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Story: DRAFT - Discussions of an Intimate Nature (Part 1)

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Story Codes: MF vaginal anal fist toys stretch speculum device D/s S/m bestiality bond suction hypno

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Title: DRAFT - Discussions of an Intimate Nature (Part 1)

Universe: Tom, Ginny

Summary: Tom takes on an apprentice but he charges a heavy price for his mentoring. Includes some MF, vaginal, anal, fisting, stretching play, speculum play, large toy play, suction play, bondage, hypnotism, and bestiality.

Keywords: MF, Vaginal, Anal, Fisting, Stretching play, Speculum play, Large toy play, Suction play, Bondage, Hypnotism, Bestiality

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DRAFT - Discussions of an Intimate Nature (Part 1)

written by Max

MF, Vaginal, Anal, Fisting, Stretching play, Speculum play, Large toy play, Suction play,
Bondage, Hypnotism, Bestiality

He looked her over with cold eyes. Her blonde tresses and low cut blouse didn't impress him, and while the line of her neck and shape of her lips were lovely, he had other things on his mind.

She was 26. She needed this job. And she was smart enough, though she played dumb, to already know she was not going to get it.

His face still looking firm, he leaned back and ran a hand over his receding hairline and short cropped hair. "I think we both agree this isn't a good match. If you want we can simply stop here and leave it at that. Alternatively you could tell me something interesting enough for us to have a conversation on something you have some passion and interest in. If you can keep me mildly entertained for the remainder of our scheduled time then that's worth a free lunch for us both."

With a slight nod of her head, she gave it some thought. What had her girlfriend told her? "If he's good looking screw the interview - just see if you can seduce him and help us with groceries." His gaze never lowered below her cheeks so he was probably gay anyway. "Well," she said without any effort at being coy or demure, "I thoroughly enjoy physical activities."

He smiled then. Not the leering and oogling smile such a blatant pickup line probably should get from a guy easily half again her age. Not the uncomfortable smile of someone who senses dangerous waters and wants to find an escape. This was a genuine smile. "Do you dance?"

"What? Professionally? No, definitely not."

He was still smiling but saying nothing.

"I mean I go out and dance now and again..."

"Any particular genre of music or do you just drift around?" His eyes conveyed that he was at least interested.

She shrugged. "Nothing you probably listen too."

"Very true. Goth, industrial, EBM, synthpop, futurepop, and aggro have had their day. A lot

of the mainstream stuff grew from those punk roots as well as alternative and post modern pop sounds. But none of it will get radio time, and even with online radio streaming it's too much of a niche genre for many people to stumble into it."

She was kind of surprised by his long response. So far he'd asked a handful of questions, gently nailed her on some things that she might have embellished on her resume, and let her do the talking. It seemed like an opportunity at least so she steeled herself and took it. "I used to do line dancing, even contra, but now you go out to a club and it's very disorganized." She thought for a moment and continued. "It's not even about the music though sometimes the lyrics are good. Most people only hear the sound of everyone else and the rhythm punctuating the sounds of everyone talking."

"Yes," he said simply. It hung there as they looked at each other.

Then he looked her over slowly. This time she felt uneasy with how thoroughly his gaze took in every bit of her body, and she had to fight the urge to fuss with her blouse and cover the little cleavage she was showing. His eyes ended looking well into hers, and she was aware that he was fluid - not fixed or rigid like some men, nor relaxed and at ease like others. His body was both and neither.

"We've got twenty more minutes, and it looks a bit like you've run out of things to say to me. I'm ok with that and I can comfortably sit here in silence pondering all my other projects and taking a quiet breather. Or you could try asking some questions that might suggest an understanding of how to build a rapport with other people." He nodded slowly as he leaned back into his chair. "After all a good bit of this job is dealing with people - and I'm curious how you approach them given how awkward this discussion has been between you and I."

Definitely not getting the job was all she was thinking.

