

# **Phoebe's Playhouse**

**Alexis Alexandra**

~ ~ ~

# Phoebe's Playhouse

Copyright© 2020 by **Alexis Alexandra**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

## **Copyright License Notes:**

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Deciding to stay home while the rest of the family save her twin sister Paige were vacationing in Spain, Phoebe was relaxing in the main house of Blackmore Manor when she heard a knock on the front door. Not expecting anyone, she put her left eye to the peep hole and saw a somewhat handsome thirty-something man dressed in the distinctive uniform of a UPS driver. Pulling the door open, she was greeted with a warm smile.

“Delivery for Heidi Blackmore,” the driver said as he turned the device in his hand around so she could sign. It took her a moment as her eyes were focused on the stack of boxes to his right but she eventually signed on the little pad. But it was not her name she wrote. After thanking the man, she began carrying boxes into the house as he walked back to his truck parked in the driveway.

Not recognizing the name of the company, Phoebe let curiosity get the better of her. Utility knife in hand, she sliced through the tape on the largest box and as she peeled back the cardboard flaps her right brow raised as she took in a bunch of smaller boxed containing what appeared to be latex clothes. Grabbing one of the larger ones she saw a picture of black thigh high boots. The next contained something called a cupless spanking dress and if the picture on the front was any indication would leave very little to the imagination.

*In for a fucking penny*, she thought as she tore the box open and withdrew the garment made of black latex. “What the actual hell, mom?” she said to an empty room as she held the piece of clothing up to her body. Sure enough there was no way her breasts would even remotely be covered and the material missing from the back would ensure her ass was equally on display. Laying the dress over the arm of the couch, she proceeded to go through the contents of all the boxes and immediately came to the conclusion that her mother, if not both of her parents were into some pretty kinky shit. Unfortunately, she had gone through everything and knew she would be in deep shit for going through her mother’s belongings without permission so panic setting in, she jammed everything back into their individual boxes, folded the flaps to keep them shut and hurriedly carried them out the back door and up into the massive, luxurious treehouse her parents had commissioned for her tenth birthday.

Standing two stories tall the sixteen-hundred square foot home comprised of the main two bedroom house supported by six giant oak trees, large rec room held aloft by five more and the bridge connecting them was larger than some homes and fully furnished with all the amenities including plumbing, running water and fully stocked kitchen. In the early days after its construction it was the destination point for all of her friends and she could not count the times she had to chase her younger siblings away but as she grew older and started staying there more often than not it became her home away from home. At sixteen she moved in fulltime and only went to the main house to have dinner with the family and hang out when they requested her presence. After graduating high school she refused to let anyone save her closest group of friends in as it became her own private retreat.

Once the eight boxes were sitting in her spacious living room she locked the door, closed the blinds, pulled the drapes shut and then once again tore the boxes open. Paddles in wood and leather. Clamps. Butt plugs. Dildos. Anal beads as big around as her fist. Canes. Floggers. Needles. Candles. Enema supplies. A wartenberg wheel. While Phoebe knew about the bdsm lifestyle courtesy of Fifty Shades, she had never delved too deeply into it but knew enough to know that her parents were definitely into it. And that was confirmed when she withdrew a box containing a dildo shaped very much lick a cock she had seen before.

Living on a farm with a variety of animals was Phoebe's dream come true. A lover of horses from an early age, she got her first pony at seven and started riding at eight. But it was not until her teenage years that she saw a stallion and mare mating for the first time and try as she might the image of that huge dick was forever seared into her brain. And now she was seeing a picture of it on the long, heavy box she now held in her hands. She was almost afraid to see what was actually inside but her curiosity won out and as with so many boxes before, she tore it open and pulled out a dildo molded to be an exact replica of a horse cock complete with flared head, medial ring and huge set of balls. Another box contained a canine dildo. A third was of a wolf. They were followed by a dolphin, hyena, lion, pig and goat before transitioning into the fantastical with dragon, griffon, one shaped like a huge tentacle and one that could apparently deposit large alien eggs deep within.

Holding the canine dildo in hand she looked down at her three year old doberman named Gunner and wondered. Not what it would feel like to be screwed by an animal but rather how accurate the toy was to the real thing. And for the briefest of moments she found herself staring straight at his furry sheath. Dildo still in hand, she opened the door and shooed him out before doing something she would come to regret.

The contents of the boxes scattered from one end of her living room to the next, Phoebe pulled out the final item and years of speculation were confirmed as she stared at a branding gun with a fine wire tip reading BREEDING COW. She was one half of a pair of twins. Her triplet brothers Matt Mark and Mike were born on her first birthday and over the course of the next seventeen years her parents had eleven pregnancies resulting in the family growing by fourteen including three more sets of twins. And now, on the day after her eighteenth birthday she finally understood why.

