



Free Erotica Series

**"TRAINING DAYS
(A MARIE STORY)"**

Written by **Max**

Cherish Desire Very Dirty Stories
"Training Days (A Marie Story)"





Cherish Desire:

Very Dirty Stories

Free Erotica Series

"Training Days (A Marie Story)"

written by Max

brought to you by Cherish Desire

Cherish Desire Erotica

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Very Dirty Stories - *Free Erotica Series*

“Training Days (A Marie Story)”

Copyright 2015 by Max, Cherish Desire

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Free erotica story from [Very Dirty Stories #28](#).

Free erotica story also featured in [Very Dirty Stories: Free Orgasms, Volume 1](#).

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"Training Days (A Marie Story)" themes: MF, Phone Sex, Female Masturbation, Vaginal & Implied Anal Penetration, Dildo Play & Implied Wearing, Stretching, Implied Fisting, Implied Piercing, Implied Speculum Play

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Includes selections from the Summer 2015 Catalog with Commentary

Cherish Desire Erotica

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Very Dirty Stories

We wanted to share our favorite sex stories. The ones that broke out of the conventional erotica mold, shattered the limitations of casual romance and sex, and dove into detailed and realistic action involving stretching, large sex toy play, vaginal and anal fisting, domination, fantasy monster and animal dildo play, restraints and suspension, elaborate medical and DIY devices, and more. We did it bit by bit, discovering and learning as we went, and released volume after volume of two to five short stories to challenge readers to be sexually aroused by something truly intense or charmingly subtle. Very Dirty Stories volumes are about ladies that expose themselves and embrace their fears and desires as well as the men and women that inspire them to sexual peaks while living out wild sexual fantasies.

[Marie](#) - An amazon in a corset that shapes her well-formed breasts into a shelf of delightful flesh, Marie enjoys laughing while beckoning for a sexy man to come hither. A horseback rider, she is tan and fit from hours on the trail and working her land, so playing hard is in her nature. She's known Ronin on and off for a long time, and they share a personal connection made stronger by all the sexual play she's enjoyed while pushing him to shatter her limits. From enormous dildos to double fisting to tight restraints, Marie is big on overachieving for pleasure!

Singles

We wanted to publish sexual adventures that were more than a one night stand. So we gathered together our favorite ladies and delightfully sexy themes and created Singles - longer collections of sexual stories that fit together to cover formative physical and psychological experiences that define her womanhood or establish a collection of deviant delights and sexual alternatives. These trailblazing erotica books go deeper, harder, faster, and expose the

soft white underbelly of sensual need while delivering thrust after thrust of sexual intensity and the soothing pleasures of passionate affection. Explore the explicit erogenous zones of women and their sexual partners. Be prepared for sexually challenging situations as well as character details that get beyond height, weight, hair colour, and favorite size of dildo. Plunge into their stories and get wet. Singles also make great gifts for that secret someone who needs a sexual swift kick in the nuts or a perverse surprise stashed for long trips and evenings in.

[Cherish Desire Singles: "Responsibility \(The Complete Nine Part Series\)" featuring Rachel](#)

When Rachel embraces the open sexuality and pleasure experimentation endorsed in the forums of a web site, she embarks on a journey that leads to intense desires and a physical awakening. Pursuing Max and ensnared by Natalya, her achievements include conquering large candles, bottles, and enormous dildos. When Max arrives unexpected for Christmas, Rachel has an option to seek freedom from the savage debauchery Natalya demands and the perverse pleasures Max prefers. Her choice to go even further opens the doorway worshipping the feet of her god and her devil for pleasure.