He continued after a short pause. "You must want to know something... you must have some thing you do or want to do which you think about. What is it?"

She started to shrug, caught herself, but then shrugged anyway. "I'm not very good at this."

"If by this you mean interviewing, well that much is pretty true. So do you want to learn how to be better at it?"

"Why? You're not going to hire me anyway."

He drummed his fingers on the table and she looked up. She didn't even realize she had been trying to look at her hands or her feet - anywhere but at him - until the sound caught her off guard.

"Let's just say that if I'm going to spend more time here it might as well benefit someone. So stand up and walk with me. We are going to see how quickly you can learn."

He got up and went to the door, holding it open for her. "Follow my lead." Then he walked out without waiting any longer.

Ginny stood and scooped up her executive folder. Michael smiled at her knowingly, and they went to leave the conference room. They had just landed another client, and it was her voice on the other end of the phone that had made it possible. He gave her a high five as they got into the hallway, and then he asked the dreaded question because Michael could never take no for an answer.

"So where are we going to celebrate this time, babe?"

She smiled right back at him, and gave her best conspiratorial wink. "You know, the same place you go to drink alone. Just have an extra one for me."

He went for the reach around, his newest tactic seemed to be about getting her under his wing quite physically, and she responded by reaching up and pinching his nose between two knuckles.

"Oh no," she mock cried, "What will your plastic surgeon say?"

He stepped back, and she smirked at him all the same. "I'll see you at tomorrow's meeting, Michael. I've got a dinner date with my hair stylist." Then she walked smartly away and out of his reach.

Ginny waited until she was safely in her Mercedes, a luxury for a 28 year old, before messaging the 'old man.' That's not how she really thought of him, but it gave him a kick sometimes to emphasize how old he was. So she learned and adopted a pattern of speech that put a smile on his face because he'd been teaching her for two years about what it means to shape the world rather than just take it as it is.

Unfortunately her text wasn't such joyous news. Tom charged a price for his mentoring, and her next payment was due. Ginny was in an awkward spot - what he was asking for wasn't something she understood well enough to achieve without help. She wasn't even sure that she knew what he meant. So despite the nice air conditioned interior of the Mercedes, and the soft caress of her satin blouse and the tailored skirt suit wrapping her thighs, Ginny was breaking a sweat.

She messaged Tom "Can you tell me what you mean tonight? I don't want to let you down."

On the ride to his place she was feeling rather uncomfortable about how he might react and her own self-doubt was gnawing at the inside of her chest.

"Hey there," Tom said with a smile and Ginny came in from the garage. He had a light snack on the kitchen table and was on a laptop doing some work or browsing the web. He didn't get up, but he did pause what he was doing, took her hand when she was in reach, and gave it a comfortable squeeze with his fingers on hers.

She was still a bit anxious. "Did you get my message?"

He stopped what he was doing and focused on Ginny. Her lean build, smart clothes, and pretty face looked nice in the afternoon sun coming through the bay windows. "Yes. Yes, I did. Do you want to sit down and talk about it?"

Ginny felt some of her old awkwardness coming back and fought to keep it away. She forced herself to look Tom in the face - not directly in the eyes but right above or below them. He was warm tonight and gentle. Yet she was still concerned.

"Tell you what, grab an apple over there and come over to the couch with me." He winked and then got up and squeezed her hand one more time and went over into the living room.

Ginny started to follow, then paused. She set her purse and leather satchel on the counter top and picked out a red delicious from the handful of apples in a steel bowl. It struck her as odd that Tom had apples - he didn't enjoy eating them and never kept fruit in the house ordinarily. If he did it was sliced melon that he kept in the fridge. Unconsciously polishing the apple a bit Ginny went into the living room, and sat down on Tom's comfortable charcoal grey couch.

Tom was sitting with his back to the high arm at one end, and encouraged Ginny to sit in front of him on the middle cushion. Then he took the apple out of her hand. "You see this wonderful shape?"

