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Story: DRAFT - Abbey : How Far (Part 1)

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Title: DRAFT - Abbey : How Far (Part 1)

Universe: Tom, Abbey

Summary: If Abbey loses Tom's challenge, then he's going to give her more than a star tattoo on her belly button. Her seduction and his enjoyment - inking her however he pleases.

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DRAFT - Abbey: How Far (Part 1)

written by Max

MF, Romantic, Temporary Tattoo, Vaginal Sex, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Double Penetration, Implied Dildo Play, Implied Stretching, Implied Canine

She was cute and a bit young. Shoulder length brown hair with nice eyes and a smile. That night she was wearing a black lace fringed tube camisole underneath a front zippered sweater with an oversized collar. The sweater was a British flag on the front with blue background for the rest. Her blue denim jeans were snug and her studded belt was wide and a bit too long for her waist. She had pumps on, but nothing elaborate.

Some of the guys Tom hung out with in town were hanging out with her. He joined into their conversation and considered her. She, shockingly given the typical girl Tom ran into in that scene, came across as intelligent and focused. A bit demure when you applied pressure - and more than ready to melt in the arms of someone handling her right.

"I just want to get a green star tattoo on my belly button. I'm such a fan of Dr. Seuss..." she was saying.

Tom interrupted, "No. No, that's awful."

"But the star bellied sneetch is something I've always liked. It would just be a little a little star."

Tom sighed and underneath that he used guttural tones to shape the sound. "It's a horrible tattoo idea and will be something you cannot even fix later. What about a star somewhere else, like your hip," he touched her right hip, "or your arm," he touched her left bicep, "or your chest," he brushed a finger against the top of her left breast. "After all," he continued, "that's never been done before either." The sarcasm was playful, in response to the fact that he had just tested her boundaries and she was completely open to his hand stroking all over her body.

It's an important thing to understand, and Tom knew it well. Men and women set boundaries based on their level of comfort with the people they are with. Tom had gauged how easily one of his acquaintances was hanging on this young woman. But the try test is simple - if a woman puts her shields up when there is a criss-crossing pattern of touches on her body, particularly working from the hip to the side to the chest, then those boundaries are going to need to be addressed before anything else.

And Abbey just passed that test with flying colours. She was at ease, comfortable with the men around her and their attention, ripe to be plucked. Tom listened as the more aggressive flirt of the group suggested she get skee ball lines and points tattoo'd down her back so when the

jism hit, the guys could compare scores. This was unremarkable territory - Jack always suggested this as his ideal tattoo for a woman. Tom interjected, "All Jack wants is some ranging because his aim is bad, and he needs guidance into the hole." This evoked some chuckles and now Tom had placed himself so Jack was curled into one side of Abbey, and Tom was stroking her shoulder and pressed alongside her in a tight circle with Doc and Jeff.

Whether they noticed it or not, Tom had set the stage. Everyone was leaning in together, tightly feeding the sensation frenzy, every word followed and responded to... And Tom was shaping all this social contact into Abbey. The more he touched her and entered her personal space, the more the other men packed in tighter. Jack, who gave off a strong safety vibe due to his short stature - he was barely five foot in boots - was completely in Abbey's space. But no boundaries were in place between Abbey and any of the men.

So Tom angled in a bit more and drew his audience tighter to her. "I think you should just get 'Dog Slut' tattoo'd across the top of your ass." He punctuated the comment by tracing the line of the words across where her buttocks met her lower back. This led her a little more forward into the social clutch, and to his delight she didn't hesitate despite the strong words. He thanked Jack for conditioning the girl so well, and thus unwittingly provoking acceptance of anything Tom said. "'Dog Slut' - it's just the right length you see. 'Pony girl' might be a close second," Tom said while nodding to his audience, "'Needs something big' is just too long." Tom chuckled warmly and they all smiled and reflected his good mood. "'Dog Slut' would be just right."

Then Tom backed up a little, cautiously, letting the intensity dissipate. Unconsciously the other guys followed his lead, and things transitioned to a more typical social circle with a few feet between everyone - except Jack who was busy trying to rub against Abbey in a variety of ways and which she tolerated the same way a parent tolerates a puppy.

