

-----Begin Header -----

Story: DRAFT - Anime Girl : Kissing Wet - Time Spent Together (Part 3)

Author: Max (max@cherishdesire.com -  
<http://www.amazon.com/Max/e/B00522U99I>)

(c) 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011 Max (max@cherishdesire.com)

Story Codes: MF MDom vaginal anal toys stretch breast enlargement  
Version Info: DRAFT - Revision 2

Note: You may distribute this story freely so long as this header is left intact with this disclaimer and author's name unaltered. Final versions of stories are published on Amazon.com (see Very Dirty Stories #15 <http://www.amazon.com/dp/B0052YX3BC>).

Warning: If you are underage or this material is of no interest to you, then don't read it. Literacy comes with responsibilities.

-----End Header -----

Author: Max (max AT cherishdesire DOT com,  
<http://www.amazon.com/Max/e/B00522U99I>)

Title: DRAFT - Anime Girl : Kissing Wet - Time Spent Together (Part 3)

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 sex short about Anime Girl and Tom. This story contains Mdom, Vaginal Sex, Anal Sex, Dildo, Stretch, Large Toys, Breast Size.

Keywords: Mdom, Vaginal Sex, Anal Sex, Dildo, Stretch, Large Toys, Breast Size

Language: English

Availability: PUBLICATION (Multi Part Series: Very Dirty Stories #9

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B0051HEM8S>, Very Dirty Stories #11

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B0051HEMOM>, Very Dirty Stories #15

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B0052YX3BC>)

-----  
DRAFT - Kissing Wet - Time Spent Together (Part 3)  
-----

written by Max

-----  
Mdom, Vaginal Sex, Anal Sex, Dildo, Stretch, Large Toys, Breast Size  
-----

Kissing Wet - Time Spent Together (Part 3)  
-----

Tom set his bags down inside the front door and took the mailbox key off the key ring. He stepped back outside and walked down to the townhouse mailboxes, fetching the newspaper, mail, and a pile of assorted junkmail.

"At least the junkmail represents a paying customer to USPS," he

muttered to himself. Carrying it back inside, he paused to wave to the neighbours walking their toddler in the greenspace his townhouse faced.

Tom set down the mail on his brief bag, and took off his shoes. Then he scooped the mail back up and left his brief bag by the front door for tomorrow. He didn't need to check his own systems until later, so he headed up to the main living level of his three story townhouse, skimming the Wall Street Journal short blurbs as he made his way to the kitchen. At the top of the stairs he hesitated and changed directions. The clock told him it was already 19:30, and he was late for training. So he placed everything he was carrying on the a couch in the reading alcove and made his way up to the master bedroom.

---

Theta was happy to see Tom was home. She thought she had heard him come in, but she was busy cleaning herself and her toys. Theta typically got home by 18:00 at the latest, so Tom only rarely beat her back on weekdays. However, Tom made an effort to be out of the office by 18:45 at the latest because otherwise they didn't get much time to spend together in the evening.

As Tom stepped into the master bedroom she set down the toy and the towel she was drying it with and went over to him. He hugged her, wrapping his arms around her and picking her off the floor as he chuckled and she giggled a little. Then he pecked her on the cheek and asked how she was feeling.

"Good, sir. Much better," Theta replied. Earlier in the week she had been suffering from some abdominal cramping which had required putting her to bed with a heating pad on her belly. Nothing serious, just uncomfortable. Tom tried to monitor her health closely because Theta sometimes forgot to tell him why she may not be very motivated to train or cuddle or play.

"I'm glad. Do you think we'll be able to do most of a full session tonight?" he queried. He had noticed Theta had brought out the full session toys - her Mickey, her big black vibrator, and her large plug. Each was hefty (3.5 inch wide, 3 inch wide, 3.25 inch wide respectively) and so Tom liked to make sure that Theta was up to playing with them rather than risk her disappointment at having to cut a session short because her body wasn't cooperating.

"Yes, sir. I washed the other toys just in case though. Thank you for asking," she said as she ground her breasts and abdomen against him. "Would you like to see your pet do a full session, sir?" she queried teasingly.

"Yes, Theta. I'd thoroughly enjoy doing a full session with you," he replied with pauses as he kissed her cheeks, forehead, and neck. "Let me wash my hands and change, and I will join you right here."

