her eyes burning with literal hellfire. Mistress Lucy scoot her chair back and got to her feet. “I’ll return after the babies are born.”

“Um, what about getting a house together and establishing our relationship with my friends, Mistress? Look, for reasons I’m not entire sure I will ever be able to explain, I love you, Mistress, and don’t want you to leave.” Her mask of rage was replaced with surprised confusion. I stood, wrapped my arms around her and stared into her fiery eyes. The flames slowly turned to embers and then back to their beautiful shade of green. “I mean it, Mistress. I love you. And as long as you do nothing to risk harming my babies or anyone else I care about I will continue loving you for all eternity. Look into my heart, Mistress, and see that I’m speaking the truth. How many of my ancestors could say that?”

“You are the first,” Mistress replied “and I do indeed see that you’re sincere in your feelings for me.”

“That’s not true, Mistress,” mom said. “I’ve said I love you many times.”

“But you never meant it and thus I spoke true.” Turning her attention back to me, she continued. “I give you my word that I will cause no harm to anyone you love and care about unless they ask for it or do something to bring harm to you and your children.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Kissing her, I took her by the hand and led her down into the dungeon where my mother would not hear our passionate moans as we made love.

Six more months later...

Amelia was born first and no sooner was she in the doctor's arms than I felt something stirring deep within. It started as a tingling sensation not unlike a hand or foot waking up. It was followed by a warmth and then a sudden, intense pain in the temples which alarmed the doctors until a moment later I told them I was experiencing my first migraine. I could feel the magic coursing through my veins and it was exhilarating.

Natasha was the second borne and again I explained the intense pain away with the migraine as my head was filled with enough knowledge to make anyone else's brain melt into a pile of useless goo. I knew in that moment the entirety of existence from the first big bang to the last atom decaying and it made me weep with joy and sorrow. And finally, my third daughter Madison was born and I saw the Devil cringe as her powers were suppressed. Thankfully, I agreed to an addendum to the bargain that permitted her to remain in her current form to prevent everyone running in terror when she reverted to her natural state in front of them.

After a few days in the hospital for observations we were released with a clean bill of health. On the drive home I took a deep breath and asked the one question that had been on my mind since this whole bargain business began. "Mistress, there's something I've been meaning to ask. If you are the, um, father of my children as well as mine, my mother's and every first-born daughter all the way back to Lilith doesn't that mean we're all products of incest and every time we have sex we're committing the same said act?"

"The short answer is no."

"And the long answer, Mistress? Please, I need to know the truth."

"While you are all the Devil's daughters, you are not born of the same father. As you know, before being stripped of my powers I was able to assume a form those I bargained with found most desirable. That change went all the way down to the molecular level. Put simply, I modify what you would call my DNA to prevent just such a thing from occurring. Same fallen angel, different genetic code. Therefore, no incest. Does that answer your question, slave?"

"Yes Mistress, thank you. One more thing. If you only assumed the form you are now in because it is pleasing to me then how did my mother know who you were when you first appeared in her dungeon?"

"I share a connection with those I bargain with so they will know me no matter what form I take."

"Thank you again, Mistress."

I silently stared out the passenger window for the duration of the drive and thankfully Mistress Lucy left me to my thoughts. When we got home Mistress and I carried the babies inside and lay them in their new cribs. I made sure the monitor was on and then we went to the living room where she sat in the recliner and I paced nervously back and forth.

"What's on your mind, slave?"

"Many things, Mistress. First, I'm nervous as hell having to tell my family and friends I'm your sex slave. I'm afraid they'll think I'm a freak and never talk to me again."

"You could always use your magic to make them think it's the best idea in the world."

"I could never do that to them, Mistress. There's something else. I've been thinking about our...situation, and the reason I effectively ended the bargain with me is because I thought we were all products of incest. Since that is no longer the case I will permit you to have your

devilish powers back and to continue the bargain as normal when our daughters reach eighteen years of age if you agree to all of my terms.”

“I’m listening,” she said trying and failing not to show too much excitement.

“First, if you had your powers back could you be more than one person at a time, Mistress?”

“I can be anyone, anywhere and at any time.”

“But can you be two people at the same time, Mistress?”

“Yes.”

“Then these are my terms that will apply only to Amelia as she was the first born. First: you will not impregnate or induce any sort of hypnotic dream state in order to train her. When she is eighteen years old you will assume a form she finds the most pleasing and you will ask if she would like to be trained. If she says yes without any form of coercion then you may do so in accordance with the original bargain. If, however, she says no then the bargain ends with me. Second: no matter how she answers you agree to spend the rest of eternity as my Mistress and slave. To clarify, starting today we will take turns dominating and submitting to each other for the rest of time and nothing short of me saying so of my own free will can ever change that.”