The moment ended when Tom left for a few minutes to dance to an Ego Likeness track which then transitioned into a Sarah McLaughlin crowd pleaser. Then he wandered inside from the back patio to check the club's main floor. He wasn't surprised to see her there a song or two later - watching with her legs folded to one side while she sat on a cube along the floor's edge. Tom's dancing was a mixture of martial arts, understood gestures, feral and controlled expressions, dodging and weaving maneuvers, and shaped energy. There was no long term pattern to any of it though Tom's underlying anticipation and fast reaction to rhythm guaranteed that it all felt right with the music. Felt right, and felt both strong and resolute - and if there was emotion then it was controlled rage mixed with overbounding heights of energy. It was a very visible display of mastery without any need for putting on a show.

And Abbey watched it - so Tom knew he had her within reach.

Further proof came when he left the floor, without speaking to her of course, and rejoined the guys on the patio. When he came back in after some fresh air, Abbey was headed that way. She blushed hard and hid her face - not saying anything to Tom but having utterly betrayed herself. Ten minutes later Tom rejoined the guys and Abbey on the patio with intent.

They were discussing job stuff, and Abbey said she was an elementary school teacher. Tom gasped and said, "Well, I don't think 'Dog Slut' is going to work then. It might cause some problems." One of the other guys tried to get back into a conversation that suddenly had veered from the guys facing Abbey to Tom who stood on Abbey's left. That attempt died as Tom looked him in the face and asked, "Why didn't you tell me she was a school teacher? You know you can't hide anything from kids that age." Abbey was reduced to an object that just happened to be on hand, and to Tom's delight she accepted that while leaning into him with her shoulder.

As the guys hesitated, Abbey took lead again. "They figure everything out. When I got my first tattoo they knew immediately."

So while Tom maneuvered the guys to make them talk about Abbey in front of her, he gave them an out by following up on her comment. "How old are your kids?"

As he expected, the guys were saved from the hotseat but were unable to reconnect. Doc stayed but Jeff and Jack drifted to the floor to goof around to the music. Doc was always comfortable just being on hand, but his attraction to Abbey was obvious. So Tom shifted the circle a bit, and Doc was a welcome but quiet partner. Abbey talked about the kids, and Tom shared some of his kid experiences. They bonded on a safe topic, which provided Abbey some breathing room as well as a chance to re-assess Tom as a person with substance.

When the guys came back Abbey was mentally, physically, and emotionally comfortable with Tom. Tom could wander away and come back and put an arm around her and she was happy to have him there. Excellent progress for thirty to forty minutes of effort.

The tattoo topic came back up again a couple of times. Tom tested Abbey's new level of comfort

a bit further, suggesting other tattoos to her while using his fingers to brush against her clothes to indicate good places for the ink. He turned her easily and without resistance to position her for his audience. She was all but melted at that point. Right down to the point where he suggested 'Ceasar's Bitch' as a tattoo on her pelvis right above her clit. The moment his fingers stroked over Abbey's pelvis, she literally turned into his hand to face him closely. They shared a breath, and she relaxed even more when Tom nuzzled her forehead.

Shortly after that Tom was stroking her back and shoulders, massaging her, placing her against Doc so she could lean into him and rest her head on Doc's chest while Tom worked her body over with his hands. His fingers kneaded her muscles, stroking the tension out from the center of her neck and shoulders, and then deftly running over her arms to restart lower on her back. Tom had to balance the amount of force he was using to Abbey's increasingly relaxed state - she was wobbled forward against Doc whenever he pushed his fingers into her flesh.

But it was worth the effort. When Tom turned her to face him and wrapped his arms around her, gently popping her back, he enjoyed how Abbey wrapped herself into him to better feel every bit of his chest and strength crushing her. Abbey may have even intentionally rubbed her heavy round breasts against Tom's chest to encourage him to hold her in his arms longer.

Tom set her down to test that, leading her with gentle pressure on her shoulder to turn and face Doc, and then continued to massage her back. In a blatant gesture to Doc, Tom encouraged Doc to rub Abbey's neck and shoulders while he worked her lower back and ribs. Tom's hands brushed under and around Abbey's breasts, but he deliberately left her without the forceful attention she wanted. He made careful note of how Abbey rested her head on Doc, but didn't make chest to chest contact with him. Tom leaned down and asked her if she was ok while Abbey quietly panted onto Doc's collarbone and bicep. When she responded with an affirmative Tom worked Abbey a bit more before turning her over to Doc completely.

