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Story: DRAFT - Anime Girl : Memories (Halloween 2004)

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<http://www.amazon.com/Max/e/B00522U99I>)

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Story Codes: MF MDom toys stretch

Version Info: DRAFT - Revision 06

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Title: DRAFT - Anime Girl : Memories (Halloween 2004)

Universe: Tom, Anime Girl

Summary: Anime Girl is a series centered on a woman who discovers freedom later in her life. Her story of bondage and body modification with her master provides a starting place for her new life of being property and freedom within bonds. This story is a short Halloween tale and romance. This story contains machines, large toys, domination, and stretching.

Keywords: Mdom, Machines, Dildo, Stretch, Large Toys

Language: English

Availability: DRAFTS (<http://www.asstr.org/~Max>), PUBLICATION (Fall 2011)

DRAFT - Memories (Halloween 2004)

written by Max

Mdom, Machines, Dildo, Stretch, Large Toys

He remembered her every time he took an intercontinental flight. It was the simple, cheap blindfolds they put in with the other overnight stuff on the plane. Every time he saw those, the thin cloth with light elastic bands, he pictured her looking upwards into the dimly lit room. She was moaning and breathing hard as the machines he built thrust into her body and the tight steel and leather fittings on her neck, breasts, abdomen, thighs, and ankles held her firmly in place.

She was multiorgasmic with an explosive and positively exuberant manner of cumming. She had spent years restraining that, but he had slowly broken down every inhibition and precaution. Her body was thin and small, around 5'5" with nice bone structure and smooth firm muscle. She didn't look gaunt or bony like many women her weight and

height - instead she looked very well formed and functional. At around 120 pounds, she had a definite lack of any fat - but she still had a wonderful proportioning with measurements of 36-26-35.

Her head was shaved when he met her, and it never grew out more than a bit. He remembered her best in a blue bob cut wig she liked to wear on happy days. The way it held her face and showed her clear eyes - men just had to come up and comment on her when she wore it. She was loved for this aspect of herself - Anime Girl. Did she know even then? Did she know the kind of manga she would be cast in?

Oh, they had fought frequently about many things. He was a bastard and she was stubborn and he was stupid and she was demanding. Or you could reverse all the hes and shes and it would still be true. They had a lot in common but one aspect of that was a comfort with confrontation and a righteousness that drove them into arms. But there were other times too - times when all the fighting was nothing but a distant sound of sword on shield, when the minefields were eerily quiet.

At those times they were in each others arms, dreams, and hearts as they had never been before. It was in those times he was inspired to create and shape and provide something for her. It was in those moments when it took form and she was comfortable and trusting enough to let him proceed. It was in happiness he first designed and determined the path they followed.

God, he hoped that was true.

He remembered more things now, trying to drift asleep on the flight as it wound its way up the North American coast before breaking free to cross over the Atlantic. His body responded - his cock pulsing in his trousers with a solid warmth. She had always thought he was big, but he had a thing for big. A fetish, a paniche, an appetite... It was quite extreme actually. And she had promised him everything, all of her, and even when their fighting tore that from him, he claimed her body and soul for his own.

He promised himself it was out of love and devotion and guiding her to be the thing that she could be. The thing she held herself back from.

So he spoke to her in tongues he never understood but which always lingered in the back of his mind. They spoke of deities and rituals and their roles. Him being a god for her to be the priestess of. Her being the everything, the very rapture, to guide and deliver him while setting his bounds free. They knew this much about each other - neither fit in with the other people they knew. Each had amassed facades and acted out roles to operate with the humans all around them.

When she suffered illness - her resistance and challenging of her path to her role was blamed. She must accept her place and position;

she must follow the path to its conclusion. She had committed herself, there was no other way. He encouraged her to see herself as he saw her, and when she resisted he pointed out how fighting it was destroying her.

He painted her into a corner, and he knew it. He groaned to himself as he sat in the plane trying to find a comfortable position, wishing he could sleep and escape into the dreams that would come as he passed over the earth tens of thousands of feet above the ocean. But he knew sleep wouldn't come now - he had remembered too much again and now he would watch it play out again.

