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Story: DRAFT - Simple Starting (Part 1, Extension 2)

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Story Codes: F-mast vaginal anal toys stretch

Version Info: DRAFT - Revision 3

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Title: DRAFT - Simple Starting (Part 1, Extension 2)

Universe: Ronin, Miska

Summary: Ronin's friend Miska is training herself with bigger and bigger toys anally. Includes F-mast, vaginal, anal, stretching play, and large toy play.

Keywords: F-mast vaginal anal toys stretch

Language: English

Availability: PUBLICATION ( Very Dirty Stories #46 [http://bit.ly/VDS\\_046](http://bit.ly/VDS_046) )

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Simple Starting (Part 1, Extension 2)  
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written by Max

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F-mast, Vaginal, Anal, Large toy play, Stretching play  
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She moaned in her sleep as she turned to her side. The pale light from the window made the motion of her dark hair look like strands of living darkness flowing over her pale skin. Miska dug into the blankets with her arms, hugging her pillow to her chest while her thighs rolled back and forth over each other in soft undulations. The blossom of her upturned buttocks could be seen, and as her moans became gasps for breath, the clenching and unclenching of those muscles became more frantic. A whimper escaped from her, and she woke briefly from the flood of her own juices coating her inner thighs. Then she pushed away the covers and rolled on to her belly - and the air filled with the sweet aroma of her sex.

The next morning Miska was tired but content. She went through her morning routine, chatted with her flatmates, had a bit of coffee and checked her email while waiting to shower, and then went into the bathroom to wash up. Once the bathroom door was shut behind her, Miska set her ditty bag on the sink and slipped off her bathroom robe. Her heavy chest and curvy figure reflected back to her as she took out a few toys that needed washing from her bag as well as a small enema pump. Then she stepped into the shower and let the warm blast of water stroke and sooth her skin and muscles.

Miska washed her hair first, the slightly longer than bob cut curls feeling silky as her fingers stroked her scalp and the shampoo foamed to lather. Then Miska used a soapy washcloth to stroke over her arms and legs and chest and shoulders and ass and pelvis. The terry cloth was rough on the skin, and it felt delicious on her nipples as they responded to the sensation. Miska was more gentle with her pelvis and particularly her vulva. Her labia were still slightly swollen, and she felt the abrupt lightning bolts that came from the terry cloth catching them and dragging the lips out with her strokes even when she applied the lightest pressure.

After rinsing, Miska slowly stroked over her legs and pelvis with lotion. Miska's anus and vagina still felt tender in the water so she was very gentle with her labia as she shaved everything. Then she used a bit of lotion to lubricate the enema nozzle, and slid it into her anus. She held the attached pump bottle under the shower spray, and it quickly filled with shower water. She squeezed the pump bulb then and that drove water rushing into her rectum. The urge to clench down and eject the water was hard to fight, but after a few pumps Miska felt her bowels relax as the warmth of the water and filling sensation calmed her sphincter and gut muscles.

Miska filled her rectum with warm water, and then removed the enema nozzle. She clenched her buttocks together tightly and stiffly moved from the shower to the toilet while dripping water from all her curves. Once on the toilet, Miska let her sphincter relax and the water came rushing out. She flushed and returned to the shower with the toys in hand.

In the shower Miska took each toy and thoroughly washed it with soap and water. She stroked

her fingers into every crevice and curve of the vinyl toys, feeling the texture and making certain she scrubbed away any dirt. Then she took the bigger of the two toys - a thick cylinder topped with a pointed cone named the Mortar Shell - and placed it on the tub's outer edge outside of the streaming shower water's range. Miska applied two finger full scoops of vaseline from an innocuous looking conditioner bottle on to the toy's conical tip. Then she moved the curtain far enough back to prevent it from interfering, and sat down on the toy gently - allowing the tip to penetrate her anus.

The sensation was both arousing and painful. Miska was working on her anus everyday now, so her sphincter was slightly bruised all the time. But Miska could really tell she was feeling more open and her sphincter was more elastic than ever. She didn't want to lose any progress she had made, so Miska put up with the initial discomfort and let her anus slowly gape as the mortar shell slipped deeper inside of her. Once she had it halfway in, she moved it and herself to sit on the bottom of the tub so she could feel the shower's warm water stroking her nipples and breasts as her ass stretched even further. Miska started pinching her nipples and forcing her weight on to the toy as it wedged its way further into her bottom. She felt her vaginal walls thrilling at the fullness from behind and had a mini orgasm. Then she pushed down hard, and her anus completely yielded as the toy slid the last few inches inside of her.