"Sure. Tom, I just, I'm not sure what you mean you want."

He smiled. "One of these a day, or something like it. Each day. Until you're used to it."

Ginny looked at Tom with a frown. "I don't get it. What does the apple have to do with anything?"

"What did I tell you was payment for the next six months of lessons, Ginny?"

"You said you wanted my ass - and that's why it doesn't make any sense. When have you ever let me stop you from taking me anally? Is it something I'm not doing right? Why didn't you say something earlier?" Ginny's frustration was evident in her gesturing hands and contorted face.

Tom lightly patted her nearby leg. "I'm very happy with what you've achieved, Ginny. You know that. You also know if I had a complaint then I'd come straight to you to talk about it. Right?" His voice was controlled and modulated.

Set to soothing was how Ginny thought of that specific tone. She didn't feel like being soothed though. "So just tell me. Give me an example. Help me understand."

Tom handed her the apple. "One of these, or something shaped like it. You'll probably have to work hard at it indefinitely - it's never a certain thing that the anal sphincter, rectal muscles, and skin will stretch and be flexible even with repeated use. I want to see a plan

from you on how to turn your ass into mine by using it thoroughly. And I want to see that plan executed with adaptations to show achievements."

Ginny looked over the red delicious in her hand, feeling the smooth surface as the glossy skin reflected ambient light in the living room. It was big and hard. "I've never done anything like that. Not anally." Her tone of voice wasn't protesting, just reflective and possibly the result of thinking out loud.

"Do you understand what I mean now?" he asked gently with a hand on her thigh.

"Yes. What are my options?" They'd been doing this to one another every six months for nearly two and a half years. Tom presented what he wanted, explained it, and Ginny aimed to refine the scope and structure things to guarantee a level of success. Now that she had an admittedly uncomfortable measure of this request, it was best to find out if there was an alternative.

Tom smiled at her and let himself sink into the couch cushions as he released her thigh. "What options are you considering?"

Not a good sign for negotiation with Tom. Best hit that head on. "So are you open to discussion on this?"

He shrugged. "It depends on whether you - or I for that matter - can come up with something better than I will enjoy as much."

Ginny shrugged. "What else do you want? It'd be good to understand where you feel there are things worth offering and negotiating for."

"I have my top three. Giving me your ass is one of those. So it's a bit difficult to beat - and I suspect I'd be naturally reluctant to give it up for anything less than two things from the remainder of the top ten."

"And your other two from the top three?"

"All very enjoyable. One for one I guess."

Ginny pondered carefully. Walking through it out loud she said, "So my obvious options are - (a) give you my ass which means thoroughly working it and fucking it with apple sized toys; (b) wrecking my cunt so it hangs open and the lips are fully stretched out; or (c) have my cunt and ass tattoo'd and otherwise decorated to your satisfaction." Ginny paused. "Those are all very hard options."

"What I provide as a service was paid for by my own sacrifices. If you are questioning the value of my advice and mentoring then let's wind that down. We're good friends and I imagine we will continue to be so."

Ginny held up her hand in a 'stop' gesture. "The other seven of the top ten aren't as familiar to me. In fact I suspect they change. But pairing them up might be a suitable exchange." She was still negotiating.

"They do seem to shuffle around a bit. Number four is pretty steady, but the rest are less certain." Tom's non-committal response said a lot more about of his expectations.

She was trying to think back to things Tom used to talk about wanting but which had fell by the wayside. Perhaps if she could bring up some of those smoldering embers and stoke Tom into a flame about them. But he was a man of his word, and his lack of interest in those other seven really did say a lot.

"So number four is breeding - and we've already discussed the negative impact that would have on my ability to proceed on my own goals. Unless you have something else in mind now?"

He smiled softly with that wolfish edge that seemed innocent enough until she had learned it meant he was scenting opportunity. "You wouldn't need those other things. If you embraced being bred then you would be defining a very different and enjoyable alternative state."

