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Story: DRAFT - Angel : Angel : Angel's Mind (Part 3)

Author: Max (max@cherishdesire.com - <http://bit.ly/CherishDesireMax>)

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Author: Max (max AT cherishdesire DOT com, <http://bit.ly/CherishDesireMax> , <http://bit.ly/CherishDesire>)

Title: DRAFT - Angel : Angel : Angel's Mind (Part 3)

Universe: Tom, Angel

Summary: Angel is making significant progress in response to her hypnotic and dildo training. This story gets much more into play and experiences Angel is having than the first part. This story contains hypnotic suggestion, large toys, masturbation, MF sex, domination, and stretching.

Keywords: Hypno, MDom, MF, Dildo Stretching Training

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DRAFT - Angel's Mind
(Part 3)

written by Max

Hypno, MDom, MF, Mast, Dildo Stretching Training

A few sessions had been enough to initiate an infusion of sexuality into Angel's body. Unfortunately Tom's work continually took him away from home - meaning he was unable to provide a continuous feedback loop to augment and enforce Angel's new training regime. As he explored the problem Tom contended with two relatively high priority issues:

First and foremost, Angel needed to be self-motivating. Without Tom not present she still needed to develop and push her cunt and ass to their limits. Her labia needed to be stretched and her nipples developed. And all of that meant ratcheting up her sex drive while knowing only she would be available to satisfy herself.

Second, Angel's actual need for stretching and constant stimulation had to be developed. It was not enough for the motivation to exist because as all people do, Angel was more than capable of putting off play when other things intervened. A positive message needed to sugar coat a true demand integrated within Angel's daily routine, one that would compel her to take every opportunity to work over her body as Angel shaped it for Tom.

Tom envisioned a day when Angel would no longer expect anything different, a day when she would awake early and refreshed so she had time to empty, rinse, and then use a thick dildo to penetrate and stretch her ass as part of her routine. He pictured a day when choosing the best plug to wear in her vagina along with an appropriate undergarment - latex on days when she felt especially wet and open, or leather chastity restraints for days Angel wanted to spread her labia apart and stretch them down her thighs - was no different than the manner in which she picked a thong to wear now. Tom considered how the developments had already changed Angel's body and how to make that something she cherished - e.g. excitement knowing her labia were now so fleshy from being stretched that her thongs no longer rode over them but instead always flossed between the open lips of her cunt.

To this he added another body of knowledge. Studying the manner in which the mind works, Tom looked for behaviour and mental training opportunities. Reading up on hypnosis further and looking into psychological drivers, he worked to discern patterns. Most of all he tried a variety of techniques referenced by handbooks to see what worked with Angel and what did not.

Tom then developed a multi-step plan for taking Angel as she was and providing her with a template of what she could be that pleased both her and him. Without using hypnosis he provided opportunities in their weekend play sessions for her to respond to different stimuli in

different contexts - be it deep anal penetration, vaginal sex combined with anal plugs, anal sex combined with large toys in Angel's cunt, guiding Angel to fist herself in front or back as often as possible, providing a heady weave of story telling and visualizations during sexual and sensual interaction, etc.

Tom worked to embed in Angel's collective consciousness five guiding principles he felt were most ideal in her and his satisfaction.

Two of these had been already seeded and had taken root to great effect. "Always wet and always open" carried a great weight with Angel - and her satisfaction at releasing her moisture whenever Tom simply drew a finger between her fleshy lips illustrated how deep the motto had sunk. Now Tom added "Always penetrated" to emphasize the need for something, be it large or small, to always be fucking Angel. To compliment this Tom also added "Both holes equal" so Angel remembered that her ass was expected and would be demanded to provide the same range of play as her cunt. Finally Tom began insisting "All the time" was Angel's goal - she was to never close up, to never be without something inside of her, to never be unable to lubricate herself and fuck whatever he presented her with within her current dimensions.

With these elements in mind, Tom frequently introduced them into their sexual bantering and everyday life. He reminded Angel of how wonderful her body was becoming as he asked which toy she would be bringing to grind on in the movie theatre. Tom asked to see how long and extruded her inner labia were whenever he thought to - asking her to stop everything and show him how effective her stretching with toys and by her hands was. He would also have her ride a toy whenever they took a long drive, sometimes just having her sit on the shaft of it rather than taking off her clothing so she could feel the anticipation that grinding against a toy brought. When reasonable he tried to encourage her to wear something penetrating her, but Angel still struggled to balance that with her daily activities. Still, Angel used to just talk with Tom about toy play the next day - now she found herself showing him with satisfaction how she numbed and lubed her ass to slip a particularly thick toy in the next morning.