Divinations

Cherish Desire Divinations erotica delves into darkness. Lusty shapeshifters, impassioned spirits, dangerous players, and perverse pagan deities beckon with sordid promises and unseemly urges. Their intense passions expose their bestial and heavenly natures while emphasizing how closely they represent unfettered hunger, cunning, love, and wickedness. Divinations was born of fevered imaginations and sexual abandonment that left us aching, bruised, and hoping for more. Divination books are collections of erotic stories that go deep and explore psycho-sexuality as well as physical modifications suited to the nearly immortal. The limited disguise of humanity has been stripped away, and the results are animalistic sexual rituals and self-enlightened spirituality that arouse jaded desires for more.

Cherish Desire apologizes in advance for exposing the true nature of shapeshifters and the transcendent hungers that lurk behind every door and under every bed.

[Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\) featuring Heather"](#)

Discover the hidden war between the shapeshifters as they seek shelter from threats that they can feel looming closer each day. Erik knows he's different. He knows that he can see

through the outward display of his London lioness' casual sexuality. What he doesn't know is where he can hide. Winter Solstice is coming and his own kind are hunting for him. This time he hopes to escape with his lioness and rekindle a romance with a fiery fox in Hamburg. It all goes sideways when he's attacked. Violently interrupting his holidays, the bears have made a mistake that they will regret. And his sexy lioness and his fire elemental ally will make all the difference after uniting through their sexual hungers and sharing their strength with the lone bear. Adler and Ilsa's Hamburg stronghold will never be the same.

Very Wicked Dirty Stories

The darkness of desires are shadows always encircling the hope of fulfillment and pleasure. These are the twisted realities fueled by the uninhibited passions and beliefs of the few. Their sexual urges, their powerful alliances, and their willingness to defend their own as well as to strike out and forcefully embrace what they require. [Very Wicked Dirty Stories](#) hint at the unobserved and strange frayed edges of reality that we like to censor or ignore. Ghosts, shapeshifters, and great powers linger just beyond the firelight while watching humanity sleep.

Accompanying the passionate chorus like candle flames flickering along the aisles, Cherish Desire [Very Wicked Dirty Stories](#) expose souls that haunt the divine and the fallen. There's much more than meets the eye as monstrous desires and vast lineages collide in a constant struggle to change the world. Get a glimpse into the lives and passions of the shadows that writhe and beckon for true fulfillment and satisfaction.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #133](#) - Stories of the wulf - a man not to be taken lightly even by those descended from lineages of power like Victoria or accustomed to brokering corporate espionage.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #139](#) - Stories of the wulf and the lioness - the hunters do best hunting though they sometimes catch the unexpected, like Victoria, or the unprepared.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #141](#) - Stories of the wulf, the lioness, the ravens, and the bears - passion and destruction are unavoidable when their purposes seek both mundane pleasures and their place in the world.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #147](#) - Stories of the wulf, the lioness, and the ravens - the pursuit of fulfillment is just as real but takes on awesome consequences when there are no limits.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #165](#) - Stories of the wulf, damnation, and faith - the truth hides in the cracks within the borders of safe, sane, and consensual reality.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #169](#) - Stories of the wulf and wulf hearts - the alien urges of otherworldly desires are temptations for the wulf, but a wulf has matters of the heart and mind to take care of for his precious chosen ones.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #175](#) - Stories of the hunt for prey - inspired by hungers that are never satisfied, the lioness, raven, and vampress all have one thing in common: the need to feed their passions.

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"Training Days (A Marie Story)"

written by [Max](#)

Featuring [Marie](#) and [Ronin](#)

"Training Days (A Marie Story)" themes: MF, Phone Sex, Female Masturbation, Vaginal & Implied Anal Penetration, Dildo Play & Implied Wearing, Stretching, Implied Fisting, Implied Piercing, Implied Speculum Play

Free erotica story from [Very Dirty Stories #28](#).

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"I'm sorry - I'm not sure you would be interested in what I like very much." Ronin smiled at her and let out a sigh. "As truly gorgeous as you are, we probably shouldn't try to cross that bridge."

