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Story: DRAFT - Within My Embrace (Part 2)

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Story Codes: MF Mdom fist toys stretch anal best tattoo pierce

Version Info: DRAFT - Revision 2

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Title: DRAFT - Within My Embrace (Part 2)

Universe: Max

Summary: Max works to shape a woman into his desired form, and she begins to play up to his desires. This story contains references to MF, domination, large toys, anal sex, bestiality, tattoos, and piercings.

Keywords: MF, Mdom, fist, toys, stretch, anal, best, tattoo, pierce

Language: English

Availability: PUBLICATION (Multi Part Series: Very Dirty Stories #3 [http://bit.ly/VDS\\_003](http://bit.ly/VDS_003) ,  
Very Dirty Stories #6 [http://bit.ly/VDS\\_006](http://bit.ly/VDS_006) , Very Dirty Stories #10 [http://bit.ly/VDS\\_010](http://bit.ly/VDS_010) )

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DRAFT - Within My Embrace (Part 2)  
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written by Max  
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MF, Mdom, Fist, Dildo, Stretch, Large Toys, Piercings, Anal, Bestiality, Tattoos  
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Max slipped his fingers over her nipples as he gently kissed her neck just below her hairline. The smell of her shampoo and sweat filled his nostrils as she pressed her warm buttocks and thighs against him, arching her back in response to the gentle squeezing and pressure on her piercings. The motion of her sex stroked his stiffening cock as it curled up along her tailbone, and his fingers kneaded and massaged the sensitive underside of her breasts as she gave herself into him. The soft flexible base of the plug in her bottom tickled along his scrotum. He shifted his arms to cradle her and lift her up to his chest, moving his own hips to use her buttocks to press his cock down. The heat of her cheek changed to the moistness of her cleft as Max repositioned himself. He settled with her in his arms, the soft rubber plug base against his pelvis, and his rock hard flesh against her moist labia.

She murmured to him, enjoying the fullness of the plug in her bottom, the way his teeth caught her skin, his strong biceps squeezing around her chest, and his pervasive scent - the pheromones and clean odor of his sweat. There is a safety here, a blanket shifts and the cold air causes her flesh to goose pimple instantly. The contrast is harsh and produces more tingling inside of her. Max's grip releases her and she tumbles into the pillows a bit. "He's waiting," she thinks - waiting for her to guide his cock into her open cunt, waiting for her to take his cock inside of her alongside the plug that she went to bed with, waiting for her to initiate her own double penetration. She lusted for it, but also wanted him to force himself in. "He's waiting," she thinks and reaches down and pulls apart her swollen moist lips allowing his hard meat to beat against her clit and the soft inner skin of her flower.

Max shifts slightly allowing her out of his hug and moving his downward hand to her shoulder and head. His fingers intertwine within the nest of her hair and he pulls it away from her scalp. At the same time he reaches down and guides the head of his cock into her moist opening. The plug base is wide so he has to feed his cock in past the lips to get it started, allowing the rubber plug and her pelvis bone to crush the glans and then the shaft, and then he moves his hand up and gently teases her clitoris by stroking his fingers around and over her clitoris hood, pulling on that thin skin as it brushes and wraps her swollen bud.

His cock doesn't go easily. She can feel the pent up demands of a full bladder, the soreness in her sphincter from the plug, and the steel stiffness of Max's need for her. It's uncomfortable and distracting - still she pushes back. Her own fingers pinch her nipples. Her hand reaches out to Max's and urges him deeper. "He will fuck me and he will cum and he will be pleased," she thinks perhaps subconsciously after months of coming to know Max's enjoyments of her physicality. She knows he has no problem if she pees a bit, knows there is a rubber sheet under these ones in case lube or any other mess happens because she helped make the bed - knows she is holding back for her own reasons. In a second whatever thoughts she had are lost again in the sensation as Max touches her clitoris and strokes along her g-sport

simultaneously. The urgent need to urinate is both worse and better, and she feels a mini-climax cause her ass and vagina to clench down hard on the plug and cock inside of her.

Her skin is slick with her perspiration and her juices as Max grips one hip and she one of his and together they grind into each other. In a minute he will feel her first climax and then he will suspend the play until she has had a chance to take a bathroom break. She's been wonderful about wearing the plug he sets out for her each night without complaint. But between the tea and juice and the pressure of the plug, she will have a full bladder. Still he pushes on, positioning the head of his cock, feeling the crushing sensation of the plug filling her ass, luxuriating in the velvety warm and wet lining of her cunt. He finds that delicate hollow and leans away from her as he tweaks her clitoris. She shudders and the sudden spasms make it clear that the dam has burst and her first little climax is contorting her insides. He continues to push up into her and kisses her neck. Then he pulls her face around and allows his cock to slowly slip out as he kisses her lips. The pressure he applies allows him to feel her teeth and the shape of her skull imprints on his hand. She kisses back hard too, and already he is disconnecting, getting up, his hands ready for hers and then walking her through the chilly morning air to the bathroom over a patch of throw rugs.