She momentarily hesitated, and then ran her hands consciously over her breasts and down to her hips. "For now that's just a fantasy. How would giving you my ass fit into that over the long term?" She sensed Tom was not negotiating and pondered what sort of trap he had laid.

"I've described what it means to give me your ass. You know I have no hesitation to treat your ass as a pussy. But you have limited what you will achieve vaginally for your own reasons."

"So instead of wrecking my cunt, making it too loose for any human cock or even fist to fill,

you want me to do that to my ass. I think I understand why you consider this in the top three now."

"More than that of course. Because your cunt can be fisted and you let me take it that far occasionally. Your ass cannot take that sort of handling easily. So it will need to be systematically and repeatedly destroyed in order to maintain the same level of functionality." He paused and let his eyes wander over the curve of her chest and take in the blonde hair cascading down her cheek to her neck. "It may be much more painful actually. But it is a distinct choice that doesn't conflict with your specific limitations."

"What else is in the current top ten? Certainly there are things to at least discuss doing. I don't want to pick arbitrarily without hearing about what is currently interesting you."

He nodded. "True. You've never let me down once you've felt all the angles have been covered and you have committed to one. So you have the top four - the rest would include body modification to enhance your overt sexuality, penetration training to develop a persistent state of fucking, rubber training to develop a dependency on latex or rubber encasing, body modification to support remote neural stimulation to orgasm, body modification including extensive genital piercing and distinctive elongation of nipples and labia for exhibition, and subliminal and neural reprogramming to establish and provide complete access to submissive states for service."

He folded his hands over her thigh. "I'm not sure you find any of those more or less agreeable. Of the list, the easiest would be the tattoo'ing since once it's done there is no further effort required on your part. Several of the lower priority items would likely result in states of being which would lead to incorporating the top four anyway."

She pondered her options for the remaining week, and when she came to no satisfactory conclusion, Ginny met with Tom again. This time he was more indifferent, and she could tell his interest in her was fading.

"So aren't there other alternatives? I want to keep things going but..."

Tom cut her off with a hand on her lips. His cock was in her pussy, the root pressed against her clit, and he shushed her. "I've given you alternatives. What you really seem to be asking is can I find something easier for you to give."

"Yes," she sighed with his continued grinding.

"Well I have a different option for you then. What if we fixed the easier aspect first, and then worked on the giving?"

Ginny ran her hands over Tom's hips urging him deeper in. "Like what?"

He shrugged, "We could work up some basic subliminals and audio therapy and apply them in the meantime. We'd have to see how they stick."

"And?" Ginny asked honestly.

"And if they stick then you may find it much more easy and much more agreeable to choose something from the things I'd like to see. Of course you may also find yourself struggling with new urges that are hard to release."

Ginny considered her options. She needed sound advice about a field promotion and wanted the old man's time on this. So long as she was waffling he wasn't going to commit to provide more than basic advice. "Ok - how do we do this?"

Tom smiled nicely and patted her hand. "I'll just need to provide you with stuff to load on your iPod."

"That's it?"

"Well, it'll be more effective if you listen to the stuff with regular attention. But yeah, that's it."

"For how long?" She sensed this might be too easy.

Tom looked her over and ran his hands along the edge of her breasts. "I propose one month, with playback listening for two or three hours in the evening. A pillow speaker would be best for not interfering with your sleep itself. We'll just try audio and see if that makes any

difference."

There it was again. Ginny moaned and growled at the same time as the urge hit her and she could picture it. Her three fingers slipping in and out of her cunt simply weren't enough. She worked in her pinkie finger as well, and it helped a little bit. But she needed something big, something filling, something quivering and shaking and rocking in and out of her pussy.

It started like this some mornings. The hunger and the need pent up inside of her needing release. It seemed that no matter how often she stopped to masturbate, it was never entirely enough. And the image in her mind was changing. First it was her fingers, then Tom's fist, and then it became something different.

