

**Crimson Shorts:
Ultimate Erotica Collection**

Crimson Rose

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CRIMSON SHORTS: ULTIMATE EROTICA COLLECTION

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Part 1:

STUD PARTY

“If you’re just going to sit there looking silly I’ll tell him,” Amber said to her soon to be husband.

“I dropped all of my plans to rush over here because you said it was important, so, yeah, what’s so damn important and why are you suddenly looking like a scolded dog?” I said somewhat irritated that Sean apparently couldn’t say what he called me over to tell me.

“I...you know what, nevermind,” Sean sighed “this was a big mistake.”

“Oh no you don’t!” Amber shot back angrily. “Fine! If that’s the way you want to play this, I’ll ask him myself.”

“Ask me what? Will one of you please tell me what’s going on here?”

“Here’s the deal,” Amber said. “Sean and I have both seen the way you look at me and after considerable discussion about it we’ve also both come to the conclusion that you want to fuck me. Is that right, Mark? Do you want to have sex with me?”

“Ummm...”

“No need to be bashful. I’d like an honest answer from you.”

“You’re my best friend’s wife!” I gasped in disbelief.

“We’re not married yet. So, do you want to fuck me?”

Amber was one of the most beautiful women I had ever known. Tall and lithe with flaming red hair, piercing green eyes and a smattering of freckles that made my cock tingle every time I saw her. So, yeah, I wanted to fuck her from the moment I met her, but she was my best friend’s fiancé which meant hands off. “What the hell guys!” I choked out in surprise. “Is this some kind of joke?”

“No joke,” Amber said as she unbuttoned the top three buttons of her shirt showing me she was not wearing a bra underneath. “Sean and I talked about it and we agreed to allow each other to fulfill one fantasy and I want to fuck you. Trust me, Sean is perfectly okay with this. Right sweetie?”

“Ahem,” Sean cleared his throat “yeah, I’m fine with it, but there are a few stipulations.”

“Such as?”

“Sean gets to be in the room to watch and I’m in complete control of the situation,” Amber answered. Another button was undone and her shirt fell open showing me her perfectly perky breasts with pierced nipples. I can see by the bulge growing in your pants that you want me, so why deny it?”

“I never denied it, but you’re my best friend’s fiancé! And as much as I’d like to fuck your brains out, I won’t do anything to jeopardize my friendship with Sean.”

“It’s okay, man,” Sean said. “I want to see the two of you fucking. You have my blessing.”

“Are you being serious?”

“Absolutely. Honey, take off your shirt and suck Mark’s cock.”

“With pleasure.”

Before I could fully process what was going on, Amber’s top was on the floor and she was kneeling between my legs, her hands moving up my thighs. I leaned forward to get up, but she pushed me back against the couch and unfastened my jeans. When she wrapped her fingers around it I let out a soft moan, and when her lips engulfed it, that was all she wrote. If it was her fantasy to have sex with me, then who was I to argue? Getting a little more comfortable, I spread my legs and let Amber have free reign.

Had I known the full extent of their plan for me that day I never would have shown up, but as they say, hind sight is twenty-twenty. Though that mattered little as I was at the mercy of her expertly sucking mouth. And when she cupped my balls in her free hand and gave them a gentle squeeze, I nearly exploded then and there. Taking her hand from my throbbing cock, she bobbed her head up and down, rapidly taking all eight inches with ease and I envied my friend even more. And just as quickly as it started, it stopped. Amber leaned back and looked up at me with a smile.

“I want you in my ass. Come on, let’s go out to the barn.”

“The barn? Why the barn?”

“Because that’s where I want you to take me in the ass. Remember, we do this my way, or no way at all. Agreed?”

“Agreed,” I said getting to my feet and pulling up my pants.

“Don’t bother. In fact, I want you to strip completely naked before we leave the house.”

“I’m not going outside naked!”

“Our closest neighbor is an eighth of a mile away. I don’t think anyone is going to see you. Besides, if you want to fuck me you’re going to have to do it my way. So, how badly do you want it?” she asked giving my cock a somewhat hard squeeze that elicited a moan from me.