Now she was melted. An object for Tom to use as he saw fit and to give away as well. Doc seemed happy to have her to himself, but Tom could see the difference in how Abbey managed her level of intimacy with Doc versus himself. He made a mental note, and wandered off to enjoy his evening.

It wasn't too long before Tom saw Abbey again - perched on the edge of the dance floor and watching him. She looked partially deflated with slumped shoulders and all the tension in her body gone. Tom finished dancing to a poorly selected KMFDM track and then wandered over to her. Without saying a word she reached out to him, and he took her hand while Abbey slid off the cube to her feet. They only stopped for some water before wandering out to the back patio again where they could hear each other better.

It was just Abbey and Tom talking, with occasional interruptions from a drunk person who came over and wanted to chat up Abbey about his boyfriend the bartender, while the moon crashed into the skyline silhouettes. The topics ranged across a bunch of bits - her current summer job at Circuit City, local events, and plans for the fall. They were physically close to each other, but boundaries were a bit more in force. Tom allowed this - Abbey was telling about how she had her high school ex-boyfriend so whipped that she hired him to work for her because he'd do anything she asked. Abbey was clearly asserting that she could have control if she wanted it, and for Tom to step into her space right then would be an act of submission or aggression.

Eventually Jack came over and provided the foil Tom wanted. He tried to cuddle and prance for Abbey, to please her and lead her away from Tom, but Jack's antics weren't what she desired. Jack did draw her closer and out of the intimate space she shared with Tom, but when they were joined by Matthew, that pushed Abbey back into Tom's space. So Tom moved in for the quiet kill, leaning in close to purr and nuzzle her ear while Abbey leaned into Jack who was desperate and eager to try and embrace her. Abbey melted again - and Tom succeeded in firmly implanting exactly how easily she could melt in his arms. To his amusement and hers, Tom then did the same to Jack - who tried to escape but Tom grabbed him by his long hair and pulled his victim to him.

Abbey was impressed not so much by how Tom could melt Jack - but by the fear she could see in Jack's eyes. What Abbey didn't know was that Jack was afraid because Tom had done this to Jack before in front of other women, and Jack literally got weak in the knees from the alpha male attention Tom directed at him. To Abbey it was funny and relaxing, and Tom's easy approach kept her from feeling singled out.

An important thing for the next step.

Tom swung by Circuit City a few days later. It was conveniently around the corner from his office. Abbey was working and bored. Midday during the week was a slow time for her team, so Tom's arrival was great timing to take a break. Abbey was actually excited to have him as an

excuse to escape standing around and wondering about lunch. Even better, Tom was not in casual attire - he was wearing nice trousers and a well fit button down shirt with silver cufflinks - and Abbey enjoyed having someone stylish to passively show off to her ex-boyfriend.

They chatted while walking around the store, and then escaped to get coffee. While waiting for the barista to serve Abbey's tall chocolate mocha with soy milk, Tom suggested dinner later in the week. He could pick Abbey up from work and give her a ride home afterward to save her a Metro ride. Abbey mulled it over while they walked back to Circuit City and then agreed. Tom was clear on the time he'd be by, and they parted ways for twenty-seven hours.

When Tom picked Abbey up he was driving his silver MR2 Spyder convertible coupe. He had packed a few things stashed in front of the passenger seat, and was quite curious to see how far Abbey would go along with his plans. Abbey was glad to see him but still busy with paperwork, so Tom browsed around the store while she wrapped things up. He noticed the curious expressions and a few blatant stares from Abbey's coworkers, but the attention was nothing unusual. Tom was used to being noticed, and suspected Abbey attracted the sort of men who are overly protective while suspiciously incapable of talking to the women they want to save from harm.

He found some DVDs and was debating breaking for coffee if Abbey would be much longer. But suddenly she came sliding around the corner, her mandatory polo shirt opened up at the collar, and gave him a hug. He laughed, and she apparently enjoyed the rumble of his chest against her breasts because Abbey gave him another tight squeeze. With a kiss on her forehead, Tom said, "Let's get going."

