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Story: DRAFT - Alyssa : The Open Door (Part 1)

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Story Codes: MF bond Mdom

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Title: DRAFT - Alyssa : The Open Door (Part 1)

Universe: Tom, Alyssa

Summary: Ironically as dominants grow older and evolve, so do their submissives. In many cases a good master finds himself spending time with someone who was once submissive but now is an equal or more. A lot of dominant men and women do not take this particularly well - but when an actual relationship exists, the roles evolve in interesting ways. This is the story of Tom and Alyssa when they meet again after not being around each other for a number of years. What I really like about this story is that both the submissive and the dominant are at a stage in their relationship where everything is very comfortable but also questioned. Alyssa and Tom both manage to find a winning set of conditions despite the vagaries of the landscape. This story has sex, bondage, some punishment (clamps and implied piercing), and domination.

Keywords: MF, bd, cons, Mdom

Language: English

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The Open Door  
(Part 1)

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written by Max

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MF, Bondage, Consensual, Mdom  
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The two of them cuddled in the back seat of his car. Alyssa was younger than Tom by a few years, and they had known one another for years. There was a comfort between them that had never dulled with separation - though each time Tom returned to visit, Alyssa could feel he was different.

Always different in a different way though. When Tom left for Ohio, Alyssa thought she might never see him again. But nearly every night he called, like clockwork. Her body would heave at the sound of his voice - he had such marvelous control over her thoughts and emotions. He would demand, and though it was her hands moving over her body - she knew that he could feel each part of her that she touched. But then he came out to Jersey for a visit, and it was deafening. His face, his jaw, his eyes, his body had changed. Tom had a way about him that always stayed nearly the same. But every time Alyssa saw him from then on, she knew only that the expression was there.

As they cuddled, she felt uncomfortable for not knowing what he was thinking. Once they had been in total sync, but that was gone now. He was driven - a failed marriage, a successful career - by the things that he felt comfortable with. So he commanded with a gentle voice, and though the voice was the same, she could feel the hardness beneath it.

Tom knew Alyssa could feel the differences. Her body, as it always had, responded whenever he was near. Her breasts would flush, awaiting his touch. Her vagina would grow damp, anticipating his thrusts. She would shift her position now and again as her ass clenched and unclenched - it remembered being trained so many years before. Once they had been engaged - a fantasy that died with the two of them. She had been willing to do anything for him, and did anything she could to enrage him. She wanted his attention, his beatings, his punishment, and his soul. He had had to pull away - else risk falling into a pit of destruction that would focus on himself over time. But Alyssa had been good to him, and she gave him some respect still - though not as much as the old days when she was young. He had to remember to treat her as a peer now - one who remembered days he had forgotten as he had evolved.

Alyssa shifted her weight, turning so she could look into his face. It was peaceful and

rested. It had not been that way last time she had seen him. She knew it was an illusion - because Tom as the master of illusions. He knew so much more than she did - but she had gone out and tasted life in ways he never would have. While Tom could listen and understand bits and pieces of her - she had come to realize that some part of him, a dark part of Tom, knew the sensation and emotion and experience - but kept it from the surface. So his face today was that of a sleeping giant - and god she wished he would awaken, and she was scared to death of what would happen if he did.

As so often happened, Tom began to reminisce. It was his way of walking down the path that had brought him to this point. There were regrets, promises broken, actions never taken, healing and scarring. Tom began to speak of Alyssa and himself in the back of the van.

She had snuck out of her house like so many times before. He picked her up in his mother's van - borrowed for the evening without permission. And when she climbed in they quickly moved on to someplace they could park for a little while. In the back of the van, he found a tear in the sweatpants she wore - and quickly he began to fondle her wet cunt through it. She was hot and worked up, and thrust against him while trying to capture his lips. Tom's fingers began to sink into her, and she was so wet that three fingers was barely enough to fill her. He fumbled with his jeans, then guided his penis into her, moving his wet fingers to her lips for her to taste. He pushed deep into her, and she thrust back against him. Alyssa had a way of making him cum too quickly if he did not open her up a little first - the three fingers had opened her up enough that her clamping down on his cock was teasing but not overwhelming.

He moved his hands along her stomach to her breasts, uncovering them as he pushed her shirt to her neck. They were heavy and full, the nipples slightly sore from the previous night's play with clothespins. He tweaked them, gently at first and then harder as she ground down against his cock. Leaning his weight into her chest, he kissed her and bit her lip as he did it - then gathered her breasts into his hands the better to manipulate and massage them.