Quickly stripping out of my clothes, I followed Amber and Sean out to the barn. And when the large doors opened I stood there staring in complete and utter shock. In all the years I’ve known Sean I never once bothered to step foot in this particular barn. For one reason or another it was always locked tighter than a nun and on the few occasions I asked, he told me it was used for storage. Storage my ass!

“What in the hell is this?” I asked as I looked around the huge open room full of machines and equipment used in bondage and other kinky acts of a sexual nature. Though I had never participated in such activities, I knew what they were – from the sex swings hanging from the ceiling beams to the Saint Andrews cross resting against the back wall. I knew the purpose of each and every bench and machine they possessed as I had seen them in some of my favorite porn.

“This is our play barn,” Amber replied. “Come on it.” Taking hold of my cock, she pulled me along behind her.

“Um, why are you bringing me out here? I hope you’re not planning on using this stuff on me!”

“I brought you out here because I love glory holes and I want you to take me up the ass through one,” Amber explained.

“You two have fun. I’ve got to go make a phone call,” Sean said. I watched him leave the barn and then turned my attention back to his stunning wife.

“Follow me, lover.”

Amber led me to the back of the barn to where they had erected a thin wall of wood. About waist high was a row of six holes - each about four inches in diameter and protected by a rubber grommet. “So, when in the hell did you and Sean get into this sort of thing?”

“He’s been into it as long as I’ve known him. We did meet at a bondage club, remember?”

“Um, really? He told me a cousin introduced you to him. So, do you use this on him, or does he use it on you?”

“Yes,” Amber smiled mischievously. “I suppose it must be a surprise to find out your best friend is submissive, huh?”

“Yeah, that does come as quite a surprise. What about you?”

“I’m a switch. Meaning I am both Dominant and submissive as the scene requires. Sean, on the other hand, is one hundred percent bottom submissive. You know he’s bisexual, right?”

“Yeah, that I knew.” Sean had been bisexual for longer than I’ve known him and he made no attempt to hide the fact.

“Had he ever tried getting you to have sex with him?”

“When we first met, but I put an end to that right quick. I’m not into men.”

“Shame, I love seeing two men fucking and sucking each other.”

“If that’s a condition for me to fuck you then you can forget it.”

“I never said you had to do it to fuck me, just that I loved seeing it. Come on, get that dick through the wall.”

I placed my still hard cock through the third hole in the wall and Amber stepped around to the other side and gave it a few strokes. I felt something slick and cool land on it and from the feeling knew she was lubing me up to go in her sexy little ass. When she was satisfied I had enough lube coating my dick, she stopped and after a brief pause where I assumed she was taking off her pants, I felt her puckered asshole pressing against my cockhead and it felt tight.

“Uhn,” I grunted when she pushed back, taking the seven or so inches sticking through the wall. Though she felt as tight as a glove, she took it in one swift stroke that told me this was far from her first time. “God damn you’re tight!” I said wanting to reach through the wall to grip her hips so that I could really fuck into her, but I would have to settle on what I got.

“Don’t move,” Amber commanded. “Stay still and let me do all the work.”

I was having a very hard time listening as an ass that tight demanded a good, hard fucking. Apparently that was not good enough for her, and after a few minutes she stopped and pulled off my thrusting cock. “Why did you stop?” I asked, more than a little disappointed.

“I told you to stay still and you didn’t listen so I’m going to have to make you listen,” Amber said poking her head around the wall. “You see that large metal X over there against the wall?”

“Yeah.”

“Go stand against it with your hands and feet at the corners.”

“Um, why?”

“Do you want to finish fucking my ass, or not?”

“Yes.”

“Then do as I say and go stand next to the Saint Andrews. I’ll be out in a minute. You know what? Grab the latex hood from the shelf next to the Saint Andrews and put it on. Make sure you have the nose and mouth holes in the right place.”