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Max leaves her in the bathroom, her skin cooling rapidly, knowing her preference to release her bladder alone. His cock still semi hard despite the chill, he shrugs off the cold and steps to the wood stove. Carefully he opens the grate and adds a few logs to the white hot coals within. There is a hot ashy smoke that is released when the wood settles and Max burns the edge of his hand in his haste to close the stove door. Nursing the hand he goes to the sink and runs some water over it. The burn isn't terrible, but he knew a blister was forming under the skin and be visible in a few hours. He shrugged off what pain he felt.

Returning to the bedroom, Max fetched her night robe and brought it to the bathroom. He hung it beside the door and let her know it was there if she was chilled. Then he returned to the bedroom, fetched their glasses, and took them to the kitchen sink. By the time he returned with cold water for her and orange juice for himself, she had come back from the bathroom, put on her night robe, and was sitting on the bed waiting for him. He offered her the water and watched her take a sip. Her narrow lips were still moist from earlier, and her hair was fussed from sleep and mussed from his rough ministrations. He leaned in and kissed her, the cool water seeping from her mouth into his. Then he kissed her more firmly. She set aside her glass as did he, and they kissed a third time. The night robe fell away leaving her chest and thighs exposed. Her nipples were fiercely erect, the embedded steel conducting the cold into the flesh and provoking an extreme response. Her smooth abdomen and strong thighs were supple and smoothly tanned in contrast to the strongly built legs and firm abdomen with wiry dark born hair that leaned into her as Max kissed her again.

She let his strength push her back into the bed, let him wash over her, let him slip her legs apart, and welcomed him grinding his pelvis into her as he kissed and stroked and licked her mouth and face. She wrapped her arms around him when he adjusted her position, and allowed him to stuff a pillow beneath her head as her moist lips began to seep once more onto his hard flesh. The cool air made it hard, but soon she was as warm as him - his core temperature expressing itself as blood ran into his arms and legs and fingers. They were so cold against her at first, but soon they were both heated and perspiring. He pulled the blankets up to their waist as he cuddled and cradled her, kissing her, talking to her. His fingers stroked along the lines of her torso and his mouth tasted her perspiration from her forehead and neck. She kissed back and allowed her chest to heave up against his with each great breath - her nipples taunt and swollen and so sensitive to the pressure and texture of his skin against them. She felt his cock, swelling as he ground his pelvis against her, and encouraged it by lifting her legs up and allowing him more contact with the moist flesh between the tattoos he had put on her.

Max's fingers raked into her skin as he willed himself to hardness again. He balanced his body between control and chaos, allowing his energy to wrap itself around them both but restraining the urgency of it so he could taste her body. His kisses cycled from fierce, demanding, and driving her head back in to the mattress assaults to feathery light caresses with his lip and barely his tongue that left only the air disturbed in their wake. The power in his arms could pin her in place directly beneath him, locking her shoulders against the bed with just the pressure of his forearms from either side, or could lift her up, free, pulling her buttocks off the bed and into him as he wrapped his body into hers. Max allowed his body to work between her open thighs and then crossed a leg over her thigh and squeezed her against his cock as he rolled her over and landed beside her.

His fingers sunk into her moist ass. The plug was no longer present and her sphincter was now waiting to be filled again. He savoured the feeling of the smooth muscle as his fingers stroked around it and into her bottom. She pushed back at him a little and then used one hand to lift her uppermost cheek so he'd have easier access. She'd cleaned herself out in the

bathroom knowing how he loved to play with her openings without exclusion. Max's cock hardened in response, and she enjoyed how her simple gesture of welcoming his fingers into her ass now pulsed against her thigh and vulva.