It took her a while to understand what she was imagining. But then it fit and Ginny fought doubly hard to just focus on the image of Tom's fist punching in and out of her cunt without any resistance. With her thumb now tucked in, Ginny began to fist her own cunt and tried to concentrate on the knuckles and the slickness of her lips.

But it didn't work. She groaned again. It wasn't a fist. It was a cock. A big mottled brown and white cock with a flared head, and she needed to be bigger, so much deeper, to guide that big beautiful cock in.

Ginny worked two fingers from her second hand in alongside the first. It wasn't fulfilling enough, but even in her frantic arousal state she could understand that fantasizing about horse cock wasn't going to lead to passive experience. She was pulling her cunt apart and it barely took an edge off her hunger.

"No more," she thought and was glad that it was nearly the end of the month under the influence of the audio recordings.

Tom had been strangely quiet other than asking once or twice a week after how the recordings were working out and providing some advice as she maneuvered her position with the firm. She'd been having a hard time sleeping and the continual flashes of everything from fisting to animal cocks had distracted her every evening and morning. Not wanting to encourage Tom, she'd given him some general info that it seemed to be working a bit. She left out the fact that she was now fisting her cunt as often as twice a day trying to work out the sexual tension she was experiencing.

Once the playbacks ended, Tom asked her to set up a time to come by so they could again discuss their options. She begged off for a week, hoping to let her cunt close up a bit so he wouldn't notice how far she had gone on her own. He agreed.

But she couldn't stop. She was working three fingers in alongside her full fist an hour after she got off the phone with him. And before the end of the week, she came home to a present box wrapped with a bow on her bed. Tom was no doubt behind it.

She eyed the long rectangular box and then scooped it up even as a part of her protested. The weight and length only made sense, and Tom probably had it specially made for her new temptation.

Tom knew the payload of the subliminal messages and stories. As soon as she opened the box, Ginny felt her battle with control was lost. A perfectly formed horse cock replica, in brown and patches of white, with a flared head and a solid ten inches long was nestled in soft white satin. She was able to hold back long enough to pick up the card inside and read it.

"For your training" was all it said.

It fit snugly in her cunt at first, but after the next six hours Ginny had broken herself in quite thoroughly. Her arms ached and she was covered in sweat and lube, but her horse cock slipped in and out between her soft swollen pink lips with no resistance.

Ginny bent forward and applied a heavy oil lubricant to the rounded steel shaft. It had slight grooving where the segments came apart, and she paid special attention to make sure those were wet so they wouldn't catch any skin. She wrapped one hand around the column, the bright metal reflecting the dull light of the room, and stroked the lube up and down the length until the shaft was nice and slippery.

Then she stepped up on to the two foot blocks and straddled the tip. Thighs apart, naked from the waist down, Ginny stroked her wet hand over her pussy lips and slipped four fingers in and out to get her own juices flowing. Then she squatted down just a bit to find the tip of the shaft, and used her fingers to line it up with her cunt opening.

Pushing down with her right foot on a pedal built into the block, Ginny activated the piston that lifted the custom steel speculum and pushed it into her sex. Once her fingers were certain its slow upward motion fit her pussy mouth, Ginny began to lightly stroke around her clit and allowed herself to straighten up. The piston pushed the unyielding metal about six inches in, and then Ginny withdrew her pressure on the pedal. Her slick fingers confirmed the slight ring on the shaft was at her cunt opening, the only way to know she was at the right depth, and she gingerly stroked fingers around to make both the steel and her tender flesh were very moist and wet.

Tom came up behind her and she felt him slip the steel brace in place that would keep her erect. It fit along her tailbone and up to her middle back, then branched out to form a Y whose upper arms ended at her shoulders. He fit the waistband around her abdomen just below her ribs, and brought two large suction cups down from the shoulder points and affixed them to her breasts. A steel bar locked them together across her chest and finished the harness.