This was moving in a direction I was not too sure about, but god damn she had a tight ass that I wanted back in. After giving her another look, I walked toward the Saint Andrews cross and picked up one of the black latex hoods from the shelf and gave it a look. I had seen them used in some of my favorite porn, but never imagined the day I would put one on. Rolling it around in my hands, I looked nervously at Amber. She smiled and gave me a nod and then moved completely behind the wall.

It took me several aggravating minutes to get the hood on straight, but I finally managed it and leaned against the large metal X to maintain balance. It was odd not being able to open my eyes, but I took slow, deep breaths to remain calm. “WHOA!” I gasped and jumped when a hand wrapped around my cock.”

“HAHAHAHAHAHA!” Amber busted out laughing. “Hold steady big boy, it’s only me. How’s the hood? Can you breathe okay?”

“It’s tight, but yeah, I can breathe”

“Perfect. I’m going to strap you in place to keep those thrusting hips of yours at bay and then I’ll take you back up my ass. Are you okay with that?”

“I wouldn’t have this hood on if I wasn’t.” I felt the first strap go around my left wrist and pull tight as it was buckled in place. Next, the right wrist was strapped in place followed by the ankles. And then another leather strap was placed around my upper thighs close enough to my hips that I wouldn’t be able to move them very much at all. But even that was not good enough as I felt a much wider strap go around my waist. And then there was nothing. I could hear Amber moving around, but with the hood on I could not see what she was doing and feared for the worst. “What are you doing?” I asked nervously.”

“You’ll see in a minute. Just keep your dick on and don’t go anywhere,’ she said with a slight giggle.

I had no idea what she was planning, but thanks to my desire to get back in her ass I was at her mercy. And a moment later, when the first clamp snapped closed on my right nipple, I knew I was in for a hell of a time. “Uhg, w-what the fuck was that?”

“That was the first clamp.” Another sharp pinch. “And that was the second. Have you ever worn clamps before?”

“No.”

“Well, they look good on you. You have no idea how fucking sexy you look hooded, clamped and strapped in place, but let me tell you, it’s pretty fucking hot! There’s only two things that will make it even sexier. Do you trust me?”

“I’m not entirely sure I do,” I groaned as the clamps pinched my nipples tighter.

“Come on, you want to be as sexy as you can for me, don’t you?”

“Y-Yes, I s-suppose so.” The clamps grew tighter still.

“So you’ll let me do the other two things to make you really sexy?”

“What are they?”

“Not telling. Yes or no? Do you agree to let me do them to you?”

I paused for a good long moment before answering, but in the end I relented. “Go ahead and do them.”

There was some more moving around the room and then I felt something pressing against my lips. I opened my mouth and a hard rubber ball was inserted. *A ball gag*, I thought as the strap was placed around my head and drawn tight – leaving me unable to talk and only my nose to breathe from. Next, The Saint Andrews was moved away from the wall with me still on it and I momentarily panicked as I thought it was going to tip over. It did not and I felt something warm and wet pressing against my virgin asshole and I knew without a doubt that I was about to lose it. And there was nothing I could say about it because I gave her permission to do what she wanted to make me sexy. I should have known it would involve putting something up my ass.

“Unmph!” I grunted as the head of the dildo popped into my ass. It slid a little deeper and I felt hands on my waist as it was shoved it all the way. Out! In! Out! In! Faster! Harder! I swore I felt balls slapping against my skin, but tossed it up to my imagination as the strap-on dildo was fucked into me harder and faster.”

“How’s it going in here?” I heard Sean ask from across the room. “HOLY HELL, BABE! How in the fuck did you talk him into that?”

“I asked and he said I could,” Amber grunted as she drove to toy deeper. Why don’t you go ahead and suck him off while I finish in his ass.”

“You did tell him that’s not a toy up his ass, right?”

Not a toy? I thought. *If it’s not a toy then what in the hell is she fucking me with? Wait! Did she just tell him to suck me off?* I tried to tell them to stop, but my words were jumbled mutterings thanks to the gag pressed firmly in my mouth keeping it open to the fullest.

“Nah, he said I could do what I wanted to him so I figured I’d keep that bit to myself.”

“So, he has no idea that he’s...”

