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Story: DRAFT - Natalya: Untold Stories of Natalya (Part 7)

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Story Codes: MF Cheat F Mast Finger Fist Dildo Stretch Canine Best Ds

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Title: DRAFT - Natalya: Untold Stories of Natalya (Part 7)

Universe: Max, Natalya

Summary: Natalya has a special gift on his friend's wedding day: The Bride. Natalya's perverse satisfaction convincing the young woman that it's Max who wants her to wear a plug as often as possible just adds to her pleasure knowing the bride expects Max to continue fisting her and pushing her limits even after she's married.

Keywords: MF, Cheating, Female Masturbation, Fingering & Implied Fisting, Dildo Play & Wearing, Implied Stretching, Implied Canine, Implied D/s

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DRAFT - Natalya: Untold Stories of Natalya (Part 7)

written by Max

MF, Cheating, Female Masturbation, Fingering & Implied Fisting, Dildo Play & Wearing, Implied
Stretching, Implied Canine, Implied D/s

Laughing, Natalya surveyed the other bridesmaids and realized they were totally taken in by the stripper routine on stage. She tried to cover up, put on her good girl face, and pretend she was just another airhead to fit in. It wasn't working. The fireman and the police officer, stripped down to just boxers, took her hands and started tugging her up to join them. Protesting politely, Natalya stage whispered, "I'm not the bride," and made an effort to point to Max's demure blushing friend. But they just laughed, muttering something like "we want the fun one," and Natalya had to go along with them until she was seated center stage with four well muscled men flanking her.

Taking things in stride, Natalya fought down her natural irritation from being led places like chattel and decided to have fun. She was only in town for the weekend, an invitation from Max to come out, so Natalya needed to make the most of it. "I think these boys have been very naughty," she declared and one of the male performers gave her a nervous look. "Maybe I should put them over my lap and give them a spanking for wrongful detention and imprisonment against my will." She sugarcoated the words to evoke cheers from the audience, but the dancers got a measure of Natalya's iron will beneath the surface.

Professionals who had been coached over and over ago to roll with the punches, the dancers obliged Natalya and offered a sacrifice. The handsome EMT costumed stripper pleaded with Natalya to go easy since it was a first offense, and then bent over in front of her. The other dancers were smiling but keeping a close eye on the petite brunette. They expected her to grab their friend's bits or something equally dubious.

Natalya lightly smacked the rock hard buttocks presented to her and then laughed. "Ow! That hurts. He's got buns of steel!" Her exclamation made it clear she was now part of the show and that gave her a social advantage. "Now that woman right there - see her pretty smile - you wouldn't know it, but she's been very bad. Why don't we bring her up here and get her spankings out of the way before her white wedding day!"

The crowd of women roared, and the strippers went along with jeering and cheering while bringing the blushing bride to be to the stage. Natalya whispered loud enough for everyone to hear, "Now I think it's best if she's over my lap... you boys might put an eye out." The crowd roared more, and women in the back were craning their necks to see if the strippers had erections.

Natalya publicly played along, bending Max's friend over her knee and encouraging each of the strippers to swat her bottom. They were playful about it, and gyrated around the two women, finishing up after a few minutes and then leading both ladies from the stage. If anyone thought it was strange that the bride to be was crying and clinging to Natalya then no one said anything. Those who noticed probably thought it was just alcohol and happiness and... well, people cry over the strangest things.

The reason was more real than imagined though. The bride to be sobbed while Natalya held her, shoo'ing away her heavysset friends so they could sit down together, and then she handed the woman a shot of something blue and sweet. The strippers left the stage and gyrated through the crowd, collecting tips, and then two cowboys charged out from the wings and started daring each other to a showdown.

Her friends were already cheering and shouting, but the bride to be was making pleading eyes at Natalya. She knew her promises. She knew her commitments. But couldn't Natalya change Max's mind? The tears were only a natural reaction, though the pretty young woman knew Natalya would think less of her because she was crying. The male strippers had only gently swatted her bottom, but Natalya's control of the situation had made their understanding crystal clear. And one look into the petite brunette's hard eyes told her that Natalya would be true to her word.

She wasn't crying out of joy, and she wasn't crying out of fear. She was crying because she knew what was expected from her. Marriage or not. Somehow that bonded her to Natalya though, and she imagined that Max had a similar hold over his primary companion.

