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Story: DRAFT - Angel : Angel's Moment

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Story Codes: MF Mdom mast toys stretch

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Title: DRAFT - Angel : Angel's Moment

Universe: Tom, Angel

Summary: Angel is a woman training under Tom to provide herself for whatever objects he wants to penetrate her body with. Her gymnast build conceals her developed capacity to handle largescale latex toys which force her to accept the maximum penetration possible. This story covers a small scene introducing some variety in toy play and scening with Tom. This story contains large toys, masturbation, minor domination, and limited exhibitionism.

Keywords: MF, Mdom, Mast, Dildo, Stretch

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DRAFT - Angel's Moment

written by Max

MF, Mdom, Mast, Dildo, Stretch

She stood at the precipice of a new dawning day, and yet the moonlight seemed so bright that you could not tell the sun hadn't yet begun to rise. The night sky was the only hint, for its ebony colouration contrasted with the blues on the her skin. The porch was soft under her feet, the wood brushed and smoothed so the velour blanket only bunched where her knees and feet had rocked to and fro as she thrust her body on to her thick vinyl toy.

The toy's black surface glistened slightly in the moonlight, its squat thick features underscored by the thick foot-like balls extending from the base. They referred to it as the "domestic partner," a toy from BigSexToyStore (www.BigSexToyStore.com) that measured 3.25" wide at the head and the shaft a full 3" thick. Though it is 9.25" tall, only 6.5" could be inserted because of the protruding base. And she had spent the last thirty minutes sliding up and down that entire height, taking it completely inside of her and then lifting completely off of it as she had been told to do. This provided the maximum repeated entry of the thick head, her inner labia gliding over the surface as it slipped deep inside and then being pulled out along the length as she lifted off of the toy.

Mornings like this, the warm air and quiet stillness allowed Angel to listen to the sound of her body and its wetness. Her lips made wet suckling sounds that seemed only too loud and obvious in her ears. But with nothing but the tall pine trees lining backyard, she could summon the courage to do even this. Tomorrow Tom would be home and he had something planned - and that is what provided something she wasn't sure she had the courage for.

Picking up her toy and the blanket, Angel slipped into the house, only to find her large white cat peering at her with curiosity. Knowing if she let him out, he would only scratch at the door to come back in after a few minutes, Angel instead set down what she was carrying and fed Ghost. He hurried over to his bowl, and satisfied himself crunching through the quiet morning as Angel took her toys upstairs to the master bathroom, her lips slipping between her thighs that were still wet from her satisfying labours.

It had been hard moving. A lot of pain comes with a dream, and Tom had set aside a lot of dreams to minimize the pain he inflicted on others while chasing them. But Angel provided a balance to that. She was as lost as Tom sometimes, her demons like carrion birds that struck on her hardest after she was already down and bleeding. His sense of wonder, which had faded over time and experience, was renewed by her madness - her constant need to excel and drive forward; her constant need to provide some meaning.

Angel was unlike what he would have planned, and maybe that was what made her most suitable for Tom. At 5'5" and about 110 pounds, Angel had a gymnast build when she felt so motivated - taut stomach and tight ass and small chest. When she allowed herself more leisure, her breasts ripened and could grow by a cup size, and her ass became rounder and provided a firm anchor to Tom's deep thrusts. Angel demanded so much, but gave so much in return. His time and energy spent in hard work to re-establish the future lost in a few years of horrendous downturn, Tom found someone interested in giving back far more beneficial than those who had taken but offered only tokens in turn. So he had picked them up and moved them, not even bothering to shake a fist at the soil which had provided such poor mooring for the roots he sometimes thought he needed to grow. And she weathered the hard quiet that came from days alone while he continued to have to travel and work sometimes very far away from home.

The flight back was long and tiring. Tom just found it was too much stress going through airports now. But it was part of the work he had to do, so he found it to be just another drill in an endless loop of exercises done not to promote mental or physical well being, but financial security. His plans for the weekend loomed large in his head though - and he was looking forward to the quick stop by his friend Paul's place to pick up a package he had delivered while he was away.

The stand was intended to be a pedestal for perhaps a bird bath or other yard ornament. It was perfect though. Just about 24 inches tall, six inches in diameter with some decoration along the sides, with a flat top that capped the taper to a more narrow four inches wide. Made out of solid stone, it weighed a good fifty pounds - again perfect for his plans. When he described to Angel how she would spend the afternoon, he could hear her hesitancy. She had done so much with him, savoured so many delicious sensations, that he knew her voice well. And while she was cautious and even a touch frightened, Tom knew it also excited her the same way her occasional morning exercises and wearing her harness under her clothes excited her.

He pondered how she would stand it and whether it would bore her. But for a short time, within the safety of their living room which was very difficult to view from outside of the house without traipsing through the private backyard, he was convinced she might just grow to seek out the pleasures the pedestal could provide. Just as her experiences with larger and larger toys had provided her encouragement to go further. Just as enjoying fisting her vagina had eventually matured into exploring fisting her own ass.