“Taking a real cock up his ass? No. Well, I guess he does now, but until now, no. Thanks for ruining the surprise, asshole. Now get on your knees and suck his cock before I get really pissed off.”

“Yes Mistress.”

OH GOD! I panicked. *What in the hell is going on? How is she...real cock? Is she a...* “Uhnmp,” I groaned as I felt my best friend take my dick into his mouth and start sucking. Like Amber, he was able to take every inch of it and for a minute my mind went completely blank as the pleasure built. I did not want to like it, but it was hard denying the feelings coursing through my body like hot lava.

“Did you make the calls?” Amber asked as she shoved her cock in and out of my ass harder and faster with every stroke while Sean bobbed his head back and forth on my dick while gently playing with my balls.

“Yeah, the guys will be here in half an hour.”

“How many?”

“All thirty of them. So we better get as much out of him as we can before they get here.”

“Agreed.”

I had a sinking feeling I knew what they had planned for me and if they kept me gagged and strapped in place there would not be a damn thing I could do about it until it was too late. The clamps grew tighter and I exploded into Sean’s mouth. He sucked it down with all the skill of a seasoned pro and a few minutes later, I felt Amber shooting off in my ass – confirming that she did in fact have a cock.

“Now that I’ve opened him, why don’t you go ahead and take his ass now sweetie?”

“It would be my pleasure.”

I sunk my head in shame as I felt my best friend’s cock press against my newly deflowered asshole and I knew one thing to be true. His cock felt much thicker than Amber’s. And when it shoved all the way into my bowels, I discovered it was much longer as well. And as if it had a will of its own, my dick sprang back to life.

“Hurry up and finish,” Amber said. “I want to get him in place before they get here. He’s going to be the center of attention at this party and from the looks of that hard cock sticking out between his legs I’d say he’s going to enjoy it.”

Sean filled my ass with his load about eight minutes later and when he finally pulled out a plug was shoved in to keep the semen from leaking out.

“We’re going to move you another device,” Amber informed me. “Nod your head if you’re okay with that. Still in a euphoric state, I nodded in agreement and they unstrapped me from the Saint Andrews and helped me several steps before stopping. “Okay, bend over. A little more. A little more. That’s it. Now take a step forward.”

Once they had me where they wanted me, I was raised up slightly and my shoulders were pressed against cold metal. My left arm was stretched out to the side and held in place by several

straps pulled tight. And then the right arm received the same treatment and they let me go. The straps preventing me from losing balance and falling to the floor. Next, the gag was removed from my mouth and then the hood was taken off and I stared wide-eyed at the cock mere inches in front of my lips. Looking up, I saw Amber's lithe body and I gasped.

"OH MY FUCKING GOD! It's true! You...y-you h-have a... you're a..."

"Transsexual? Yes," Amber smiled down at me. "So, what do you think of taking cocks now? And before you even attempt to lie to us, we both saw your reaction to taking it up the ass and letting Sean suck you off."

"Not that I had a choice," I protested weakly. "How could I say anything with that gag in my mouth?"

"Did you like it or not? It's a simple yes or no question."

"Yes," I replied, my face flushed from the humiliation of admitting it.

"And how do you like my cock?"

"I guess it looks fine for a dick."

"Open your mouth."

I opened my mouth to protest what I knew she wanted to do, but she was faster than the words forming in my brain and three or four inches were shoved in. She pulled out and I went to speak again, but this time she grabbed a handful of my short brown hair and shoved her entire cock down my throat until I started gagging on it. She pulled out long enough for me to take a few breaths and then shoved in, again holding all seven or so inches down my throat for several seconds until I choked on it and turned red in the face.

"If you're ever going to get good at depthroating a cock, you've got to learn how to breathe through your nose with one down your throat," Sean said. "Try to remain calm and breathe. You'll eventually get the hang of it."

"W-what if I..." Amber's cock going back down my throat cut off the rest of the sentence. I closed my eyes and tried to calm my jumbled nerves to the best of my ability, but that's easier said than done when choking on a hard cock. I managed to just figure out how to breathe right when she pulled out again. But I had no need to worry as it went right back in again. This went on for nearly half an hour until the men Sean had called finally showed up.