The words from her bachelorette party replayed over and over again while she walked down the aisle, her father beaming with pride and her soon to be husband standing in his kilt and white shirt by the altar. They replayed with the organ's booming notes and with each step her white dress flowed over the floor while her pussy trembled and her buttocks clenched. They swelled up inside of her and became a crescendo that made her fumble her vows and blush before starting again and getting them right. In the corner of her eye, she saw Natalya standing next to Max and their slow nodding as they followed along with the wedding ceremony. And Natalya's words made her feel so conflicted and yet so desperately in need of something more.

The ride in the limo from the church to the reception was slow enough for her husband to tease her for blushing and feel her up. She didn't mind, not one bit, and he was excited and hard when his fingers discovered her molten sex underneath her dress. They only had time for a quick fingering and a handjob, and both rushed through the motions because they didn't know when the limo would stop. Only later would her dad ask if they had deliberately circled the reception hall four times. Her husband gave the driver a very good tip after finding out about his discrete accommodation.

Once everyone was seated, the bride could see Max and Natalya seated amongst people that they didn't know. He amused himself by telling stories and luring younger folks to do silly things. Natalya let the women talk with her, but maintained her usual distance from people. Fussing with her wedding band on her finger, she had to wonder what Natalya had promised to Max. With her pussy seeping juices, she had to wonder how far she could go. Her husband sat through her father's toast and his best friend since high school rambled on for a bit before finishing up. When their table was invited to go to the buffet first, she declined and asked her husband to bring her back some sweets and salad.

Her eyes were on Max, and he nodded with a wink. No one could see what she was doing. The head table had a full dropcloth in front of it. Hand fluffing her dress, lifting it up enough to allow air to circulate, the bride fanned herself with one hand while working her other up her stockings to her inner thigh. She used her ring finger to fuck her wet pussy and enjoyed the perverse gesture. No one else noticed. But Max's eyes were on her face, and he smiled and raised a glass to toast her personally. He didn't break eye contact until he needed to gesture toward the head table guests who were close to returning to their seats.

She was flushed when her husband returned, and her passionate kiss made the bridesmaids swoon. The big man took it in stride, blushing but happy to feed his pretty wife salad and some chocolate croissants he'd taken from the dessert tray. Everyone else was talking and a comfortable murmur filled the reception hall. After half an hour, the DJ started up his kit, and called the bride and groom to the dance floor.

The first dance was lovely and gown bedecked woman and her Scottish clan husband managed to do their best. Her father danced with her next and told her how beautiful she looked and that she was blushing rose red. They all presumed it was a bit of alcohol and heat, but Max knew the truth. He came up with Natalya and the three of them danced together until he broke off and left Natalya with the bride so he could congratulate her husband and chat with the best man.

Natalya asked. The bride blushed so hard her crimson cheeks burned and then she nodded in

response. With a platonic peck on the cheek, Natalya leaned over the bride's flowing dress and whispered something in her ear. She had to hold the young woman up for a moment when she faltered, and then bobbed her head along while the bride feverishly whispered to her. Natalya finally cut her off with another chaste peck, and then handed her back to her husband. He danced one more song, and then went out to smoke cigars with his brothers. When Max took her hands, the bride swallowed, and then he danced her around the people mingling on the reception hall floor, mixing with different members of the bridal party and her friends while making a show of bringing her around to spend time with everyone.

When she excused herself to smoke a cigar and use the restroom, Natalya went with her. Max continued to amuse himself with some of the younger men, sending them off to try and hook up with various women, and then apologizing with a laugh if the pickup lines blew up in their faces. It wasn't long before he had two dozen people including a few older couples all dancing and cavorting together. So when he saw the bride come out of the bathroom looking a little stiff and overheated, Max wasn't surprised that she went straight outside to smoke.

A little while later, the DJ decided to play the latest fad dance songs. Max went out and fetched the bride, knowing she wouldn't want to miss being with her friends. She held on to his arm all the way to the door. Then she pushed him aside and made her entrance, mock galloping into a circle of her friends before letting them twirl her around. Max laughed and joined at the edge, and winked whenever the bride gave him looks. She imagined he knew what she had done.

The party slowly wound down, and Max and Natalya thanked the bride's parents for the good times and good food before leaving the country club and starting the walk back to the parking lot. They waved to the groom, still smoking with his brothers and finishing a fifth of Scottish whiskey. They were going to leave it at a wave to the bride, but she asked them to wait. She'd changed into something more comfortable once the sun had gone down, but the skirt and blouse suited her well that Max didn't tease her about ditching her wedding dress before the day was done.

