

-----Begin Header -----

Story: DRAFT - What Do I Want (Part 1)

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

(c) 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013 Max (max@cherishdesire.com)

Story Codes: MDom bond MF vaginal anal toys stretch pierce cutting

Version Info: DRAFT - Revision 3

Note: You may distribute this story freely so long as this header is left intact with this disclaimer and author's name unaltered. Final versions of stories are published on Amazon.com (see Max's Author Page at <http://bit.ly/CherishDesireMax>).

Warning: If you are underage or this material is of no interest to you, then don't read it.

Literacy comes with responsibilities.

-----End Header -----

Author: Max (max AT cherishdesire DOT com, <http://bit.ly/CherishDesireMax> ,
<http://bit.ly/CherishDesire>)

Title: DRAFT - What Do I Want (Part 1)

Universe: Ronin, Anne, Angel

Summary: Ronin begins to structure his interactions with other women differently as he discovers his own needs no longer allow for casual sex.

Keywords: Mdom, BDSM, Vaginal, Anal, Dildo, Stretch, Large Toys, Piercing, Cutting

Language: English

Availability: DRAFTS (<http://www.asstr.org/~Max>), PUBLICATION (TBD)

DRAFT - What Do I Want (Part 1)

written by Max

Mdom, BDSM, Vaginal, Anal, Dildo, Stretch, Large Toys, Piercing, Cutting

She pleaded with him a bit, a mixture of mock teasing and frustration. Her brown eyes were pretty when the red glow of the setting sun caught them. Her warm hands stroked his arm as they leaned in to each other. His skin was paler than hers, warm and slightly moist to the touch. There was a casual chemistry between both their body language and gestures that an onlooker would call comfort.

"But what do you want? What makes your engine go?" she asked softly. She didn't try something demure like biting her lip or cute like stroking her breast against his arm. Anne was more upfront than that. Her fingers did stroke along the curve of his bicep and around his shoulder, but more out of familiarity of touch than teasing.

Ronin winced a little, and it was unclear if it was his shoulder or the question which he was reacting to. "I've given it a lot of thought. I've tried to see what would make a difference. But I'm left with the notion that you are doing everything right - it's just me that isn't firing on all cylinders." He paused then and tilted his head so he could brush his lips over her forehead. "Don't worry about it. I thoroughly enjoy your orgasms and giving them to you."

A determined look shaped Anne's features, her brows knitted a bit and her lips drawn together. "I've told you before," she said firmly, "I like to fuck." There was no implied threat but definitely a grain of unhappiness over the current situation.

Ronin wished he was having a different conversation, but the fact was this was a dilemma of his own making. He'd spent too long on the fringe, and the simple pleasures or notions of sex rarely stimulated him. A calm, rational, horny, smart as hell, and attractive woman should have been a joy. Instead he felt too peaceful and thoughtful in her presence, and the brief arousal he got from her grinding on his thigh to orgasm or stroking her own vulva and clitoris faded fast even with her mouth wrapped around his cock.

Was he becoming a true sadist? He had spent a several hours sitting with Angel, using a dull knife and tracing lines over her torso and thighs, turning her over and doing the same on her back and shoulders and buttocks. Afterwards he'd been so hard he thought that he'd burst inside of her. Never once had he allowed the blade to actually cut, a skill he'd mastered a long time ago, but it was the underlying tension and capacity that ignited an all consuming internal heat.

Ordinarily he'd be able to mix the physical with the mental. Pondering playing with a partner using his larger toys; pondering how to best apply the tools. Was it possible that his toy kink finally losing its peak? Ronin had gotten an anal speculum and a monstrous vaginal speculum purporting to be for horse, and used those to open Angel up thoroughly. It was the culmination of a few years of larger and larger toys and stretching activities. He'd wanted to take it to the next step - using the anal speculum to open her bottom and feed in a good sized

plug to keep it open but she hadn't been able to take it. He'd nearly managed to fist her anally.

But now when he pondered taking out heavy vinyl oversized dildos and plugs it did little to stimulate him. He thought about it, but he got the definite impression Angel was no longer interested. Some part of him was just as detached. Ronin had started looking for someone a little younger whom he could train and pair up with Angel - someone whom Angel could start fucking toys with. Someone whom Angel could explore using her strap on with. But even that was fairly devoid of immediate response.

Then there was the whole piercing angle. More proof of sadism he supposed. Angel's nipples had been pierced, and he strongly encouraged and ultimately did gauge them up. He had bought tools and accessories with every intent to push her limits. He'd even recently ordered a box of temporary piercing needles to explore her pain. He'd taken an exploratory expedition with Azure, a trial balloon, and then refined his learning with Angel. But even the videos and images of O'Pearl had lost their fine grained edge. The notion of the wonderful large piercing rings, tunnels, nipple shields, and application of those to enhance and enforce a state of engorgement was not so engorging for him. Though it was far more stimulating than other thoughts.

As for Angel, she was being self-destructive though lately. Literally beating the crap out of her own body. And not fucking at all. Not toys. Not him. Not anything.

So what then.

Anne called him back, her hand stroking over his slightly stiff cock. "What are you thinking about now, hmmm?" she asked curiously.

Ronin cocked an eye at Anne and said, "I think I have an answer but I'm not sure it's your thing."

"So tell me about it."

"It would be easier to show you, but since my personal laptop took a nosedive I don't keep that kind of content with me. And it's hard to find even on the web."

