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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 21)

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

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Story Codes: MF MFF FF FFF vaginal anal fist toys stretch speculum device D/s

S/m tattoo pierce bestiality electro bond

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

Title: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 21)

Universe: Tom

Summary: Tom gets involved with Andrea and Alexi - and they decide to act out different archetypes from his stories. Includes some MF, MFF, FF, FFF, vaginal, anal, fisting, stretching play, speculum play, large toy play, device play, electro play, bondage, tattoos, piercing, bestiality.

Keywords: MF, MFF, FF, FFF, Vaginal, Anal, Fisting, Stretching play, Speculum play, Large toy play, Device play, Electro play, Bondage, Tattoos, Piercing, Bestiality

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DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 21)

written by Max

MF, MFF, FF, FFF, Vaginal, Anal, Fisting, Stretching play, Speculum play, Large toy play, Device play, Electro play, Bondage, Tattoos, Piercing, Bestiality

It was noon before both Alexi and Andrea were settled and the place had been sorted out. There was plenty of mess to be cleaned up and lots of gear to be cleared away - mostly to Andrea's adjoining room which they didn't let housekeeping enter - before they invited the hotel housekeeping in. They walked out with Alexi dressed smartly in a fitted skirt and silk blouse the billowed a bit to add more shape up top. Andrea followed in khaki BDUs, a snug long sleeve black tshirt, and a small camera bag and blanket. They drove the rental car over to the grocery store they'd found, and picked up a bottle of juice, a bottle of wine, cheese, crackers, and fresh strawberries, melon, and grapes.

Then they headed out to a cemetery they'd driven by on the way to Gallery Ink.

The scattered clouds cut down on the bright sun, making for a nice average day that might be rainy once the sun set. The cemetery turned out to be empty, with a handful of large grassy areas with scattered monuments and memorials amongst stone slabs set into the earth. The grass was tired this late in the year, but the soft loam underneath made for comfortable seating once they'd spread the blanket and divided out the food and drink.

Andrea stuck to juice. She knew Tom didn't drink, and wondered if she could cut down from a few shots and six to seven beers a night to something less obvious in his eyes. Alexi didn't feel any such inhibition, and was delighted to have a shot at finishing off the wine herself. They chatted about the trip, about the locals and the sprawl, about the hotel staff, and about nothing particularly important all while enjoying the mix of different flavours and textures across their selection of food.

When they'd had their fill, Andrea carefully repacked the left overs and stoppered the wine. She finished the last of the juice herself in one steady chug. Once she'd put everything back in the bags, Alexi scooped up the blanket and gestured toward the open greenspace and stones. "Where to?"

Andrea pointed toward a low point with a small stand of trees. "Not the best lighting, but a bit less visible and lots of nice backdrops." The two of them hiked down to what turned out to be a set of three mausoleums in a roughly circular grove of maple trees. On the edge of the trees, a set of four statues marked the corners of an invisible square set over top the circle. Each of the white marble angels faced outward at an angle. They were tall and magnificent with hooded robes, their faces hidden in the cowl, folded wings close to their backs, and swords held directly in front of them facing up toward the heavens in perfectly formed hands. The pedestal at the base of each was knee high and broad, allowing Alexi to sit beside the flowing robes while Andrea took a few pictures around the copse.

"So will the lighting work?" Alexi asked. Andrea was humming to herself as she worked, and Alexi was a bit wound up for her first nude photo shoot outdoors.

"Yeah, I think it'll work fine. I'm going to set down our stuff over here so it's out of the picture frame, and then let's see some hot sexy Alexi action." She grinned and Alexi grinned back.

"Now you're talking!" Alexi joked. Then she unfolded the blanket enough where Andrea had set it to provide someplace to set her clothes. Andrea motioned her to come over, and they started the shoot with Alexi still in her fitted skirt and blouse. The poses were business like at first and then a bit more

suggestive. Andrea encouraged Alexi to flirt a bit with the camera - which produced everything from goofy to erotic photos with her still fully clothed. Then Alexi was sent over to change into something more sex and fetish.