“So, this is the newly minted sissy you told us about,” one of the men said as he gave my ass a hard swat. “Looks like he’s pretty good at holding Amber’s cock down his throat, I thought you said he was a virgin?”

“He was when I called you, but you know Amber. By the time I got back out to the barn she had him strapped to the Saint Andrews and her dick buried up his ass. She’s been teaching him how to suck cock for the last half hour.”

“And his ass?”

“Amber and I fucked him once and he’s been wearing a two inch plug ever since so he should be good and ready for whomever wants to take him. He’s the bitch at this stud party so feel free to use him to your heart’s content.”

“Any limits on what we can do to him or are we free to go hog wild?”

“I think hog wild is okay, don’t you?” Amber asked me.”

“W-What does he mean by h-hog wild?”

“I said, I think hog wild is perfectly fine, don’t you?” Amber asked again.”

“Yes,” I sighed, knowing under the circumstances that I had little choice in the matter.

“So you’re agreeing to be their bitch and to let them fuck you however they see fit for the duration of this stud party?” Amber asked.

“Yes.”

“I want you to be absolutely certain you understand what you are agreeing to here mark,” she said holding her dick down my throat. “If you give consent to let them go hog wild then the sky’s the limit on what they can and most likely will do to you. If they want to fist your ass they will. If they want you to drink their piss, you’ll gulp it down like water. When you agree to no limits, it means just that. Do you understand?”

“I understand.”

“And do you still agree to the terms of the stud party?”

“It’s not as if I have a choice. You’ve got me strapped to this thing so I couldn’t leave even if I wanted to.”

“If you want to leave all you have to do is say so and I’ll unstrap you,” Sean said. “No one is going to keep you here against your will. Now, please answer the question Amber asked.”

“So, if I said you were all crazy and that I wanted out of here you’d let me go?”

“Of course!” Amber gasped in shock. “You’re not our prisoner for fuck sake! Do you want me to unstrap you?”

“No, not yet.”

“Then do you want to be the bitch of the party? Do you agree to the terms as I posed them to you?”

“Just so I perfectly understand, they will fuck me however they want without limits, right?”

“Exactly.”

“For how long?”

“Ten or twelve hours.”

“And what if I want to leave before that time is up?”

“Then you’re shit out of luck. If you agree to do a stud party you are required to stay until the end.”

“And what if I leave? It’s not like you can force me to stay,” I scoffed.

“If you agree to be the bitch of the party and then leave before the time is up, then you can kiss our friendship goodbye,” Sean said in all seriousness.

“You can’t be serious!”

“I am deadly serious, Mark. So you had better be damn sure it’s what you want before you answer.”

“Alright,” I said after a good five minutes of deep thought. “I agree to the terms of the stud party and I’ll be the bitch.”

“You’re certain?” Amber asked one final time. “

“Yes.” I had no idea why I agreed to do it other than the fact that I loved Amber and Sean’s cocks up my ass and her dick down my throat. Even though I still could not take it down my throat for more than maybe five seconds, it was a vast improvement over my skill level before the day began.

“Then let the party begin!”

No sooner were the words out of her mouth then the plug was pulled from my now gaping asshole and a hard cock pushed in. Another knelt between my spread legs and engulfed my dick as another man stepped in front of me and filled my mouth.

“Open the sissy little bitch up,” Amber shouted for all to hear. “I want to see him take a fist up his shitter! Hey Anthony, did you bring your bag?”

“Sure did,” a tall, lanky black man replied. “Want me to go get it?”

“Fuck yeah I do. The slut agreed you could go hog wild so let’s show him what that means! Speaking of which, do you mind if I use the slut’s mouth for a minute, Carl?”

“Be my guest,” the man fucking his cock down my throat answered.

When Carl moved back, Amber took his place but did not put her dick in my mouth. Instead, she took aim and began to piss. The stream first splashed across my face, but she quickly gain control and it filled my mouth. I gagged and spit, but it just kept on coming. When she saw that I was not about to gulp it down like water as she earlier suggested, Amber moved closer and pushed it down my throat where she remained until she finally stopped pissing. “Thanks,” she said to Carl and then moved off so that he could continue.