As Tom stepped out of his dress trousers and slipped off his dress shirt, Theta watched his body. Unconsciously she was pinching and rubbing her nipples through her tight black tshirt. She leaned back against the bedpost, and began grinding herself against it - feeling how hard the rounded wood post felt as she slid her buttocks against it and then leaned forward a bit to work it against her vulva. Tom's penis was blatantly hard in his boxer shorts as he turned to see her wanton slow grinding motion. He smiled and then used the wet toy towel to brush any dirt from his hands rather than leave her side. Tom wrapped his arms around Theta and then lifted her up so she was straddling the bedpost fully, her weight mostly resting on her labia which were being crushed into her pelvis by the thick post.

"Looks like you are ready already, hmmmm..." Tom sighed into Theta's neck as he nuzzled her. "Would my slut like to undress now?"

"Yes. Oh yes," Theta moaned as she hugged Tom tightly. Tom lifted her off of the post and set further back so her buttocks were resting on the bed. She worked at the button and zipper of her jeans and then scooted further on to the bed so she could stretch out her legs and push them off. Tom helped by pulling on the legs once Theta had the waist pushed below her hips. Theta's shaved cunt was smooth underneath her black panties and her thighs were a cool white colour. As Tom removed her black socks, Theta worked her tshirt over her head and off. Her D cup breasts were supported by a comfortable black sports bra. The milky skin of her abdomen contrasted a bit with the slightly warmer colours of her arms from all her work gardening.

"I think we should do something a little different, honey," Tom purred to Theta. "Since you are feeling better it would be a good day to try your training bra as well - and see if it needs more adjustments before the weekend."

Theta smiled at the thought of it. "OK!" she exclaimed in an excited voice. She was about to hop off the bed when Tom put a restraining arm on her thigh.

"On your hands and knees," he said directly. Theta paused, checking if she had done something wrong, then moved into position as ordered. "Can you see how far your breasts are from the bed covers?"

Theta nodded as her head tilted down to look at her breasts in the black bra. Even though her arms weren't fully extended, her breasts were above the top of the bed by a good amount - roughly the length of her forearm.

"OK. I just wanted you to remember so you can compare the difference once we have you fitted. You can take off your bra and underwear now and play with your labia while you wait for me to bring the training bra," Tom's voice smiled. Theta quickly pushed her panties down her thighs, rolled on to her back and pulled them off her legs. Then she sat up and took off her bra - unclasping it in the front and pulling

it down her arms.

"Thank you, sir," she said as she laid back on to the pillows and began pulling and stretching and rubbing her labia. As Theta's inner labia flared to life, bright and red and growing even more prominent as they swelled in response to her caresses, Tom carefully fetched the training bra from the toy shelves in the closet. The bra itself was a simple HH cup bra, but it had been modified to include two shaped silicon bags that served to fill out the cups. The straps had also been redone - replaced with a less stretchy material across the back and shoulders so the false cups could be held securely in place. Finally, two nipple rings attached to light cord were mounted in the bra cup.

Tom brought the heavy training bra to Theta's side. They had been trying to figure out the best position to put it on in, so Tom once again sized up his options. Theta was still kneading and tugging on her labia - as ordered - her juices now making her fingers very slippery, and she was unable to really pull her inner labia out from her body too far without losing her grip. "That's lovely, Theta. They look very ripe. Here," he said handing her a towel, "wipe off your hands and help me get the nipple rings on."

Then Tom loosened the cord threaded through the bra, and he placed the first nipple ring around Theta's left nipple. Theta pincher her nipple above and around the ring. Then she let Tom grip the tip of her nipple with his strong fingers and pull it out. Panting from the sensations, Theta used her thumb and pointing finger to squeeze the ring closed until it was tightly affixed near the base of her nipple. Then Tom and Theta did the same with her right breast.

With the nipple rings in place, Theta's breasts looked like they were topped with cherries. The nipples swelled up with blood and looked very full. Tom admired them as Theta lightly brushed her fingertips over the sensitive skin along the length of the nipple and across the very top of the nipple.

Then Tom picked up the bra and asked Theta to pull on the nipple ring cords as he laid it on her chest. With most of the slack out of the cords, the cups fit snugly over Theta's breasts. The weight flattened her natural D cups, and the hard part was now getting Theta sitting upright without having the training bra fall off from sheer gravity. To solve that, Tom had added the nipple cords and some eye hooks. He tied each nipple cord off on the sides of the bra - so Theta's nipples were tied to the supporting bra cup in opposing directions (left to left, right to right). Then he clipped a length of chain from her collar to two eye hooks he had added to the front top of the bra.

With this in place Theta could hold the bra in place, the weight was largely transferred to her collar, and she only had to worry about sitting up slowly so the works didn't slip off to one side or another and tug hard on a nipple. Tom held her hand and eased her up while

her other hand held the bra to her chest. The Tom pulled the straps around the back and over the shoulders, clasping them in place making sure the broad shoulder straps - narrow ones would have cut into the skin due to the silicon's weight - were flat and true. Finally Tom added three token locks where the clasps intersected - to prevent the training bra from being removed until he used his keys.