The first illness has been blamed on an allergic reaction to a substance commonly found in lubrication - methyl paraben. Having her train her cunt and ass to be open for tender ministrations as well as rough play had soaked the substance into her. She passed blood and tissue for a couple of weeks before they found a cause and could bring a stop to it. They shifted to a different lubricant for her cunt and shifted to petroleum jelly for her ass.

When it came time to look at the event with different eyes - they decided it was a cleansing and purging. A preparation of the path through which ascension and transcendence could only go after clearing the debris of the past.

The second illness came in waves and was blamed on a series of flu-like viruses - each one attacking the body in different ways. She had promised everything, but upon finding he was a bastard and had done things she could not countenance she tried to stop it all. She tried to put terms on him and their relationship, and adamantly sought to deny him aspects of her she had promised as well as change her body in an image she sought now to correct him.

When it came time to look back on those series of illnesses, it was made clear that each thing she had promised to do to correct him had happened with a vengeance to her. She told him she would lose ten pounds to prove to him how tiny she was - and after five days of vomiting even water, she had lost quite a bit more. She told him she would never allow her breasts to develop - and so they hardened and lost their sensitivity and perkiness. She told him many things he could not do to her - and she was unable to enjoy any of those things if she wanted to.

Until she recanted and he made it possible for her to do so. Only he could grant forgiveness for her thoughts, words, and deeds. And he would not do so unless she exposed herself to him more after recanting her position.

It was how gods had to deal with priestesses at times. He took his role seriously because under it all he worried they weren't in control of any of it. He felt emotions stronger than tides surging inside of him, and saw things happening to her that reinforced his belief that fighting the course of events was a bad choice. He tried

to encourage her to take the same point of view, but for someone who sought to be a submissive - she could not except blind fate and its whims.

Toward the end of the second string of illnesses, he took a gamble on something that might work. She was losing her mind - the fevers, the lack of nourishment, the inability to keep even her medication down - it had stretched her thin and worn her out. So he went back to a plan he had started and discarded before. A plan to provide her with audio recordings (digitized on his computer of course but suitable for burning to audio CD) of him comforting her and telling her about the path. Recordings to seep into her subconscious and ease her acceptance of her path and her role. His voice to compliment her inner voice and provide her with a lighthouse and an anchor.

He was sure he did this out of love. He was sure he did this out of caring. He felt the strength of his arms and thighs as he flexed them in his seat - the cool airplane cabin licking his neck as the lightweight throw blanket slipped down a bit. He rotated his head from side to side while his neck bulged and the muscles flexed - a gesture of strength and power that he learned very early on in his life. He was only 5'7" and his physique didn't stand out in a crowd. But he was solid muscle, weighing easily 40 pounds more than most people would estimate, and was capable of joyously tossing someone as light as her into the air without a second thought.

She said he was psychically powerful too. He believed that - or at least that his mind was active rather than passive, that his senses seemed to gather more, that his intuition was more likely to grasp something long before a string of causality could be determined. He believed lots of things - beliefs being tools to explore and understand his own boundaries and inputs.

She said it to him once while on her knees, wearing the leather collar he had fashioned for her and which had a simple stamped plate affixed with the word "Property" on it. They had said at one time it would say "Fuck Toy" but he had changed his mind when his intuition suggested what was at stake. She had a soft smile on her face as she ground her ass on to a cylindrical phallus about three inches wide, no sound coming from her lubricated and open anus as she slipped six inches in and then lifted herself off of it.

"You are very powerful psychically. Mentally. I mean..." and he raised his finger to her lips to shush her and said "Fifty strokes, my priestess. Open your ass so you can feel it all tomorrow when you are at work." Then he began playing with the clamps affixed to her nipples, tugging them to draw her nipples out and then hooking them to a ceiling fixture so each stroke downward on the phallus stretched her nipples impressively. When he gauged he had the tension and clamp pressure right he resumed reading to her. His voice slipping into her mind as she lost track of the strokes and was simply satisfied to close her eyes and let his words wrap around and through her as the tools of her god reshaped her.

