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Story: DRAFT - Angel : Angel's Alternate Endings (Part 2)

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Story Codes: MF fist MDom mast anal toys stretch

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Title: DRAFT - Angel : Angel's Alternate Endings (Part 2)

Universe: Tom, Angel

Summary: This story provides another of the scenes from the ending pathways for Angel - her training and development providing her with new levels of penetration enjoyment and ability to provide service Tom. This story contains MF Sex, fisting, domination, masturbation, anal play, large toys and stretching.

Keywords: MF, Fist, Mdom, Mast, Anal, Dildo, Stretch

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DRAFT - Angel's Alternate Endings
(Part Two)

written by Max

MF, Fist, Mdom, Mast, Anal, Dildo, Stretch

Angel sighed as water ran over her skin. In the mirror she could see how shiny her skin was, but right now should could just feel the water and the manner in which it ran into her without any resistance. Angel's pubis was thick - her elongated inner lips folding this way and that in a slightly swollen state. But her anus was smooth and glossy, having developed a kind of glow from increasingly frequent stretching and stroking of toys. The shine was well developed now because the last three nights had been spent thoroughly fucking it. As Angel knelt further into the water she felt it entering her both in front and back - a warm seeping feeling - and was glad she always used her enema nozzle to rinse out her rectum before bathing. While her ass definitely closed up each day, the gentle water and pulsing of her own libido guaranteed a certain amount of internal rinse in the bath.

Last night had been extraordinary for Angel. Using some creams designed to desensitize and relax her muscles and nerves, Tom and she had quickly reached the physical limit of her pelvis while stretching her vagina. Angel had hoped for much more, but the bones of her pelvis prevented her from taking much more than anything 5 inches wide. To compensate, Tom had reshaped some toys to be flattened on the sides - top to bottom Angel maxed out around 6.5 inches so making the toys more oval in shape had given them a maximum vaginal penetration at the opening. Further assistance with a equine speculum had proven unable to get around the bone limitations - but regular work with a hand shaped toy had been successful in keeping Angel open for everything up to her limit in the front.

Angel slipped her hands down between her thighs. Letting her legs spread apart in the tub, she ran her fingertips over her labia and pelvis. She could feel the water rinse in and out of her opening easily. Angel pulled her lips apart from one another and they floated apart freely without closing. They had been stretched a good bit, and so the inner labia often got tangled and bunched up with each other. The warm water soaked into them and they actually became more swollen. Angel gingerly felt lower down the length of her pubic mound, where she could feel some bruising.

Then she slipped her hand easily into her cunt. It used to require her weight driving down on it to fist herself, but so long as she was satisfied with only being able to angle it inside up to the pad of her thumb, she could relax and just pull it in and out now. Her fingers and knuckles could feel all the sensitive areas just as her vaginal canal announced them. The water sloshed strangely in and out, sometimes seeming like a hindrance but mostly just feeling

warm. It was her lips that caught now and again, being tugged out and pushed in by her hand - but that felt good as well for she could feel the skin stretching and bunching with each stroke.

The anal play had a huge impact as well. The water just as easily flowed in and out of her ass. It was a warm rinsing sensation unlike the rushed irrigation sensation from the shower's enema hose. Tom and Angel had learned that the soothing baths were a necessity given the extreme toy play her body now participated in. Although the creams and training prevented any extreme discomfort at the time, the bruising and occasional over-stretching lingered for much longer. The baths felt so good and helped encourage healing - they just could not be over-prescribed.

With no desensitizing lubricant, Angel had mounted and ridden a 9 inch tall by 3.75 inch wide toy to warm up last night. It was a smaller toy, but went very deep - and Angel could feel in the bath the need for something deep inside of her. She removed her hand and took down a shampoo bottle. Although it wasn't very big, it's length would stroke deep into her vagina and rub against her sensitive spots. Starting with the bottom first, she slipped it in - feeling with her sensitive labia the big swirly logo painted on the bottle. Her lips felt like they could read the word 'Balsam' they were so sensitive to the lettering on the smooth plastic. The entire length disappeared into her vagina, and she began working it at angles and sawing it in and out holding on to the cap.

