

# **Deviant Pleasures**

**By: Victoria Brynn**

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## **By Victoria Brynn**

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## Part 1

### Kinky Cards

Jen tossed in \$1 – the cost of the small blind. Amy put in her \$2 for the big blind but didn't look to thrilled doing so. Of all the people at the table she was the easiest to read. The cards slid across the table. I stared at them intently, hoping that my luck would finally change. Hoping this would be the hand to put me back in the game. Waiting for the dealer – my good friend Paul, to toss the last card, I lifted the corners of the two face-down cards and almost smiled. Pocket sevens. The first pair I've seen in at least a dozen deals.

"Ante up!" Paul said enthusiastically. Amy folded, getting out of the game while she was only down a buck. Mike put in his \$2 and he was quickly followed by Randy, Kent, and then me. Paul looked at his cards again, hesitating briefly before tossing in his \$2 worth of chips.

The first card was burned, the second turned. Ten of clubs. *No help there*, I thought. The next card was the seven of diamonds and I nearly gave away my relief. The third card was another ten. *HOLY SHIT!* I thought. A full house. I finally got something good for a change. Now I'd get to see one of them taking off an article of clothing. Jen was in her bra, panties, and shorts. Amy was completely dressed save for her shoes. Although she was far from shy she wasn't going to make the guys work to see the goods. Me? I sat there but naked and broke. This was it for me. I either won the hand, or I would be drawing from the bowl of kinks to pay my debt.

Mike was down to his jeans and underwear and I found myself staring at his muscular chest for most of the night. Kent was the male version of Amy in that neither of them would bet passed the flop if they didn't think they had a decent chance of winning. He was missing his shoes and left sock. Paul was down to his boxers and didn't seem to mind.

"Ante up!" Paul said. "I hope you've got something good this time Lexi," he said to me. "I'd just hate to see you humiliate yourself." He grinned wickedly, staring from my eyes to my naked breasts where his gaze lingered until the bet came around to him. Jen tossed in the minimum bet. Mike raised it to \$5. I raised it to \$10, calling his bluff.

"Too rich for my blood," Paul said throwing in his cards. Jen also folded. Kent Called as did Mike. Burned card. Jack of spades on the turn. Kent folded leaving me and Mike as the only players remaining in the hand.

"Let's see what you've got," Mike smirked.

"I think everyone here can see what I've got," I replied, cupping my breasts in my hands.

"All in," Mike said, the smirk never leaving his lips.

"I can't cover that and you know it."

"So you fold then?"

"No. I'll take an extra draw from the bowl if I lose." Those were the rules. Run out of money? No problem. All you had to do was agree to humiliate yourself further by taking an extra slip of paper from the bowl of kinks. Each extra draw was the equivalent of a bet no matter how much that bet was for.

"Fair enough," Mike shrugged. "Want to show the cards now?"

"Sure," I said flipping over my pocket sevens."

"Ooohhh!" Jen said with excitement. "Full house, nice!"

Mike flipped his cards. Pocket tens giving him three of a kind. I was feeling really good about my chances. Paul burned another card and flipped the river. I stared at it, my eyes refusing to believe what they were seeing.

"No fucking way!" Amy said in disbelief.

"Un-fucking-believable!" I said shaking my head, my eyes still locked on the ten of hearts Paul dealt giving Mike four of a kind versus my full house.

"Looks like two draws from the bowl," Mike said. "Time for a kink break!"

Amy got up and grabbed the large green salad bowl from the top of the fridge where it had sat untouched for the past two hours. Holding it above her head she mixed the folded pieces of paper around and placed the bowl in the center of the table.

"You know the rules," Paul said. "One draw for losing with no clothes left to remove, and a second draw for losing the last hand. You can draw them one at a time or both at the same time and complete them in whatever order you wish. And if you refuse to do one or either of them you get ten swats of the cane from each of us for each kink you don't do."

"Yeah, yeah, I know," I said putting my shaking hand into the bowl. There were sixty kinks in there to choose from and I dreaded what I'd end up with. Each of us submitted ten to the bowl with everyone knowing only the ten they put in. I drew out a kink and placed it in front of me. My hand went back into the bowl and I swirled it around before pulling out another.

I opened the second slip of paper first since it was in my hand. Suck or lick the person to your right to orgasm and swallow as much as you can. "Scoot your chair back and pull out your cock Mike," I said placing the paper on the table in front of me.