Theta was fascinated and overwhelmed by her "enhanced" breasts. The throbbing of her nipples had reduced to a dull sensation, and her breasts felt like they were encased in a warm cushion. The shoulder straps still bit into her skin - and she really noticed the difference when Tom unclipped her collar from the bra. But now she was strapped in, locked in, and she was huge.

---

Tom watched as Theta hugged her breasts to herself, and had a hard time touching wrist to wrist in front of them. Her expression was one of bewilderment more than anything. So he took her arm and said to her "On your hands and knees" gently but firmly. He helped guide her into position as her brain waded through all the sensory input. And once there, she cried out.

"Oh. Tom. Oh my god. They \*are\* so big." There were strange emotions on her face - but it looked like Theta was about to cry. Tom stroked her shoulders while verifying the straps were holding her well and safely.

"Do you like your new look?" Tom asked quietly as he stroked his pet.

Theta pondered the way her breasts felt - suspended yet tugging on her shoulders, comfy and warm yet hard to move with - every breath, every motion of her head or arms, and her big breasts swayed in response. "Do you like how they look, sir?" she asked carefully. Her breasts were literally dragging on her bed between and behind her hands.

"Yes, I do, Theta. You look amazing. I'll take a couple of pictures now, and then we'll do your session." Tom reached down to the bedside table to pick up their private stuff digital camera. He asked and guided Theta's head and thighs this way and that while shooting a dozen or so pictures. Then he stopped and set the camera aside.

Theta was on her side by this point, her right breast supporting the weight of the left breast on top of it. Tom took out his cock and guided it to her mouth, and she began sucking and licking him. Once his cock was wet, Tom eased on to bed beside Theta and, facing her, lifted her top thigh out of his way so he could slip his cock into her wet cunt. As he ground up into her, her breasts pushed between the two of them - like a big pillow.

"I think we should make these permanent, Theta," Tom sung to her as

he thrust himself in and out of her vagina. "You would have these wonderful breasts to play with and you would feel them all the time and you would know you were mine to fuck however I wanted to, mine to keep as a pet and play with, mine to open and stretch, mine to shape and train to make us both happy..."

His voice penetrated her dazed state of mind - the breasts and the intense stirring in her loins distracting her - and she heard a repeating theme of "being his being his being his." Theta felt strange and overwhelmed. Her cunt was working his cock furiously, her juices flowing out on to their thighs and soaking them both. She could feel how right it was to be like this - to have her body changed and morphed to serve her master's pleasure. She was afraid, but her fear was also part of the excitement. They had talked of her breasts being made as big as her body could handle - and now they covered half her torso. They had talked about her feeling them no matter how she moved, being made forcefully aware that she was his for fucking and breeding and stretching and whatever other sexual pleasure he sought. About being aware of this even when it came to simple activities like driving or making a meal. Her moans were audible as her body shook with the roaring orgasm that caused her to shake and writhe and convulse in his arms - and even then she was aware that he kept fucking her, kept slipping his big cock into her, kept crushing her big breasts against her chest, kept reaching down and driving two - or was it three - fingers up her open and soaking wet ass, kept kissing at her over her huge breasts, kept fucking her more and more.

Tom didn't hesitate. He continued singing his song of lust and desire and need and sexual stimulation and sensual stimulation and huge breasts and prominent genital piercings and tattoos and brandings and play breeding her with horse dildos and dog dildos and stretching her labia down her thighs and training her to take both of his fists inside of her... Theta had given her consent to be his as he would shape her - his priestess marked and clearly owned by him, worshipping him as she was trained to do. If there was any doubt in his mind about proceeding, it was nullified by the way her body's hunger grew and grew with each session, each minor change, no matter how temporary.

And how she enjoyed realising that an accumulation of minor changes was becoming permanent. The way her inner vaginal lips stayed fully protruding now, even when not stimulated. The way her cunt opened whenever she sat down. The way she slept with a vibrator in the bed because she used it every night. The way she not only rinsed and cleaned out her rectum with an enema each day, but chose to use three rinsings in succession so she could tangibly feel the difference throughout the day. Theta made it clear that all these things encouraged and excited her - all day long.

