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Story: DRAFT - Angel: Angel's Mind - Pools of Wetness

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Title: DRAFT - Angel: Angel's Mind - Pools of Wetness

Universe: Tom, Angel

Summary: Angel is losing control while the hypnosis begins to immerse her in Tom's projections of the sexuality they desire.

Keywords: Hypnosis, Female Masturbation, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Biting, Fisting & Fingering, Implied Dildo Play, Double Penetration, Implied MF

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DRAFT - Angel's Mind - Pools of Wetness

written by Max

Hypnosis, Female Masturbation, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Biting, Fisting & Fingering, Implied Dildo Play, Double Penetration, Implied MF

I'm suspended over a vast ocean, plummeting fast, and then I'm under the water and drowning. That's what it feels like. Except I don't drown. I keep sinking deeper and deeper, feeling undercurrents flowing into my cunt and ass, and I'm being fucked by every wave in the sea.

Drowning would be merciful. Instead I'm adrift within shadows of glimmering blue green water - unable to speak, unable to be heard, and unable to escape. Constantly being penetrated, constantly being fucked, and constantly orgasming.

This is the crazy part of the dream. While I writhe and flail, desperately trying to surface or touch bottom, I can't ignore how my pussy is spasming and convulsing in pleasure. While I struggle to right myself and kick at the water, trying to swim away to some other place, I'm enjoying how easily my ass is being fucked. While I shout soundlessly into the murky depths, I can taste my juices and I know the wetness all around me is my own.

The cramping in my abdomen wakes me up, making me turn on my side and tuck my knees to my chest, and the only distraction from my intense orgasms is feeling how wet and accessible my bottom is in that position. My heart is racing, and I'm breathing so hard that I might be hyperventilating. Fear and adrenaline make my whole body shake, but what I'm remembering is the cold solid heft of the stainless steel shower enema nozzle slowly rocking in and out of my greased anus. My belly aches while I anticipate the bloating feeling of my rectum and lower intestines filling with water while I beg for something pounding my pussy. I bite my breasts, chin tucked and lips trying to suckle my own nipples, imagining the big cock head lingering inches away from my gaping slippery holes.

This isn't what I meant. My labia are hanging loose, waiting for the moment of contact, but I can feel the way both my pussy and bottom are hollowing in hopes that a long thick shaft will thrust into them. This isn't how it's supposed to be. My hand is groping my own ass, and three fingers force their way past my sphincter and I quiver from the excitement brought on by the bruising. This isn't me. My ass says otherwise while I push into my hand and finger fuck my bottom with savage thrusts.

I can picture the woman in the mirror winking back at me. Her red and bruised pussy lips look well worn and distorted. The purple rings around her nipples and areola show the bruising from suctioning too far. And her ass is mounted on the door knob behind her, the rounded brass pressing against her sore tailbone and the door swinging awkwardly in response to her grinding and humping. Her happy grin is devious and demented, and she knows what I know. She's taken control of my body. She's forcing me to watch her stretch my poor bottom and pussy. She's forcing me to experience it, to feel the aches and pains and pleasure and orgasms. She's

ruining me while making me soar on endorphins.

My buttocks hurt as much as my wrist, but with my fist wedged in my ass I finally feel satisfied. I can't move it much, but this is enough to make her leave me alone. Just a small concession for some peace and quiet. Under the sheets, my hip and side in my own wet spot, I rock and contort my body so I can go deeper. Inside of my bottom, the elastic walls wrap around my knuckles and squeeze with tremendous heat. It feels like my skin is being burnt away, but I need more at the same time. My other fingers bruise my breast, gripping the tender rounded globe, and push it up to my mouth.

I'm salivating while I suck on my nipple. My teeth bite and crush my own flesh. I'm bruising my cleavage, and the thought of having visible marks makes my pussy spasm with joy. The woman from the mirror returns, and she reminds me how I look. Pussy loose and wet, ass spread with my forearm sunk into it, and my hungry mouth gnawing and gobbling my own tit. I'm shocked by my own wanton and lewd disgrace, but she wants more. I have to bite and hold my teeth closed to prevent my breast from escaping my mouth while my hand moves down to my clit. It hurts so bad, biting yourself is so much worse than just being bitten, but I manage to last long enough to feel my fingers grasping and pinching my clit. The sudden shock to my nervous system makes me let go, swallowing air desperately while still abusing my tender pink nub.

She feeds me images... of someone else. Of me, but not me. Each squeeze and tug on my clitoris making it larger and longer. Each minor orgasm making my pussy deeper and wetter. Each time I manage to capture my breast with my mouth making my nipples swell and ripen. Each thrust of my fist turning my ass into a welcoming opening.

I accept her torment with grace. I don't fight when her eyes look over the box of toys with the Swelled Head and Triple Ring set out. I know what she wants, and I want it, too. That massive cock with its plush four inch wide glans. I should fuck it every morning in the shower. My cunt needs it. My ass... I shake off the thought, but she only laughs. The massive Triple Ring - a conical pyramid butt plug with three bumps growing more and more massive to the base - will do what the Swelled Head can't. I long for the moment when the third ring, four inches thick, splits my ass open and goes in. I will do it. I will do whatever it takes.

And she knows it. Drowning in my own pools of wetness, I fist my ass and begin pumping my slippery cunt with four fingers while imagining that moment. My attention wanders, and other toys and dildos and cocks flit by in my mind's eye. I'm struggling with that. Fighting to be pure. How many cocks have I had? How many men have I let part my legs and thrust into my intimate passages? But none of that matters because it feels so good, and I know it's just me. Just my hard fist fucking my bottom. My four fingers pounding my cunt. My toy chest and my Swelled Head and my Triple Ring and my Mickey and...

His hands. I orgasm so hard that my knuckles crack in my ass. I can't help it. The thought of Tom's hands, his broad chest and lips against my back, pressing into my cunt and ass is overwhelming. I just want him to take me. I just want him to push me down and force his whole hand into whatever opening he wants. I can do that. I can be her. I can let her have my body and ruin it. For his kiss, his mouth nuzzling my cheek while my pussy seeps and nipples ache and ass burns.

Soaked, sore, and exhausted, I can't fight my compulsion to get out of bed and wash up. I feel unclean and soiled. Walking to the bathroom makes it worse because my juices make my inner thighs slide wetly past one another. I don't turn on the lights. I don't focus my eyes. I just turn on the faucet and wash my hands, and then I use wet wipes to clean off my pussy and bottom.

But I know she is watching.

by Max

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