She tried to link arms with them, but Natalya demurred. She held out her hand and Max gave her the keys, and with a nod she left the bride and Max alone. Natalya walked briskly down the winding path in front of them while Max and the bride took their time and strolled under the trees. "Did you have something to say?" Max asked gently. He had always been fond of the soft hearted brunette with her cute dimples and quiet lusts.

It made her choke up, so she practiced swallowing and framing the words. "Natalya told me... I mean she reminded me..." She looked at Max and brushed her hand over his short silver and grey hair. He was warm to the touch from dancing, and the feeling of his skin made her pussy shudder pleasantly. "I'll always be yours to fist." It came out in a rush, and she had to take a deep breath while Max walked alongside her like this was nothing unusual to hear. "And... if you call me then I will be there. Just like Natalya reminded me." She didn't want Max to think she was trying to control him or demand anything from him.

Max nodded and squeezed her hand. "Of course," he smiled. "Loved your little naughty show before dinner. Very very sexy." Praise was better than questioning. Max would find out what was going on later.

Blushing at those simple words coming from Max's lips, she sighed, "The plug you picked out for me is stretching my bottom. It burns... but I'll wear it as often as I can." She looked over her shoulder, worried someone might be listening, but it was just her and Max walking the last bit along the golf course from the club house to the main lot. "I really like it."

"That's amazing... you're amazing," he heaped positive accolades on the pretty bride until they cleared the hedges and Natalya was waiting with the car already running. "Have a wonderful honeymoon and let me know when you get back."

Max let her pull him into a hug and a kiss, her lips brushing over his, and wrinkled his nose at her while she tried to express herself. He had no idea what was going on, and knew Natalya was enjoying her little fun at his expense. But if this pretty woman, an occasional fling whom he enjoyed, was suddenly committing to much more than so be it.

"Ummm... he has a really big fist..." she said and bit her lip when she realized that she'd just referred to her new husband as a stranger. "I'll work with him, but I don't know if it will fit."

"I understand. Just do what you enjoy... if it's too much--"

The married woman cut him off and finished his sentence, "Then I'll let you know so you can keep me fisted." It was as easy as that. She smiled to herself while Max pecked her on the cheek so she understood he was there for her. "He has... a small cock though. So I might need

to shop for some toys."

Four years of flirting, a few one night stands, and on her wedding day she was finally opening up to the things Max enjoyed. He chuckled and kissed her again, their lips pressed together and the tip of her tongue probing his mouth, and then he broke away and gave her a hug. "I'm sure you can come over and try some toys out to figure out what you like best. But definitely a Hitachi since you like vibes, and definitely a Holmes since you like something long and filling." He kissed her again. "But I have to get going and you have your wedding reception to go back to. Do you want a ride back?"

Floating in the clouds, her ass aching from the butt plug wedged between her cheeks and probing her rectum, the bride just squeezed Max's hands and backed away. She half ran and half skipped down the path to the club house while he watched, her loose skirt bouncing this way and that. Max waited until she'd gone around the bend, and then got in his car with Natalya. "So I presume you enjoyed that..." he commented quietly while putting the car in gear.

"I never liked her husband. Big hands, always trying to grope my ass, and a tiny dick. I just wanted her to be super happy." She turned and looked at Max while he drove. "And now she's happy. Nice of me, huh?"

"You made a woman wear a butt plug for another man on her wedding day..."

Natalya petted Max's arm and then rocked her hips until her skirt laid loose over her thighs. "That other man was you. It was a small one. A very personal wedding gift, but she earned it." Her hand pulled the fabric of her skirt back, and Natalya pressed inward until her fingers found her moist shaved labia. "And that was truly an amazing touch during dinner... she soaked her wedding band and diamond ring with her own juices. I don't think she realized all the girls looking at her rings later could smell her sex on it." Natalya began to casually finger herself to taunt Max.

He took the hint. "You didn't suggest that one. But mine to fist whenever I call? That's awfully generous of you. I hesitate to ask what you want, but... what do you want?" He had his eyes on the road, so Natalya made sure to sigh and moan for his benefit.

"Oh, nothing much," she purred. "Just make sure she's so stretched out his tiny cock feels like a hotdog in a hallway." With two fingers in her pussy, Natalya shook in her seat and let the vibrations of the road stir her sex around them. "Seriously... is that so much to ask?"

"I'm friends with her parents. I've known him longer than her. And you want me to make sure she's stretched out and he can't satisfy her?" He looked at Natalya and shook his head. "She told me his fist may be too big, and she does have a tight pelvis. This seems to be a bit more evil than just disliking her husband."