The fiery redhead shrugged and flashed a brilliant smile. She was a bit taller than his five foot seven while wearing her heeled boots, and her breasts were prominently on display in a flattering latex outfit that shaped her exaggerated curves and tucked in her abdomen with a waist cincher. She sipped her lemonade and touched Ronin's hand with soft fingers. "How about a smoke then?" She wasn't entirely sure that the angry American was straight, but he'd caught her eye as soon as she'd made it to the edge of the dancefloor. The intensity that bristled underneath his tight fitting latex t-shirt and the snap of his pleated kilt had been worthy of an adventure.

Ronin laughed, sensing her doubt and reluctant to reject any woman with enough courage to properly approach him and strike up a conversation. Unfortunately, he was all fight and no

fuck after a hard hop into London. "Yeah, sure. I could use some fresh air." What he meant was that he would rather be alone with her than alone in a crowd, and she seemed to understand. The two got up from where they were leaning against the performance stage and made their way down the winding staircase to an outside smoking area. It was damp and cold, and he stood with his back to the wind while she sheltered in front of him. There were only a handful of others standing nearby under a couple of tarp canopies erected to keep everyone safe from inclement weather. Ronin declined her offer of a cigarette with a shake of his head, and they chattered comfortably until late in the night.

When Ronin finally went back inside, his limbs were icy and stiff. She stayed long enough to give him a kiss, and then drifted off to seek more intimate company. The DJ cut short a repetitive trance loop, and suddenly the speakers roared with a hard beat with heavy bass that drummed against the collected pools and messy piles of fetish attired creatures. He found what he wanted along the edge of the floor, a running start to cast himself into oblivion, and his night rolled on as Ronin made war in the midst of the drunks and euphorics seemingly all coloured in shades of latex, rubber, leather, and stockings.

The redhead never returned, but a petite blonde in carefully layered lace and lingerie watched from the balcony as Ronin expanded his physical reach to cover a quarter of the dancefloor. He saw her, felt her eyes moving with his body, and let it be. The crowd would surge, driving him back and sweeping over the floor like a tidal wave. He would cut into it, creating pockets and gaps within the united front, and then apply pressure to channel the herd into smaller and smaller gatherings until he had reclaimed his territory. It wasn't just the blonde who watched, but she was the only one who made an impression. He beckoned to her, inviting her to come to join him, and she held back while other women on the balcony laughed and called out to mock the presumptuous man trying to lure them to his side. He roared without a sound, broad shoulders and proud chest hurtling through the shadows that lingered and were left sprawling at his feet, and she remained.

He approached her. Weak and limping, dragging himself up the staircase to the bar level, he tucked his left arm to his chest while trying to ease the shooting pain from his shoulder. The air around him was hazy with heat venting from his exposed skin, and he was shiny with perspiration. "I need," he spoke slowly to be heard over the looping beat, "to dry off and wash up a bit. Will you still be here?" He didn't want to leave, but to go further required a commitment to breaking through to reserves which would tempt him into fury and dark passions.

She nodded, taking in his height and wondering how he could seem so much larger than life from a distance and be so compact up close. When he slowly pressed through the crowd gathered at the bar and blocking the door to the stairs, she slipped in behind him like a shadow moving in his wake. He didn't seem to notice until they were in the open space on the bathroom level, and then he didn't say anything. A single nod, a half smile and a wave, and he entered the men's room obviously in pain and struggling to coordinate his hips and feet.

When Ronin returned, she was gone. He waited, puzzling over her presence, and then heard a soft coughing from the stairs. He let curiosity guide him, and she was waiting and ready to leave. "Do you have something you need from the coat room?" He nodded. "Do you fancy some breakfast?" He smirked and Ronin's eyes sparkled behind his glasses. "And..." she was thinking it through and ran her tongue over her thin lips, "definitely orange juice, I think."

"My name is Ronin," he offered his hand while stepping down to her side, "and orange juice would be amazing."