The shoes and skirt came off, leaving Alexi in her blouse and a ruffled boy short. Andrea reached into their bag and pulled out a set of heels and seamed stockings. Using the base of one of the angel statues, Alexi changed out of her boy shorts and put on the stockings and heels. Andrea handed her a garter belt and bikini cut lace panties with ties on the sides. Alexi lifted up her blouse to adjust and close the garter belt, then hooked her garters. Andrea took several pictures of her getting dressed - focusing on the way Alexi's open labia and tattoo looked with just garters and stockings to frame them.

Finally the bikini panties were tied on at each hip over top of the garter belts. Alexi put her skirt back on, and then changed her loose blouse for a more severe button down shirt. The greys of the skirt and shirt were complimented by the seamed stockings and charcoal heels. Then Andrea had Alexi pose in several areas - with one of the angels, in one of the mausoleum doorways, and then in the copse where the shadows accentuated the sensual aspect of her attire.

Alexi was doing well with the directions though the heels did sink in a few places where the earth was soft. Andrea directed her to pose with the angel statue in the warmest sun, and slowly they disrobed Alexi. First off was the shirt, nearly button by button, leaving Alexi in her skirt and lace bra. Next was the skirt, leaving Alexi in heels, stockings, panties, garter, and bra. When the panties came off, Andrea took several shots with Alexi posed around the angel, her tattoo and loose lips showing. That continued through poses until Alexi was bent forward to hold the angel's hand, her open mouthed cunt staring at the camera with the tattoo inverted by her pose.

Andrea let Alexi take a break and have a glass of wine while she fetched a surprise from her camera bag.

The shoot left behind sensual when Andrea returned. In her hand was the steel collar and some Liquid Silk lube. Alexi looked a bit worried, she could tell the tone of things had changed, so Andrea gave her a big hug and told her how it was going to be as gently as she could.

"You said you would help me, help me with Tom and with, well, being what he wants from me." She said quietly. "And I told you that you'd have to help me by being those things that Tom wants. By being those things you were saying." She paused. "It's time to start on that Alexi. It's time to begin to help Tom understand why you're the woman he wants to be with for a very long time. It's time for you to help me from being the focus of his attention so I can learn and

adjust to being, well being his cock slut."

Alexi thought it over. "Is this what will make the difference?"

"This and a lot of other things like this." Andrea shrugged. "Tom enjoys subtle and sensual, but he expects triple x performance." Andrea gestured toward the blanket. "If we spread out the blanket more we should have enough room to put this in without making a mess of your clothes."

"I'm not so worried about my clothes," Alexi replied.

"It may hurt or even really hurt, but it's a choice. The choice is to do what you want to do, and hope it might please Tom or at least keep him interested, or earn his praise and interest by giving him something we know he is looking for."

"And that," gesturing toward the steel collar, "is what he's interested in and looking for?"

"No," Andrea said. "That," pointing at Alexi's cunt, "is what we want him focused on."

Alexi saw no room to maneuver. She let Andrea work with her to spread the blanket further and then wipe down her sex and protruding labia to make sure everything was clean. Then Andrea lowered Alexi on to the blanket and put on a pair of disposable gloves. "Here we go," was all she said as she put Liquid Silk in her hands and stroked it into the opening and all over the thick lips that defined of Alexi's cunt.

At the beginning of the week Andrea had used a mixture of numbing shots and outpatient pain killers to substantially reduce the impact on Alexi's nervous system of having her vaginal opening distended, stretched, and largely torn apart to be as open as the bones of her pelvis would allow. She had intentionally allowed all these to fade from Alexi's system, allowing Alexi nothing stronger than over the counter Motrin. Despite the time allowed for Alexi's cunt to rest and reknit, there was still some lingering deep bruising and ripped skin that Alexi could feel being impacted as Andrea worked her fist in. Andrea kept her hand closed and simply pushed though, going only deep enough that the face of her fist penetrated the gap between Alexi's full and hanging lips.

"Ugh," Alexi whispered.