---

After Theta's fourth or fifth orgasm, Tom shifted gears a bit. He

eased himself out of her - unsure if he even had been in her vagina the whole time as her cunt was so open and her thighs so slick from her juices that some of his thrusts could have missed and it felt just as good. He fetched Theta's big vibrator and turned it on low. Then he began playing it over her thighs and abdomen. Tom slid his leg between Theta's knees - making space for the thick three inch vibrator's head to ease over and into her labia. She sighed and moaned as her body shuddered with the tremors of the sensations, like the leaves of a tree in a soft breeze. Tom began to work it up into Theta as she rolled on to her back. He had to pause, placing her hand on the toy, and prop her up with pillows so the weight of her new breasts wasn't crushing her chest. Half sitting, the HH breasts pulled on her shoulders and prevented her from breathing too deeply - but her airflow wasn't constricted.

Theta continued to idly play with her cunt, the vibrator making purring sounds against and just inside her lips. Tom kissed her, and stretched out beside her - reaching down and stroking his fingers over her abdomen. At this angle the vibrator was hard to work into her cunt, and Tom enjoyed delivering the message and seeing its impact to his fuck slut. "Theta - I'm afraid with your new breasts you're going to have to get used to being on your hands and knees like a good pet. You'll have to get used to being constantly fucked from behind, or showing me how much you want to be fucked by mounting whatever I tell you to drive inside of you. Your new breasts are so big that missionary just isn't an option for you anymore. If you are a good girl then I will look at putting in overhead eyebolts so your breasts can be tied to those to keep their weight off of your lungs. But even then you will have to spend more and more time on your hands and knees like a real pony girl."

Theta's reaction was electric as Tom kissed her ear and whispered this to her. The daze from the initial awe of her breasts and the endorphin rush of the first orgasms had become a nice warm glow, and the vibrator was maintaining that by pulsing little signals of stimulation into her cortex. "Will you still fuck me, sir? Will you still want me if I have to be on my hands and knees?" she half cried, worried she would be displeasing to her master and owner but already accepting that her breasts should be modified to be the huge mounds currently covering her chest and preventing her from even seeing her abdomen, cunt, and thighs.

"I will definitely fuck you. You are my fuck slut, my fisting slut, my pony girl, my brood mare, Theta. You fuck whatever I tell you to, and that pleases me and pleases you," Tom spoke softly and triumphantly. "You are my property - and if your breasts are so big that you have to present yourself like a pet to be fucked on your hands and knees, if you have to hold your breasts up as your squat down and grind and fuck and ride a toy or my fist or my cock, then that is because it pleases me for you to be my pet and know it with every breath."

Tom kissed Theta then, moving his lips over her ear and on to her

cheek and then down over her mouth. His tongue slipped into her and she kissed back. Her relief was considerable, and so he teased her, "You didn't stop fucking your vibrator did you?"

"No, sir. No. It's right against me and ...uhh... in me a bit," Theta replied as she resumed grinding the toy into her labia.

"Well it's time to start stretching my property so she can be open for my fists. Let me help you on to your hands and knees, Theta." Tom got up off the bed and took the vibrator from Theta's hands. Then he moved her into position with a few pillows to support her chest and head so her arms wouldn't be as burdened. "Would you like me to start using your vibrator on you, Theta? Would you like me to start fucking you and opening you?"

"Yes, sir," Theta replied. "Please, sir. Put my big vibrator inside of me and force it into my cunt. Or if you want force it into my butt. I'll fuck whatever you want, sir. I'm your fuck slut.... mmmm... I'm your fuck slut, sir. You can fuck me whenever, wherever, with whatever you want.... oh that feels big... oh... I'm your... oh... you're pushing it so deep... It's deep inside of me isn't it? I can feel it... filling me... oh... It's so big, sir." Theta moaned as Tom continued to gently work her vibrator in and out of her cunt.

"Will you fuck whatever I want you to? Will you, Theta?" Tom asked - picking up a pattern in speech to match the thrusts of the vibrator that was rapidly being swallowed into Theta's cunt.

"Ohhhh... yes... yessss... I'm your... fuck slut... I have to fuck whatever you want... Anything you want to shove into my big gaping wet cunt... and my asssss... Oh it's so big, sir. Is it in me as far as it can go? Push it all the way in... All the way in... I want you to fuck me completely... Make me your fuck slut... your toy slut... Make me fuck it all the way... Don't stop... Even if I cry or it hurts... Force it all the way in... All the way into my big sloppy wet cunt... It's big and open and wet because it needs to be fucked... You have to force it in..."

Theta's breath was becoming ragged, and Tom could tell by her hips and clenching ass that she was starting to peak again. The vibrator was nearly completely buried in her cunt, and her inner lips barely slid in and out with its thrusts because they were so stretched and soaked in fluids from his see-sawing the toy in and out of her. Sensing the moment of her peak, Tom placed a steady hand on her ribs and then turned the vibrator up by degrees until it was three quarters of the way to max. Then he reached for the thick plug and placed it beside his knee - bracing the vibrator into Theta's cunt with his own abdomen.