“Anything else?”

“Yes Mistress. Since I now possess all the knowledge in the universe, past, present and future we both know you’re going to agree to my terms which is why I am adding a third. My mother has been virtually alone for the last eighteen years and that isn’t right. Therefore, I will allow you the power to split and assume the human form she finds the most pleasing so the two of you can dominate and serve each other as Mistress and slave for as long as you both shall live. To clarify, the form you take for her will be completely human in every regard and will not have the ability to make these devilish bargains with her or anyone else. And since we both know you’re going to agree please split and go so she does not have to spend another moment alone.”

“I agree to your terms Marlee,” she said as she got to her feet. Bowing her head, she concentrated. After a few moments her body began to visibly vibrate and then there were two of them – one the stunningly beautiful she-devil I had grown to love, and the other an equally handsome man without the tail and horns.

“So, you’re my father, huh?”

“I am and if you have it in your heart to forgive me I would like to make up for the last eighteen years I’ve been away.”

“I think I’d like that, but you should probably go see your wife first.”

“We were never married.”

“Then I think you should rectify that mistake by proposing to her right now. I know!” I excitedly exclaimed. “We’ll make it a double wedding! Assuming that’s okay with you, Mistress.”

“I think that’s a splendid idea, Mistress,” Lucy replied.

“Mmmm, I do like the sound of that. Go on, dad, you’ve kept mom waiting long enough. “Um, here, you can take my car,” I said digging through my purse and handing him the keys.

When he left and the car was driving down the road, Mistress Lucy pulled me into her arms. “You never cease to amaze me, Marlee.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“So, you know the future, how is Amelia going to answer?”

“Don’t you already know, Mistress?”

“I would have had you not stripped me of my powers, but now I’m basically an immortal human.”

“Then you’ll have to wait eighteen years to find out, Mistress,” I grinned. “Before I call my friends over there’s something I would like to give you.” Concentrating, I spoke the words of magic and the effects were immediate. Her clothes were gone and she winced as the needles attached to the tattoo gun I had summoned rapidly pierced her flesh with ink in the same area she tattooed me all those months ago, while two more left gold rings behind as they pushed through her nipples. With a wave of my hand her neatly trimmed bush was gone and I held a red hot branding iron in my hand. Smiling sadistically, I pressed it into her mound.

“Aahhgghhh!” she wailed as the words: PROPERTY OF MISTRESS MARLEE were forever seared into her flesh. “Son of a bitch that hurts!”

“Yes, Mistress, it does. I could accelerate the healing process, but seeing as how you took great pleasure in watching me suffer through the pain the least I can do is return the favor.” Another incantation temporarily turned my vulva into a cock. “On your knees, slave. Get it hard and wet because I’m going to use it to wreck that tight sexy ass of yours.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Her lips wrapped around the head of my cock and it immediately twitched to life. “Oh damn that feels good,” I purred. “I hope you like sucking cock, Lucy, because I think we’ll be doing this a lot more from now on.” It felt oddly exciting not calling her Mistress and I fully expected the whip to appear in her hand, but she did not miss a beat as her head bobbed back and forth. Feeling a bit more sadistic, I imagined the barbed whip Lucy so loved using on me and it appeared floating behind her back. Giving it a life of its own, it struck her back with painful precision.

“Ghaahhgghhh!”

“Wrong answer, slave.”

CRACK!

“O-One. Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson.”

“Sucks being on the receiving end doesn’t it slave? And since you’re mostly human you’ll have to accept the pain and heal naturally. Head down, ass up.”

CRACK! Waiting for her to lean back and turn around the whip slapped across her breasts a fraction of an inch above her recently pierced nipples.

“Two. Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson.”

Grabbing her hips, I pushed and nearly shot my load before getting my new cock halfway up her ass. “We’re definitely going to be doing this more often, slave.”

CRACK! The whip wrapped around her neck, the handle flew into my left hand and I yanked her head back.

“Three. Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson,” Lucy choked out the words.

“You’re very welcome, slave.” Kissing her, I mentally commanded the whip to tighten. Her asshole squeezed my cock like a vice and I pumped her even harder. Her face started turning purple and she wheezed in an attempt to intake enough air to remain conscious. Fucking her faster, I pulled the whip even tighter and came. Releasing the whip I dug my fingernails into her ass. She unwrapped the whip and gasped.

“I look forward to serving you, Mistress.”

