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Story: DRAFT - Angel : Angel's Alternate Endings (Part 1)

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Story Codes: MF MDom mast anal toys stretch

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Title: DRAFT - Angel : Angel's Alternate Endings (Part 1)

Universe: Tom, Angel

Summary: This story leaps ahead to the ending pathways for Angel - her nature conformed to her new state of union between body and mind, stimulation and sexuality. Angel awaits Tom's return home, a mingling of her current state, prior experiences, and plan for the next day. This story contains large toys, masturbation, and implied domination.

Keywords: MF, Mdom, Mast, Anal, Dildo, Stretch

Language: English

Availability: PUBLICATION (All 8 Parts: Cherish Desire Singles Angel in 'Alternate Endings'

http://bit.ly/CDS_AAE *or* Multi Part Series: Very Dirty Stories #40 http://bit.ly/VDS_040 ,
Very Dirty Stories #41 http://bit.ly/VDS_041 , Very Dirty Stories #43 http://bit.ly/VDS_043 ,
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Very Dirty Stories #54 http://bit.ly/VDS_054 , Very Dirty Stories #56 http://bit.ly/VDS_056)

DRAFT - Angel's Alternate Endings
(Part One)

written by Max

MF, Mdom, Mast, Anal, Dildo, Stretch

She laid under the blankets warming up. The house was cold even with the space heater on, and climbing under the sheets had exposed her skin to a chill. Her new sleeping garments unfortunately did provide for much coverage - particularly if the steel buckles or snaps touched her skin. Two loops of leather, very warm from nestling against her skin all day long, looped around her - one horizontally across her waist with a buckle and light weight rings inset, and one running vertically between her buttocks, spreading her inner labia, and locking into place into the buckle clasp of the waist belt. The vertical belt included four small tension straps with simple pressure clips, each attached to top or bottom ends of her inner labia and pulling them up or down the belt and across to provide a constant stretching while preventing her vagina from closing.

All snug and tightly fitted - put on every few mornings to alternate with other under garments. Angel shivered a bit to think of it. Tomorrow she would thoroughly clean herself in the shower, and then would accept help with stretching exercises. Most mornings and evenings were a mixture of light play or simple exercises, but every other weekend or on special occasions, Angel prepared and then worked with Tom on advanced stretching. "Tomorrow morning," she mused, "will be very thorough indeed."

For two weeks each morning after Angel did her regular baseline toys - toys which kept her open and stretched, toys that she could take into her ass or cunt at any time, typically without help of anything more than her own juices which kept her moist all day, toys which now measured four inches wide for the front and three inches wide for the back - Tom had given her the new challenge toy to feel out. It was just a bit wider than three and a quarter inches, and very smooth. In the front it slipped in easily and Angel could feel the thickness and heaviness of it. Her vagina was used to four inches width so it didn't stretch her - but it was able to go much deeper than the wider toys and that provided stimulation further up her vaginal walls.

After taking it out of her front, Tom would help her feel the head with her ass. The additional width felt substantial, but the graduation of size and the slight rounding of the head allow it to enter a little bit. It was a tease in fact, but as soon as the toy was inside a little bit the width tested her current limits - sending a sudden sharp sensation that caused her relaxation to fade as the sphincter muscles tried to close involuntarily. Tom encouraged Angel to experiment with different angles and approaches, different ways of resting her weight

on the toy and applying the toy to her back opening. But he kept her from rushing it in as the point was to just feel out the toy and understand it's capacity to open her further.

Tonight as Angel laid under the warm blankets, her juices running out around the moist leather and along her inner thighs, she could feel the anticipation welling up. Soon Tom would come home and join her in bed, after checking his systems and emails. Then he would rest flat on his back until his body settled and relaxed. Tom followed this pattern so regularly now that she could feel his mind slow and his body ease into another state - like clay shifting to stone just more flexible.

He'd then lay on his side beside her and begin whispering to her. Soothing words to calm her, while she let her body relax and practiced her own self-hypnosis. Within that state Angel was able to achieve a restful state more and more often. From there Tom's and her voices would mingle, and she could feel him gently nudging her along. Tom had emphasized two things early on - the programming was to enhance and encourage, and there should be an adjacent space for him and her to work rather than combine her self-induced state with an external one. But in many ways they overlapped because, as Tom pointed out early on, she wanted and had always wanted to achieve these things.