He awoke suddenly and awkwardly as his head dipped onto his chest suddenly. His eyes burned from a day's sweat and the moisture being evaporated by the thin cabin air. His cock was still fully erect in his loose fitting BDUs, and he had to adjust himself. He wasn't running away from her because there was no way to hide from the memories. No way to hide from the rushing replay that was forthcoming. He leaned his head back but that caused his buttocks to slip forward in the seat, uncomfortably crushing his cock between his thigh and pant leg. He stood up and adjusted - and saw a woman, blonde and probably Danish, that had her jaw line.

As he fell back into his seat, it all unraveled in full motion. Eighteen months of it played back in short sequences as his head exploded inward. The progressive training in focused areas - her body, the rituals he wrote, her attitude. Experiments and successes with removing all her body hair below her waist, stretching her vagina and anus to the maximum width allowed by her pelvis, developing and ripening her breasts from a D cup to a solid F, stretching her nipples and clitoris until they were always prominent and engorged, stretching her labia so they always were loose and supple and hanging between her thighs...

Scene after scene, toys and tools and materials - the means in which he had fabricated restraints and training devices to achieve these goals. His hands working with a blur whether he was fashioning a thigh cuff or writing down a ritual. Slowly coalescing in that final moment - the final experiment.

He pictured how he looked then, though he certainly could not have seen it. The camera recording the event had had a storage error and did not record anything. All the better for him in the long run - else he might have been imprisoned due to the questionable handling of bondage and domination in the USA. He was wearing a comfortable pair of jeans and boxers, no socks and no shirt. His facial hair was limited to a goatee and mustache at the time - both mixed with white hairs looking a bit shocking against their dark brown fellows. His glasses were a bit loose having hit himself on the head while making some mechanical adjustments, and his hands and arms were taut from the exertion of setting the machine up.

But he had a very satisfied look on his face. As they both annointed the machinery he looked fondly on her with a winsome and genuine smile. She wore a light cotton smock, grey in colour, which did not hide her nipples nor the outline of her pony plug's tail. He brushed against her warmly as they passed each other - speaking the recitations they had developed for opening her and cleansing the tools that did so. Finally it was ready - and she looked at him with a broad smile, and they hugged.

She didn't need to say she approved or thought it was marvelous - nor would she say it was a bit scary and oversized for her slight frame. He had designed and fashioned it piece by piece - each piece tested

on her individually from the expanding phalluses for her ass and cunt to the hollow gag and pony bit. It was about the size of a masseuse table, with a dull glow to it now that they had marked and scented its various elements.

She took off her smock in front of him, and he gasped slightly as he struck the seat awkwardly. The plane must have lurched and caused him to lose his footing while sitting down. None of man's machines could avoid turbulence - whether it was of the air or of the soul.

Her warm smile looked wonderful beneath her blue wig. Her face was soft and lightly freckled. Her shoulders were strong if slight, and the heavy breasts were delicately ornamented by the stirrup piercings in her nipples. Her belly was smooth and pale white, and as she spread her legs the black pony tail slipped between her thighs creating a waterfall effect - the black ink tattoos and sigils on her pubis framing a pink and open cunt with wrinkled and soft fleshy lips that seemed to rest poignantly above the long strings of black silky hair of the plug. Her thighs were toned and strong, and as she guided him to anoint her and give his blessing - retracing each tattoo and her prominent energy points - she presented her pelvis tipped toward him, her thighs contoured like willowy trees framing an alcove and shrine of delightful mystery.

Then he placed the belts he had worked with his own hands on her. The straps at her ankles and thighs first, then the belt around her waist, then open strap that held to steel bands in place encircling the base of her breasts, and finally the leather and steel collar. Each locked in to place - without his assistance they could not be removed. She smiled throughout this process, a warm reward for her owner and god who had worked hard to provide her with the appropriate means to display her body.

