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Story: DRAFT - Within My Embrace (Part 1)

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Story Codes: MF Mdom fist toys stretch anal best tattoo pierce

Version Info: DRAFT - Revision 2

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Title: DRAFT - Within My Embrace (Part 1)

Universe: Max

Summary: Max works to shape a woman into his desired form. This story contains references to MF, domination, large toys, anal sex, bestiality, tattoos, and piercings.

Keywords: MF, Mdom, fist, toys, stretch, anal, best, tattoo, pierce

Language: English

Availability: PUBLICATION (Multi Part Series: Very Dirty Stories #3 [http://bit.ly/VDS\\_003](http://bit.ly/VDS_003) ,  
Very Dirty Stories #6 [http://bit.ly/VDS\\_006](http://bit.ly/VDS_006) , Very Dirty Stories #10 [http://bit.ly/VDS\\_010](http://bit.ly/VDS_010) )

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DRAFT - Within My Embrace (Part 1)

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written by Max

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MF, Mdom, Fist, Dildo, Stretch, Large Toys, Piercings, Anal, Bestiality, Tattoos

Max stretched out flat on his back. His shoulders were sore and somewhere, just south of the middle of his back between them, something was out of place causing undo pressure in his chest cavity. His flexed and unflexed his fingers, allowed his arms to lay loose beside his body, and tried to sleep.

The sweet darkness didn't come. His brain was too busy testing ideas, hashing data, linking events people places objects times. He put his hands behind his head and enjoyed the cool air on the underside of his biceps and exposure of his warm pits. He could get up and do something but that would mean further knock his sleep cycle out of whack.

Max sighed. He stroked his short clippited hair. Then he folded his hands over the center of his chest and closed his eyes again. He could still sense the space around him - the bedside table with his glasses and orange juice, the laptop on the other side set sideways to allow it to vent, the headboard and portrait overhead, the door ways to the hotel room bathroom and living room, his shoes by the far entrance door. His mind sketched out the shapes of things and filled in the gaps of darkness or allowed shadows to prevail curtaining off unsensed or unremembered spaces.

There was a buzzing sound.

His hand snaked out from his chest and landed a fingertip away from his phone. Feeling it out, Max grasped it by the top and bottom edge and brought it to his ear while flipping it open.

"Hello," he said quietly.

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Approximately two thousand, seven hundred, sixty miles away she was unfinished. Her skin was a soft brown from tanning and working outdoors. Her hands were slightly rough from rope climbing the previous day. Her short hair was brown with a running highlight that looked like an unruly stripe of white. She smelled of the rose water bath she'd taken hours ago, though in her own nostrils she scented the heavy rubber and vinyl scent coming from the toys beside her.

She picked up the phone anxiously. He was three timezones away and while it was early morning where she was, it was still the middle of the night at his hotel. Her hand was warm on the body of the smooth plastic, and her finger tips pressed in his number more from muscle memory than thought. Her nervousness showed in her face as the phone rang once, then twice. She gritted her teeth unconsciously.

Then he answered.

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They spoke for a little while. The moon set over her head while it lingered on where he laid. His words cycled into different spaces, the tonality conveying many meanings, sometimes unfocused as he dozed and other times sharp and direct as his attention coalesced. She felt him grip her hand, lead her sometimes hesitantly and other times forcefully through the terrain of his work.

She was his work.

He had her trace her fingers over her nipples, the thick barbells of the piercings at the base and the more delicate steel of the rings piercing the mid-shaft of the nipple. He had her stroke over the tattoos placed on either side of her pelvis between her hips and labia. He had her caress and squeeze and work her labia - lengthened by months of regular play and challenges. He had her stroke her fingers in and out of her open bottom - kept soft and moist by regular applications of lotion and toys. And then he told her about his plans, the ways in which he would continue to shape and reshape her body and her mind.

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It all started simply enough. At some point she had floundered, lost her way, needed time to determine what she valued and how she valued it. When she finally had to make the ultimate decision, it was a hard thing. But Max demanded she decide, she cease patrolling the fence, and she commit to whatever decision she made for one year.

One year didn't seem like that long.

If it was the wrong decision then she could still go back. If it was the right decision then she'd know for sure. She agreed. Afraid. Nervous. Anxious. She agreed with reservations that Max clarified to her could be expressed but would be reviewed in light of her commitment. He suggested that for things she was particularly unhappy with that she propose an alternative to satisfy them both.

She already had her nipples pierced.

The tattoos on her pelvis went on one week after he returned home and she shared her decision to stay.