To provide the underlying reinforcement, Tom developed a set of audio recordings for different days of the week and different moods so Angel could pick from them to listen to. These were something she could sleep to or listen to on the way to work. Some were just stories, others included deeper suggestions. All of them emphasized the five goals and more.

Angel's spine stiffened as she felt the thud against her tailbone. It would be bruised the next day and she would have to wear an inflatable toy so the tailbone wouldn't be too sensitive the following evening. The Swelled Head stretched her cunt completely open with the four inch wide head buried inside of her and the three and quarter inch shaft still holding her labia apart. From the front, it didn't seem as significant - but on her side the toy was clearly almost as thick as her thigh was wide from front to back, and when Angel was on her belly it was obvious that her ass was stretched open from side to side due to the toy's girth and the vinyl rubber shaft itself abutted with her spine. Angel barely noticed though, as her third orgasm rose and fell within her. In her ears she heard Tom's soft voice - as he described her arousal and release - and around her lay a handful of thick toys with varying shapes and dimensions and a few hand towels and one bottle of lubricant explaining the shine of her thighs.

Angel sunk back to the bed from her knees, reaching down and pulling at her labia and stretching them down the thick shaft of the Swelled Head. They were slick and spongy as Tom had described to her, and she began guiding her hands back along her buttocks and feel how open her ass was. She shuddered as she followed along to Tom's voice as he talked about how beautiful her stretched open ass was - something she could feel with her fingertips. Without consciously intending to, Angel slipped a finger up her anus to feel how the toy filled her from front to back. More and more Angel could hear Tom's voice even without the audio CDs, and as he continued to talk about stretching her ass so it would be as open as her cunt, Angel felt his voice more than heard it. The consistent implied opening of her ass stuck though - and her butt was now something Angel lingered and touched all the time now unless she really consciously focused on avoiding it. Angel paused for a second to adjust her position and the dildos angle, and she abruptly realised she now had two fingers stroking her stretched anus and gently probing it - which only caught her attention because she had begun to roll further on her side and that caused the big toy to jab sharply into her abdomen at an awkward angle. Angel gingerly moved on to her back, and wiped her fingers off on the towel to reduce the slickness of them so she could better grip the vinyl toy stretching out her cunt and vaginal walls.

Reaching down Angel began to tug on the toy with her hands. Tom was describing how she looked with her labia pushed forward, pouting, as something thick stretched her ass. Angel could already feel it as the swelled head was so big it did indeed fuck her ass and cunt at the same time. She moaned as Tom continued - he spoke in words that blended together, droning, pieces

of visuals, but Angel didn't really hear them in a conscious manner. Her subconscious did though, and, as Tom had learned that Angel was particularly susceptible to suggestions shortly after she came. As she drifted while gently tugging an inch or so of the black vinyl toy in and out of her white and pink gaped hole, Angel was remembering the image of herself being impaled anally with a toy nearly the same size. She was remembering pleasing Tom by climbing up on the couch beside him in the evening and fisting her cunt and ass for him with nothing more than her own natural lubrication. Angel was cumming again, and as she did Tom's voice laid quiet the dull roar in her mind. The toy came out of her unbidden, but Angel still lay there stroking her hands in and out of her wide open cunt with all its wet juices mixed with the lubrication she had applied earlier on other dildos.

Angel rolled on her side leaving the thick toy where it lay on the bed, and her hands moved to her ass. With a little reach, Angel fisted her ass easily with one stroke - feeling the soreness in her tailbone with her fingertips. The swelled head rolled up against her thigh as she sunk into the bed - and she rolled away from it - still pumping her hand in and out of her ass as Angel came to rest on her belly. Tom's voice was a pleasant murmur, muttering about her always holding her asscheeks apart for him to enter her as deeply as she could. Angel may not even have noticed her other hand pulling one ass cheek away so her fist could easily slip in and out as deep as she could drive it in this position. As Tom's voice continued talking about anal play, Angel's hand wasn't enough. She looked around with wanton eyes and selected the Ted toy. It was a dildo with a head like a flat beret and was mostly a thick smooth tapered column - ranging from two and three-quarters inches in diameter just below the head to three and a half inches thick near the base of the seven inch insertable shaft.