Alyssa was breathing hard. She let him know she was cumming, though her words barely cleared her throat. Her nipples hurt, and they drove her to make him cum - make him push her harder. His cock was moving so easily inside of her - she wanted more and more. She knew it was times like this that made her agree to anything. He only had to ask. That's how all of this had started.

Tom paused, no longer reminiscing. He had felt Alyssa's body tighten against him. He was reminding her of something so long ago, but the Alyssa in his arms this night was not the same girl that had been. He cursed himself a little bit - this was a failing he would never be able to move on from. Then he focused on the here and now.

"I'm sorry, I wandered off. I've been so tired lately." Alyssa merely nodded against him to acknowledge she understood. She really didn't actually. When Tom had been younger he had explained the principle to her, but it was so confusing back then. What he had said, as best as she could understand and agree with, was that Tom had actually put a part of himself inside of her. But Alyssa couldn't grasp why then that part was always revisited each time he saw her. And Tom was trapped because inside of Alyssa's mind was a piece of himself wanting to be remembered and known again by the new Tom who had come home.

Tom moved his fingers against her. Alyssa was humbling in some ways. Her body was incredibly developed for sex and play - but she was not a runway model. A little heavier now, across the ass, and her breasts not quite so big as when she was younger. Tom, on the other hand, knew his natural cycle carried him from ok looking to well built. On the street the two drew a lot of attention anyway - his demeanor and demanding presence combined with her clear comfort that spoke of a woman who could walk nude around anyone. But Alyssa was his origin, and she had been his backbone many times when he was too weak to move forward on his own.

Alyssa responded to his touch. It was always soft like this, though she long for the pain and brutality that made her feel. He would build up to it eventually, she merely had to wait. Tom was full of anger at some level, and this restful state he had succumbed to lately would not last too long around her. Alyssa placed her hand on his and moved with it over the surface of her belly. She wanted to look good for him - even after all these years - but she was heavy and she hated it. She guided his hands to her breasts, and felt him cupping them. She felt like he was judging them against some scale - and felt a little better for knowing his ex-wife had barely filled a teaspoon against her breasts. Though only slightly larger, this gave her some confidence.

Then she gasped - as his teeth grazed her neck. He was here now - Tom was here and Alyssa had forgotten his power over her. She had invited him in, and now the devil inside of Tom would devour her soul. His tongue moved over her neck gingerly, and his breath was warm. His hands began to roll over her breasts, and he asked a favour.

Alyssa began to say no. No to him. His hands on her chest and she could suddenly feel the

difference now between them. If she said no over the phone, then he accepted it. When she said no that time in Manhattan, he had accepted it with tempered anger. But now she was in his arms and his anger was lying beside her. His arms were stronger than she ever remembered. His control of his body and breathing were decidedly frightening. And she was soaking wet with the thought that Tom could demand anything from her and she would obey it - because the fear alone was delicious and unlike anything she had felt in a long time.

Tom uncurled behind her and stood up. He bent down and easily picked Alyssa up into his arms. She felt uncomfortable - how could he just scoop her up like a rag doll when she was easily the same weight as him now. But that faded when she saw what he had in the next room. Leather cuffs dangled from a wooden frame set up by the wall. A blue bag laid beside the frame on the floor next to a coil of rope. And he laid her down beside these only to turn and pick up a bowl of steaming water and a washcloth.

"Do you need help getting undressed? Or will you undress for me to watch before I wash you?" Tom's voice had no hesitancy. there was something raw and primal in it, something that made Alyssa wary of trying to stand up because her knees might fail her. So she sat up and slowly pulled her shirt over her head, setting it on the floor beside her.

"Stand up, Alyssa, so I can help you out of those." Alyssa immediately complied. She was shivering a bit because Tom always kept the house a little cooler than she was comfortable. Tom noticed and stepped away, returning with a portable ceramic heater. After plugging it into the wall and turning it on, Tom looked at her and nodded. Then Tom began to remove her bra.

Her breasts sagged a little bit. Alyssa felt self-conscious and excited, all at the same time. Her nipples betrayed her, the flesh darkening rapidly with blood beginning to fill her breasts. He moved his hand over her waist and began to remove her jeans. They were loose and fell easily around her ankles. He left her underwear on as he lifted her feet one at a time to remove the denim and her socks.