From my position strapped to the metal bar I could see the remaining men were not standing idly by waiting their turn. Three of them were on Sean and once Amber finished pissing down my throat, three more were on her. Several other men were also taking it by three men including one that was taking a fist up the ass and another taking two dicks at the same time up his. I had that and more awaiting me and the most perverted part of my brain could not wait, while the ever-shrinking sane portion was yelling for me to get the hell out of there before it got to that point. Ignoring my sanity, I inhaled slowly through my nose as Carl shot his load of hot semen down my throat. It was only slightly better tasting than Amber’s piss and another man took his place.

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I completely lost track of time, but not of the number of cocks to penetrate my ass and slide down my throat, not the number of mouths to suck me off. Thirteen deposited their load up my ass, eleven added theirs to my belly and eight sucked me off to four orgasms – the last of which actually ached.

“Alright gentlemen,” Amber shouted “I think it’s time to give our bitch a break from the dicks so that Anthony can do his work. We’ll take, say, an hour. How does that sound, to you, slut?”

“Sounds like a great idea to me,” I panted. “Can you untie me from this thing now?”

“Not until the party is over. He’s all yours Anthony.”

Anthony carried over a large black bag and sat it on the floor next to me. From a small side pocket he removed two items that at first glance looked like scissors. After removing the clamps from my aching nipples, he clamped the devices on and let them hang while he retrieved several more items from various parts of the bag. He set a small glass bowl below my face so that I was staring directly into it and I watched as he filled it about halfway with rubbing alcohol. He then dropped two rings in and I gulped. But not as loud or as intensely as when he added the needles.

“OH FUCK! You’re going to pierce my nipples aren’t you?”

“I am. Are you going to fuss about it? Because if you are I’m going to gag you.”

“I’m not going to fuss,” I sighed. *I can always remove them after the party*, I thought to myself.

I watched Anthony place a ring in the end of a needle, bring it to my left nipple and push it through in one swift jab that left the ring behind and the needle back in his hand. He did the same to my right nipple and then closed the rings so that they could not slide out. He then took some kind of tool and attached it to each ring for about ten or fifteen seconds.

“I just cold soldered them shut,” Anthony explained. “The only way you’re removing them now is if you cut them off.”

I figured he was now done with me, but I figured wrong. After shaving my right bicep he gave me a tattoo of a circle that looked like a three section yin yang under split skin. He informed me that it was the triskelion bdsm symbol and the handcuffs he added below symbolized my submissiveness. Next, he tattooed two interlocking male sex symbols on my inner right wrist to symbolize my newly awakened bisexuality. And finally, continuing with the split skin, 3D tattooing, he tattooed the gay flag on my left inner forearm. Unless I wanted to wear long-sleeved shirts for the rest of my life, or get the tattoo removed, there was no hiding what I now was.

“You know what, I was going to be done, but I think I’ll give you one more. It’s something I’ve been thinking about for a long time but never found anyone to give it to. I think it’ll look perfect on you.”

“What is it?” I dared to ask.”

“You’ll see when it’s done. But before I start I need to talk to the other guys. I’ll be back in a few minutes.” Anthony walked away and I could hear hushed whispers coming from the far end of the barn, but could not make out anything that was said. When he finally returned he looked pleased. “It’s been decided that everyone wants to see me give you the new tattoo and since it will take so long to do it, we’ve agreed to extend the party until midnight Sunday.”

“WHAT! You can’t leave me on this thing for the entire weekend!” I protested.

“We won’t,” Amber assured me. “Since you agreed to be the party bitch we’ll release you at the end of twelve hours to clean up, eat and get some rest, but in the morning we get right back to it.”

Anthony shaved my entire outer left leg from hip to ankle and then set to work on giving me one hell of a large tattoo. The needle hurt like hell in some spots, I barely felt it in others, but when he got nearer the ankle it hit nerves causing me to twitch uncontrollably. He held my leg as still as he could while working away from memory and after four hours he had the outline mostly done. And three hours after that he added other details, but I could not make out what in the hell it was supposed to be. I was finally released from the metal bar and after a quick bite to eat and a shower, I went to one of the spare bedrooms and passed out in bed.