Anne leaned back and cast a calculated gaze in his direction. "That's interesting. So tell me about it. What is this mysterious source of stamina?" She continued to stroke his cock even though it had gone soft with the change in Ronin's focus.

"I can't figure out for myself if it's about the nervous system activity or the acts themselves. I respond to a lot of out of band stimulus - stuff I'm not sure even I register consciously..."

"Uh-huh. You're being complicated, R. Why don't you step back and answer before you explain how you got to the answer?" Anne's patience was unique and had been very instructional for Ronin.

"I like strong responses. Very strong responses. And I like pushing the buttons that yield the strong responses."

"Are you saying my response isn't strong enough, R? Because that seems strange."

"Strong like an eleventy on a scale of one to five," Ronin said simply and shrugged.

Anne pondered this. "I'm not sure what that means, R. Tell me more."

Her patience was actually quite irritating some times. He grew up with rougher people and she came across silky smooth.

Ronin was kneeling over Angel as she bit down and arched her back. The nipple shield had a high lip for the barbell to sit in, and it was very difficult to get the piercing at the base of her nipple, the barbell, and the shield lined up to get everything right. It hurt. Probably hurt badly. Again.

She had asked him to try again, and here he was doing it. Slightly different tools but the same results. He had one trick up his sleeve though. He paused and asked her the all important question.

"Do you really want these shields in?"

Angel looked at him through tearing eyes. Her face was beat red from holding back. "Yes, but god I can't take it."

Ronin assessed his options carefully. "Lay back and let me set a taper in the piercing temporarily. Then I'm going to give you something to knock you out so I can put these in. It won't last more than thirty minutes, but that's sufficient time for me to get the job done."

"What is it?" Angel asked looking at the tools he'd laid out early.

"This," Ronin said and handed her a small bottle while he removed the nipple jewelry and sterilized the taper. As she examined it, he pushed her arm out of his way and started the taper into the hole so it wouldn't close up.

Angel looked indifferent. "If it works then go for it. Anything else you want to do while you're at it?"

"Let's see how this works, and if it does what it should and there are no bad side effects then yes, I have some other modifications I want to make. Nothing that should be too noticeable, and nothing that endangers your health," Ronin said carefully.

He left out mentioning the words 'permanent' and 'habit forming.' Those were touchy topics after all.

"Let's do it then," Angel said as she read the dosage information. "I will only need one teaspoon."

Ronin handed her a teaspoon and then joked, "Knock yourself out."

In a few minutes Angel slipped into a deep nap, and Ronin sorted out her nipples. First he resized the piercings, gauging her up to 8 ga curved barbells. Then he put in on the nipple shields and used 10ga barbells on top of them. It took a lot of coordination and was a bit messy, but in the end he got it all sorted out. He'd have to watch for gapping and healing, the shields might push on the piercings too much, but it should work out so he could gauge her up to 8s in a month or so.

And her nipples looked lovely and puffy and big, just like Angel liked. The shields with 12 gauge curved barbells had made her nipples thoroughly erect. The 10ga barbells lifted the nipples out even more, and these shields with their heavy cross pattern looked like armoring. If the first set of nipple shields had emphasized 'torpedo nipples' then these were pink fleshy rockets anchored to a solid silver platform.

Anne started a little in her sleep. Ronin was snoring softly beside her on his side. She stretched a little and stroked the bite mark on her shoulder. Ronin had gripped the meat of the shoulder blade in his teeth and lifted it off the bone. Interesting but also painful - and now it ached a bit.

Ronin turned on his side facing her, and his fingers stroked over her arm and thigh. Anne was quiet and they cuddled a bit before they both slipped off to sleep.

A few hours later Ronin's alarm went off. He woke and extricated himself from Anne in the dark, and then gathered up his clothes. He was in the shower by 04:05, and Anne got a hug goodbye at 04:30. Five hours of sleep and he was fully rewired and functional, if a bit quiet. Anne wondered how often she would see the sides of him she'd seen the night before - tired and talking without facades and buffers - and in the morning - alert and driven without the false pretences and excuses used to cover up his power.

After a few tests, Ronin and Angel decided the knock out was just not very fun. In effect Angel was doing things, but she wasn't getting the experience of doing them. So Ronin began revisiting piles of literature and other documentation on training and conditioning. NLP provided some insights into staging and framing the mind so it would anticipate and respond to inputs. Hypnosis provided some ideas around structuring input so the mind accepted states of being without challenging them. Meditation covered self-induced frames as well as feedback loops for continually tuning the mind. Biofeedback - mind-body awareness - tantra - yoga - pilates - weight lifting regimens - dietary structuring...

Each person is different. Their physical and mental states are incongruent and inconsistent. Ronin searched for the mechanisms that focused a person, provided feedback into the mind and

body, and drove them further. He had notes and logs of events and inputs and exercises and attempts. So much data to review and look at.

Slowly he began piecing together the means of optimising a woman to be what he wanted. The hardest part would be finding willing women to apply his methods on.

by Max

This DRAFT is provided for your enjoyment. Please support the author with your purchases and by promoting published stories. Max (<http://bit.ly/CherishDesireMax> and <http://bit.ly/CherishDesire>)

PUBLICATION (TBD)

Keep up with the latest Other Stories: http://bit.ly/Ladies_OtherStories

Pursuant to the Berne Convention, this work is copyright with all rights reserved by its author unless explicitly indicated. Non-commercial re-posts to web or similar venues are allowed provided copyright information remains on the re-posted story. Please do not delete the copyright information. No commercial reprints are authorized.