"Would you like the O ring gag this time?" He asked calmly as he checked the fittings. The slight suction was already drawing her nipples and tits into the cups.

She smiled. "You prefer for me to tell you how it feels."

Tom ran his hand over her ribs and belly. "Yes."

"Then why deny yourself anything? I can scream until I'm hoarse either way."

"Yes. Today won't be too bad though."

She shrugged, a single ringlet of blonde hair falling across her face. "And how far will you take my pussy today?"

Tom walked away to a nearby table and returned with a steel collar wrapped in rubber and opened it into two halves. He reached between Ginny's legs and closed the collar just below the speculum blades on the piston shaft. It was wide enough that Ginny felt the rubber edge push into her thighs a bit.

"That far? And you don't think I'll scream?"

He stroked her pussy lips in response. "Not too much. We'll simply go ahead and open you as far as your pelvis can handle. Then the collar will be fitted in. And then you can be sedated so you can sleep while the collar finishes the work at hand." He kissed her collarbone gently. "Or we could do your ass instead if you prefer?"

Ginny's cunt twitched on the cool steel. The subliminals were becoming more effective with each session, but she was still in control of her reactions to them. "I know you want me that way," she said fighting a bit of breathlessness, "but not today."

Tom pushed the trigger a bit harder for his enjoyment as she squirmed in reaction. "So tomorrow maybe... is tomorrow the day you ask me to fit this steel shaft in you anally? Is tomorrow the day you kneel in front of me and ask me to push my fists into your ass?"

Ginny was squirming as her own mind painted imagery and fed her false sensations of enjoying her ass pushed up into the air receiving whatever Tom put in it. She didn't notice the steel speculum spreading its rounded blades for several moments until the beginning of that familiar pressure began forcing its presence to be known.

"Oh," she said with a gasp.

Tom continued working the controls. "How does it feel?"

She looked down at him, struggling with conflicting sensations, and wondered what she would ultimately say. For now it was reflective, and she sensed her body's complaints. But she also felt the hunger that Tom had been feeding inside of her start to come into effect.

He stroked her arms and tweaked the suction vents on her breasts. The pressure caused her nipples to swell further now and her tits were becoming puffy inside the bell shaped cylinders, and very pale white along their edges.

"What... what should I say... feeling it pull me... pressing into me..."

"Tell me how big your cunt will be." Tom's direct tone focused Ginny through the haze and heavy breathing.

"As big as you can make it be... big as I can be..."

"And what is the biggest you have been?"

Ginny clung to the thoughts as she felt the ache cycle into her abdomen and the involuntary clenching began. "Last time you stretched... opened my cunt mouth... unh... to four.. four inches and... then you used the collar. The collar was... only three and three quarters."

Tom stroked her arm gently with a cotton swab, sterilizing the site, and applied a pain killer patch. The tiny teeth like needles punctured the skin and delivered the drug into her blood stream as the speculum continued opening.

"And how big do you want to be? What measurement?" His tone was soothing and friendly.

Her nervous system leveled out as the pain faded a bit and Ginny felt a bit euphoric. "You want me to be five full inches," she said quietly. "You want to make sure any animal cock can fit in easily." She grinned. "I asked to be two maybe three inches. So then you started programming me to want my ass fucked by horses..."

Tom smirked. He stroked her cheek and checked the speculum's progress. It had to operate slowly to stretch rather than tear everything. She was just over three inches wide now, her pussy gaping open with the four speculum blades tightly stretching skin between them. He stroked more heavy lube onto her distended labia and watched it soak in a bit.

"...And so I promised you could open my cunt, open it completely, as long as you didn't program me to breed..." Ginny let out a long sigh. "But you already did. I woke up with a toy dog cock in my ass. And fucked my ass with it more even though I knew what I was doing. And called you. To complain. And instead asked you to give me something bigger."