Andrea looked at her carefully as she removed her gloved hand and then pushed it back in again. "I need you to do this for me, Alexi. I need you to please Tom so he understands and takes full advantage of what you can do. Otherwise..."

her eyes pleaded with Alexi with concern "otherwise he will focus on how to fuck me with his cock in every way all the time." Andrea play acted up her concern. She had already accepted the fact that she was Tom's cock slut and would allow Tom to fuck her whether she enjoyed it or not. From her point of view that was part of the turn on. Giving something she would never do, something she had never done, to Tom to control and demand of her, and knowing she had to live up to it and be good at it.

Alexi moaned a bit from the sensation of the knuckles of Alexi's hand again pushing directly into her. It wasn't that she wasn't open enough to take two fists. It was the tenderness of the walls just inside of her opening that caused her to twinge and have to fight the urge to pull away. It didn't strike her how different the feeling was - she felt the pressure alongside her labia but with just a stroking of lubrication the skin of her lips no longer felt any tug or pull or sensation of the hand going into her.

Andrea leaned forward and kissed Alexi. "I want you to tell him how it feels. All of it. Not just the filling, the stretching, the pressure. I want you to tell him how it hurts too. He needs to know, needs to focus on the pain and pleasure in your voice. I need you to tell him so he sees all you've done to make him be with you, all you've done to prepare to please him, all you've done to be his." She kissed Alexi more hungrily and Alexi pushed back into her lips with her own. Their tongues met as they kissed, and Alexi cringed slightly as Andrea's fist pushed fully into her cunt as they leaned into each other to savour that kiss.

Andrea finally pulled herself back. She removed her hand from Alexi and took off her gloves. In a matter of minutes she had Alexi sitting on the blanket spread over the corner of the angel base with a tripod set up looking at the stocking and garter clad beauty, her lace bra making her hard nipples seem even more prominent on her hand sized breasts. Andrea put on fresh gloves and started the camera recording. It watched her with passive digital eyes as she maneuvered Alexi to the edge of the blanket covered stone and fit the steel collar into that gaping chasm which defined the stretched out cunt that Alexi had destroyed for Tom's pleasure.

Alexi gritted her teeth as the collar went in scraping over the sensitive and tender tissues just inside her opening. Andrea looked up at her and said, "Tell him, Alexi. Tell him how it feels. Tell him." She was being gentle but made sure to emphasize her demand with a bit more pressure as she fit the collar into place.

Alexi groaned. She could feel the harsh unforgiving edge of the collar, something she'd been too numb to notice before, and how it dug into her and forced the pink walls out of its way. She could feel the way it scraped along

her overstretched and damaged perineum that separated her cunt and ass. She felt a passionate agony, but also felt the adrenaline surge knowing this was real - so much more real than before when she'd been hazy and numb.

"It feels..." she started hesitantly.

"Tell Tom how it hurts."

"It does hurt. It hurts right inside, right where it digs into me."

"Tell him you want it."

Alexi moaned and that moan became another groan as the steel collar fitted in a bit deeper. "It... I can feel it.."

"Tell him you want it, you want it to force you open again." Andrea applied more pressure as she worked the collar into position so it could be opened up to push Alexi completely open again. The steel band that defined the edge of the collar was already holding Alexi spread, but it was tricky getting it aligned just right vertically with Alexi sitting and leaned back instead of on her back and in the stirrups.

The sensations of Andrea pushing and twisting and working the steel collar caused Alexi to lean back more. She let her eyes close and pictured what she must look like. The pictures and video would show her slightly wider hips pushed out to either side, the stainless steel softly glinting in the sun, her red opening and pale stretched labia, her tattoo running around it and defining the edge of her opening, her gaping hole, moreso than her own flesh.