They left together after another more gentle greeting hug, and Tom let the Spyder be a surprise for Abbey when they went to the adjoining garage. Her eyes opened wide when he thumbed the remote and the running lights flashed. Soundlessly, she let Tom open the passenger door, retrieve his messenger bag from in front of the seat, and then ease her in with murmured warnings about the low headroom. Then he got in on the driver's side and nonchalantly had Abbey help him put the top down so they could drive over to a restaurant he liked for dinner.

Abbey responded well to this side of Tom. She'd asked around a bit about him, and the myth of Tom served him well by indicating he was successful and a professional but not much more. Abbey had to actually spend time with Tom to get the details, and despite his club appearance - apparently Tom was very comfortable in nice clothes and she loved what he referred to as his irresponsible sports car. To Tom's benefit, Abbey could be positioned as he saw appropriate, with anticipation that would keep her enjoying herself while things developed, and without the overtones of gossip setting her expectations.

They talked while he drove, Tom feeling out Abbey's family life and upbringing while volunteering little bits about himself. He held back his fascination that a young woman with a career diplomat and a career Marine as parents could score multiple DUIs and lose her license before she turned twenty-five. He let the conversation wander a bit, giving Abbey plenty of room to express her interests, but her one focus was definitely him.

So Tom let her know he had a secret plan. He timed it so there were just nosing into a parking space, and he wouldn't have to talk over the wind and road noise in the convertible. "Before we go in to eat, there's something I'd like to do..." Tom intentionally let his suggestion hand in the air while setting the brake and then putting the top up.

"Like what?" Abbey asked when she finished latching her side of the soft top back into place.

"I was thinking about a pre-requisite," Tom smiled at her. "Are you game for something a bit different?"

He could see she didn't know how to respond. Abbey probably had a narrative in place that pre-planned everything from the moment Tom had picked her up at Circuit City. And along the way his clothes, his car, and now his suggestions were conflicting with that comfortable story in Abbey's head. He knew she needed to find her comfort zone but also discover she could enjoy Tom surprising her with little challenges.

In response to Abbey's puzzled and uneasy expression, Tom continued, "I know you'll probably get your green star tattoo because it means so much to you. And while I may not agree with it, it's definitely more important for you to be happy with it than anyone else." Abbey nodded as Tom's hand found hers. The gentle squeeze and warmth of his fingers helped reassure her. "So I propose I put a tattoo on you for the duration of dinner - just a temporary thing using marker - of my choosing."

Before Abbey could answer, Tom placed his other hand on her thigh, and drew her to him and kissed her hard on the mouth, crushing her lips against her teeth and running his fingers

through her hair while cradling the back of her head. This was something Abbey wanted - she responded without hesitation - her tongue probing between his teeth, and her lips nuzzling his when he pulled away. The firestorm of pheromones and sudden flush Abbey felt as she melted again was becoming very familiar in Tom's presence. And the taste of him lingered adding to how hot her skin felt.

"Just say yes," Tom whispered into her ear quietly. "Don't hesitate, don't think, don't wonder... just say yes." And he nuzzled her ears while his finger tips caressed her scalp while tangled in her hair.

"Yes," she said beautifully.

In a small car maneuvering is always a bit tricky. Tom got out and walked around to help Abbey out. He lowered her seat forward and retrieved his satchel from where he stashed it behind their seats. After reclining the passenger seat all the way back, Tom guided Abbey to crawl back in, her hands on the smooth leather, and he kept her going until her knees were on the edge of the passenger seat with her facing into the driver's side of the coupe. The whole time he coo'd and nuzzled and encouraged Abbey, making sure she was aware of him and letting her twist herself in knots to see his warm smile. Tom wasn't surprised by how pliable Abbey was, but when she let him undo her belt, he could tell she was getting a bit worried. So he talked her into calm, making sure she knew no one could see her and there wasn't enough room for anything terrible to happen, and she let him control her after Tom gave her a hug around her thighs and nuzzled her lower back.

Abbey held her breath while Tom eased her trousers down. Her cotton panties came with them, and Tom could see her struggle with the need to pull them back up, but he reassured her that only his marker would be touching her down there. Whether she believed that or not wasn't clear, but she let Tom expose her buttocks and he didn't try to do more than that.