She made a half gesture with her hands despite her forearms being held by the waistband.

"And now you tease me because you know, you know I need this steel cock in my ass as much as in my pussy. You know it's the only way I'll get that stallion cock in my ass whenever I need it. You know I'm only letting you destroy my pussy so you will let me destroy my ass the same way. You know if I could do this on my own then I'd be doing it..."

Ginny woke up aching and groaning. She felt a continuous stream of angry vicious stabbing pain like someone had kicked her tailbone. She tried to move, but that made it worse. She ended up shifting from her side to facedown in her smooth sheets. There was a crinkling sound and the rough feel of paper on her cheek as she came to a stop.

She ignored it, trying to will the pain away, unclear on what was going on, still in a daze. But the paper wasn't smooth and soft, and she couldn't make it go away without moving. She reached up by her face and pushed at it, but then remembered a kiss and being placed in the bed before blacking out the night before.

Still groggy, Ginny carefully lifted up on her elbows and tried to focus on the note set partially under the pillow. It seemed to be instructions. And included a small picture of a lid with a sliding opening.

Panic shook her, and Ginny began to shake. She looked at the drawing in terror. Then she reached back along her side praying she was wrong, praying it was some psychological game. Her fingers reached the top of her buttocks and she knew something was wrong. The flesh was flattened and spread toward her hips. She reached inward and the way the motion flexed her lower back caused another shooting gasp of pain. And then she felt it, starting right at her tailbone, a broad slightly curved surface, roughly elliptical in shape with the long axis aligned with her spine. The smooth heavy rubber was cooler than her skin, and, just like the diagram, there was a catch and lipped door to push aside.

She didn't need to see the top of the letter to understand.

She had asked for, begged for, Tom to permanently alter her anus and rectum. She couldn't remember how many times she pleaded and cried. The subliminals and training had been too successful. She was, despite every intent otherwise, a total zoophile when it came to anal penetration. When she caught herself getting wet seeing dogs walked, and needing to dive into a Starbucks restroom to masturbate while still holding the lingering image of the dog walker

letting her be fucked by every dog on his leashes, she knew she was in trouble. When she found first canine cocks, then horse cocks, and finally scaled down elephant cocks under her pillows - only to wake up the next morning in messy sheets with whatever she could fit in wedged up her ass - she knew she was unable to stop.

Tom simply played along. Doing what she asked. He found her a horse stud farm with a willing couple of farm hands. She fucked each of those guys in every possibly way, and in exchange they pulled two or three studs out and let the stallions rape her ass. After a few visits she started driving out on her own - but after four months the guys got bored of her sloppy cunt and wanted cash she didn't have.

By then her cunt was destroyed anyway - Tom had her wearing a collar for 24 hours a week that stretched her nearly five and a half inches from clit to tailbone, and easily five inches wide. And she couldn't stop the stallions - so if they missed her ass and nailed her cunt then she took that in stride. In fact she enjoyed being a whore for the stallions to use as they pleased. Bloody, torn, and soaked in horse semen she'd drive home in a pool of fluids wanting more.

And when she couldn't get horse cock she got desperate. The depression was devastating. She turned to Tom, and he did what he could. Finally her pleading reached a new level of need, and he must have agreed to her solution.

Her ass and rectum. Plugged with a fitted rubber collar six inches deep, four and a half inches wide, nearly five inches tall. Seamed into the skin so it would be semi-permanent. With a small sliding opening to allow her to eliminate waste.

Ginny groaned and fought back tears. Instead of feeling chastised and full, she simply felt stretched and even more ready. She reached down and stroked the edge of the plug only to sharply pull back her fingers in another round of shock. Focusing on the paper in front of her she saw a post script note.

"PS: The stitches are self-dissolving and should last two to three weeks. By then the shape of your ass should be permanently altered. Thanks for giving it to me."

(to be continued)

by Max

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