Angel listened as Tom set his bags inside the door and then returned to his car for something else. He hadn't asked for her to pick him up after his short trip, asking her instead to be waiting for him at home, undressed and blindfolded. She complied with some trepidation, and was lounging on the couch with her ears on red alert should someone stop by who wasn't Tom.

He had knocked at the door and let her know it was him before opening it - else she would have thrown on the blanket by her side in a heartbeat. Instead she had pleasantly surprised him by being in such an open position, her cunt and ass wet with her juices, her "swelled head" toy between her legs and pressed against her labia. Tom leaned down and kissed her, and then told her to stay put. So she was. But it was hard.

Tom hefted the pedestal from the car. The toy between Angel's legs was his favourite for playing with her. The black vinyl toy was massive and even after many months of repeatedly penetrating her with it, Tom always got an immediate rise from seeing 12.5" tall toy between Angel's thighs. The head alone starts at 2.25" thick with a oversized realistic shaping that is 4" thick before the glans finish. The rest of the shaft is 3.25" wide with contoured and thick veining, though very soft and sensual due to the vinyl's natural texture according to Angel. And she would know since Angel used the toy daily to open herself up, working toward the day when she could take more than just the 3+ inch long head and a inch or so of the shaft into her cunt.

The pedestal's weight and the stairs in front of him prevented him from wandering off to ponder whether the flat base of the pedestal itself might someday directly penetrate Angel the way he used their smooth thick wooden bedpost to, and instead he busied himself with placing the pedestal just right for the afternoon sun to bathe it in the living room window.

Once placed, he closed the car up and locked up the front of the house. He drew the blinds in the front windows closed, more so than they already were anyhow, and leaned down over Angel to taste her mouth and cheeks and breasts. Her continued pumping of her nipples now kept them rounded and plump like berries, and they were always sensitive to soft caresses. Tom was careful not to brush his face against them as his five o'clock shadow might be more of an

irritant than a turn on. Then he unblindfolded Angel and led her to the pedestal.

"I've solved your tanning dilemma. Now you can enjoy the sun and I can enjoy watching you be fully penetrated at the same time." Tom's voice was soft and teasing, but Angel barely noticed. She looked over the pedestal and then ran her fingers along its cool surface.

"But there's no taper? It will be very hard to get in," she started, but then caught his chuckle.

"Go fetch your domestic partner toy and we'll add a little taper on the top, silly. You don't need to drive the pillar into you directly... Yet." Tom was sometimes surprised that she knew him well enough to anticipate his rampant fantasies about her. Still Angel only did what she wanted, and as she went to get the toy she'd played with the prior morning, Angel considered what the smooth stone would feel like and whether it would warm to her body.

Once she returned with the toy, Tom upped the ante. "How about the porch, love? It is so quiet and no one can see you?" He left the option to Angel, but they had talked about it throughout the week. She merely snuggled against him, her hands full with the toy and some lubricant, and he led the way carrying the pillar. They had set up a small hammock using eyebolts, and Tom fetched some cord after setting the pedestal down and encouraging Angel to prepare herself and the toy. She smoothed some lubricant on to the toy and then ran her fingers between her lips. Angel could feel she was even more soaked than when she had been grinding against the swelled head toy earlier that afternoon, and she knew it was because she was there, on the backyard deck, completely naked with the warm sunshine on her body, in the middle of the day. It felt so good and enticing, and she'd been a bit worried that it would be rainy and overcast and they would have had to play inside.

Tom returned and adjusted the pedestal so the cord could provide a horizontal brace for Angel to lean against. With the pedestal in front of it, Angel saw how she would be able to lean back slightly and rest her weight on the toy. She placed the domestic partner on the pedestal cap, and then waited beside it for Tom.

Finishing his last adjustments and making sure the rubber stops on the pedestal would prevent it from slipping, Tom stood up in front of Angel and embraced her. Then he gently lifted her up with his hands on her thighs and seated her on the head of the domestic partner. It was a little awkward since Tom had to lean forward to place Angel down, so Angel put her hand down between her legs and guided the toy into her cunt.

With the 3.25" wide head slipping easily into Angel, Tom encouraged her to wrap her legs around his waist. Then he rocked Angel back and forth on the pedestal, letting her weight and the motion settle her all the way down upon the toy. Once Tom was certain Angel had taken the domestic partner to depth, he allowed her legs to slip down until she was standing just off of flat foot with the pillar merging into the thick toy base and then driving up inside of her. Angel's labia were open but not as tightly stretched as when they played with the swelled head, but the sun alone made up for the lack of stretching and forced openness. For Angel looked radiant, the black toy on a smooth off white pillar contrasting against her warmly tanned skin.

Tom then made sure could comfortably lean back and relax, sunbathing in a bit more strenuous fashion than usual, as he read to her from his latest Lovecraftian horror anthology. He forced his attention to the reading, though his cock was fully aroused knowing how velvety and smooth her inner walls and lips would be as he thrust himself into her after her little "sun tanning" session was complete.

by Max

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