Waking, I rolled over to see Lucy still sleeping soundly with her back to me. My eyes went from the tattoo of my face on her right shoulder to the dozens of welts, scratches and the beginnings of bruises caused by the whip the night before. I felt bad for giving them to her, but at the same time putting her in her place gave me an overwhelming sense of exhilaration I looked forward to feeling again. “Are you awake, lover?”

“I am now, Mistress.”

“There’s time for that later. For now I would like us to be Lucy and Marlee is that acceptable?”

“Mmm hmm,” she groaned, rolling over to face me. “Last night was...interesting. I honestly didn’t think you had it in you, but am glad you proved me wrong. So, how did you like dominating me?”

“I loved every second of it and hope you now have at least a tiny idea of what it feels like to be your slave.”

“I do and your ability to endure it for so long without breaking makes me love you all the more, but now that you have magic to mitigate the pain I’ll have to be a little more creative with my sadism.”

“I might use it to heal the wounds, but I give you my word I will never use the magic to mitigate the pain as you inflict it.”

“Does that mean you’ll fix me then?”

“Nope. You’re going to have to live with it just as me, my mother and all of my ancestors before. I’m going to invite my friends over today to tell them the news, but first I need to use the bathroom.”

“I’ll drink yours if you drink mine.”

“Deal. And after we shower you’ll get breakfast started while I make the calls.”

“Um, I don’t know the first thing about cooking.”

“You’re the freaking devil. Are you telling me in all the eons you’ve been alive you’ve never once made a meal?”

“When I had my powers I didn’t need to eat and we’ve been eating out since you stripped them from me so, no, I have never prepared a meal.”

“Okay, then we’ll eat out today and cooking lessons begin tomorrow. And you’ll serve as my slave until you’re able to prepare three different meals a day for a week. Twenty-one meals, Lucy, think you can manage that?”

“I’ll do my best, Mistress. What meal are you going to teach me to cook first?”

“I’m not. You’ll buy some cookbooks, watch the food network, whatever you have to do to teach yourself and when you feel you’re ready you’ll regale my taste buds with your fine cuisine. Now, about that toilet.”

Lucy pulled the blankets back and looked between my legs. Smiling, she looked up at me. “Um, you still have a cock, Mistress.”

“Oh, Guess I forgot to change it back after last night’s...fun.”

“I like it, Mistress.”

“As do I, but I prefer my vajayjay.”

“Wait, please let me drink it from your cock one last time, Mistress.”

“One last time because I love you.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Taking my cock in her mouth, she gave me a nod indicating she was ready. I started to pee and despite watching her throat did not see her swallowing. My pee, however, did not come back out so I assumed she was getting it down somehow.

“So, that was new. Care to explain how you just did that?”

“Simple, Mistress, I relaxed my gag reflex and let it flow right down. Will you drink mine now?”

“I will and then you’re going to show me that gag reflex trick.”

“Really Mistress? After months of sucking my cock how can you possible still have a gag reflex?”

“What can I say, babe, no matter what I try it refuses to go away.” Pushing her back on the bed I crawled between her legs and took the head of her cock in my mouth. After giving the same nod she started pissing and I swallowed in a much more obvious manner, but got it all down without spilling a drop.

“You may have a gag reflex, Mistress, but you still manage to get every drop down like a well-trained urinal.”

“The same can be said about you, slave.” And with that I let the magic flow through my body. It took the shape of a tattoo gun that hovered over Lucy’s left breast.

“Another one, Mistress?” The tattoo gun split into two. “Oh god Mistress, how many are you...” her words were cut short when one gun went to her breast and the other to mine. Closing my eyes, I concentrated and the words took form. *Trained Urinal* written in fancy script. When the last letter was formed the tattoo guns vanished.

“One for each of us, slave, and as a small token of my love...” I placed my hand over her breast. It took on a faint blue glow and the tattoo rapidly healed. “All better?”

“Thank you Mistress.”

The healing spell lingered. The glow enveloped Lucy’s naked body and she began writhing on the bed as if in the throes of orgasm. The welts faded. The cuts scabbed over and in moments everything I inflicted in her the night before were gone, leaving behind nothing but her perfectly flawless skin.

“Y-You healed it all Mistress. I thought I had to suffer through it like a human?”

“I did say I love you, right?”

“I love you too, Mistress. And thank you for healing me. I feel a million times better,” she said pushing me back on the bed. Climbing on top of me, we kissed and she rocked her hips along my cock. “Last night was the first time I’ve ever taken anything up my ass and I want to do it again. Please, Mistress, will you fuck my ass?”

“You’ve been alive since before this universe was created and in all that time you never experienced anal sex even once?”

“You know I am incapable of lying, Mistress, and if that isn’t enough then you do have the entirety of the multiverse in that pretty head of yours.”