Then he had initiated a string of training activities - allowing for her to stay out of work while she worked on developing her body and physique. He arranged for her to see a specific set of specialists to see if they could assist her lingering libido issues. He arranged for her to attend professional coaching seminars and skill development seminars. He spent those first three months preparing her and investing in her so she could be ready for her birthday on the winter solstice.

Then the real changes would begin.

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For Winter Solstice, Max prepared a nice trip up to the mountains. Up there he arranged accommodations for them both, making certain they would have privacy and likely not see another person all week. The lack of cell phone coverage and internet access was a pleasant way of guaranteeing the focus was on them - and the distractions were minimal. In advance of the trip he acquired gear and tools for the adventure he had in mind. It was all packed carefully with his own ruck sack and ready bags.

The late weeks of November and early weeks of December, Max made certain to encourage her to practice with her latex and rubber wear outfits. He made sure to bring toys to bed and take afternoons to spend with her. He took her for walks and they cuddled frequently. He knew what was coming would challenge her beyond her current frame of reference, and he wanted her as comfortable as possible so she would know she was safe.

When they drove up to the cabin, it was lightly snowing. The snow covered up the brown muddy ground and added that icing touch to the trees and signs along the interstate. She wriggled in her seat a bit - they should have probably made a stop for a bathroom break but the road conditions weren't the best and he'd been focused on getting to the right exit and turn off. He asked her to hold it if she could while keeping an eye out for some place to pull off that also would allow them to refill the gas tank. She spotted a place just before they crossed into the national park grounds - and after a quick pull off, some junk food for munchies, bathroom break, and with a full tank of gas - they pulled back on to the country road and headed up on to the ridge.

The cabin was set back along a road that felt half washed out under the CR-V treads. It was bumpy going but under the cover the trees and with the head lamps reflecting off of fresh snow and dull green pine needles and undergrowth, everything was still and quiet. There was a certain purity to the scenery - pretty and serene.

Max left muddy brown tracks through the snow.

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Finishing a project took a lot of effort and time. Max's goals were simple. A state of elegant openness. A continual state of reinforcement. A progressive ornamentation suitable to and underlying the capabilities and complexities of the work itself and the woman who inhabited it. Her continual physical training added grace and supple strength. Her continual maintenance of her skin and features supplied rich tones and healthy shades. Her mental development kept her spirits high and her mind engaged. Now it was his turn to mold and shape their desires into form.

This all weighed heavily on Max as he unloaded the bags and carried them into the cabin. The hardest part about making permanent decisions was usually left to him. And This would be a set of permanent changes. The sculptor cannot return to the block those bits he has chiseled off.

Inside the cabin was a small two bedroom affair. Max had already set her to work on the thermostat for the propane heater and starting a fire in the wood stove. That gave him plenty of time to clear the path to the door, carry in all their gear and food, and check on the cabin itself from the outside. Once he was satisfied with the perimeter and the security of the place, Max checked the car one last time for anything that might freeze, locked it, and then went into the cabin.

She was working on some tea as he opened the door and stamped the snow off his boots. She'd taken off her heavy jacket but added another sweater with a high collar to keep warm. Max, from working outside, was already warmed up - so he shed his coat, hung it on a wooden knob beside the door with a rubber mat below to catch the melting snow, and sat down on a hard wooden bench to take off his boots.

She looked over at him then, a flash in her eyes. Perhaps it was just the twinkle of freedom, of being away from home. Perhaps it was the stirrings of passion. Perhaps it was simply the light and shadows. Her forehead, always a bit high, glistened a bit, and her narrow lips looked fuller from the chill. She experimented with the tea, testing the temperature of the water, and Max gestured toward the cooler with milk in it. She nodded and went over, fetching the milk and adding it to her mug. There was a small ice chest - fortified by her tea, she tackled dragging the heavy cooler to the ice chest and unloading the things that needed to be kept coldest for the time being.

Max watched her body, the inviting way she bent over the chest, her bottom well shaped and narrow. He imagined he could see how the cheeks settled comfortably apart below her tailbone - where he had worked with her time and again to drive his cock, his fingers, large toys in and out of her thrust by thrust. She flipped her hair back, a gesture left over from when it was long and would slip into her face, and Max caught the strong delicacy of her fingers and the line of her forearm from beneath the bulky sweater. Her feet turned slightly outwards as she bent and lifted containers and then swiveled to put them in the ice chest.

He wondered how she would move after this weekend. How she would adjust to her new state of openness.

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After settling in the cabin started to warm up. A couple of hours later, sitting and reading in one of the bedrooms, she stroked Max's leg and asked him about his plans for the weekend. Clearly he was not going to tattoo or pierce her himself. So what was he thinking of doing.