I wanted to sleep for another fifteen hours, but Amber's sucking mouth made that an impossible dream to achieve. "Wakey, wakey," she smiled up at me. When she saw my eyes open she stopped sucking my cock and pushed my legs back towards my head and shoved into my now well-fucked asshole. "So, how are you feeling today, party bitch?"

"Uhn...uhn...s-sore," I grunted as she plowed in and out of my ass harder and faster with every thrust of her hips.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No."

"I didn't think so," she grinned. "You're a real submissive slut boy now aren't you? Are you ready for another day of entertaining the studs?"

"Uhn...yes."

"Awesome! Tell me, why did you agree to do the party?"

"A-After I r-realized you had a real cock and when S-Sean sucked and f-fucked me I figured why not?" I grunted as she increased her thrusting.

"So you're not pissed that I tricked you?"

"I was at first, b-but...uhn...I couldn't deny that it felt amazing."

"You know, with all of these tattoos people are going to think you're gay."

"I've been...uhn...g-gang banged by...uhn...t-thirty men and now taking it up the ass by a tranny. I t-think that makes me a homo!"

"So you're a homo now are you? Does that mean you no longer like pussy?"

"Bisexual then."

"Get on your hands and knees. I want you to finish me off by taking it down your throat. Swallow every last drop and don't forget to breathe through your nose."

I never even questioned the command, or put up even the slightest bit of protest. No, instead, I moved back off of her cock, got into position and took her into my mouth and throat in one go. After taking so many for so long last night, it was far easier doing it today and I managed to keep her down my throat a good twenty seconds before having to pull away. Though my gag reflex was nearly gone, there was still a small trace of it remaining to give me occasional trouble and I vowed to rectify that as soon as humanly possible.

After drinking down Amber's load I took a quick shower, had a bite to eat and then we adjourned to the barn where I was once again strapped to that metal bar bent over like a bitch for the men to use. They wasted no time and my ass and mouth were filled while Sean knelt between my legs and sucked me off.

This went on for about three hours and then Anthony stepped in to do more work on my leg. Six hours after that, it was back to the men gang banging me into submission. I could feel my asshole gaping open like a tunnel so it came as no surprise to me whatsoever when Amber stepped behind me and pushed four lubed fingers in hard and deep.

"Take a deep breath, slut because I'm about to give you your first fisting!" Amber said as she squirted more lube on her hand and my ass. She pushed harder and after several very intense seconds where I did not think it would go in, it finally did and I filled Sean's mouth with semen. "Now the party can really get started!" Amber exclaimed. "Let's see how much we can stretch the bitch boy open!"

That soft voice in the back of my mind told me to end it before my ass was ruined beyond repair, but as before I paid it no heed and kept my mouth shut other than to moan from the

pleasures of being taken from every side at the same time. Another dick was jammed into my mouth and I gulped down the piss he offered, waiting for him to pull out before gagging. Two more pissed on my face. SWOOSH! “Aahhgghhh!” I let out a pain-filled yelp as something struck hard across my ass. THWACK! I was hit a second time just below the first, but equally as hard. “Oowww! Son of a bitch that hurts! Stop hitting me!” I wailed as I was given another.

“I’ll stop caning you when you’re able to take a bigger fist up your ass!” I heard Carl say. “Or when Amber is able to put both hands in there at the same time. Jeromy, go get the flogger and flog his back. Let’s teach this sissy slut who’s in charge around here.”

“YOU’RE THE BOSS!” I screeched as he gave my ass another swat of the cane. I had not cried from a spanking since I was little, but I was on the verge of tears now and very close to setting them free.

“Nice try, but you’d say anything to get me to stop. Just for that we’re not stopping until Amber gets both fists up your sissy ass at the same time!” WHACK! SWOOSH! The cane hit my ass at the same time as the flogger struck across the middle of my back and I never wanted to be double fisted so badly in my life.

