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Story: DRAFT - Object Confessions (Part 4)

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Story Codes: F mast vaginal dildo bottle anal exhibit stretch photo

Version Info: DRAFT - Revision 20130517

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Title: Object Confessions (Part 4)

Universe: Max

Summary: The next time you're visiting Wine.com take a look at the selection of bottles. So many vintages, so many tastes... and so many different sizes and shapes to try. And this sexy professional has given plenty of wine bottles a ride.

Keywords: Female Masturbation, Large Object Insertion (Bottle), Vaginal & Implied Anal

Penetration, Stretching, Exhibition (Photo), Implied MF, Implied Anal Sex

Language: English

Availability: PUBLICATION (Multi Part Series: Cherish Desire Singles: Object Confessions, Volume 1 http://bit.ly/CDS_OC01 , Very Dirty Stories #99 http://bit.ly/VDS_099 , Very Dirty Stories #100 http://bit.ly/VDS_100 , Very Dirty Stories #28 http://bit.ly/VDS_028 , Very Dirty Stories #105 http://bit.ly/VDS_105 , Very Dirty Stories #16 http://bit.ly/VDS_016 , Very Dirty Stories #107 http://bit.ly/VDS_107 , Very Dirty Stories #109 http://bit.ly/VDS_109 , Very Dirty Stories #110 http://bit.ly/VDS_110 , Very Dirty Stories #111 http://bit.ly/VDS_111)

DRAFT - Object Confessions (Part 4)

written by Max

Female Masturbation, Large Object Insertion (Bottle), Vaginal & Implied Anal Penetration,
Stretching, Exhibition (Photo), Implied MF, Implied Anal Sex

Let's get this out of the way right up front - any woman can have any guy she wants. So this isn't about whether or not I can get a guy or have sex with a guy. No man I've ever met is going to turn down pussy or ass, and if he does then either a gal is doing it wrong or his interests are invested in other men. And a lot of gals do it wrong, or get all messed up in their head over "Is it love?" and "Is it a LTR?" and other crap - and none of that has a thing to do with providing an available pussy and ass for an available cock.

I had to get that off my chest because people just make assumptions about what other people like. I've had a lot of men, and a few women, and I know what I enjoy the most. And that's not either though both of those are nice depending on my mood.

If you saw me then you wouldn't suspect a thing. I guess since I'm over 30 that makes me a MILF though I have no interest in kids or a husband. I work in the big leagues, specializing in healthcare provider products, as a consultant and advisor. Which to you just means the highlights in my hair look really nice, and I'm wearing a rather expensive skirt suit, silk blouse, and shoes that I shopped all over for. The lingerie I wear underneath my work clothes, something different for each day of the week, is just as expensive and nice. Lace, satin, silk, and some of these fantastic new super textiles that make me feel like parts of my body are being stroked by the softest fingers every time I move.

To go with the cascading long hair that requires an extra half hour out of the shower every day just to keep it looking nice, I've got a pretty nice smile and eyes that will burn a hole in your head if you piss me off. I don't have big girl curves, but I'm very comfortable with my breasts and ass. I'm always somewhere between a C and a D - my tits are pretty perky with a tear drop shape that gives me great cleavage though my nipples are almost nonexistent. And I hit the gym for cardio in spin class and the Nautilus equipment to keep fit - so my ass is round but rock hard. My only complaints are a bit of wobble on my abdomen which I've had my entire life, and a little bit of spread in my thighs which I work hard to keep in check. At 5'6" out of shoes, and 5'9" in shoes, I'm pretty close to the top grade in a corporate setting. Only the women they hire directly from professional sports teams cheerleading squads or from model agencies really give me a run for my money. And those bitches pretty much stay away from women like me unless they want something or are starting to feel the sag so standing next to me makes them think they look better than they do.

Like I said, any woman can have any guy she wants. In my case, I can pull cock without even turning my head to wink at a guy. I just don't bother very often because other than a few beefcake boys that are fun to run my hands over and boss around, most guys aren't into what I like. With the exception of one, but he's a bit fucking insane and I only go to him when I really need it bad.

What I like... I guess I've been working up to this... is something unquestionably not meant to be shoved into a woman firmly driven and then pounded and then pushed back and forth inside of my vagina. Let's be right up front. My stretched pussy. Stretched, wet, very well fucked, and, always a bit hungry, hole.

