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Story: DRAFT - Untold Stories of Natalya (Part 1)

Author: Max (max@cherishdesire.com - <http://bit.ly/CherishDesireMax>)

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Story Codes: MF toys

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Literacy comes with responsibilities.

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<http://bit.ly/CherishDesire>)

Title: DRAFT - Untold Stories of Natalya (Part 1)

Universe: Max, Natalya

Summary: Natalya stories are a series centered on a woman who explores large toy play, latex and fetish attire, and various sexual activities with her partner Max and on her own. Her story of light bondage, body modification, and sex play provides documents many trials and errors as she conquers her body and in a sense all the aspects of her femininity. This story is about Max's pursuit to broaden Natalya's sexual horizons. This story contains references to MF relations and bedpost penetration.

Keywords: MF, toys (bedpost)

Language: English

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Very Dirty Stories #57 http://bit.ly/VDS_057 , Very Dirty Stories #101 http://bit.ly/VDS_101)

DRAFT - Untold Stories of Natalya (Part 1)

written by Max

MF, Toys (Bedpost)

Natalya would tell you there were no stories to tell. She'd stand leaning near the bar, sipping on a Grey Goose with a splash of cranberry, that damned highlight streak of blond in her brown hair, and she'll listen as you ramble along, occasionally remarking on something or turning her attention away to follow someone on the dance floor with her eyes. Yep. No story to tell.

The best listeners out there know a few things. First off, they know if you don't say anything then the other person will rattle on. Second off, they know people volunteer information you'd never have gotten out of them by asking. Third off, they know that actively listening is often misconstrued as bonding by the talker. Natalya learned to be a good listener over time. But when she was younger she was much more of a talker. Perhaps even known as someone who blathered on seeking approval due to insecurity. You wouldn't know that now.

I don't think of that woman as Natalya though. Before Natalya there was a woman who wanted to be heard, wanted to be known, wanted to be understood, wanted to be paid attention to, wanted to be smart and right and appreciated and trusted and looked up to. She talked. A lot. She interrupted to get her points across. She was desperate for someone to listen and understand. She was ecstatic when someone said something that supported one of her opinions or beliefs. Not so different from many other women really. Not so different from many other people. But also not Natalya.

When I finally gave up on my old bed frame it was because the light maple cross bars on the foot board had been cracked and snapped by the movers two moves before and they could no longer be counted on holding together if the bed swayed left to right. And when you are fucking Natalya vigorously the bed sways left to right - which makes having the frame collapse underneath you even more of a nuisance.

The frame, as I mentioned, was light maple wood. It had squat round balls on the top of rectangular four inch square bed posts. The bottom cross bar was a two inch by eight inch maple board and the top was a two inch by two inch hill shaped piece. There were a dozen or so vertical dowels that ran from top to bottom. My guess was the movers had picked it up by the curved piece - based on a diagonal fracture about five inches off center, and then dropped it which had caused the staples and nails to break free releasing the base cross bar from the

groove it fit into on one of the posts. When I took the the mattress and box spring off, the foot board just fell apart. Apparently that weight was the only thing that kept the posts and foot board together.

The new bed frame was a nice rich cherry platform bed with a solid geometry based on rectangles and inset rectangles. Platform beds don't have posts - something which you never realize is your first warning sign in the dark that something solid is about to contact your shins. I was happy with the bed and new mattresses, it was time for a change, and the construction was very sturdy and well suited for many vigorous activities.

It was Natalya who made the interesting comment that made me miss the old bed frame despite the nuisance it had become.

After a few hours of hauling boxes and parts to the upstairs, assembling the lot with the mandatory singular mistake that hurts for the rest of the weekend, she stopped by to check in on the results. Her eyes ran across the smooth dark cherry platform, and Natalya ran her fingers through her hair. Looking more at the bed than me, she said "It's good we finally got the new bed. Those bed posts must have been a biohazard by now with how often I would mount them and ride them to orgasm. No matter how much you wash them and wipe them down with astringents, the wood grain was always soaking my juices up." Then she leaned down and stroked the fine grained wood of the solid headboard. Turning to me, her profile on display, she smiled and then headed back downstairs to the oversized couch she'd been napping and lounging on.

brought to you by Max

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