Max cuddled her and reminded her of how open he wanted her to be, of how easily he wanted to be able to plunge into her, of how lovely her velvety interior was when she gripped his cock. She couldn't deny this for she knew how much Max enjoyed her body and penetrating it with his flesh and toys and other objects. She knew how her petite 5'4" frame teased him as she let him slowly work the anal speculum to its fullest opening or mounted a vinyl toy nearly 4" wide and worked it in and out of her vagina. She knew how he thoroughly penetrated her with an inner joy as his cock slid in alongside a toy - double penetrating her in any combination. The endorphins Max expressed at such times were palpable and heady.

She also knew he had been putting in a great effort to encourage her to achieve her goals as well. That made it clear how much this time together was a specific point worth noting -

something important was planned to occur. She doubted this was just a birthday present.

Max continued to talk with her. His voice was soothing and as she warmed up she felt more and more tired and sleepy. He brought her one last glass of water for her to take her medication, and then he settled her into the bed. Within a few minutes she was gently snoring and snuggled down for the night. The light sedative he had put in the water helped her sleep soundly despite the anxiety she was feeling about not knowing what would happen next.

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She awoke the next morning to Max's kisses and cuddling. At some point in the night she had grown too warm and shrugged off her night gown. That allowed Max's fingers to stroke through the cleft of her ass cheeks and along her inner thigh, his mouth to tug gently at her nipples and nibble on her neck and shoulders. She allowed her legs to slip apart and the cool air tickled the moisture seeping along her labia. Max's breath smelled of mouthwash, but her own was likely terrible. She accepted the glass of juice he offered, the light citrus cutting through the cotton mouth feeling, and kissed him back before she pulled away to pee.

Max watched her head to the bathroom and made note of the time. The light sedative had done well and she was awake fully rested. With a small muscle relaxer she would be ready for the day's ritual. He was pleased with her and how well things were going. Now it just remained to ask the question and take action on her answer.

Max levered himself out of the bed and joined her in the bathroom. The cabin turned out to have a sizable hot water tank and as he cradled and stroked her, slipping into her inviting vagina while she crushed herself against him, his cock was rigid like steel because he knew what was coming.

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He unpacked the tools carefully. He had two options to present to her. Option one was decidedly a psychological rather than physical difficulty. Option two was decidedly a physical rather than psychological difficulty. Max had no preference which option she chose, in fact he suspected that in time both would become reality with her. He put on his best smile after a morning of cuddling and kissing, got dressed enough to bring in more wood to dry in the cabin heat, and then did some chores while she puttered about happily.

After sandwiches and soup for lunch, he invited her to join him on a walk. She took her time getting out of her heavy pajamas and into proper clothes, and then together they stepped out into the snow. His footsteps from the night before were largely gone, but the snowing had come to a stop so it was crisp and clear all around them. They worked their way away from the cabin and on to a trail route that ran back into the national park and along the ridge line. Occasionally the tree cover cleared and they had wonderful views of broad valleys and farm lands rolling out into the distance below. Here and there they came across places where rock piles and boulders gathered like uncovered bones of giants laid in a disarray under a light shroud. The scents of the pines and the earthy smell of the loam and mud beneath the snow were noticeably strong here and there. At times Max held her gloved hand. Other times she and he moved independently taken different paths around or over rough terrain.

Their voices were quiet and small most of the day, occasionally rising with the animation of a particular topic. Max's tones were a low and for the most part her voice sounded off chords slightly above his. It was with a deep earnest that again she asked Max what his plans were. Max's voice turned very serious as he replied.

"I've given some thought on your development and the excellent progress you've made. It seems we have reached a point where the path forks into two possibilities. I'll be looking to you to decide which pathway we should pursue for the next four months."

She felt her breath catch in her throat and a small wave of anxiety set her hands trembling. "I see," was all she managed to mutter with the fear barely contained.

At that Max laid his hand on hers and squeezed gently. "You don't have to worry. Both paths involve us journeying together just like we are today and have been for the past few months." He smiled at her and waited for her eyes to look up into his. "I could decide for you, but I wanted you to pick since both involve strenuous activities and your commitment will be necessary for us to succeed." He smiled at her and brushed the leather finger of his glove across her exposed cheekbone.

She didn't speak. Although what he said sounded calm and reasonable, she was afraid. The fear always choked her, forced her down, even when she had practiced her answers over and over again. She could only look at him helplessly and try to control the shaking in her hands.

His hands closed around hers and he began to walk them back to the cabin. This would be harder than he thought initially, but Max was prepared for her anxiety and panic attacks. He began to sing a light little tune of his own manufacture, and let her hold on to him tightly with occasional breaks for hugs and kisses.