On her bare ass cheeks, in line with her anus, Tom wrote "Cute Girl" while breaking his promise and teasing her labia with a single finger. Abbey was soaked and moaned in response. But Tom didn't penetrate her, he wanted her comfortable. When he backed away, Abbey waited without moving while Tom reached back into his bag.

When the flash of the digital camera went off, Abbey was so startled that she lurched forward while trying to grab for her pants. But Tom already had her trousers back up before Abbey could protest, his strong hands easing the waistband over her thighs and buttocks, and then letting go.

Abbey backed out of the car quickly, turning to face him, her blood up - but Tom wrapped his arms around her and kissed her into quiet. He could feel her trembling in partial shock, but Abbey was also flushed and overheated. The skin of her cheeks was burning hot against Tom's lips, and her forehead was damp with perspiration. It was late in the summer already, and the ride over with the top down was quite breezy, so the heat had to be coming from within Abbey, and Tom guessed even she was struggling to understand the sudden hot flash.

With Abbey in his arms, Tom murmured to her. "Didn't you want to see the tattoo so you knew what it said during dinner?" Tom kept his voice low so Abbey could feel his words on her lips without the sound overwhelming that sensation. He was teasing and poked her in the ribs while she zipped and buttoned up her trousers.

It only took that to release her defensive sarcasm. "I know what it says!" she exclaimed while still exasperated and a bit upset over how easily she'd been caught off guard.

"No. No, you don't." His patience was wrapped around Abbey while he held her against him. "You're presuming you know what it says. But it could say anything. If I'm wrong then I will bow to your amazing skills, and you will never need to wear a tattoo of mine again. But if you want to chance it, then guess at what it is." He let go to wag a finger at her with a grin. "If you're wrong then I get to put a second tattoo on you right now, and you will always allow me to mark you temporarily as I see fit."

Abbey was about to say something - but Tom shushed her, "Careful. This is a binding agreement. I will hold you to it just like you'd make me live up to my promise. I will tell you it is only two words as a fair starting point... but it's your choice to take a gamble."

"Dog Slut." You didn't think I would remember." Abbey said confidently.

"Slide back into the car, and lower your trousers. This one will be in the front." Tom said while smiling at Abbey.

"No. You said if I knew it then..." she looked puzzled.

Tom held out the camera and showed her the very clear image of "Cute Girl" written across her ass. "It's ok. It could have been anything." Tom guided her backwards to sit in the car seat. "Go ahead and pull down your trousers and underwear. This one will be more in line with what I want you to be - and what you will enjoy being."

With only a minimal protest muffled by Tom's kisses and caresses, Abbey lowered her jeans to her knees and let him spread her thighs. The smell of her sex was unavoidable. Tom made her thrust her pelvis out so he could write on her and then hold it so he could take a picture. Abbey couldn't quite read it, and Tom wouldn't tell her what it said until they finished dinner and went back to her place. Once there though, Tom pounced her and his flurry of kisses and caresses led to crushing and grinding embraces until Abbey was underneath Tom getting her cunt pounded into by his cock.

"Are you enjoying this, Abbey?" he sighed to her as she noisily slurped his cock with her soaking wet cunt. "Is this something you want more of? Are you willing to do more for me to give this to you?"

Abbey's response may have been a strangled yes, it was hard to say.

"Do you want to know what it says? What I wrote around your wonderful cunt? Should I tell you now?"

"Yessss..." Abbey moaned as another round of deep thrusts into her vagina forced her juices to splatter on to her thighs and Tom's scrotum.

"Tom's Cock Slut" is what it says. Because your cunt is mine to fuck now. I'll start with my cock, opening up your cunt," and Tom then placed a finger on her anus and pressed in, "and your ass." Tom's finger slipped a bit into Abbey's slick but tight hole. She moaned and bucked against his cock. "Then you will be 'Tom's Dildo Slut' as I open you and train you to fuck sex toys." Tom worked his fingertip in and out of Abbey's ass while he thrust deep inside of her cunt.

He kept fucking her until he felt her climax hit. Then he kissed her thoroughly while his hard cock was still inside of her.

Quietly he whispered in her ear, "Do you still want to have 'Dog Slut' for a tattoo?"

Abbey moaned and rode his cock, swollen inside of her, until she came again.

by Max

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