“I also have magic,” I said. She was suddenly lifted into the air and gently pushed to the middle of the room with arms and legs spread.

“Magic you...” her words were cut off by a penis gag appearing in her mouth that strapped itself behind her head.

“You want me in your ass, slave, I’ll give you an ass-fucking you’ll...” the sounds of crying over the monitor stopped me short. “To be continued, slave,” I said bringing her back to the bed. As she softly landed the gag vanished and she let out an excited gasp.

“Can’t wait, Mistress.”

At five Lucy and I had a quickie in the shower and then got dressed – something we never did while home alone, she in a burgundy high-neck latex and lace mini dress with sheer front and back panels that barely hid her tail and a pair of strappy heels while I wore a navy blue bandage dress with alternating latex and sheer panels that strategically hid the goods while still showing off far more than my friends were used to seeing.

My parents picked the babies up at five-thirty and the guests started arriving at six. As expected, I got a lot of brow-raised looks which I returned with a smile. The last of my friends showed up at a quarter till and I got right down to business.

“I want to thank you all for showing up on such short notice. I’m not going to waste time or beat around the bush. You all know Lucy and I are engaged to be married, but there’s something about our lives that we feel you all deserve to know. It’s not going to be easy to hear but please understand this is a major part of who we are. On top of being madly in love...”

“Marlee and I are Mistress and slave,” Lucy cut in. More appropriately, we dominate and submit to each other. And in order for you to get a small sample of our lifestyle we’re implementing a strict no clothes policy starting right now.” Grabbing the hem of her dress, she pulled it off over her head and their eyes went straight to the long tail swaying behind her.

“W-What is that?” My best friend Carla asked, her finger pointing to Lucy’s tail.

“More importantly, is she serious?” Jake asked. “Do you honestly expect us to strip?”

“Um, sorry,” Lucy apologized. “I should have warned you the horns weren’t my only body modification.”

“And yes, she was serious,” I cut in. Pulling my dress off I let it drop to the floor. “Please, take your clothes off.”

“What next, Marlee, an orgy?” my best friend asked.

“Mmmm, now that does sound like fun,” Lucy purred.

“Um, what?”

“We’re Mistress and slave. We have no limits so if you’re open to experimenting then take your clothes off and we’ll gladly teach you a thing or thirty.”

“You heard her,” I said. While I did not plan for a night of debauchery, now that it was here I was willing to see just how far my friends would go. “Come on, get those clothes off. You don’t have to do anything sexual if you don’t want, but as Lucy said this is a nudist only house and there will be no exceptions.” They all stood there, emotions ranging from confused to scared, but none of them were stripping. “This isn’t a game. You have thirty seconds to start stripping or you can leave and not come back until you’re ready to follow the rules.”

“Come on, Marlee, this...”

“Twenty seconds.”

“I swear to god if you tell us to start fucking I’m leaving,” Carla said as she took her tee shirt off. Dropping it to the floor she reached back and unhooked her bra. I knew it was not easy for her to be the first, but she set the example the rest followed.

“I know this is a lot to take in, so thank you all for indulging in our perverted lifestyle even if it’s only going naked during visits. That being said, if you wish to have sex then please feel free to do so knowing you will never be judged as long as you’re in this house.”

“Your breasts says trained urinal,” Carla said pointing to me and Lucy’s tattooed left breast.

“As Lucy said, we have no limits,” I replied. “As disgusting as it sounds, we drink each other’s pee. And if any of you need to go we’ll gladly be your toilets. Isn’t that right, slave?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“In the meantime, make yourselves comfortable, freely engage in sex if you like. I’m going to order some food so we can make this a real party.”

“I told you if...”

“I’m not ordering anyone to have sex, Carla, but if you want you may do so freely and without judgement. That being said, will you have sex with me?”

“You know I’m straight, Marlee.”

“Then will you have sex with me?” Lucy asked my best friend. “I may look like an incredibly beautiful woman, but as you can see I have cock so...best of both worlds.

“It’s okay Carla, if you want to have sex with my fiancé you have my blessing.” Taking her right hand in my own, I placed it on Lucy’s cock and nodded. “I can see it in your eyes so don’t deny it.”

“I...she...woman...dick...oh god!” Her hand slowly moved along Lucy’s shaft and I smiled. “Have fun.”

“So, you’ll have sex with anyone that asks?” my friend Paul asked.

“Are you asking?”

“Maybe I am.”

“Then maybe I’ll have sex with you.”

“Um, I need to use the bathroom,” my friend Tracy said. I walked over and knelt in front of her. Looking up, I placed my mouth on her vulva and she inhaled sharply but did not pee. Leaning back, I maintained eye contact.