Then he guided her into the machine. It was padded where he thought she might encounter contact or friction against her skin - soft vinyl covering cotton batting - but that meant it sighed like a satisfied lover as she moved on to it. Flexible rubber rings with fitted short porous shafts fit into the openings of her cunt and ass to guide the machine's dildos. Suction cups fit on to her clitoris and breasts - anchored on the breasts by the steel bands, anchored on her clit with a small clamp. The lubricants both she and the machine had been marked with were greasy and substantial - anything lighter might have drained off or rapidly soaked into her skin.

Finally she was in place, a small box beside the machine containing her smock and pony plug. He asked how comfortable it fit, and she exhaled slowly testing the snugness of everything. Then she smiled and said, "It's perfect - with this I can be stretched and swollen and fucked and orgasm over and over again. I'll be able to keep myself open and wet and be your priestess and fuck toy and brood mare and fisting slut and always be ready for you to put anything inside of me and always be able to feel how much you have made and shaped your property..." She gushed a bit more, and he missed the words -

he was glowing with his achievement and her happiness.

The praise was like choirs singing to him - their delicate melodies resonating with the pipe organ's call. She was his everything and she was indeed his priestess. He kissed her firmly and she went quiet with the taste of his lips and tongue. Then she whispered "Turn it on and don't stop it until I am done."

He gingerly inserted the hollow gag - enabling her to breath safely while protected her teeth from grinding as her intense orgasms wracked her body. Then, as a strange after thought, he fetched a lightweight blindfold from a nearby cabinet and put it on her. He could see her smile even with the distortion of the gag. She loved being tightly restrained and gagged and blindfolded. That must have been why he thought of it.

He got up from his seat and walked to the airplane bathroom. Relieving his swollen cock was delicate business on a plane experiencing some light turbulence. After washing his hands he returned by way of the plane galley so he could get a bottle of water - the safer for rinsing his eyes and face with. Airplane tap water is loaded with germs and nasties that you don't want to get on your face and in your mouth or eyes or nostrils.

He tried to think about that instead. He tried to think about anything. But finally he gave in as he always did and the final bit unwound.

Her first orgasm came quickly while the machine was set for just stroking the dildos in and out of her. Then he tested the suction cups which were timed to evacuate the cupped fittings and then hold the pressure for a short period (approximately two minutes) then allow air to return into the chamber before doing the same all over again. Her restraints precluded her from thrashing about, but her muscles and mouth were working in what appeared to be extreme pleasure. Having successfully tested the gear separately had proved to be a big bonus - the system was simply the best combination of simpler systems, and it worked beautifully.

Her fifth orgasm came around the six minute mark. She was showing some fatigue but they had agreed no time shorter than ten minutes would work. This is partially because it took about two minutes to test all the fittings and mechanisms, the suction cycle was about four minutes, and the dildos cycled up to their widest configuration over a period of five minutes and then cycled down in about three minutes. So if you cut things shorter than ten minutes the dildos and suction really never got aligned.

Working the equipment independently without the frame also had illustrated that her body had to adjust into certain positions. Even the restraints weren't enough to cause a body to submit. It took time for the body to exhaust itself against restraints and accept its positioning. Tools and time had to be applied together.

He worked out a reasonable rhythm for the equipment and watched, occasionally stroking her arms and face. She no longer jerked away from him like she had initially when restrained. She and he had reached a point where they could sense each other's proximity. She was moaning actively through the gag, and at the ten minute mark he tapped her on the nose twice to get her attention, and then lifted up the headphones that were singing his voice into her soul. Then he placed his arm beneath her left hand.

"Do you want more? If yes then squeeze my arm. If no then lift your hand away from my arm." True to her calling, she squeezed his arm tightly. "I just sync'd the rhythms of the machine, as of right now they are aligned so just about every eight minutes you'll have turned a full cycle. If you want just another eight minutes and I'll check on you, hold out one finger. If you want two eight minute cycles, hold out two fingers. If you want me to stay here and disengage the machine, just hold my arm and as soon as you lift your hand off my arm I will turn it off."

