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DRAFT - Opening a box of chocolates

written by Max

Mdom, Vaginal, Anal, Dildo, Fist, Stretch, Large Toys, Bondage

The phone was ringing. It rang and rang, and then Jenny snapped awake. This wasn't a dream - it was really ringing. It could be the school, or her parents, or worse.

In a cold wash of sweat, she shook the sleep from her eyes and grabbed for the phone. The voice sounded familiar, but she had to concentrate because she still felt the haze from her nap.

"...I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to wake you. I'm in town for the day. Are you available for lunch?" The question hung for a second. "Don't worry about it, just get some rest. You need it. There will be another time." The phone clicked - and it was the dial tone that actually woke her up.

It had just been a dream fragment, and at some point she had knocked the phone off the hook. In the weary haze that clouded her thoughts, she recognized the voice she had been dreaming of. He couldn't have called her though. She had never given him her number. That was too close, too personal - for the kinds of things she wanted from him.

How long had it been though? There is nothing more disappointing than waking up to your own dissatisfaction. She thought a little about him now. Tom was younger, aggressive, promised lots, scary as hell in some ways, completely a child in other ways... in general all the things that would be both worth avoiding and kind of interesting. He had an ego, and he was male. That in itself was annoying. He had a cock and one hell of a strong sense of how many other things he would love to drive into her body. That put the lemon in the cut as it were.

As Jenny laid there, she had a picture in her mind and it began to unfold. She was tied to a frame, her arms above her head, her legs held apart by a saddle. It dug into her thighs a bit, and the leather cuffs holding it into place circled above and below her knees. Tom sat there, laying pillows out on the floor below. He had a smile on his face, and he would occasionally run one hand along the inside of her calf - stroking the meat of it.

When he stands up it is clear his cock is rigid inside his shorts. But he seems to just tune that out, and he begins to vigorously stroke and massage her shoulders and breasts. Finally he reaches between her legs, and places a hand over her cunt. He massages it as strongly as her breasts, and Jenny immediately feels the ropes catch her as she leans all her weight on to them and his fingers.

The outer fingers are grinding her labia into her pelvis. The center to move back and forth over her clit and her pussy opening. His thumb is planted against her asshole, and she can feel how much flat pressure he is exerting on her ass. It makes the ropes vanish, the stiffness against her knees vanish, everything vanish - except looking down she can see his arm supporting her stomach and wants instead to see his finger tips emerging in front of her cunt as he gropes her.

Gently he lifts her up, a combination of using his knee against the spreading saddle, his arm around the front of her waist, and his hand lifting her by her pelvis. "Slide the rope off the top post." His voice does not plead or demand, it is very neutral. But she can feel his thumb threatening to tear into her ass, his fingers on the edge of plunging into her cunt... so much reward, so much at stake.

Jenny reaches up and slides the loops of rope from the top of the frame. Arching her back to do so, she feels his thumb slip into her ass a bit, and in turn she feels him use two fingers to pinch the flesh between her ass and the inner walls of her vagina. The surge causes Jenny to buck backwards - realizing he has opened her cunt to a point where his fingers slipped right in.

She knows he intends to open it further.

Tom lowers Jenny down, whispering for her to kneel - the saddle flexing as she bends at the knees. Two pillows support Jenny's face as he pushes her forward - hooking the ropes tied to her wrists to the bar above her so her arms are held above her back. She sighs heavily when his hand leaves her vagina and ass. Then Jenny feels him affix ropes to her ankles, so her mobility is restricted to moving back and forth along the floor by bucking her hips.

"Give me one minute, I want you to enjoy this position. Do me a favour while you are waiting, think about whether or not you might someday write down all the things you are feeling? You have so much bottled up, I'd love to feel your words wash over me."

When Tom stepped away, Jenny considered her situation. She thought of how she wanted his hands inside of her - fucking her, filling her. She thought of how she would accept any punishment and any pleasure, so long as it made her cum over and over again. She had been trapped at first - a spider's web of intoxicating lust. Then she had chosen to take the next step and submit to it all so long as it was discrete and fulfilling. She went to work with a plug in her vagina, sometimes one in her ass as well. She took his phone calls during the day after everyone had left, and told him everything about how she touched her body, how she thrust herself on to the toys he would send - no matter how big or small.

She felt her hands on her cunt and her ass, felt how wet she was. She plunged her fingers into her cunt and longed for something more...

"Damn," Jenny thought. "I've always been horny, I've always wanted more and more sex. But I've never even given Tom my phone number." Her fingers were wet from stroking her lips and clit. Her breasts were heaving with the level of excitement raising through her body. She knew it would be safe under conditions, and although he could be a scary one - Tom was probably the safest bet with the biggest pay off she had. And an address - so long as he sent things discretely, the toys, videos, and other packages could come to fill her time alone.