“FIST ME DAMMIT!” I screamed. “Ram the motherfuckers in me! Please! Stretch my fucking ass open so they stop torturing me!” The words were out of my mouth before I could filter them, but I’m pretty sure the message was clear.

“My pleasure,” Amber replied, ramming her fist in hard, fast and deep – punching it in and out of my abused asshole.

After another hour, Amber had worked an entire fist and four fingers up my ass and seven other men were able to fist me as well, but it still was not enough to get Carl and Jeromy to stop caning and flogging me until Anthony stepped in to do more work – giving me a several hour reprieve as the tattoo started to really take form.

I was amazed that anyone could do such amazing work with ink and a needle. I still had no idea what the final design was going to be, but it looked awesome – like he turned my outer left leg into a carved piece of wood with intricate lines and shadows that gave it a realistic 3d appearance.

Once Anthony was done with this round of work, I was let free of the metal bar and given an hour to stretch, wash up and grab a bite to eat. Since I hadn’t eaten anything but semen since breakfast I was famished and wolfed down far too much food too quickly for my own good. After relieving myself – something that came a whole lot easier now thanks to Amber and the men fisting me open, I showered and returned to the barn for more of the same.

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By the time the stud party ended on Sunday night, Anthony had finished the tattoo on my leg forever marking me as a submissive bitch boy. In beautiful 3d letters it read: BOTTOM BITCH from my hip to my ankle. It was a stunning, if not completely humiliating and degrading piece of work and I was conflicted as to whether I should keep it, or have it removed at the earliest possible convenience. But it was not until the last of the men drove off that Sean and Amber laid another bombshell on me.

“You were absolutely magnificent,” Amber exclaimed. “I think this’ll be our biggest selling party ever!”

“What do you mean biggest selling? Did you charge those men to fuck me?”

“Nope, they did it for free. Didn’t we tell you? The play barn is completely wired with cameras and microphones and every party we put on is recorded and sold to cover costs.”

“SOLD!? What the fuck do you mean SOLD!? You can’t sell video of me doing...what I did!”

“Actually, we can. You agreed to the terms of the stud party and that means giving us permission to sell your party. Don’t worry, it also means you get a free copy as well as part of the royalties. Twenty percent is our standard rate, but since you’re a friend and did such an amazing job becoming a sissy bitch, we’ve agreed to give you thirty.”

“With the length of the party and the amount of footage we got we should be able to make it a three or four part series,” Sean added. “That means even more money in your pocket.”

“What the fuck, guys! You should have told me I was being recorded!”

“Why? You agreed to the terms and a deal’s a deal. So, how do you feel about taking dick now?” Sean asked with a grin

“I love it, but that’s beside the point.”

“No, that *is* the point,” Sean cut in. “The whole plan was to turn you into a sissy bitch boy and we succeeded in spades. Look at you, man! You’re covered in gay tattoos, pierced nipples and a gaping ass capable of taking two fists at the same time! Not to mention the fact that you drink piss and deepthroat cock like a good little whore. You’ve come a long way my friend and I couldn’t be prouder of you.”

“There’s one more thing you need to know about the terms you agreed to,” Amber said. “When you agreed to be a party bitch it wasn’t just for this party. According to our rules, all new bitches must put on one such party every month for a year. That means you’ve got eleven more to go before you’ve fulfilled your end of the agreement.”

“ELEVEN! What the fuck? I don’t fucking believe you! Now you’re just making this shit up to fuck with me!”

“On the contrary,” said Sean. “Amber is telling the truth and we can show you the documents on our computer so you can see for yourself.”

“Show me!” I demanded. And they did. They turned on the computer and I watched as Amber went to the folder and opened the file. I sat down in the chair and spent the next half hour going over every rule and regulation with a fine-toothed comb and in the end they were right. I could either give up my friendship with them, or do another eleven parties that would be recorded and sold for profit. “Eleven parties it is, then,” I relented.

“Glad to hear you’re on board,” Amber smiled “and don’t worry, not all of the parties are that tame.”