Angel relaxed enjoying the sensation. Not enough to make her orgasm, but definitely pleasurable. Last night she had had the most overwhelming orgasm, and just thinking of it she could feel her clitoris swelling. She ministered to it by dragging the shampoo bottle in and out enough to roll a bit of it over her clit - and almost jumped. Very gingerly she repositioned the bottle so it was at less of angle toward her rectum. The soreness was still there, but the lightning bolt she just felt was above and beyond that.

After warming up the previous night, Tom had brought out her new vaginal plug. It was a truly awesome piece of black rubber - shaped somewhat like a rhino horn though not pointed. It was not entirely smooth, as it had some unconventional angles, but it had nothing truly jutting out or edged. The base was mainly the entire toy, being only six inches tall and only about an inch or so of that spent on the horn top and taper. Below that inch the toy spread out like bust's shoulders, fully 4.9 inches wide in one rounded direction and 6.8 inches wide in the other. Tom called it a "vaginal plug" because he had shaped it to do just that - completely fill her vaginal opening. With it in Angel had no other room for anything. In fact it actually blocked her anus from any penetration as well, filling nearly all the space between her clitoris and her tailbone. Designed as it was, Tom and Angel encouraged her pelvis to rock forward and back on it to fit it in as deeply as possible. The blunt tip served to open her up initially and stroke her inner walls as her opening was distorted to its full potential. Once it was fitted Tom sat in front of Angel, his cock hard with the head against her lower abdomen, and helped Angel drive her body on and off of it. His strong hands rested on her shoulders push down and then would slip down into an embrace to lift her up. Angel would let her head lean forward on to his shoulder and soak in the smell of his hair and skin as her body worked up to its peak. When she got close to cumming, she let Tom know, and he would help her reach her orgasm while holding her.

The bottle was nice but not enough to do anything more than stir Angel's swollen cunt. She needed more and let the bottle slip out while looking around her for anything suitable. Angel's inflatable dildo was near the tub, but wasn't safe to play with in water since the pump valve would freeze up. Her red phallus was also set out to dry from being washed, but it was too small. Angel sighed and slipped further under the water. It would have to wait until she finished her soak. So she closed her eyes and let her muscles work out the details to see if she could cum with nothing inside of her.

Cumming on the vaginal plug was a huge effort and event. Her clitoris was so sensitive afterwards that the toy's stretching was incredibly overwhelming. So Tom would lift her up off the toy and move it aside before setting Angel back down on the pillows. He held her as she sprawled out - her inner thighs sore and slick from her juices and lubricant, her cunt completely open. It would take a few minutes for her vaginal opening to close down a bit after the plug - and in the meantime Angel could feel this amazing sensation of nothing inside of her touching anything else. But last night, Tom had also spoken to her - talking to her and slipping her into a trancelike state. The tingles had stayed with her, but she had felt so comfortable and peaceful. Tom had helped Angel roll on her side, and - with her hands on her buttocks - Angel had held her ass completely exposed and partially open for him. Still murmuring to her, Tom had gently wiped away lubricant and fluids from her anus. Then he had applied a rich layer of desensitizing gel all the way from her ass crack into her anus. Angel's hands grew tired holding her ass open, so Tom relieved them and allowed the gel to set and soak in. It was a deadening effect like anaesthetic, and Angel could feel his hands pressure on her ass but no longer could distinguish fingers from palms.