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Back at the cabin, Max sat down beside her on the comfortable sofa. It was framed in rough hewn logs threatening to leave splinters, but the cushions and the throw blanket were very comfortable and warm after hiking the trail for a couple of hours. She was sipping her tea, with no milk and only a single cube of organic sugar cane, while he drank another glass of orange juice.

"I guess I might as well lay out the choices now," he smiled at her as he spoke, "No point in having you fret all day about them."

He waited for her to look at him, but she was having a hard time doing so. Finally he took her free hand, and simply squeezed it lightly before commencing a light massage of her fingers and palm and wrist.

"We've worked together these past three going on four months on establishing a foundation. It took a long time to establish the base for that foundation because so many things were part of it. So we took what we knew, tried new things on top of those, and achieved some fantastic results." Max smiled at her warmly with his eyes. "You did a lot of hard work, got involved in a lot of different activities, and you are stronger and better for having done so."

"When we started this I had told you there were many benefits to working on the foundation. I think you've come to realise many of those benefits as well as enjoy the positive outcomes of your hard work. At times these things have been more chores than fun. But the gains in capability, energy, enjoyment, and focus have been wonderful." Max chuckled warmly then - and she took a sharp breath and looked at him.

With his hands stroking down her hair, face, ribs, and legs - he took deep relaxing breaths and waited for her to relax again. "I think we can sum it up another way," he sighed. "You look amazing and every time I think about you I am happy and turned on and feel better." He continued to stroke her thighs and then leaned in to her to give her a gentle kiss on the nose. "Plus you are super hot! It's hard not to watch your every move."

He laughed then. Softly and warmly. Holding her hand and hugging her.

Finally he took a few breaths and stroked her chin so she'd look him in the face. "Of course, you knew these two things would be hard to do. That's why I only want to work on one of them for the next four months. You've shown me you could do both - but I want you to be able to do well and enjoy the process." He paused here, and studied her face. A lot of the unease had left her while they laughed and embraced. The hints of new furrows on her brow and a telltale tightness in her jaw showed they were again going into uncertain waters for her.

"I guess the best way to say it is that I need to know if you are willing and able to pursue either working to further enforce your body's openness or to explore sexuality in a new context. We've spent a lot of time playing with your body - but is it ready to be altered to be open? We've spent a lot of time with toys and our bodies - but can you embrace your inner animal? This is the question I'm pondering."

Max slowed his pulse to keep his excitement from showing. This was a tricky spot - what would she ask?

She nodded her head toward him, and then snuggled up to his chest. The solid comfort that he was there, that he was warm and tangible, it made this easier. She knew he would only ask more of her. She knew he would only push her limits further. She knew it was unlikely he would settle. But she also knew she could provide alternatives. He'd been very supportive of that despite her misgivings.

"What would I have to do?" she asked quietly into his chest.

"Do you want me to lay out the plans and goals? Or do you want me to define the end states?" He asked gently in return.

"I'd prefer you just tell me what I need to do."

Max paused and considered this angle carefully. Then he stroked her head and hugged her against him. "Of course. For keeping you open you'll have to work to accept continuous penetration that keeps your anus and vagina from closing - including a dilation collar that

will not allow closure. For embracing your animal nature you will have to work with toys of an animal nature until you are ready and then you will be mated with dogs, ponies, and finally horses."

She shuddered a little as he mentioned his plans to mate her to animals. She knew some day it would happen, some day she would go down that road. For now she was choosing any other path. It was better than giving a "no" answer and needing to come up with an equivalent alternative.

"I think working on openness is what I prefer," she said quietly, hoping he wouldn't take that option away.

Max nodded against her head on his chest. "Ah. Then that will be what we do for the next four months. I'm so glad you could make a decision so easily." In his mind he set aside the fun it would have been to first use the canine and equine dildos on her cunt and ass, leading her further and further down the path until she enjoyed having a dog mount her regularly and looked forward to weekend getaways to a breeding barn for a stallion to explode inside of her while she was safely surrounded by a phantom mare.

He had expected as much of course. Her rejection against being bred was weakening over time, but for now the closest she came was two canine toys and gryphon and dragon fantasy phalluses. It would have been an easier path for her, and a more difficult one for him to make the arrangements. So he was satisfied that although he had been looking forward to branding her on her birthday, now he would simply be fitting her with the collars that would never relent in stretching her sphincter and vagina open. The rubber lined steel would allow him complete control of how far he pushed her pelvis apart while removing her ability to close. He even had a sealed fitting for the anal collar to make sure she would not make a mess and get dirt everywhere as he stretched and maintained the dilation of her sphincter up to 4" wide.

Max cuddled and cradled and kissed her. All while his cock throbbed knowing how much further her body would be modified to suit his purposes over the upcoming months.

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brought to you by Max

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