Miska gingerly stood up in the shower and re-washed her bottom with soap and water. The base of the mortar shell was not flared - there was nothing other than it's width to stop her sphincter from closing and the toy sliding completely in. The tip of it was buried deep in her pelvis, and she could feel how her every motion caused the muscles in her abdomen to react to the anal intruder. Miska knew if the toy completely slipped into her it might be very hard to get out - but that was part of the challenge. Could she control herself all morning - pushing it out a bit and sitting on it to drive it back in, maintaining it on the precipice of being completely swallowed and slipping out? Miska eyed the second toy, but she wasn't ready to go that far. Soon she would be wearing both each morning, but first Miska wanted to see how much control she had.

She turned off the shower, and stepped out of the tub. The act of lifting one leg over the tub edge was enough to turn the mortar shell sideways a bit, and Miska felt it slip a little deeper. She reached back and pulled her buttocks apart a bit and pushed out. The base came out half and inch. Then Miska stepped the rest of the way out of the tub and picked up her towel. She bent forward and felt the toy start to slip out. She caught the base with one hand and pushed it back in. The mortar shell was stretching her sphincter a little bit and she was already sore - but it moved so easily. Miska played with it, working it back in and out a bit - and her vagina started to respond. It was so easy, and her rectum - used to being stretched - was taking it very well. The novelty caught Miska offguard, and she teased herself by pushing the base deeper in with each thrust, then pushing it out with her muscles.

It was the orgasm that did it. Miska felt the way her abdominal muscles and sphincter gripped down hard as the orgasm hit her, but she pushed on the disappearing base of the mortar shell anyway. Then her rectum just swallowed it and her fingers were being gripped tightly by her spasming sphincter. This triggered another orgasm - deeper and more satisfying now that the mortar shell was embedded inside of her completely. Miska stopped trying to push the toy out and just clenched down on it - the girth and weight of it bringing her to another shuddering orgasm. Her vagina and labia were completely soaked as were her thighs.

Miska leaned against the sink, and struggled to relax but her vaginal walls were spasming on their own now. All she could do was slump to the floor and as the muscles in her abdomen, vagina, and rectum alternated clenching. The level of sensation was incredible, and for thirty minutes Miska basked in the glow of it all. Then she gained some level of composure and finished her morning ablutions - brushed her teeth, brushed her dark hair, picked up her ditty bag and towel and to bag, and then tossed on a robe to go back to her room.

Miska didn't even consider taking the mortar shell out. It was gently rocking inside of her in the most pleasant way. When Miska got to her room she picked out her vibrating panties and a bra, slipped them on, and then went to her closet for something comfortable. When she turned the panties on, her thighs trembled involuntarily as the wave of attention washed into her labia and clitoris. Miska forced herself to don a comfortable skirt and blouse - pretending not to notice her body's excitement.

Then she caved, and gave in to it. Pawing at her heavy breasts through the blouse, Miska frantically crushed her nipples and breast flesh as she slumped to her elbows and knees. She pushed her buttocks skywards and thought she could feel the mortar shell sink even deeper as the panties gripped her clitoris and brought her to a mind shattering orgasm. She was thrusting back against air, unable to stop herself, as the involuntary contractions and spasms swept her to higher peaks.

As Ronin would tell her - she was making herself ready. Miska had her face turned sideways since her head was crushed into the towel she'd dropped on her bedroom floor. Her arms weren't

supporting her weight, with her hands were pinned between her breasts - which they continued to kneed and pinch - and the floor. Her hips were thrust up and out, her knees spread a bit more than shoulder length apart, and were it not for the skirt and vibrating panties, someone could have looked into the first parts of her vagina as it hung open and thoroughly slathered in Miska's juices. Her buttocks were well rounded, and though the crack between them was wide her anal sphincter was tightly closed. Miska shuddered and shook and thrust and twisted - all while maintaining her buttocks shoved high in the air and her vaginal opening easily accessible between her spread thighs.

When she finally collapsed from the exertion and orgasms, Miska dozed for a little while. Then she had to strip and take another shower. Extricating the mortar shell wasn't the easiest thing to do, but she managed it by using the enema pump to open and prepare the way for it to pass out of her. She took note of the toy's width and went through her toy box until she found the next bigger toy. Then she set that out with the vaginal toy she'd been working on and decided to take a longer nap before returning to her project in the afternoon.

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(to be continued)  
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by Max

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