Natalya moaned and heaved and cried out like she was having an orgasm. And then she laughed. "She's not a very good actress. He'll go mad knowing he's not satisfying her. She'll go mad knowing after he tries that she just wants to get off with a dildo or see if you can take time to fist her. You'll be out of town half the time so she'll need bigger toys." Natalya shrugged and resumed fingering her pussy. "Not evil. Just a bit of a life lesson that they both need. And it serves your purposes - her little friends will all learn from her example."

"Learn what? That they shouldn't cross you? I think they know that." Max was forever in awe of Natalya's sadist depths. Referring to the bride and groom he asked, "Shouldn't they be allowed a honeymoon at least?"

Natalya laughed. "Remember that part about the butt plug not being a big one? She's got a two and half inch bright red toy in her ass, and thinks you want her to wear it all the time. Who is ruining whose honeymoon now?" She worked a third finger into her sex, and finally the juices really started flowing. "Max... it takes three fingers to even feel like I'm being penetrated. Why do you think that is?"

He could ignore the shit eating grin he heard in Natalya's voice. "Because I like women with nicely stretched openings." Her point was clear at least, even if her motivations were unfriendly. "So will you be helping her pick out dildo panties and rubber wear for when she comes to fetish events with me?" Upping the ante would at least give Natalya some fresh ideas.

"Mmmmmmm... oh that would be marvelous. Her hubby has a latex allergy. I wonder if she'd get off on encasement. She loves to be tied up after all..." Natalya was quiet for a few minutes while still stroking her pussy and thinking. As they pulled up to a stoplight, she turned and grinned at Max. "I think I could get her to wear an inflatable butt plug with a tail. She was always more of a Pokemon and cosplay girl." His shrug encouraged her, but Natalya knew from the look on his face that she had crossed some rule or other. She changed topics. "So what would you like?"

"Well, I have a lovely woman masturbating in my car while we drive home. I apparently have a bride who will be wearing a red butt plug until her husband finds out and then she'll try to cover it up as a way to be better at anal for him. At the moment I've got to drive so I can't ask for much more..."

Natalya finally got to her point and saw the effect it had on Max even when he had to focus on the road and pull forward when the light changed. "It's funny. Did you know one of the groom's brothers maintains a kennel and breeds Rottweilers? I thought that would be a perfect gift for a married couple who needed some protection and enjoyed animals. An uncut male would be an investment, too." Her deliberate appeal to Max's perversion struck a chord.

"For her," he turned his end and then looked back at the road, "or for you to share with her?" Max stayed calm, but he knew Natalya was aware his cock was already pulsing in his dress trousers.

With a soft snicker Natalya rubbed her pussy and hoped Max could hear the soft squishing noises of her sex. "I want to see how it looks. I want to see how it's done." Her fingers moved faster while her smoldering cunt was ignited with wet desires. "I want to see her on her hands and knees... his dark brown and black fur sticking to her pretty pale skin... and hear her moan and sigh while she learns to love her constant companion." Natalya had to stop because otherwise her labia would be too raw to fuck when they got home. She made a show of licking her fingers and then covering up her thighs. "You always say it's smarter to try things out with others so you can figure out the details."

"Will she get to watch you when the time comes?" his voice was dangerously even, and Natalya knew she'd offended Max.

She shrugged it off. He was just being irritated because he liked the girl and Max could be stupidly sentimental at times. "When my time comes, you'll get to see my cunt and ass be well mated. All for you to enjoy. But what you want is me to be punished for encouraging your pretty friend to fist herself and play with toys." She laughed. "Ok. When we get home you can show me how much you want to split my ass open."

"Open enough to be knotted?"

"Of course."

The words Natalya had whispered made everything so clear. The bride was a bit buzzed from whiskey and enjoying the taste of the cigar in her mouth. Her husband and his brothers were goofing around while her parents were trying to give away the leftovers to guests as they made their way out of the clubhouse. She hadn't noticed her ass burning for a while - and she purred with contentment knowing how easy it would be to wear Max's plug for him.

"You'll always be his to fist. And if I call then you will be there. No questions asked. Or so help me, I'll break my rules and spend every afternoon with you. Now enjoy every moment of it. You picked a man with wonderfully big hands. If only his cock wasn't so small."

The bride just wondered what spending her afternoons with Natalya might be like. It was too bad the petite brunette with her classic white stripe running through her hair lived far away. Maybe after her honeymoon she could ask Max about visiting...

by Max

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