Alexi let the words, the phrases, the statements she'd been practicing with Andrea run through her head. She felt them out with her mouth. Felt the surge as Andrea began working the machined screws to expand the steel collar. This was her show for Tom. This was her excellence to please him. Distantly she understood Andrea - understood that Andrea did need her to connect to Tom, to draw Tom to her, to cause Tom to want her for this and so many other things. Alexi also understood that Andrea wanted Tom, wanted Tom to do the things that Andrea would never do - and this was as much about Andrea delivering Alexi to Tom as preparing her own ass for Tom. Those deeper undercurrents surged inside of Alexi as she once again pictured herself, Tom pounding into her stretched holes, as she held on to Andrea and the three of them kissed. She felt the heat blossom in her cunt, in her gaping hole, in her wrecked opening, while simultaneously feeling the pain and shock as Andrea relentlessly opened the steel collar and completely forced Alexi down this path. There was wet on Alexi's thighs, she felt her own juices flowing out freely and running down over her ass to her tailbone as well as down her thighs and soaking the top of her stockings.

She forced herself to look into the camera. Andrea was reaching over her right thigh to make the adjustments, and Alexi could look right into the lens.

"It hurts..." she started softly. "It hurts having my cunt wrecked." She fought back a tear as her perineum tore a bit more where it had recently healed. "It hurts having my opening continually torn and re-torn open to make sure that it will never close again." She let out a shuddering breath. "I am your fisting slut, Tom. My cunt is big enough for both your hands. I am your toy slut. Any toy that can be fit into me, anytime you want, anytime I can. I am your gaping cunt. Your wrecked cunt. I am yours. Yours to fuck, to stretch, to fill, to own. I am marked for you." Alexi pushed her left hand down over Tom's symbol and felt only thigh on either side of the steel collar. "Marked for you, marked with you." She moaned as she ran her fingers over her clitoris hood and felt the nub of her clit exposed and thick and round like a pearl right above harsh unrelenting steel.

Andrea had opened the steel collar as far as it would go. She didn't have a measuring tape handy to be certain it was open as far as before, but the visual effect was impressive no matter what the actual measurements. Andrea could easily see directly into the pulsing red walls lining Alexi's cunt, her cervix plainly visible as well through the steel struts that forced the steel collar apart and controlled the out of round shape that matched the bones of Alexi's pelvic gap. The hooded blade was a dagger etched into the smooth abdominal flesh above the prominent skinfold that ended in the bead of Alexi's clitoris resting directly on the steel collar's edge. The collar then dominated the space between her legs, a tattoo'd plane of skin that came down from alongside Alexi's clitoral hood but vanished as Alexi's stance brought her thighs in enough to have them seemingly rest on either side of the opening that defined her gaping cunt. That gaping cunt went to Alexi's tailbone, and from Andrea's point of view there was no way to even see a suggestion of Alexi's anus because it was pushed down and stretched sideways where Alexi sat on the blanket.

Alexi shuddered again as Andrea withdrew slightly, leaving the spectacle of what they had done to Alexi's pussy completely unobstructed. She stroked her hand down between her thighs feeling around the collar in an idle tracing motion. Her fingers came away wet and she made a display of dragging them up to her nipples and stroking the moisture in while pinching and pulling. She was slightly choked up as she spoke again. "It hurts being your gaping cunt. It hurts because I have to destroy my old pussy. I have to wreck my opening so it never closes again." Her hand wandered back down to rubbing along and over the hooded blade tattoo. "Every time," she sighed at the tingling sensations, "every time we do this I am open for even longer." Alexi sighed again and when she continued her voice was softer and gentler. "I don't close now. My gaping hole is also seeping wet. I can feel it all the time." She shuddered as a mild

cramp cycled through her abdomen from her half reclined stature. "When I walk I feel my loose lips brushing back and forth over each other. When I sit I feel air circulate inside of me. When I sleep," she groaned and adjusted her position, "when I sleep I dream of it, of how big I am, of how I will never have a pussy again."

Alexi carefully moved to sit up straight with her right buttock perched on the edge of the blanket. The camera could look right into her cunt between her legs like the steel marked the mounting point for a missing appendage. "I have a gaping cunt for you, Tom. And soon I'm going to make Alexi do the same to my ass. See how open I am," she gestured toward the gap between her thighs. "Soon this will be my ass too. It'll bleed for days. It'll take," she paused feeling how her wet sex was gushing, "ah god, Tom. This makes me so wet my - no - your gaping cunt is just dripping everywhere." A dark stain was forming on the blanket running down from Alexi's buttock. "See how open I am? I can't stop anything from being put inside of me. Can't stop my own juices from dribbling out all day long."