Most women worry about how tight they are, but I'm not in their league. A guy doesn't stay with a gal because she's a tight virginal fuck. He stays with her because she's available and dirty as hell in bed. 'Available' being the key word because as soon as you deny a guy pussy, your marketing message is all fucked up. Can you control a guy's access to your pussy? Sure. Can you get him so wound up and hung up on you that he'll behave like a mentally handicapped third grader? Yep. Does anyone really want to fuck a mentally handicapped third grader? No. So if controlling access to your pussy means giving your guy a lobotomy and then not getting to fuck whenever you want - which in my case is generally a lot - well that's just sad and stupid.

So I don't pretend to have tight pussy though I can choke a cock with my vaginal muscles, and my ass as well, without much effort. If I want dick I make it clear to the lucky guy, and with that I make it clear when I'm available. And if he becomes an asshole about it, falling for the same sort of sex control nonsense, then I let him slip away because he's ultimately very replaceable.

Shit. That was more stuff off my chest that you probably don't care about. So back to my point. 5'6" in stocking feet, pushing into D cup breasts, long wavy hair, and a very well used pussy. That's what you care about for this setting. Because now I'm going to tell you what I use to fuck myself.

Wine bottles.

You can't find anything better. The glass is easy to clean and non-porous. They come in different widths, lengths, and shapes. And once you start a collection, you can spend a few hours wandering one of the big wine clubs feeling your pussy soaking your lace panties as it anticipates the next bottle fuck. There are bottles for all sizes of women, and given a lot of ladies I know have tried their shampoo and conditioner bottles, this is just the next step up. I get totally sucked in when I go to Europe - they still have a glass bottle culture there, and fucking the Perrier is a guilty pleasure in my hotel suite. In short I can only recommend trying it out.

Some nights I light some candles, put on a little music, sip a nice vintage while going over my collection. I keep a wrought iron wine rack in my kitchen - usually with four or five unopened bottles and the rest are all empties I've cleaned and like for their specific characteristics. Perhaps tonight is a slim Bordeaux, but sometimes I want the wide bottom Brut Champagne... or for a while I was completely enraptured by a Gosset Grande Rose Brut because the bottle has a nice bottom but then tapers toward a thicker midsection before slimming down to the neck. I fucked that bottle so much that I bought a second one in case I damaged it. Wine.com wiped out a substantial bit of my party savings account for a while because of special treats like that.

My biggest bottle is a little more than four and a half inches across the bottom. I should measure it again because at that size every little bit matters. I don't fuck the necks of bottles - it's not very satisfying and feels like you're stabbing your uterus. So it took me a while to work up to that wide French Chardonnay, and a lot of nights playing with a smaller bottle and then trying it again. I thought to organize my wine rack by size once, but I prefer not knowing the details and just going based on my appetite.

And tonight is a French Chardonnay night. I don't need candles but I'm putting on a bit of classical music. Not Wagner - too brutish. Something smoother with nice horns and a bit eerie perhaps; I'll probably pick out the modern Celtic piece from a ballet I wanted to see once. It's just under two hours long, and that's what I need. With that on I'll prepare my behemoth lover, washing him dutifully, shining the glass of his enormous cock. I'll laugh a little imagining a giant armored robot, his body a modern steel wine barrel and his cock a protruding collection of wine bottles fused together to suit his size. And then I'll go to my living room, making sure the curtains are closed, and take out my serving set.

Serving sets are usually used to chill champagne or white wines. Mine is a squat four legged affair with the usual basin and broad O ring at the top. Instead of ice I keep the bucket filled with wild bird seed - something with just the right consistency to hold the bottle upright yet let it move a bit, and very easy to clean up with five minutes of vacuuming. I'll

set the Chardonnay in the bucket, neck first, and roll it in my hands to drill it down. I usually stop with the broad top of the wide portion of the bottle set a quarter of an inch into the seed. That leaves five inches of solid wide glass bottle for me to ride and fuck until my inner thighs are against the serving set ring. I've never made it that far but every time I fuck the Chardonnay I push to achieve that.

