

Kinksters

"Its called a kinkster party," Brian announced to his roommates friends as they situated themselves into the small loveseat that occupied the corner of their apartment. Over the past week they had batted back and forth ideas for a back to school party, and Brian finally had come up with the perfect idea.

"A what?" The tallest one asked, clearly confused by the title. "Is that like fisting and shit?"

"Not everything that is beyond missionary pose is fisting Kyle," Brian responded. "How it works is you draw kink that is listed on a piece of paper and you get a costume . . .I think that's how it works." Brian looked back to his phone, reading the website that he found online.

"This bitch doesn't even know what he's talking about!" The shortest and most robust of the three friends said. The boy made a grab for the phone, but his hand was smacked away before he could make contact. "Ow!" He said as he pulled back his hand. He pushed out his bottom lip, feigning pain.

"Keep your hands to yourself, David," Brian joked as he went back to reading from the page. "All we do is order the box of costumes, and whatever you get from the box you wear for the evening. It's supposed to "Open your eyes to the possibilities," whatever that means," Brian finished explaining.

"So how much is it?" Kyle asked. Brian mumbled his response. "How much?" Kyle asked a little more pointedly to his roommate, knowing it was probably a lot from Brian's response.

"Its four hundred," Brian muttered, barely louder than the first time.

"FOUR HUNDRED!" Kyle shrieked. "That's all of your side of the rent! Are you going to even pay that and afford food?"

"Well, I was thinking that we could split it . . .," Brian said, but before he could Kyle could shoot down his idea he quickly countered him. "Just think about the men!" Brian said, grasping at straws that pulled at the loins of his roommate. "Just think of those frat boys getting dressed up in leather or some tiny spandex singlets. Those big butts just bouncing around the apartment with a need to satiate their bi-curious needs." Brian turned his phone around, showing Kyle some of the options that came within the set; singlets, harnesses, ass-less chaps. Kyle was basically drooling by the time he reached the bottom and saw the AND MORE written in bold letters..

"I'll Venmo you my half," Kyle said as he pulled out his phone. Mid-transfer he looked to their third roommate. "Come on dude, you know you will get some ass, showing off those muscles." Kyle squeezed the most muscular of the three men. Brian reached for the other.

“Ooooo David your arms are so big and muscular I just won’t wait to feel them wrapped around my boooody,” Brian teased. David rolled his eyes.

“Oh, I wonder if these muscles are overcompensating for something though Brian. You know, maybe things don’t work as well as they should . . .downstairs,” Kyle joked as he moved his arm towards his friend’s lap.

“Oh my god, you two are the worst! Fine! I will pay for the whole thing if you two get off me!” Brian and Kyle high-fived one another. “And just for the record, we all know that my muscles are not overcompensating for ANY-THING!” He said as he gave his dick a grab, and Kyle and Brian took that moment to return the eye roll.

“ANYWAYS, this is how everything is going to work,” Brian began to lay out the evening, the guest list, the decorations, and most importantly the costumes. The invitations were sent out the next morning and by the afternoon they had over fifty people already RSVP’d and excited for the new twist on the costume party ideal. The large black box arrived on the day of the party. It was the size of a large trunk and sealed in every way imaginable. It was a mechanical contraption.

First, someone would need to push the button on the front. And then when the trunk would open a costume would be having on the inside. The instructions were clear. One costume per person. None of the friends understood how exactly the device worked, but they were eager to try it out. When the clock struck 9 pm the three friends stared at the trunk, ready to get into their new costume.

“Who wants to go first?” Brian asked as he angled his finger towards the button.

“Me!” David said as he jabbed his finger at the button quicker than any of the other two and the machine began to whirl with noise. It clunked, it clanked, and it swung open. David’s face of eagerness soon fell when he saw the costume that hung on the inside. The costume that would be his for the evening. “You can’t be serious,” David groaned as he reached in to show his friends what had been selected for him.