His kisses continued even as Max's breath became more labored. Finally he encouraged her on top of him and she sunk on to his cock with practiced ease. She rode him, still only half hard, making sure to grind her clit against his pelvis and reaching back to stroke his scrotum. Max was trimmed but the short hair left was standing out - the chill effecting his flesh even if it did not effect his mind. She wondered what he really did feel. She paused to pull the blanket around her and him, and then began to ride him harder. He met her down strokes with up strokes of his own. He kissed her chest and pulled her on to his shaft with one hand while stroking her breasts or pushing her hair off her forehead with the other. As her rhythm increased, as it destabilized with her body growing closer and closer to orgasm, his breathing grew more regular and calm. He found his balance point and enjoyed her as the chaos slipped through her arteries and into her limbs. She began to orgasm as he pinched her nipples, and he let her ride through, his own cock now fully hard and comfortably buried into her to the bone. She lifted her head back and shifted positions, now driving against him with purpose, now allowing her own stride seek his orgasm.

Max enjoyed the slickness between their pelvises. He enjoyed her thrusts. He sunk his fingers into her ass and applied pressure on her and himself. She began to tire so he pushed up at her and fucked her from below. Finally she collapsed on to him and he, with a discrete motion to wipe any dirt off his hand on a sweat rag, embraced her and rolled them over to face each other on their sides, nuzzling her the whole time.

She recovered in his arms, his cock still hard, and she kissed him long and leisurely while she considered how to please him. Finally she reached back and began working her fingers into her own bottom. The arching of her back, her bicep pulled way back to improve her reach, pushed her breasts into him. He continued to kiss her and then got the idea. One of his own hands rested on hers, and together they worked a good part of her fist up her ass. Max's cock stiffened again, after taking a break from the hard ride, and she enjoyed feeling it twitch - knowing she was his sculpture and his pleasure. Max shifted her position and he was able to watch as she fisted her own ass while licking the length of his cock and suckling on the plum head of it. Max didn't ordinarily like blow jobs, but this was just the right combination of warm wet pressure and eye candy. He stayed hard until her mouth tired - after five minutes he repositioned her again.

She allowed him to take her hand from her ass and wipe it down with the sweat rag and then a baby wipe to remove any dirt. Max appreciated her fastidiousness, and he did what he could to accommodate it. The scent of rubber toys, lubricant, and the mild soap and disinfectant on the baby wipes was always the dominant smells beyond their own sweat and the laundry soap in the sheets and pillows. Here there was a more earthly smell from the cabin and the wood smoke and something smooth, perhaps an oil or lacquer used on the wood. His hands were strong and stroked the slightly cramped muscles of her own before he eased her on to her belly. There was the snapping sound of the lube lid and then Max began to stroke fresh slick ID Glide on to her anus. The lube was warm from being in the bed all night with them, and it felt soothing on her stretched sphincter to be caressed and stroked by Max's nimble fingers. Her ass opened easily despite how roughly she had forced her hand into it, and soon Max had three and then four of his own fingers into her bottom.

She muttered, head turned to the side, breasts firmly into the mattress, and Max paused. "Yes?" he asked. She cleared her mouth and said quietly "Just do it." And Max did then. He held her hips in place with one hand and pulled her ass up into his other. She pushed outwards as she had learned to do with the plugs and this, this singular act, and helped Max fist her ass. The stretched sphincter ached and complained - feeling bruised from the knuckles that it tried to clench down on. But inside, Max's hand met only smooth muscle wall that stroked and squeezed and swallowed his hand until all but the bottom of his thumb joint was inside of her.

Then - together - they began to fist fuck her ass. Max slowly moving bare fractions of an inch and she grinding down and pulling away ever so slightly. This was the dance of butterflies, the mad thrashing of her hard riding traded for a delicate and orchestrated duet. His fingers occasionally flexed inside of her and her thighs occasionally cramped a bit requiring her to shift her position, but steadily they had learned how to take her ass down this far road. Max could feel her own slurry mixing with the lube he'd worked up her ass. There was a sensation inside of her that he felt as her colon opened a bit under pressure and seeped, the muscles of her rectum shuddering in response. He continued, his hand soaked in her fluids and lube, pushing gently to encourage her body to relax and swallow him up to the wrist.

All of this play over the previous four months, Max reflected, had begun to lead to this point. Behind him, in a sealed ziplock, were two devices designed to make certain at the very least she would not close up without consciously clenching her muscles together. His cock was hard against her leg as he pushed his fist at a different angle and she anticipated his next

maneuver. She lifted her ass higher up, and he allowed his wrist to be guided to a steeper angle to accommodate her now pushed out vagina. Then he let go of her waist - where he had been lightly balancing himself and her motions to steady his hand, and took his own cock in hand to guide it to her.