That's what led to the next afternoon when Ronin was stretched out beside the petite blonde minus her strategically placed lace and very pretty lingerie. Her head was cradled against his chest, and she was telling him about her art and painting. They had gone back to her place after the night of dancing, had some tea and orange juice, and he scooped her up and held her

close with kisses and caresses while she listed off all the ways that she could cook his eggs. She was wonderful and could talk for hours about so many things, but, for a time, Ronin made her quiet, warm, and comfortable in his arms and then in her bed. Nothing overtly sexual happened. The slow dance of unveiling her pale skin and tender curves; the delicate kisses of vulnerability hoping for acceptance; and his powerful body inviting her close until she was relaxed enough to lift his hand and guide it to those intimate places where she wanted to be touched. Ronin was content to enjoy her body with his mouth and fingers - and she was content with being the focus of his attention and rest lazily beside him. A careful detente of shared heat but reluctant warmth had been established as they explored each other with jaded emotions and scarred fingers from unfortunate past experiences.

He didn't need to comfort her. Ronin became comfort itself, shaping his body and mind to gently blanket her while she fought the urge to be embarrassed and ashamed by her heated interest in pursuing more from a one night stand with a complete stranger. With soft whispers, she mounted his powerful thighs, rocking her bare sex against his semi-erect cock, and enjoying the wicked curl of his smile as he sat up and suckled her dainty breasts. She never asked why he stayed partially limp, and he never asked for more than her caresses and delightfully rambling stories.

The time finally came when he needed to shift gears and ponder getting back to his hotel. With a kiss on her forehead, Ronin slipped her head to a pillow and went into her bathroom to wash his face. He was surprised when the petite blonde came to him, running her hands over his broad shoulders and kissing the back of his arm. He continued rinsing his face with one hand while reaching back with the other to hold her close. She cuddled him, the softness of her belly pressed against his buttocks, and when he turned and kissed her on the mouth, she stroked her hands all over his chest and tugged on the curls of hair that decorated his pecs.

They returned to her bed, her hands still kneading and massaging his powerful muscles while they moved in unison, and they settled into her bed once again. This time, after she spent her

time caressing and stroking his body and scalp, Ronin guided her to mount him, and he watched her open up and renew herself while basking in his glow as his hard thrusts marked the completion of her fulfillment.

Ronin was still looking though. He met women while traveling - short casual chats along the San Francisco piers, strolling the Thames and browsing the books at Southbank, waiting to catch a tour bus to see the stars in Los Angeles, at the hotel bar in Frankfurt while slowly translating the menu, eating a sundae at Ghirardelli's in Chicago after a day shopping for suits at Mark Shales, in the airport hotel lobby in Newark when a wave of cancellations sent everyone scrambling to make reservations, at various clubs across Europe differing only by the native language of the local patrons... Ronin steadily mastered meeting people as he had mastered so many other skills throughout his life. It involved study and application - trial and error - and he had results to show for his experiments as well as theories about why some behaviours and approaches worked better than others.

He was looking. To be more concise, he was hunting. He refined and broadened his expectations on where to look. He practiced patience and tested his resolve to focus on quality when quantity might have been easier to come by. He extended himself as far as he could, and he focused in as tightly as possible. Strategically, he was looking across broad populations while, tactically, he aimed at specific targets.

When Ronin found her, he was somewhat surprised.

It's how you say a thing that matters. Some words are forbidden, jagged like glass, and yet... they can be given meaning and purpose that becomes singular and redefines them. "You have two cunts," he whispered to her softly. It was a differentiation. The word signified an accomplishment that was connected to intense effort and embracing difficult passions to master. "Tell me how you use them."