She knew his number. She knew how to get a hold of him via email. He had never left her out of the loop on getting a hold of him - just asked for mutual discretion. But it was so much jeopardy and so much trouble.

"What would Tom have me do?" She asked almost instinctively. Jenny searched the room with her eyes. Her bedroom had nothing so much that would meet what her body was craving right now. She had some toys, squirreled away for a rainy day. She had some reading material, guaranteed for an orgasm, maybe two. Her eyes wandered to the bathroom.

Like a gift, she thought of the phalluses he had shown her. In her mind's eye nothing compared. The bathroom though. In the bathroom she had a bottle of conditioner. For Jenny's long hair it made sense to purchase shampoo and conditioner in large bottles. She got up, the tension in her body. The conditioner she had picked out this time came in a round bottle, perhaps a solid three inches in diameter. It was long too, with no taper like a cockhead.

Jenny paused, feeling her cunt and thinking of what would make it feel so good. It took her a moment to get some lubricant. A second pause as she reviewed the size of it - and held the bottle to look at it closely. The plastic was flexible, since it was almost full the bottle was mostly rigid, but it would shape with pressure and was pliable. The top looked like it open inside of her, but if she placed the top squarely on the bed she could press her pelvis and cunt against the base and feel the entire girth of it grinding into her lips.

It took Jenny a moment to grab her shampoo bottle as well. It was slender, and only about an inch and a half wide. She moved to her bed and laid on her back. She stroked lubrication in to her lips, and then slipped the shampoo bottle into her cunt in one stroke - feeling the flat base of it crush against her lips and then slide into her. Stroking it in and out, she came almost instantly. Then she drove it in deep, as deep as she could over and over again - stroking her clit at the same time. When Jenny's orgasm hit her it was like a fresh wave.

Jenny was ready - she got up off of her back, feeling the shampoo bottle dig into her cunt at odd angles as she rolled over on to her hands and knees. She leaned forward, straightening her back, and slide the shampoo bottle out of her cunt completely.

Jenny rocked back on her heels. Taking the conditioner bottle in her hands, she lubricated the base and shaft with her cunt juices and fresh lubricant. Raising herself up on her knees, she placed the bottle between her thighs and lowered her cunt down on top of the base. It was too big.

She leaned her weight in to the bottle. It sank into the bed. It was too big, but now she could feel it crushing against her pelvis. She wanted it in her vagina. She wanted it to slip into her, to tear her open, or anything but just grind into her lips.

Jenny rocked forward a bit, precariously holding her balance with one hand, while holding the bottle in place with another. Her clit slid over the edge of the bottle's base. UGH! The shock caused Jenny to slip a bit and the edge of the bottle dug a trail along her lips as it slipped backwards and she fell forwards. Jenny started rocking her cunt against that edge, squeezing the bottle with her hand.

Sweat was dripping down her breasts and thighs. Her cunt felt like it would be sore for days. Her vagina felt empty inside. It was too big.

Jenny flopped over on to her back - physically exhausted and still unsatisfied. She put her fingers on her cunt and easily slipped three in - feeling how swollen her cunt lips were and how raw she had rubbed them. She thought of Tom's fist, Tom's hands coercing her body, making her vagina more pliable and open to things. Jenny thought of the minor defeat, how much she wanted to work the conditioner bottle into her cunt.

She needed a little help, that was all. Just a little help, and it would be enjoyable. She picked up the conditioner bottle and put it back into the bathroom. Returning to the bed, she took her shampoo bottle, and tried to plunge it in to her cunt. Her swollen lips protested, not enough lubrication was left. So she played with her clit with one hand, using her own juices again to wet her labia. Then the bottle slipped in, not easily and a little painfully. But it filled her a little bit.

Jenny pushed it as deep as it would go, slipped on her robe, and headed to the computer. Walking made the bottle move inside of her, and gravity made it necessary for her to reach down and pressure it into place. Facing the computer, Jenny sat on the edge of the chair, using the seat edge to apply pressure on the bottle to hold it in place. She could feel how deep it was inside of her when she sat straight up. Leaning slightly forward it dug into the back of her cunt.

Jenny logged on to email and sent a brief note to Tom. Some safe times, a safe address (her mom's), and a number to reach her. Her PS read as follows:

"PS: I want you to make me have orgasm after orgasm. I want you to do whatever it takes to fill me in anyway to make me have orgasm after orgasm. I want you to train my body to cum on command, and I want you to talk and be with me to help teach my body your touch. I don't want anything permanent. I don't want any marks that would be noticed. But I want you to fuck me so completely that I feel it for days afterwards."

Re-reading it, Jenny came. Her cunt muscles crushing the shampoo bottle, and cramping because they were so full. She then sent another note to Tom: "I'm having a problem with something about 3 inches wide. It needs to be in me, and I may need your help. When are you available to assist?"

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