Alexi got to her feet, wobbling slightly on the heels as she struggled to find her balance with her thighs spread apart by her distended cunt. Then she began to model for the camera. "I hope you can see this, Tom. Look at how my legs can't even come close to closing around your gaping cunt. I'm completely open."

She turned for the camera and Andrea let out a quick breath. The collar's weight caused it to pull down on the skin near the tailbone resulting in a blatant fold stretched tight around the steel band. Alexi's anus was pulled across and distended, stretched easily a hand's width across, the opening actually exposed above the skinfold and then simply tucked up to the tailbone at the top.

Alexi continued to show her cunt off, the stockings and heels simply enhancing the sexual profanity of how distorted and manipulated her pussy was. Finally she tipped forward and balanced with legs apart and one hand on the blanket. The angel held its stern blade straight in front of her as Alexi looked back at the camera from between her spread legs, her hair touching the angel's pedestal.

"I'm almost entirely your whore now, Tom." She sounded energized by the sensations from her cunt. "It aches, it hurts, it's breaking me - but I've never wanted to be fucked all day and night like this, never knew how much I wanted to be fucked continually, never knew all I wanted to be was ripped open and destroyed..." Then she reached back and ran her fingers down her spine to her tailbone to her distended anus. Discovering it for the first time she probed the skin folds and the exposed inner lining that stretched from side to side along the edge of the collar. "All that's left," she sighed as she felt her stomach flipflop while feeling her anus already pulled apart like that, "is for me to turn my ass into another cunt for you. After that I'll have two wrecked openings, two gaping cunts, and..." She paused for a breath as the

headiness hit her hard, "And then the only choice will be to constantly have something fucking my ass to keep me from making a mess. My back cunt, my wrecked ass, it'll be a messy gaping opening that has to be plugged all the time just to keep my shit in. And then I'll be your plugged whore, your completely stretched and fucked bitch. I'll have two wrecked holes for you to make me do whatever you want with."

She was stroking her anus now, the tender exposed inner edge an angry pink under her pale slender fingers. She shuddered from the sensations and welling feeling in her belly and cunt. "If," she hissed, "you could move the camera closer then you could see my cunt walls clenching, Tom." Her fingers moved more quickly and pushed harder against her sphincter, rubbing and grinding the skin against the steel. "Because... because even thinking about how wrecked my ass is going to be... even knowing it'll take.. oh yes... it'll take surgery to even put my ass back together again... knowing I'll have to wear something huge in my ass to plug it every day... knowing I'll have to do it every day... every night... at work with something stretching and filling my ass... oh god... I want that so bad... I want to be fucked all the time... I want to be plugged.. all... all the time... no choice... no choice because my ass will be so wrecked... I'm going to cum... going to cum for you... wrecking my cunt and ass for you..."

Andrea had stepped aside and was furiously working her other camera to get pictures as Alexi masturbated with her gaping cunt fully presented, stretched to the bone by the steel collar, and her sphincter stretched and distended, while juices ran down her inner thighs in visible rivlets and flows complimenting the garter belts on the back of her legs, her stockings totally soaked. As she worked the camera Andrea could feel her own wetness - her own need to feel something in her pussy, her own growing need for Tom's cock in her ass.

Finally Alexi tipped forward a bit, her cunt an obscene mess between her thighs, and had to grab the stone pedestal with both hands to keep from collapsing as her knees went rubbery. Panting and heaving a bit she reached out to the angel and slowly pulled herself upright. Then she leaned down and slid carefully down to sit facing the camera. Her eyes were a bit glazed and her long brown hair stuck to her sweaty forehead and cheeks as she slowly wound down from her orgasm. Finding her voice as she leaned forward with her right hand on her knee, she said quietly "I am yours, Tom. You can make Andrea your cock slut, you can make her your toy slut, but when I come back from wrecking my cunt and ass, I want you to make me yours. I want you to use me however you see fit. I want you to take advantage of my gaping cunts and tell me how to best use and put them on display for you." She weakly gestured to her lingerie. Then her tattoos. "Dress me how you want, tell me what you want to see, tell me how to please you, and I will be with you. I'll be yours. I am yours. Your property. Your accessory. You are - you are a machine, and I am just an accessory."