With the bottle in place, I have a sip or two from my wine glass, and prepare for the moment. I take off my satin cami and unzip and step out of my skirt. Underneath I have a nice black lace panty and bra set, and my pussy is already soaking. I leave my bra on so I can feel the lace rubbing over my nipples. Then I push my panties off, using both hands to slide them from my hips to my knees, and then kick them toward my skirt. I keep a tube of thick medical lube with the serving set, stuck into the spot usually reserved for a corkscrew. I squeeze out a healthy amount and spread it over my stretched labia and into my pussy opening. Then I squeeze out another dollop and apply that to the rim of the bottle bottom and down the sides. It doesn't take much because the glass doesn't absorb the lube and medical lube is thick enough that I'm slick for hours with just this much.

My pussy hole is pretty big now. But with the Chardonnay I have to lower myself down, squatting a bit, and rock my pelvis until rear edge of the bottle pushes against the skin between my pussy and ass and starts stretching it toward my tailbone. Then I can put more pressure on the bottle, and start rocking back and forth a bit to spread my lips and opening while rubbing my tits through my lace bra. It feels so good - the cool glass soaks the heat from my sweltering pussy, and I can feel how big it is because the bottom glass initially covers the entire space between my inner thighs. The medical lube gets on my legs, and that encourages me to push down and spread my feet further apart, feeling the glass bottle pushing into my entire pelvis. I can rub my clit against the edge of the bottle, bruising it intentionally which makes my clit swell until it aches. I imagine myself - lewdly mounting and grinding down onto the Chardonnay, my hair falling a bit forward and my round breasts being crushed in my fists as I push myself harder - and the wetness and heat from my pussy spreads into my belly.

It takes long minutes working my opening from side to side, feeling a ridge of the bottle's edge slipping in and then slipping away, and my pussy continually being stretched wider and wider. Even my ass is being fucked, despite my caution the skinfold between my ass and pussy gets pushed in by the bottle, and I can feel it hurt and then try to spring free as I'm stretched further and further. I never know when it will happen, but finally it does - the edge of the bottle painfully crushing my clit and I tip backward to lift my clit away but my legs are started to feel like wet noodles, and I sit down a bit more on the rigid glass than I intended to... and there is this intense feeling - burning and stretching - and then my pussy opens so wide that it feels like when you yawn but at the same time the muscles in your jaw and chin cramp and painfully lock... I can't really describe it.

But it's there, this totally consuming intense feeling that makes my whole body shake and my knees go weak, and I slump down on to the bottle with all my weight - reaching down with my hands to hold the serving set ring in an attempt to manage balancing my whole body on my pussy. My arms are pushing my breasts together in front of me, and I can't see past my cleavage and the lace, so all I can do is feel how my pussy is still stretched and yawning, the burning continuing as I slowly slip further down the smooth glass sides of the bottle. My belly is shaking, and there is nothing I can do to get my feet underneath me and lift up; nothing I can do to slow my steady descent down the lubed Chardonnay bottle. And as it goes deeper inside of me, I can feel my pussy walls being distorted and stretched. The burning hits a new intensity as I feel the crushing pain from the edge of the bottle grinding over my cervix. And the pain is so bad but at the same time my pussy convulses and tries to clench down, and it can't do more than strain, fail, and strain again because the four and a half inch wide bottle doesn't yield or give at all. And while my pussy is trying so hard to squeeze and push the bottle out, a new hollow opens up, further in and beyond my cervix, and it sucks on the glass bottle even as the weight of my torso causes me to sink lower.

That madman I mentioned earlier, he told me once that it was these sensations that wrecked my pussy. I was offended and didn't understand, but every time I ride the French Chardonnay I realize how right he was. My pussy swallowed another couple of inches of the broad glass bottom, and I could feel myself bottom out - the top of my vagina spread by something the size of two closed fists, knuckles facing each other, and the forearms holding my entire pussy completely open. Stretched out like this I was overwhelmed in addition to being over-fucked. I managed to get my feet underneath me, my knees still bent, and tested moving up the length of the bottle. That added a new sensation as the bottle partially lifted with me, and then the seal between the bottom and the top of my vag broke, and it dropped half an inch at once. My pussy went insane trying to clench and squeeze again, and I could feel the way that just seemed to tear me open more.

I pushed down, ignoring my pussy's protests, and bottomed out a second time. I lifted up, and this time I pushed down with my weight. I knew the Chardonnay was breaking my pussy, and I pushed harder anyway. The intensity got me off, caused my pussy to squirt, and mixed in with

the medical lube running down the sides of the bottle were creamy cunt juices being flushed out by copious volumes of thinner squirt juice. I'm not per se multiorgasmic, but I don't stop when I'm enjoying myself either. I began working my legs, forcing them to lift me up and then relaxing to slide down the glass bottle. Every motion is one continuous stretching sensation, and I can still feel when I bottom out how my pussy is being pushed deeper and deeper into my belly.