“It’s okay, I’ll drink every drop.”

“Y-You...I’m not...I didn’t mean...”

“Lucy and I are the urinals for tonight so anyone that needs to go will use one of us. No exceptions. Now please, Tracy, use me.” I put my mouth over her vulva and flicked her hooded clit with the tip of my tongue. She gulped and my mouth was suddenly filled with her warm, salty fluid. I swallowed and that was the catalyst that set the orgy ball rolling. Not all of my friends were willing to show their perverted side, but a few paired off. It started as nervous kissing which graduated to heavy petting by the time I was licking Tracy clean. Out of the corner of my eye I saw my fiancé bending my best friend over the couch. Lucy’s hips thrust forward. Carla grunted and after a few hard thrusts started fucking back.

My tongue still buried in Tracy’s pussy, I felt a pair of hands on my hips. Looking back, I saw Jake. I gave him a nod of approval and went back to licking. The head of his cock slid along my slit and I pushed back taking all seven inches in one go.

“I...I think I’ve let you lick me...oh dear lord,” Tracy moaned when I lightly bit her hooded clit. “Okay, a little longer.”

Those friends not willing to participate moved to the sides of the room while the rest of us took things to the next level. Jake’s load swimming around inside of me, I crawled to my best friends and licked Lucy’s semen from her pussy. Very quick to recover, my fiancé fucked her cock up my ass and I inadvertently unleashed the magic. It manifested as invisible waves accompanied by what they took for me speaking in tongues and a moment later every man and woman in the house was overcome with unbridled lust.

The orgy began at ten after eight and went unabated through the night – my friends growing bolder and more perverse with their actions until some were drinking piss and others were being fisted. Boundaries were broken, taboos crossed. Once straight men and women were freely and openly engaging in gay and lesbian sex. A tattoo gun appeared in my left hand.

Thankfully everyone was so caught up in the moment they did not see it happen. Pulling off Paul's thrusting cock, I pulled Carla off the couch and onto the floor. Straddling her hips, I brought the tattoo gun down on her left breast. When I was finished she was marked as a cumdumpster. Kissing her, I turned to my friend Lana – a normally shy girl who was now being triple penetrated.

Consumed by the magic flowing through my veins, I bit my lower lip and pulled her away. I waved the tattoo gun in her face. She cowered, but when the needles pierced her flesh she stopped resisting and let me continue – the three men that had been fucking her moving to someone else. My hand moving faster than humanly possible, I tattooed BREEDING COW on her left breast and then went on to the next. When I was finished, the sun was rising over the horizon and every one of my friends sported a new humiliating tattoo.

The tattoo gun disappeared. The magic faded and one by one we all came down from the euphoria. “What the hell happened last night?” Carla asked. “Oh my god! The tattoo! I thought I was dreaming, but you...you really did it. You tattooed me!”

“I only gave you what you most desired,” I replied. “I mean, you did ask for it after all.”

“I don't remember asking to be tattooed a breeding cow,” Lana said as she pulled herself off Jake's cock.”

“You must have because that's the only way I would have given it to you. Anyways, I want to thank you all for letting go of your inhibitions and living out your fantasies even if only for one night.”

“But please feel free to come back and do it again the next time you're feeling horny,” Lucy purred as she and Tracy did a sixty-nine.

“Seriously, everyone, thank you and despite all the perverted stuff you did last night, know you'll never be judged here. It took a lot of guts to let go like that and I honestly hope that instead of bottling your new sexuality up as if it never happened you'll embrace it, but no matter what you decide Lucy and I will be here for you.”

“Cumdumpster,” Carla sighed. “Why on earth would I ask you for such a tattoo?”

“Maybe deep down you want men to fill your vajayjay with load upon load of potent, baby-making semen,” Lucy replied. “Maybe, just maybe you have a desire to be impregnated like Lana over there.”

“I don't...yeah, okay, I have a breeding fantasy,” Lana blushed. I didn't exactly plan on telling anyone but now that it's out all I ask is that you don't think less of me for it.”

“Think less of you?” Lucy said. “Why on earth would anyone think less of you for wanting to bring life into the world?”

“Wanting to be used as a breeding machine isn't exactly the norm. Anyways, I think I've had enough sex for one night so I'm going to go home and get some much-needed sleep.”

“Good idea,” I replied. “Thank you all again for coming and watch your mail for the wedding invites. On the other hand, you could all sleep here and pick up the orgy when we get up.”

“And on that note I'll be leaving,” Carla said as she rooted through the piles of clothing for her own. I did not argue as with all of time locked inside my brain I knew she would be back very soon to be bred by my Mistress. My slave. My love.