Theta felt the vibrator roaring inside of her, and it sent shivers down her spine. Then the pressure shifted and Tom did something behind her. Her breasts were so big she could not see between them

to find out what Tom was doing. Her monologue had given way for the breath she was struggling to fill her lungs with. But the litany continued in her head - her big gaping open cunt for her master to fuck as he wanted to, the horses, the dogs, all the big toys, his fists with one in her ass and one in her cunt, all of it. Then she felt the orgasm hit, and it was a dozy.

Even with an arm on Theta, Tom had a hard time holding her steady as she bucked and thrashed. Tom held on tight, using both hands to control her motions. As the orgasm ebbed, Tom took advantage of the sudden looseness in Theta's vaginal walls - exhausted from gripping and clenching so tightly on the fat vibrator - to pull it out and replace it with the solid vinyl plug. Theta felt the sudden absence, was about to cry out, and then felt her labia being shoved into her cunt along with the broad head of the dildo. She tried to move away, but before she could her own body betrayed her - and thrust out toward the pressure and the plug slid in - stretching her as it went in and then bottoming out, the opening of her vagina left gripping a narrow stem with the round base of the toy planted against labia.

Then Tom mounted her and began forcing his cock up her ass. "This is how I want my Theta to be. I want you wet and open, easy for me to shove my fingers and our toys in to. I want you to be stretched and used to having your plug and vibrator buried inside of you. I want you to wear your butt plug and your vaginal plugs more and more often for longer periods of time. Would you like that, Theta? Would you like going shopping with me knowing you have a dog dildo buried in your cunt? Do you want me to start locking two big plugs inside of you each evening for a few hours? Should I make you get used to peeing around them - so they don't have to be taken out?" Tom's hard penis was pounding Theta's ass - the three and a quarter inch wide plug grinding against the underside of his shaft from inside her vagina. "You'll have to spend more and more of your day penetrated. Just like a good fuck slut. My fuck slut, my property, my gaping holes... Would you like that, Theta?"

Theta was sighing and moaning. She could hear Tom but mostly just felt him inside and around her. His strong thrusts jostled the plug, causing it to move around inside her cunt. She groaned louder as she thrust harder and harder back at his penis and the plug he'd shoved up her vagina. She responded to his aggressive pounding of her ass by thrusting out to meet him, the whole time her pendulous breasts pulled on her chest and torso. They were definitely there - but more the way a knee or a belly is, e.g. not awfully noticeable.

Then Tom removed his penis from Theta's bottom and moved to the top of the bed. "Lick it clean, Theta. Show me how well you clean your master's cock." he began feeding his penis to her mouth, her head turned on its side and resting on the pillows. She reached out with her nearest hand and slipped to her side as she guided his cock to her mouth. Part of Theta's training was getting her used to servicing whatever part of Tom's body he told her to - and specifically she was being trained to clean his cock and scrotum with

her tongue and mouth.

The whole time, Theta felt the thick solidness of the plug filling and stretching her cunt. She was prepared to take bigger toys, but the plug was difficult because the top was wide and rounded with very little taper length. She surprised herself by fondling and sucking and licking Tom's cock - and being distracted by her own clenching and unclenching of her cunt and ass.

Tom could see how Theta was working her own muscles in the absence of anything more than wide plug penetrating her. "Do you need more, love?" he asked gently. Then he reached down over her body and pressed two fingers along the base of the plug. "Maybe this should go in too? Would you enjoy having your cunt completely swallow your plug? Theta?"

"Oh sir..." Theta moaned between licks, "Do you think it will go all the way in?"

... To be continued ...

-----  
by Max

-----  
This DRAFT is provided for your enjoyment. Support the author with your purchases and promoting published stories. Max  
(<http://www.amazon.com/Max/e/B00522U99I>)

This story is Published in Three: Very Dirty Stories #15  
<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B0052YX3BC>

This story is part of a series.

One: Very Dirty Stories #9 <http://www.amazon.com/dp/B0051HEM8S>,

Two: Very Dirty Stories #11 <http://www.amazon.com/dp/B0051HEMOM>,

Three: Very Dirty Stories #15 <http://www.amazon.com/dp/B0052YX3BC>

-----  
Pursuant to the Berne Convention, this work is copyrightwith all rights reserved by its author unless explicitly indicated. Non-commercial re-posts to web or similar venues are allowed provided copyright information remains on the re-posted story. Please do not delete the copyright information. No commercial reprints are authorized.  
-----