Angel sat up on one of her thighs and then scooped up Ted. It was slick and tacky from when she had used it in her cunt earlier in the evening. Angel ran her wet hands over it as she moved it behind her thighs. Her vagina was still so open that the toy initially slipped into it, but she adjusted the angle while leaning her weight onto the toy a bit to aim it further back. Slowly, Angel worked it into her ass - feeling her sphincter stretching and then the fullness as the shaft started to enter into her rectum. Tom's voice whispered and coaxed her - but she was more focused on the sensation of her ass being penetrated. Angel hesitated a little and then felt her anus relax and begin to slide down the toy. Angel knew her ass could do it, Tom's voice told her so every day and every night. As it went in deeper Ted nudged into her bruised tailbone, and Angel gently eased off of the toy. Her strokes grew more regular and steady as the dildo turned her ass ring inside out with its width.

And she felt deeply satisfied. She could feel how her ass and cunt were interacting, how her asshole and labia were tugging on one another. Angel's juices ran freely in back and front, the lubricant from each day's play was just part of her own wetness that now always flowed whenever any pressure was applied to her openings. The swelled head head fully stretched and opened her vagina, and the deep stopped up moisture her self-fisting hadn't drawn out was now drizzling out of her scrunched up labia as the latex dildo pushed her vaginal walls together while filling her ass. It was a luxuriating sensation for Angel, slowly tiring her out but also keeping her on her toes.

She listened to Tom's voice as Angel felt her body winding down. He was talking about hiking along the Appalachian Trail, walking in the dappled sunlight coming down between the trees. "My hand is on your shoulder as we take a break at the top of a hill crest. Looking down the slope we can see the line of trees and trail clearings as well as the edges of what may have been a stone wall sometime in the past. You follow the line of it, and see that a short walk from where we stand is a foundation of stone grown over with underbrush. As you walk toward the stones, you feel how thick your labia are - your thighs are stroking them back and forth with each step. As you approach the stones you can hear me coming up behind you, pushing through the leaves and brush. My hands are lifting your pack off your back as you lean down to pick up a smooth oblong stone worn by the weathering of the years. You can already feel how wet your vagina is becoming, knowing you are going to show me how much you enjoy filling your vagina and anus. Setting your pack aside, I take my pack off and pull out the top blanket we use when we take breaks to stretch out. On the wind side of the foundation, just out of sight of the trail due to the foundation's crumbling support for some small trees and overgrowth, the blanket stretches out and you flatten it down. As I set our packs on either end of the blanket to anchor it, you have already pulled out rubbing alcohol and a hand cloth from your belt sack. You soak and clean the stone off to the side of the blanket as you grind your ass and cunt against your own boot heel. Your lips are already soaking and you can feel how your body is clenching and unclenching in anticipation. Whenever you look around and see something that should go inside of you, something that would stretch you and fill you, your body begins to prepare for it because you know you need something inside of you all the time. You can feel the coolness of the stone as the rubbing alcohol evaporates - and you can feel more and more heat from your cunt and ass."

Angel sighs and eases Ted out of her ass. Still listening to the rhythm of Tom's voice, she gets up and gathers an armful of toys. Moving them to the tub, Angel can feel how open her body still is. The tub is now full of the evening's toys ready to be cleaned in the morning

when she takes her shower - and Angel takes a small bathroom break to empty her bladder as well. Finishing up she uses some sanitary wipes to clean her butt and pubis as well as her thighs and hands which have fluids all over them. The astringent burns a bit and then feels very cool - sending shivers up and down Angel's body in its already sensitized state. Then Angel returns to the bed and pulls off the play cover - a velour lined matt that kept the covers and sheets from getting soaked and messy. After setting the play cover to the side, Angel finally climbs into bed to sleep, and she presses the stop button on the CD player by the bedside.

Angel snuggles down under the covers, feeling wet and open, and craves a little something more inside of her. She whispers goodnight to Tom - and then drifts off to sleep as her body shuts down with that good exhaustion that comes from being completely and thoroughly worked out. The gentle buzz of the orgasms is still favoring her, and Angel probably doesn't even notice as her hand laying on her belly works down to her labia and begins gently tugging on them. She dreams of riding Tom's cock - and her fingers dip in and out of her vagina as she sleeps.

by Max

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