Max found her moist cunt inviting, and aimed slightly off center so he could slip into her without putting too much pressure on his own forearm and wrist. She grunted in response, her vaginal walls and sphincter quivering and clenching a bit at the new intrusion and the awkward angle of his hand. But he was in her - his right fist in her ass to almost the wrist and now his steel hard cock alongside it in her vagina. The pressure from his hand pushed his cock hard against her bladder, and she shuddered again and felt she might need to pee from being so full. There was a slight tang to the scent in the air - her own shit now getting exposed from the way Max's hand was angled up and leaving her sphincter stretched open more. Max gingerly thrust in and out of her - being cautious because his own wrist ached from the angle of approach and pressure on it to bend at 90 degrees. She thrust back very cautiously - completely full and slightly uncomfortable but enjoying Max's definite physical response to her being this open and available to him. They did this for a few dozen strokes, and finally Max eased back out of her. He had to let her settle down and toward the bed and align her spine with his arm. When she was ready, she reached back to his wrist and guided his hand out of her in very slow motions.

Max had the sweat rag ready and no mess got on her or the bed. He was quick to wipe her sphincter and ass cheeks down with the baby wipes - also quick to notice how slowly her sphincter closed and how loose it remained when pried upon to wipe it down. She excused herself to the bathroom while he kept his right hand wrapped in the sweat cloth. It was an odd agreement between them - they didn't show or share that sort of mess with one another except perhaps when they were in the shower together using the shower enema on her bottom. His had been soaked in dirty slurry, and he had to grab a second sweat rag to get it all off as well as a dozen baby wipes to get the mess out from under his fingernails and off the skin of his knuckles. By the time she returned he had put the dirty sweat rags in a ziplock bag, and disposed of the baby wipes in the wood burning stove where they whistled and erupted in coloured flames as he was closing the door.

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She came to him and slipped into bed beside him. "You still haven't cum," she whispered into his ear. Her ass was sore so she was grateful when he laid down on one side so she could do the same, facing him, and take the pressure of sitting off of her bruised sphincter. She had noticed a little bright blood with the mess in the toilet, so she knew there were a few tears from being so stretched and penetrated so thoroughly by his fist. She stroked his lips and his cheek down to his chin. "Would you like me to do something about that?" she smiled as she asked. Her other hand, warm beneath the covers now, stroked along the outside of his shaft.

He was still moist, but most of his stiffness had faded. Max never said no to her on a question like this though - her efforts and the rewards of them meant he never wanted to miss anything she might do to please him. "What do you have in mind, my beautiful vixen?" he asked her in a quiet and calm voice. Her face showed some measure of pondering, and then she looked at him closely.

With a wink she replied, "I thought about what you said last night, and while I'm not up to it perhaps I can indulge you as much as I can." Then she rolled to the edge of the bed and reached for the zippered duffel bag with the toys in it. Max watched curiously to see what she would select. He was pleasantly surprised when she levered herself back on to the bed after much digging about, and had their largest vinyl canine dildo. Unlike a real dog it was intentionally oversized - approximately 3 inches wide at the knot and a 2 1/2 inch wide shaft with a good 13 inch length of which 9 or 10 inches was fully usable.

"And what would you want to do with that," Max asked her slyly.

She shrugged a little and flicked back the hair that was no longer long enough to require pushing it back. He smiled at her with a lascivious grin, and she felt her heart warm. She knew all her body's imperfections, all the ways it was aging and not keeping up to her standards, but Max always looked past all of those. She found it hard to believe he was even attracted to her many days, but her own self doubt was something she had to face because he demonstrated time and time again that she was the woman he was with. She took the toy in her hand and stroked the smooth vinyl shaft down to the heavy slightly off spherical bulge. "Well..." she stretched the word out for emphasis "I think I'm going to work this dog cock into my pussy and maybe you can help me get it in all the way..." She smiled at him as he watched her face intently. "Perhaps by pounding it in alongside your own cock..." She set the toy down and touched his face. "Would that make you cum - having this animal cock in me?"

Max smiled with his brown eyes twinkling. "I think it's certainly going to provoke a

response." Then he hugged her and kissed her, the cool vinyl brushing against their chests as they teased each other on the bed. Finally he swung her alongside him, and handed her the canine cock while he applied some lube to her pussy.

She paused then. Debating how she might regret the choice. His cock was a bit beyond half mast but she really wanted him to cum and cum hard. He didn't need to cum to be satisfied, but it always made her feel better nowadays. The last four months had taught her that allowing Max to abstain from orgasms often meant increasingly extreme play.

She looked down and said quietly, "I've changed my mind about one thing." Without saying a word she rolled on to her belly and got up to her hands and knees. "I should do this doggy style, shouldn't I?" she said with her head down and looking at him through her hanging breasts.