I keep going like that for a while. Like I said, the Celtic piece is nice and lasts almost two hours. There's no reason for me to stop, even as the intensity fades and fucking the bottle becomes easier. I enjoy every bit of riding the French Chardonnay bottle until the aches in my belly and knees and thighs and lower back mean I have to slow down.

It's only then that I will check how far I have gotten. I can't go by any marking on the bottle because the glass has been rubbed and washed smooth. And I can't trust a high water mark because the medical lube and my juices have been pumped in and out of my pussy by this massive piston, splashing them all over the length of the bottle and into the bird seed. So I wipe off a hand and pick up my digital camera. I have to reach down, angling it as straight as I can, and I take a photo. I'll be able to judge based on the taper of the bottle neck and the exposed length of the thick portion of the bottle roughly how much has gone into my pussy.

It also gives me another partial payment for the insane guy. I don't let people join me when I fuck my bottles - it's my personal thing. Lifting off the Chardonnay explained why. Guys like a gal who is dirty, available, and a bit sexy crazy. But right now my pussy looks totally ruined. I kept my legs spread and took three more photos. One hovering above the base of the bottle, and two looking at my pussy - from the front and then angled from below. Most guys like to feel like they did the damage, that a pussy soaked in juices and hanging open was directly related to their athletic sex sport. Show them that they aren't a necessary or even an adequate part of stretching you, and suddenly they are insecure and distracted. So this is something I do on my own.

I'll clean up after I hit the bathroom. I can feel my vaginal walls fluttering without making any internal contact. I'm completely open to the deepest parts of my pussy. More photos though. Standing in front of the full length mirror on the inside of my closet door. I keep the camera high so it blocks my face, and take seven photos. With my legs apart, together, pushing up a boob, pulling on my slick pussy lips, etc. He got me into this and I have to admit it's added something more to the oomph of playing with my collection of bottles. I have photos like this documenting the effects of fucking about ten different bottles so far. You can see the glossy patches of juices and lube sloppily spread from my pelvis to my knees. With my legs apart it's obvious my pussy is split open, and you can either see my labia hanging long and stretched on either side of my gash or pushed together and looking like narrow fingers between my thighs. Yet the rest of the photo is just me, my normal self, maybe a bit disheveled and my bra is a bit messed up.

Partial payment includes these photos too. The more explicit and obscene, the better. And in exchange for every five sets of photos I get one play session from him. He's a wiry guy - lean and powerful in his own way - and works on big projects and programs. He has a famous temper - the number of times he has torn someone to shreds for being a stupid fucker when everyone else would have just kept that inside... just wow. When I met him I was doing knowledge transfer for some bullshit failed Medicare contract, and he took me aside and told me that he only regretted I was working on the same client as him because business and personal stuff don't mix. He sat there in a tailored double breasted suit - who the hell wears those nowadays - and looked me in the eye and said, "You can have any guy you want, but so long as we are both working at this client it'd be better for us to not get involved." When I told him I do what I want with whom I want, he just laughed and added, "Incidentally my contract ends next week, which hotel are you in?"

I got pretty buzzed at dinner with him, so I was feeling no pain when he bottomed out his fist in my pussy that night. Then he started to work his second hand in alongside his forearm, and I felt that super intense stretching feeling I only get from my wine bottles... and I orgasmed so hard I literally soaked his arms and chest and the mattress. He actually asked the front desk for a fresh room after we finished - and he got one! And then we began emailing each other with him teasing me about what I must be fucking, and me teasing him that next time he should take out his cock and finish after getting me off...

Fucking insane but I take the photos and send them to him. And he sends me tips and suggestions, pushing my limits, promising to help me start fucking my ass with bottles when the intensity from my pussy isn't enough. Last time we played he double fisted my pussy, and I swear he started tonguing my ass with his arms in my pussy a good two inches past the wrist, just to torture me while I was peaking and orgasming. I suspect the next session he'll use something other than his cock in my bottom. And while I'm afraid of that, I have been practicing with my fingers and some mini-bottles.

Because it does feel pretty good some nights.

by Max

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This story is Published in Cherish Desire Singles: Object Confessions, Volume 1
http://bit.ly/VDS_OC01

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