"Suck or lick the person to your right to orgasm and swallow as much as you can," Paul said reading the kink aloud.

Mike scooted his chair back and unbuttoned his jeans. I got on my knees between his legs and helped pull his pants down. I bit my lip as I saw his cock twitching to life. I took it in my hand – it felt heavy, smooth despite the raised veins. I moved my hand up and down, sucking his balls into my mouth as if I'd done this with him a thousand times before. And I have. At least in my dreams and fantasies. He didn't know it but he was my friend crush so sucking his cock was something I was eager to do.

"Mmmm," Mike moaned as I continued to suck and jerk him off. I moved up from his balls, licking along his now hard shaft, taking the head into my mouth. Using the tip of my tongue I licked up the pre-cum as I took him deeper. I couldn't deep throat him, but I could take most of his seven inches.

"Fucking hell!" Mike groaned when I cupped his balls in my hand.

"She any good?" Randy asked.

"Mmm hmm," Mike replied. "You can suck my cock any time you want!" he said looking down into my eyes. I smiled, looking up at him while I bobbed my head up and down. The pre-cum was coming faster now and I gobbled it up. I could feel his cock throbbing. When the first shot of semen hit the back of my throat I pulled back leaving only the head still in my sucking mouth. I gulped it down as quickly as he fed it to me. I wouldn't call myself a cumslut, but I could get used to eating his.

When the last of his load was in my belly I licked him clean and took my seat. "Well, that was fun," I smiled.

"How does he taste?" Jen asked, looking at Mike's half-hard cock.

"Pretty damn good!" I replied. I picked up my second kink and slowly unfolded the paper. I was both excited and scared at what I might find there. I hoped it was to have sex with the person to my right, but that was wishful thinking on my part.

"Oh my god!" I gasped as I read the words on the paper. "This is so fucked up!"

"What? Amy asked. "What does it say?"

"Um, can I please draw again?" I asked.

"Nope," Paul answered. "You either do the kink or suffer the punishment."

"Fucking hell! Come on guys, I can't do this!"

"What does it say?" Mike asked.

"It says: You will let the rest of the group pee all over your naked body."

"OH MY GOD!" Jen gasped. "Let her draw again guys. I can't pee on her."

"You know the rules," Mike said. "If you don't do it you suffer the punishment just as if you refused to do the kink yourself."

"How about we all agree to let me redraw?" I said hopeful that they'd bend the rules this one time.

"Raid your hand if you agree to let Lexi draw again," Paul said. Jen and I raised our hands high. "Now raise your hand if you want to pee on Lexi." Amy, Randy, Mike, and Paul raised their hands, outnumbering Jen and I two to one. "There you have it," Paul continued. "Are you going to do the kink or take the punishment?"

"Let's get this over with," I sighed. "I'll do the kink but keep it off my face."

"No can do," Mike smirked. "It says on your naked body and that means your face too if we choose to do so."

"Fine, whatever. Come on, let's go to the bathroom." I got up from the table and left the kitchen before changing my mind. I walked through the living room and up the flight of steps to the second floor and entered the bathroom, my friends hot on my heels. I climbed into the bathtub and faced them in humiliated silence.

Paul stepped up to the side of the tub and smiled at me. It wasn't a cruel or malicious smile, but a kind one as if to say he was sorry but was going to follow the rules nonetheless. He aimed his cock at my chest and let the stream flow. The warm liquid splashed over my breasts and down my belly and I wanted to gag. I arched my back and turned my head to prevent it from getting on my face.

Randy and Mike stepped up next to Paul and started pissing on me as well. Mike purposely aimed at my face and I closed my eyes and lips tight so it didn't get in my mouth. I wanted to curl up and die from the humiliation of it, but I still had two more to go. Amy got in the tub with me, stepping in the puddle of pee that had gathered around my legs. She covered my chest with her pee and moved to the back of the tub, needing a shower now to clean her urine-covered feet.

Jen was the last to do it and she looked as disgusted with it as I did, but also like me she didn't want to be punished for not doing it. She got it over with as quickly as possible and then turned on the faucet to wash the pee down the drain. Adjusting the water to something more comfortable she turned on the shower.

The men watched as we cleaned ourselves and by the time we were done they were all sporting stiff poles. Drying off we went back downstairs to finish our game. Those with clothes remaining put them on while I had a choice to make. I could either sit out for the rest of the game, or remain and continue drawing from the bowl of kinks. I opted for the former and took my seat as the permanent dealer for the rest of the game.