She was experienced with both the suction and the dildos from before, and so when she kept her palm on his arm but obviously showed four fingers (thumb visibly tucked before his eyes), he naturally took that to mean she wanted it to keep going for at least another 24 minutes. He doubted she had done the math in her head - they had spoken about the machine before and she had said she wanted to start off with thirty minute intervals.

"OK. I'm going to watch you and keep an eye out. If you need me I will be right here." He waited for her nod, and then she relaxed her hand on his arm so slip it out of her grasp. He restored the headphones, and then stroked the top of her hands as he watched her breasts swell inside the domed vacuum chambers. Her nipples looked huge, and he could only imagine how her clitoris looked. However, with her positioned leaning forward, the machine wrapping around her like a kneeling ergonomic chair with additional arms and an upright spine, her thighs were too close together for a good view of the clitoris suction bell.

He decided to stroke her back and shoulders, and he noticed he could actually feel the cresting waves of her orgasms and the thrusts of the machine. They were still out of phase, but as her body grew more acclimated he wondered how her orgasms would align with the synchronicity of the machine. Then he heard a strange noise and followed by an abrupt shift in her posture.

At this point time stretched out into a flow of infinitesimal moments. Moments that were more engrained into his memory than any other. He shut off the machine immediately, a single power kill switch was in place for such an emergency.

It didn't work.

Her body let out a soft sigh, and he was not immune to it. He looked into her face and saw that she was relaxed and smiling despite the furious sweat running down her brow. Her lips were shaping things but the gag made it impossible to tell what. The sound of the air pumps and the dildo motors continued in a strange rhythmic cadence.

She was singing along.

Her body was not lurching now but cresting each wave in time with the machine. Perhaps she had finally adjusted, perhaps it was just a sudden release in just the right manner and she was now in sync with the machine. He didn't understand how the power kill switch could have failed and it seemed to be the most important thing to know. None of the gear could be safely detached without the power being shut off. She was moving in perfect harmony to the machine, and he had to stop it if something was broken so she would be safe.

He focused on that as he felt his brain hurt from some great knowledge just beyond his reach. He knew, though he told no one else then or after, that the most important thing was turning the machine off. And so his fragile mind, his intuition having shattered it for the moment, chased after reasoning the path of power cords and fuse boxes and power in an electrical sense.

He knew it had to be stopped. He knew it couldn't keep moving on its own. He knew something was so very wrong. He seemed to be lost in a tangle of cords and motors as he traced out plugs to the kill switch that had failed. Finally he grasped on to simple unplugging it all from the outlet strip. He paused and looked up at her.

She was looking up with her face in quiet repose, the blue wig brushing back and forth against her cheeks, the cheap blindfold covering up whatever ecstatic vision she was having. He knew he should be hearing her breathing. Rasping through the hollow gag after so many minutes on the machine he had built to ensure her service and devotion and preparation for whatever acts he might require. He knew she should not be entirely in sync with the machine because her strong orgasms caused her muscles to clench and spasm - introducing an unavoidable arrhythmia.

He looked closer into her face. And it was truly blindfolded and without sight.

And even after he came back to his senses and was able to unplug everything; even after he used strong hands and a knife to cut restraints and remove her from the machine; even after he called 911 and asked for an ambulance and was guided through CPR while they rushed to the scene. Even after they ignored the machine in the corner of the playroom, presuming the comfortable ignorance that comes from acknowledging "your kink is not something I want to remember." Even then he could hear her whispering.

He woke up bolt upright as a woman in a loose fitting gray shirt and

slacks leaned over him. "My lord," she said and kissed him on the lips. Then he heard the wind whistling through the plane and saw the looks of terror on the other scattered passengers. He closed his eyes and found soft gentle darkness. He let his ears unfocus from the roaring sounds of an unpressurized cabin at high altitude, and when they popped he could only hear her voice singing to him.

And the machine taking him through the heavens broke into pieces - and he accepted it and became one with the sky and sea.

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