Max smiled, and nodded. "Yes, I guess you should take it doggy style." He laughed a little.

She felt the smile on her own face, grinning at being such an imp, and pressed her luck. "And one more thing," she said and saw Max look at her carefully, "I don't think that dog has been in my bottom. Perhaps you should be in my pussy and he can fuck my ass."

Max's grin was all the reward she needed. He wasted no time working more lube on her tender asshole, and with some guidance to be gentle, he began to fit the canine toy into her tendor. She found her sphincter was not as sore as she had expected, but her tailbone was sensitive to pressure. Max guided the cock with downward pressure, so while she was on her hands and knees the skin between her cunt and ass stretched and she felt the head nestling along her vaginal channel from within her rectum. The knot came and entered her with a bit more stretching of her sphincter, but three inches was not much compared to Max's fist and the only pain she felt was those tiny tears opening up a bit again.

Once they had worked the dog cock up her ass, Max paused. She smiled a bit at his caution and then said simply, "Fuck me as hard as you can." Max stroked her belly and spread her knees a bit to lower his point of entry into her pussy. Without any additional lube or warning he thrust his cock all the way into her - slamming the dog cock home as well. And then Max started pounding her cunt and ass so hard that all she could do was collapse forward into the bed and struggle to keep her ass in the air.

In this moment Max allowed the animal in himself loose. He didn't just drive his cock into that gaping cunt, he power slammed himself into her. The base of the dog cock crushed into his pelvis but he was sure he felt her tailbone as well - meaning he was driving it nearly entirely inside of her. Each stroke was a hammering blow, and his fingers on her thighs would leave bruises from how hard he was pulling her back into him. He disliked this position for a lot of reasons, but right now he would take advantage of it for the leverage it gave him. His own cock was being pinched in a vise between the thick knot and her sharp pelvic bone, but he enjoyed his balls beating into her increasingly sloppy wet clitoris. Her labia were not so stretched today so they bunched up initially - resisting and then going in and out with his motions - but as the flesh of her lips warmed up and her own juices spread, they ceased to cling to his fast moving shaft.

Max ground into her as well, thrust-thrust-grind, to make sure that the dog dildo leapt in side of her just like his own cock and soaking in the sensation of the thick skin folds of her labia against his pelvis. Her cunt had not been worked too much yesterday or in the morning, so the velvety feel of that glove was more smooth than textured. Still he found his mark time and time again, shifting his position, slipping his cock in to wedge it from one side or the other, aiming his head down into her g-spot or alongside her cervix. His fingers moved to pull on the skin along her lower abdomen so her clitoris was more exposed, its hood drawn back. His other hand alternated from gripping her thigh to wrapping around her belly when she felt like she might collapse.

Her breaths came in gasps and shudders. Max was pouring himself into her. His energy and scent saturated her. The pillow was off to the side, and she could feel the bed supports through the mattress as he plowed into her again and again. Her ass ached but her pussy loved the sensation. She unconsciously began to pinch and play with her own nipples with one hand while her other hand reached for the top of the bed to find a way to push back into his gigantic thrusts. In her mind it was all his cock, all his body, penetrating her completely and even painfully and thoroughly and even overfilling her with every thrust. She continued to breathe as she felt her own orgasm start to grow inside of her. His harsh stimulus was taunting her, teasing her the way mounting and force fucking her biggest vinyl toys did. Over and over again he fucked her.

Max could feel her coming to a broad climax and thought about how good she would look with a brand and a real mastiff slamming into her. That one thought cost him any reserve and his cock exploded in her well worked cunt. Still he kept driving into her, shorter strokes so her own

clenching wouldn't squeeze out his rapidly softening cock, and grinding to make sure she could reach climax like this, with a dog cock forcibly fucked up her ass. Finally she began squirming and moaning, grabbing his legs to urge him into her. Max pounded as hard as he could - yielding to her spasming as his cock as forced out, and bruising it as he continued to smash his pelvis into her soaked labia and the base of that big toy. When she came it was in waves and he rolled her to the side and sunk into the bed next to her, spooning her into him, as she shook and shuddered.

They rested like that for a bit, small talk and light jokes, touching each others bodies, and finally she needed to get up and take the toy out. She didn't ask for his help - just rolled gingerly off the bed and took it, still buried in her, to the bathroom to remove it herself and clean up. When she finished she called him and Max joined her in the shower with the other toys that needed cleaning.

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brought to you by Max

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