

Split Perversion

Crimson Rose

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

Waking in the middle of the night, Logan did something he had never done in his life, let alone the five years he's been living with his best friend Joel. Rolling out of bed hornier than a rabbit in heat, he walked out of his bedroom, across the house, and down to the basement where he knew Joel to be. Without knocking or announcing himself, he pushed the door to his roommate's office open. Stepping into the bdsm dungeon playroom, he saw Joel head down and ass up sucking the cock of a black man. Wordlessly, he walked up behind his best friend and in one swift thrust was balls deep in another man's ass.

"UHN! W-What the... Logan? What... uhn... uhn... what are you doing? Since when are you into men?" Joel grunted between thrusts while looking over his shoulder to see a blank expression on his best friend's face. "Um, Logan? Earth to Logan. Anyone in there?"

"Maybe he's finally come around and is ready to enjoy some sissy action," Wyatt said as he attempted and failed to get Joel's mouth back on his big black cock.

"Unlikely. Look at him! He looks stoned out of his mind or he's sleepwalking. Either way..."

"More like sleep sexing!" Wyatt joked. "In any event he's not stopping and you don't seem too interested in stopping him or you'd already have pulled yourself off him so just let it happen and talk about it later. Besides, from the sound of all those dings our viewers are seriously loving this new twist in the action."

His best friend showing zero interest in stopping, Joel eventually relaxed and lowered his head – taking Wyatt's huge black pole down his throat with practiced ease. Head bobbing up and down, he stuck his tongue out to lick his lover's balls.

Cock pounding in and out of his best friend's ass, Logan felt as if he had died and gone straight to heaven. Though he did not approve of his roommate's lifestyle or career choice, in the face of the pure, unadulterated pleasure he was feeling in that moment, the only thing that mattered was blowing his load. And after just mere minutes of his first gay experience, he already felt the semen climbing his throbbing shaft. Tightening his grip on Joel's hips, he gave his best friend five more hard thrusts before grunting and moaning as ropey strand after ropey strand blasted into Joel's bowels.

Pulling out of his best friend's ass, Logan got down on all fours and pushed Joel aside before sucking Wyatt's big black cock into his mouth – taking the 10-inch behemoth balls deep as if he'd been depthroating for years, he immediately began gagging. Vision blurring, he bobbed his head up and down for several long seconds before looking over at his best friend. "Don't just sit there looking pretty! Get your dick in my ass and don't you dare pull out until I've taken both your loads! And for the love of all that's perverted, stop with the damn yapping unless it's to order me around like your fucktoy!"

Grabbing a bottle of lube off a shelf, Joel coated his cock and then his best friend's asshole using a finger to work it in as deep as possible – the incredible tightness telling him he was about to enter virgin territory. Unsure whether his best friend was sleepwalking, off his meds, or simply had a change of heart and felt like experimenting, Joel got into position, placed the head of his dick against Logan's tightly puckered asshole, and then slowly rubbed it back and forth. "You came in here and fucked me like you own me. You practically bowled me over to get to Wyatt's big black cock. But once I stick my dick in your ass that's it. There's no physical evidence you did anal with another man or even sucked dick, but there will be denying your virgin ass I'm about to completely wreck. Are you sure this is what you want?" No sooner was

the question asked, then Joel watched his cock rapidly disappearing into his best friend's ass as Logan adjusted his position and rammed back hard and fast. "Okay then. You've chosen the path of gay sex so gay sex is what you're going to get."

"Please correct me if I'm wrong, but everyone entering your playroom is subject to the rules," Wyatt moaned as Logan's sloppy first blowjob was actually getting him off. "That means he's your sex slave for as long as he's here just like I am, right?"

"That is correct. Which is one of the main reasons he never dared step foot in here before tonight," Joel replied as he fucked his best friend up the ass. "You hear that, Logan? You're my sissy now to do with as I please and the only way out is for you to leave. Stay and by the time we're done with you there'll be no denying what you are. This is your one and only warning. Stay and you will be subjected to every perversion imaginable," he continued as he reached down to stroke his best friend's cock in the hopes of getting him hard only to find him stiff as a board. "If you want to stay and be my sissy fuckboi then say it!" he said – giving Logan a slap on the ass.

Pulling his slobbering mouth off of Wyatt's throbbing manhood, Logan looked the bisexual black man in the eyes before looking back over his left shoulder. "I came down here to be used as your fucktoy so use me, Master!"

"I need to hear you say you want to be my sissy, Logan."

"I want to be your sissy! Now fucking use me, Master! Uhn... God damn! I thought my dick felt good in your ass, but being on the receiving end is so much better!" Logan grunted between pleasure-filled thrusts. "Uhn... uuhhnn... I... ooohhhh fuck yes! I've been dreaming of this day for years, Master, so do it, turn me into your sissy sex slave! Wreck my ass! Claim me and mark me as your property!"

"Less talking and more sucking," Wyatt said as he guided Logan's mouth back to his cock. "When I come you're going to eat every drop or you'll be disciplined," he commanded despite being every bit the sissy slave as the man now sucking him off.

Twisting his hand left and right, Joel worked his best friend's cock – stretching him more and more every passing second until the newly minted sissy was squealing in painful delight. Burying himself in his lover's ass, Joel grabbed Logan's balls and gave them a hard squeeze and tug expecting him to lurch away and tell him off, but instead was surprised at the forceful ejaculation spraying cum all over the playroom floor.