Angel could feel her labia as she relaxed, the pinching of the tension strap clamps was a dull throb. She could feel her feet and legs tingle with a touch of sleepiness as well as her openness and the way the leather straps applied pressure preventing her ass from completely closing. A kind of comfortable permanent wedgie, which helped her remember her ass was always available to be penetrated. Her vagina felt different, her major labia having receded into thick furrows on either side of her typically pouting and open petal-like inner labia. The inner walls closed a bit on days like this, touching on the inside. Many days the thick toys pushed her inner walls so far apart and for so long that her vaginal walls did not touch until hours and hours later - leaving her with a sensation of inner openness emphasizing her ability to accommodate penetration.

As Angel tuned herself to a simple process of allowing her body to drift into sleepiness, she felt a bit of bubblyness tingling inside of her. The hypnosis of any kind triggered that and it tickled. It was something she expected and indicated to her that she was on the right path. Slowly Angel continued a litany of body aspects and sensations, finally feeling nearly everything slip off into dozziness - only her breathing and mind remained active and present. From here she began thinking about her goals.

Angel would be able to relax as need be so she could take as large a toy as offered to her. She trusted that the pain would be minimized and avoided, and she focused her thoughts instead on how her body should push out to allow the toy deeper and deeper into her body. Though at the surface level her body did not move, deep down her muscles relaxed and contracted in anticipation of being opened up thoroughly. Angel thought about the pleasure feeling her body open up gave her and Tom, being able to look at a thick black rubber toy and knowing it would ease its way into her over and over again. She focused on how she would relax and push out to meet the toy tomorrow with her ass, the feeling of the toy entering into her and the heaviness as it expanded her rectum, the openness of her anus as it came out again and then slipped back in, the tingling and dull sense of pressure upon penetration. In this state of mind, Angel's juices flowed easily - lathering the leather between her buttocks and vaginal lips. More and more this state stayed with her during the days and she could not set it aside. Nor did she want to, albeit on chilly days the constant dampness was striking if a breeze made its way under her skirt or up her trouser legs.

As she continued, Angel began to think about how healthy her body looked. She could see the way her buttocks laid and how snug her hips looked, how her rounded breasts lifted up and her hair laid on her shoulders. She pictured in her mind how she liked her body to look. Then she added to this the images of her body as it looked fitted. This included her standing, with her legs apart, her inner labia unfurled by the weights hanging from them. Angel's inner labia had been developed so that they always protruded outwards, and stretched with moderate weights so they could become elongated enough to have an even more prominent outward character than the wide toy play encouraged. Then she reflected on how her body looked when she allowed herself to be wanton - and felt a stirring in her vagina and anus at the thought of herself pulling her legs back and thrusting her cunt and ass forward to meet Tom's cock and a thick black toy at the same time. Angel allowed her relaxed body to squirm a little and consider how her curly lips would be pushed up to her clitoris the next day, forming a horizontal ridge as Tom stretched her anus ever wider with the large smooth dildo. The desensitizing cream would allow her body to open and stretch without the shock of the width causing her nervous system to trigger panicked alarm. His calm words and slow drive initially would work with her own hypnosis to relax the strong muscles that ordinarily want to buck and fight the intruder. She had benefited from the combined regimen already and seen its efficacy: in the right state of mind and without the desensitizing cream she encouraged and enjoyed Tom turning her ass into a cunt for hours.

It was the last image that she thought of just before the garage door opening interrupted her peaceful hazy state: laying next to Tom, his cum still in her cunt, her body soaked with her own juices and their combined sweat even after he wiped them both down, laying on her side, her asshole so open that air circulated in and out of it with barely a whisper. She had promised him to be wet and open as much as possible. It wasn't out of some sense of obligation per se, nor simply accommodating him.

Angel may not have always recognized it, and she had definitely lost sight of it more than once. The bottom line tomorrow would not be the hypnotic suggestions that encouraged and enhanced. It would not be the lubricant nor desensitizing cream. It would be the simple fact, as she thought to herself that she knew Tom would soon join her in bed, that it was right for her. She was meant to be stretched and stimulated and penetrated and open and wet and wanting more. Angel was meant to explore to her body's limits and establish some point just below that kept her constantly this way. And beyond that - because her body didn't decide where things stopped - so she and Tom would coax it with new methods and tools to see where the really stopping point was.

Angel slipped out of bed and gingerly undid her harness. She picked up a wash cloth and wet it with warm water. Then she stroked it over the rubber sleeve on the bedpost at the foot of the bed. With no difficulty she stepped up on her tip-toes, and then mounted the bedpost head - carved round hardwood covered with a slightly textured sleeve - with her vagina. Her lips, still distended and a little swollen from the removal of the clamps, initially dragged into her, but some short strokes drew them out. And then she savoured the way the bedpost stroked into her inner walls with her grinding thursts while waiting for Tom to come to bed.

to be continued

brought to you by Max

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