On the other end of the phone, she moaned. She was slowly working her way down an eleven inch tall rubber sex toy with her cunt, and soaking in Ronin's bold encouragement to drive it up her ass as well. Her response was rote and reflected the recurring training and practice that had enabled her to go so far so quickly. "I will fuck them. I will fuck them with whatever you want, whenever you want, wherever you want..." Her voice trailed off, the low notes of deep pleasures hummed as the width of the dildo fought the natural urges to clench and milk it with what she had previously thought of as her pussy. "Mmmhmmm..." He lingered in the moment, bathing in the distant sensations, so she shared more to help him understand why her strong legs were trembling and her nipples were thick and aching. "I can feel the last segment right at my opening. It feels good stretching me there." She continued to move back and forth, shifting position, riding up and down, while the thick black base of the dildo started to part her wet labia and bump against her pelvis bone.

"It's going to be a busy weekend," he commented with a slight sigh. "It'll be nice when this is just a warm up toy."

His change of topic and intensity didn't surprise her. He was always doubtful and resetting his expectations because what he wanted required a commitment that went far beyond casual sex and a few lurid text messages. "Oh yes," she exhaled with a smile. She was certain that he could picture her thick labia twisting a little as she pushed down harder, "I can already start with the Caterpillar right away. It only took me ten minutes to get it almost to the base

tonight." She rewarded his inspiration with details. She wanted him to know it was real, something he could participate in, and her lust whispered of dark fantasies while her eyes closed and the sound of his breath tickled her ear.

Temptation was a key. She adored a challenge. "You'll do better soon," he smirked at her through the phone.

She moaned heavily knowing that he could have more big dildos delivered to her door at any time. "Of course. I can go so much further when we talk, too." The Caterpillar was an undulating shaft, thick and capped with a rounded head, and it was as thick as her forearm. He'd sent it without any warning, exactly when she needed something new to test her limits, and it was part of embracing her sexual desires that lured her into bed with it over and over again. "Do you want me to try the Goliath?" The Caterpillar wasn't the only dildo that he'd sent to tempt her urges for intense pleasure.

"Let's do that... and, this time, we'll make it go deeper."

She was on her forearms slumped forward, her thighs straddling the fourteen inch long Goliath with the four inch wide head just within the soft flesh of her opening. As she fought to breathe in gulps of air, she began to try to fuck the thick vinyl dildo and drive it deeper. The stretch was so much sensation that it wavered between intensely enjoyable and aggressively painful yet her motivations were clear. She knew that Ronin wanted her to fuck as much of the large sex toy as she could. She wanted to do the same. Soon, Goliath would be her next warm up dildo and her training would progress to something larger and more challenging. It

was a given, part of the vision that the well formed amazon aspired to and embraced, and the sensation of the thick glans forcing her vaginal walls apart was very satisfying.

His voice caressed her ears. "You will have such wonderful cunts soon." The words mattered. Ronin was emphasizing a transformation that the large amazon had aggressively pursued. She nodded in response, acknowledging that her sex and bottom were becoming more accomplished and dedicated to rites of sexual expansion. "First, we will wash you down and take pictures of you... It's too bad that we don't have any pictures from a year ago when you were too tight to even fuck a cock without hours of warming up. We can start now though. We can start with wonderful pictures of your cunts - the soft petals of your pussy and trained, loose pucker of your ass. How big of a toy can you fit now? Four inches at the opening of your vagina? Maybe two and a half to three inches in your ass? That's a wonderful starting point for your openness." He sighed and tempered the spell of his warm praise, "You need to be bigger, stretched more, and made to open more, don't you?"

"Unh, yes, yes, more would be good," she softly murmured while feeling the sensation of the big vinyl head working back and forth in her opening. She could press it a few inches deep, but the heat from stretching and tugging on her inner labia with the solid glans fulfilled the urge to do more. Her pussy was being reshaped, and the firm black vinyl moved with her pelvis as the strong woman deliberately worked Ronin's tool at angles to increase the challenge. The skin across her pelvis was tightly stretched, and her lips were full and thick as the shaft rocked between her thighs. While on her hands and knees, grinding against the monster cock, his whispers helped fuel the warmth of wanting more.