Taking Wyatt's big black dick becoming easier by the minute, Logan felt all kinds of turned on as it slid in and out of his throat. Amplified by the torture his best friend was administering to his cock and balls, he took all ten inches of his sissy lover's manhood. Staring Wyatt in the eyes, he silently counted the seconds. One. Two. Three. Seven. Ten. Face beet red, lungs aching for air, he refused to pull back. Fifteen. Seventeen. Twenty. Vision blurry, his own dick yanked and twisted, he grunted and finally came up for a breathe when he shot his load all over the basement floor at the same time Wyatt's filled his mouth. Gulping it down with no hint of hesitation, he finally collapsed spent, but not yet satisfied.

"I can't believe this is happening!" Joel exclaimed. "You sucked Wyatt's cock and ate his load! You fucked and came in my ass! You let me fuck you up the ass and then came again while I was blatantly torturing your cock and balls! Who the hell are you and what have you done with the real Logan?"

"I can't believe you have all these fucking toys and are just kneeling there asking pointless questions instead of using them on me, Master," Logan shot back. "Go on, my dick might be spent, but you promised to utterly wreck my ass and I don't think we're quite there yet"

so get to it. Destroy me, Master. You want to turn me into your sissy fuckboi, well, I'm offering myself to you so what the hell are you waiting for?"

"You practically begged me to claim you, to mark you as my property. Did you really mean that?"

"Of course I meant it, Master. Do it. Go on, do it right now. Claim my ass as your property and mark me as such by whatever method that means to you. Unless you're not man enough to claim a sissy fuckboi like me that is."

"I don't know why you're here in my playroom, Logan, but there are rules and I take them very seriously. You know them. You know I will not break them for anyone including my best friend so I'm offering you this one chance to leave and forget this ever happened. Leave now and we'll never talk about it again. But if you stay you will be marked as my property. You will be fucked in ways you've never imagined. You will be used as a sissy sex slave not just here in my playroom, but everywhere in the house."

"And I'm giving you one chance, Master. Mark me as your property, or shut the fuck up about it!" Logan countered. "Come on, I'm waiting! You have till the count of five to get your ass in gear before I..." his best friend turned lover and Master jumping to his feet, Logan grinned ear-to-ear in excitement.

"Wyatt, string his ass up while I get the equipment," Joel commanded.

"Yes Master." Standing, Wyatt helped Logan get to his feet. Fetching two sets of wide leather cuffs from hooks screwed into the wall, he placed them around Logan's wrists and ankles before retraining him spread-eagle and fully exposed. "You're obviously new to sucking cock, but I'll admit you handled my huge cock with some skill. Give it a few months and you'll be depththroating me like a seasoned sissy," he added while circling the bound man like a vulture. "Yell me, was that really your first time and did you like eating my jizz?"

"Yes and yes!" Logan exclaimed. "If you could produce it I'd drink a gallon a day for the rest of my life! But since no man can I guess you'll have to line up as many as it'll take to feed my new addiction."

"You realize that would take hundreds, if not well over a thousand men, right, slave?" Joel said as he placed several metal rods into an insulated blue container.

"Mmmm... sounds like a good time, Master. Can you arrange it?"

"No. I can manage fifteen, maybe twenty men, but several hundred to a thousand is well beyond my capabilities."

"Do it, Master! Call as many men as you can and tell them you have a cum junkie in desperate need of a fix. After you mark me as your property that is. And you!" Logan said – turning his head to stare into Wyatt's eyes. Why are you just standing there and not plowing my ass with that monster cock of yours? I mean, why did I have Master break me open if you're not going to split me in half?"

"If he wants you up his ass then by all means give the sissy what he wants," Joel said. "It'll take some time to set everything up so have as it and don't pull out until you've drained every last drop into his bowels."

"As you command, Master."

"What about you, Master? Are you going to go call the men or just leave me wanting?"

"It's nearly five in the morning, Logan, no one but us are awake at this ungodly hour so your gang bang is going to have to wait. If that's not good enough then you can always look for a fetish club that'll cater to your perverse desire to be used as a cock sleeve and cum dump."

“UHN!” Logan grunted as Wyatt’s cock busted through his back door like a battering ram. “Sweet motherfucking holy hell! I can really feel the burn!”

“Want me to pull out?”

“Don’t you fucking dare! Master broke me in and now you’re going to split me open. Reach around and jerk me off if you want. Kiss my neck. Bite me until you taste my blood! What is that thing called?” he asked while pointing at numerous instruments of discipline dangling for a row if hooks off to the left and behind their Master.

“That is a cat o’ nine and if used too harshly will flay the flesh right off you,” Wyatt answered.

“Mmmm... sounds like a good time!” Logan purred. “If I can blow my wad having my cock and balls tortured how hard will I cum while the rest of me is?”

“Absolutely not!” Joel cut in. “If you want me to mark you then I need a blank canvas to work on.”

“Scratch that thought!” Logan grunted. “You can beat me after I’ve healed from whatever Master is going to do to me. I don’t know what your plans are, but you’re sleeping with me so you can wake me with that big fat cock of yours.”

“I’m not just going to fuck you without permission,” Wyatt said as he pounded Logan’s ass.

“I’m giving you permission! I want your cock in me morning, noon, and night! I want you gaping my asshole open so fucking much it never closes! I don’t care the time of day, or the circumstances, I’m yours for the taking! Is that enough permission or do you need me to keep going?” Logan went on as he felt himself reaching the point of no return. “Oh God I love your cock in me! But... uhhnnn... I... I’m about to come! Are you going to do something about that or just let it go to waste?”

Pulling out of Logan’s ass, Wyatt spun around, knelt, and then sucked the sissy’s dick into his mouth just in time for the first shot to hit the back of his throat. Moving back ever so slightly, he waited for the last drops to trickle out before gulping it down.

“Just in time,” Joel said as he rolled his cart closer. “I’ll start with this,” he continued, holding up a cock ring. “But first, let’s get you cleaned up.”