Surrounded by so many sex toys and fetish clothing, Phoebe felt the last remnants of resolve crumble. Stripping, she picked up a pair of cloverleaf clamps and with shaky fingers attached them to her nipples. Three more much smaller pairs were placed along her outer labia and the pressure of them tightly squeezing her most sensitive areas made her clit throb with excitement. A box of teardrop weights caught her attention. Adding them one at a time she felt the clamps close even tighter. One ounce. Two. Four. Her clit throbbed so hard it hurt in the best possible way. Six ounces. The pain becoming almost unbearable, her knees buckled and she dropped. A three ounce weight was added to the chain connection the clamps pinching her nipples and as she reach into the box for another she went to all fours as she exploded in orgasm.

"Ooohhhhhh fucking hell!" she purred as the euphoria rapidly spread throughout her body. She reached back and just as the tips of her index and middle finger pressed against her hooded love button she came for a second time. "W-W-What the shit?" Panting, she sat back. The weight on the clamps continuing to pull and pinch her nipples and vulva, she bit into her lower lip as her fingers wrapped around the leather wrapped handle of a flogger. It was her first time ever holding such a device with intent to use so she had no idea what to expect as the long leather tails slapped across her belly and inner right thigh but she was pretty certain another orgasm was not it.

She swung the flogger over her left shoulder. The tails thudded across her back, the tips digging into her flesh like three dozen fingernails. Falling onto her back her hips bucked upward and every muscle seized as her orgasms shot out of her like a geyser. Her hand reached out and wrapped around one of the toys. It was the canine dildo but in her blissful state of mind she did not care. Ramming the entire eight inch tapered shaft into herself up to what the box described as a three inch knot, she pulled it out to the tip and then shoved it back in. There was a brief

moment where she felt herself stretching to take it deeper but she was nowhere near ready for anything that big so she resigned herself to the pleasure and minor kink factor of fucking herself on something molded after a dog's cock.

Moaning and panting in pure ecstasy, Phoebe pressed hard on the base of the huge canine dildo just as someone knocked on her door. In that split second several things happened at once. First, the beauty and elasticity of the female form was proven as she opened to accept the massive bulge that was the knot. Second and in rapid succession third, she yelped in pain and gushed in orgasm. Fourth, she jumped to her feet and just managed to grab her shirt when the door creaked open and the familiar head of Lance – one of the estates' live-in farmhands poked in.

“L-LANCE! What the hell do you think you're doing? You know better than to open my door without permission.”

“Sorry Ma'am, but I heard you yelp and wanted to make sure you were okay. Um, but seeing that you're naked and, um, is that a plug or something stuck in you?” he asked as his eyes drifted down the stunning naked body he had jerked off to countless times. This being the first time seeing her naked, he silently adjusted the image of her he had in his head and continued. “Jesus! I saw you carrying stuff up here but I never...” hands grabbed him by the shoulders and pulled him inside.

“I'll let you fuck me if you keep quiet about what you've seen here,” Phoebe offered out of pure desperation. “But if you say a word about the toys or screwing me I'll tell everyone you broke in and raped me is that understood?”

“My lips are sealed Ma'am,” the twenty-six year old black man answered.

“For the record, all of this stuff was ordered by my mother and I sort of confiscated it so...”

“Then I think in all fairness you should let me fuck you whenever I like. If you want me to keep quite that is.”

“Three times and that's is.”

“Once a day for as long as you're living on the estate. And I'm not wearing a condom.”

“Fine. Once a day but you *will* wear a condom and absolutely no anal. If you even hint at sticking anything in my ass I'll scream rape faster than you can stuff me with your hopefully big black cock. Now take your clothes off before I change my mind.”

“I don't have any condoms on me, Ma'am.”

Her eyes going to the branding gun lying on the floor several feet to her left, she thought of her following in her mother's footsteps. “I'll let you breed me just this once. And you'll only fuck me late at night when no one is watching. Now get your clothes off.” Reaching down Phoebe grunted as the enormous knot popped out of her. The rest of the dildo followed and she let it drop to the floor as she prepared to have sex with her first black man.

Picking up a cane, Lance swooshed it through the air several times and smiled. “I am so going to use each and every one of these on the sexy body of yours.”

“Yes, yes you are.” Goosebumps popping up all over her body, Phoebe turned, bent at the waist and placed her hands on the edge of the coffee table.