Tom then removed his hands from her ass and asked Angel to kneel on the bed. She did so, careful not to allow her ass to rush against anything. Then Tom picked up a toy and guided her over it. The mattress was firm with a piece of sturdy foam under the sheets, so the toy tipped a bit but as Tom and Angel guided her ass on to it - the bed did not allow it to sink. Angel knew this in the back of her mind, but it seemed unclear as the pressure from the toy could be felt but not much else. At moments she worried that she wasn't working hard enough, but Tom was encouraging her and coaxing her down. Finally her legs were completely pushed to the side by her buttocks as they neared the bottom of the toy. The pressure felt immense, but there was no pain or even shock radiating out from her ass. Inside she felt like something very large was in her vagina, though not very deep, her rectal walls being thoroughly ground against the front of her abdomen.

Angel sighed. Speaking to herself in the tub, she repeated what she had said some months ago which led to all this. "I see no reason to stop at any particular size. If I can take 5 inches, then why not see if I can take 6? Or 7? And if we could make it so pain doesn't interfere with it, then why not take that right now?" Angel felt around her ass - which had been so shiny this morning in the mirror as she disrobed for her bath. Her ass cheeks had probably been split apart last night - soon they would creep even a bit higher, or perhaps it was her asshole moving lower out of their shelter. Her cunt was a stretch of folded labia petals from her clit to nearly her tailbone. In fact, her inner labia were now more butterfly like as they seemed to have developed a definitive lower pair of inner labia near the skin between her cunt and ass. Her ass was a smooth shiny opening like a period at the end of her cunt's sentence. As Angel stroked the length of her lips, she wondered how it would change now.

Now. Now that she had started riding a toy not much smaller than her vaginal plug with her ass. A toy that measured easily four and a half inches wide and five and a half inches across. A toy that she had fucked with her ass for nearly an hour - using her ass like the cunt it was meant to be, stretching it way beyond her previous capacity, and driving it to accept this new toy like it was just another small step forward. Of course now the muscles were tightly closed - something that big had caused them to slam shut after it exited. But her ass itself was open and more so than with her previous three and three quarter inch toys.

Angel promised herself it would stay that way. When Tom had taken her off the toy it had only been because she had had an earth shattering orgasm. He worried the orgasm would shake her out of her trancelike state, and he was right. But instead of massive amounts of pain, all she felt was the way her muscles were going insane trying to reject the toy - and thus stroke her smooth asshole over it while clenching and convulsing. She almost begged Tom to force it completely in, making her ass clench close with it inside, letting it stretch her out even more. She was sure her anus would swallow the anal plug up. But instead he eased her off of it, and laid her down on the soft side of the bed. She could feel him enter her because of the pressure on her vaginal walls from her anus - her anus itself was gaping open and he told her so. It offered no resistance to his thrusts and allowed him to stroke his cock head deep inside where it tickled her g-spot from underneath and through the membranes separating her ass and cunt. His pelvis stroked hard over her labia and clitoris as well - sending her into a seemingly endless wash of sensation where she was torn by oversensitivity from the last orgasm and driving herself back into Tom's grinding thrusts.

When Tom whispered in a hoarse voice that he was going to orgasm, Angel bucked down even harder. Tom's cock slipped in at a deeper trajectory and Angel felt the murmur and then the flood of her own orgasm. Tom kept grinding himself into her ass even as both their orgasms subsided. But as soon as he relaxed, her muscles took over and pushed him out.

Angel drained the bathwater and started the shower to rinse off. Tom had asked for her to continually practice fisting her cunt and ass - and she gently pushed her fingers against her ass as the water beat down on her back. It was still slick from lubrication oozing out as it had all day, but very sore. Her first two fingers went in easily, and she was working on her third finger as a draft came into the bathroom. Angel sighed and leaned against the wall - turning the shower nozzle away from the shower curtain. Her legs apart, she offered no resistance to the hand that began to work its way into her ass. As its fingers pushed in and the lubricant on them eased its passage, Angel worked her hands against the shower wall.

"Still sore?" Tom asked.

Angel would not let her body prevent her - in response she drove her ass back on Tom's hand until it forced its way in. The knuckles crushed tender tissue, but it was worth it to feel him entirely inside of her ass. She leaned forward while pushing her ass out more - indicating she wanted him to fist her more.

And Tom did.

brought to you by Max

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