"I want to do it quickly, don't you? I want to permanently pull your cunt and ass as open as they can get... it'll be lovely." He was teasing her now, and the amazon moaned between pursed lips while bucking hard onto the Goliath dildo. The long and heavy shaft bent causing the head to press hard into the back wall of her pussy. "We'll take pictures so you can see the progress." She had no doubt of that. Shuddering with passionate urges, she fought the desire

to try setting up a mirror again to get half blocked glimpses of her pussy being stretched. "You want me to permanently change your cunt and ass, don't you? You want to feel texture of your skin, the stretch marks rippling over your labia and mouth of your cunt, the loose stretchiness of your tender folds cradling close to your opening, all from how quickly we forced bigger and bigger dildos into you..."

She was gasping the words as the strength of her lust clenched tightly on the sex toy. "Yes. Yes, please. I want you to stretch me as far as I can go." She caught her breath, focused on her rhythm, and murmured, "Until we reach the bones... and then keep me stretched open. Fit me with collars so I can't close. Lock my vaginal collar shut so I have to fuck my ass all the time. Stretch my ass so far that it won't close, and I have to keep something in it..." She pictured the temptation of the rubber cuffs that Ronin had designed to fit within her sex and bottom, forcing her openings to spread and maintaining that stretch indefinitely, and imagined the pools of wet arousal that would indicate she wanted even more. "I can feel the head going deeper. It's stretching the first ring out. I want to get it to the second ring in my cunt." She sighed as her voice rolled up and down in pitch.

He smiled. "I measured the equine speculum. Compared it directly as well. Unless we hit bone first, the equine speculum will stretch you enough for the Cannon to go in once it is fully open. The speculum will open you up to the point that a fist can go inside of you without even touching the walls of your cunt. The narrow elastic band of skin that indicates your opening... you won't have that first ring when we're done. Your labia will comfortably hang open in the gap between your pelvis bones. With the rubber collars, your labia won't close or touch, and your cunt's walls will always be exposed." His soft voice was booming with anticipation which thrilled the amazon and made her heart race. "Once we've stretched your labia enough then we should be able to put in pairs of tunnels so you can either lock the collar in place or lace your lips together. We can even get matching barbells that can go through a pair of tunnels like a link, and, with the balls screwed on the ends, you'll have steel bars that stay in place to hold your labia closed. Are you looking forward to that? Always being open? Always being ready to be fucked by whatever can be pushed into you?" He was eager and demanding, and

her body responded to the tone of his words with peaks of pleasure and hungry swaying of her broad hips.

Working through his words, focusing on their intentions, the amazon closed her eyes with a grin. She pushed down harder, feeling the stretch, feeling the wide head pushing against her inner walls, and it made her quiver with anticipation. She remembered... remembered being underneath him in the hotel that first time. Soft pillow linens caressing her cheeks, so flushed and embarrassed by how tight her pussy was as Ronin tried to enter her with his cock. Scared that her body wasn't good enough, that she was unattractive, and his curious puzzled gaze as he kissed her chin. Ronin had offered a solution - first his fingers, then his cock, then toys and his fist - that would push her limits, open her sexuality in more than just physical ways, and help Marie be ready for more. She could feel the resistance inside her pussy, inside what he would always call her 'cunt' because 'pussy' represented the limits and fears of her former sexuality, and Marie pushed against the thick vinyl dildo anyway. Goliath would go further and deeper because she would make that happen. She would take charge. She would enjoy every moment of pleasure while pursuing her goals with regular repetitions of the lust fueled exercises that gave her these good feelings over and over.

Her name was Marie. She was five foot eleven with long brown hair that picked up a slight wave when the weather was humid. She had a house in southern California - far enough inland to be in dry horse country but still only an hour from the Pacific. She'd known Ronin for years before he ever kissed her, yet when he did it seemed natural to them both.