Alexi slumped forward a bit from exhaustion and overdoing it. The weather had changed and the sky was becoming more cloudy and the air cooler. Andrea saw the signs. "Say good bye, Alexi" she suggested off screen.

"Good night, Tom. I'll be riding back to the hotel like this. I'm not taking it out until I go to bed." She gestured toward the steel collar. "Now that I know I can wear it, there's no need to take it out." She smiled and waved in a slumped sloppy mess. Andrea stopped the recording.

Feeling the pressure off, Alexi slumped into the angel's robes by his feet. "I'm wiped out," she shivered, "and getting really cold."

Andrea pointed at the sky. "Yeah, guess it's a storm blowing in." She looked over Alexi critically. "I need to clean you up a bit and then get some more shots, ok?"

"Ok. But we have to hurry before I pass out."

Andrea was surprised at how level Alexi was being. Usually she was very emotional after sex or orgasming. "You ok? You seem very... well very calm..."

Alexi stood up carefully and reached behind the statue for where they had stashed the bag with wipes and a few hand towels. "I guess I've just finally accepted all of this." She sighed and waited for Andrea to set down the tripod and camera, and then let Andrea take the wet wipes from her. Turning to the angel, she spread her legs as wide as she could while Andrea wiped down her thighs, gaping cunt, and ass. Andrea was quietly blotting her with a hand towel when Alexi continued.

"I told you the other day I was doing this for me, but mostly for Tom. I want Tom, Andrea. And I'm worried I'm not enough for him. But I feel a lot better about that now. I was really worried when we realized the piercings would have to wait, but now I see what you are doing. You're going to make Tom want me, make him want me while I'm busy doing - well - all these things that need to be done." She turned to face her friend and lover. "And I think you want Tom to want me. Because you want him to want you, too. Because you want him to want you, you want to give yourself to him, but you need him to be happy and I'm your insurance policy." She ran her fingers through Andrea's hair as the taller girl knelt in front of her and straightened out her garter and blotted away some more wet ness on her belly. "I mean, I was being selfish, honey. Really selfish. And then I realized that, well, we're a pretty good team."

"I always told you that."

Alexi sighed and smiled. "Of course we are. But not just in bed. We

compliment each other. We look out for one another." She gestured to her obscene sexual opening and tattoos. "Without you this wouldn't be possible."

Andrea pondered her earlier thought that Alexi was growing up a bit, and smiled inwardly. "We're a good team. But keep in mind what we are to Tom." She stood up and hugged Alexi - feeling the soft lace of the bra strap under her wrist and palm. Talking into Alexi's ear, the warm breath starting a tingling in Alexi's loins, Andrea said "You're his property. And I'm his cock slut. Whatever else comes from there will be what we shape his desire for and what he tells us to do." She kissed Alexi's forehead and stepped back. Looking Alexi up and down she declared, "Right, all ready for some quick shots before you catch a terrible chill!" Then she smiled. "And while I'm taking these pictures just think, how long before he has you marked further - marked with the measurements of your gaping holes."

Alexi reached out to Andrea and stroked her arm. "I hope he does, Andrea. I hope he does whatever makes him pleased."

By the time they reached the car, Alexi had to hold a towel between her legs under the loose skirt she'd changed into. She was rubbed raw by the steel collar, seeping juice but also spotting a bit of blood. But at her insistence the collar was left in all the way to the car and to the hotel. Andrea checked her phone when before starting the car, and saw a text message from Tom. His one word summation of her work the prior night - "Amazing" - made her laugh. Alexi asked about it, and they both laughed when Alexi said "He's not seen anything yet."

Then the topic changed and Andrea was both pleased and surprised that Alexi didn't ask Andrea what she had done to provoke Tom's reaction.

(to be continued)

by Max

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