Then he stood up and hugged her against him. His strength was undeniable now. She could feel his arms encircling her like a vise threatening to test it's metal against her ribs and crush her into nothingness. But instead he kissed her forehead - and stepped away. Tom removed his own shirt, and then he scooped up all the clothes and set them in a corner of the room. He brought back a robe that he hung from the cuffs. Then Tom dipped the washcloth in the steaming water and brought its wet rough surface to her neck.

The heat of the water sunk into her, but as soon as it moved, her exposed flesh goosebumped from the air in the room. He worked quickly over her shoulders and back, then more slowly over her breasts and belly. He picked up a knife while she had her eyes closed - in a flash she felt the steel against her hip and with a tug her cut underwear fell around one ankle. The rough terry cloth penetrated her lips and cunt as Tom stroked the washcloth over her clit - soaking it with warm water. He finished Alyssa's legs with long strokes, and then removed the cloth and the underwear.

Alyssa stood naked in front of a man who knew her every weakness. Her own fear had her heart pounding in her chest, and she was so turned on that nearly anything he asked would be done. She had hoped this wouldn't happen to her. She had hoped he could no longer touch her in this way. But in truth, she knew he was inside of her every day. It was only a matter of denying it, and with him right beside her denial was not an option.

He laid his chest against hers and kissed her on the mouth. She opened her lips to lightly tongue his lips. She felt him nip her gingerly, but held back from doing the same. She guided his arms around her and snuggled her breasts against his chest. He was warm like a bonfire - sweat was running down his ribs. Nothing about Tom's body suggested that the initial chill of the room or the breeze generated by the portable heater could affect him.

Tom guided her a step backwards, and the robe came down onto her shoulders. He fastened a clasp that held it about her neck and then lifted her arms to the cuffs above. With her like this, he paused - admiring her breasts hanging from her chest and the picture perfect cleavage from her neck to her nipples. Then he began to buckle the cuffs about her wrists.

Alyssa felt him working the leather to get a secure fit. Her stomach fluttered a bit. What would happen to her once she was up in the cuffs. The reach of her arms was not being stretched, but she would be unable to walk away once he was done binding her wrists. She cunt was dry now, the dampness from the cloth having evaporated and left her lips dry even though her vaginal walls were lubricating the deepest parts of her. Had Tom actually paused, or had she imagined it, before stoking the cloth over her asshole. She had been trained for anal sex by Tom, and it was unlike him to not take advantage of an opportunity to finger her ass. She had told him once her secret - well only a dozen men and women knew - that she loved the feeling of her ass being torn open as she was dry fucked. And now her cunt and her ass were definitely prepared for exactly that.

Tom finished with the cuffs and admired his handiwork. Here was a woman he had once trained and then let loose that she might taste every fetish and kink she sought. And she had - her experience now exceeded his by good measure. And yet, he had her in his hands and would be able to shape her now to the mold that she had broken away from. But was that too much? Could he really bring her back to serve only him?

Alyssa shivered when he laughed - it was like a low growl more than anything else. His rage was growing but he was in control of it. But what would she suffer for that control being re-instated. He looked at her, and forced her chin up to look in his eyes. Alyssa was afraid - but seeing his relaxed features, she felt that begin to wash away. "I'm going to take you and make every part of you mine tonight. When I am done, and I will do nothing permanent, we can lay together and I want to be able to feel you sleep on my chest like when we were children in this dark world."

Alyssa smiled a little - she had won. And as his jeans came down and his cock began to rub against her clit she looked down on his body. In moving to pry her cunt lips open so he could drive his cock into her, Tom knocked the blue bag to the side. It spilled the contents it had kept hidden until now.

Tom smiled wryly as Alyssa shook. Following her eyes, he saw what she had discovered too late. The piercing needles, 3" wide phallus, and 3" wide anal plug had become uncovered. He chuckled a little and then warmed to her as his cock found its home in her cunt.

"You'll beg for me to fill you. You'll beg for me to fill you ass, your cunt, stretching them until you think you will burst. And then you'll thank me as I cane and whip you..." his quiet words held a fury back, she could see him struggling against it.

She whispered, "Yes, Master." It came unintentionally. It came without thinking. Then she smiled.

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to be continued

by Max

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