She preferred to wear corsets that lifted her heavy breasts - creating a shelf of tender double D flesh that men got lost in. In her high heel boots, Marie was well over six foot four and towered over everyone. Where the corset ended, flowing skirts began, and those gave a good

indication of her generous hips while deliberate layering concealed the shapely curves of her round ass and breadth of her thighs.

When Ronin first fucked her, it took him forty-five minutes of foreplay to loosen Marie up enough for his cock to slide into her pussy. In that moment, when she desperately wanted him inside of her, they both felt her muscles crushing and strangling his hard-on. It hurt her pride, stung her heart, but Ronin didn't abandon her. They'd laugh about that moment now as Marie showed him how easily she could ride three and three-quarter inch wide dildos as warm up cocks.

Neither of them were satisfied with a well used pussy after all. She wanted to have a cunt as much as he did. Maybe more, and that's why she sweetened the lure for his attention by including anal as part of her training. His decision that she would have two cunts, that her sexuality would escape the bondage of her prior experiences, had been greeted with eager enthusiasm.

The only question that remained for Marie... could Ronin give her more?

Read the next story: "*Seaside Promenade (A Marie Story)*" - [Very Dirty Stories #59](#) -

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[Marie](#) trains for a future of openness:

Training Days (A Marie Story) - [Very Dirty Stories #28](#) -

Marie is the surprise super woman that Ronin has been looking for! She embraces his hunger for women that will pursue intense desires with gold star eagerness!

"Training Days (A Marie Story)" themes: MF, Phone Sex, Female Masturbation, Vaginal & Implied Anal Penetration, Dildo Play & Implied Wearing, Stretching, Implied Fisting, Implied Piercing, Implied Speculum Play

Seaside Promenade (A Marie Story) - [Very Dirty Stories #59](#) -

Ronin and Marie enjoy a sexy weekend in San Diego. Tom's big surprises suit lusty Marie's fisting desires!

"Seaside Promenade (A Marie Story)" themes: MF, Implied Female Masturbation, Dildo Play & Wearing, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Fingering & Fisting, Vaginal & Anal Sex, Double Penetration, Speculum Play, Stretching, Implied D/s, Implied Bondage & Restraints

Gates 1 (A Marie Story) - [Very Dirty Stories #29](#) -

Marie picks her dates with an eye on their big hands! After Ronin uses his motorized mount for the equine speculum to fully stretch her open, Marie's grown bold and upfront about the satisfaction that she desires.

"Gates 1 (A Marie Story)" themes: MF, Speculum Play, Stretching, Vaginal Penetration, Fingering & Fisting & Double Fisting, Implied Vaginal & Anal Sex

Gates 2 (A Marie Story) - [Very Dirty Stories #30](#) -

All the work Ronin did early on made it possible for her new partner to finish breaking Marie in with both his fists. Time to show off by riding the massive Cannon dildo!

"Gates 2 (A Marie Story)" themes: MF, Fingering & Fisting & Double Fisting, Dildo Play, Female Masturbation, Vaginal Penetration, Stretching, Cutting Play, Implied Bondage

Wet Dreams (A Marie Story) - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #169](#) -

Her blue iridescent eyes expose Marie's nocturnal lady's alien presence in Ronin's dreams. Her offer of gladiator lesbian lovers and taboo desires may almost be enough to ensnare the wulf.

"Wet Dreams (A Marie Story)" themes: MF, FF, D/s, Vaginal & Oral Sex, Fingering & Fisting, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Double Penetration, Double Fisting, Implied Stretching, Implied Canine, Vision

Marie is still fabulous and living happily with a big german shepherd and a horse named Dude. Everyone here hopes she stays healthy, and she's always welcome to ask for anything she needs.

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Feedback is always welcome - though the wulf daughters do not appreciate uninvited groping. You can reach Max directly at Max@CherishDesire.com. Or follow us on [Twitter](#), [FetLife](#), [Goodreads](#), [Instagram](#), Tumblr, or [Facebook](#).

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