**Intimate Physical Training   
by Anon1940**

Erotic literature is replete with women who, if one believes what is said about them, can use their vaginal muscles to squeeze water out of a stone. However, at least among the women I have known, vaginal strength has never been a prominent feature of their physical attributes. In fact, my experience leads to me believe that few women possess significant voluntary control over the musculature surrounding their vaginal sheaf, much less the ability to crush rocks with them. Nonetheless, I have always been intrigued by the possibility that such control might, with sufficient diligence, be achieved, and one evening I asked Mary whether she thought she might enjoy learning how to control and strengthen her vaginal muscles. That Mary was startled by my question is understandable. How often does a girl get asked such a question? On the other hand, Mary is broad-minded and, after a little persuasion, she too found the idea sufficiently intriguing to warrant further consideration. Thus she agreed that if I could devise a plausible method for enhancing her vaginal muscles, she would be willing to act as my guinea pig. Of course, I suspect that Mary's agreement was, in large part, motivated by her desire for me to lavish attention on a part of her anatomy from which she derives great pleasure. She did not anticipate the nature of the occasionally rigorous training that I would be subjecting that part of her anatomy to in order to attain our goal.

Having, at various times, given the matter considerable thought, the next day I went in search of several items which I planned to employ in the training program through which I planned to put Mary's vagina. In the hope that it would increase her awareness of the muscles which I intended for her to develop, I wanted to have a device with which I could bring pressure to bear on her walls of her vagina. I had seen in medical offices inflatable bladders which might serve my purposes, and so I headed for a medical supply store. There, after some time, I found something which might do. It was a bladder, made out of a tough rubber, to which was attached a metal tube through which one could introduce either gas or liquid into the bladder. In addition, at the end of the tube was a removable, half liter rubber bulb for pumping gas or liquid into the bladder, and fitted along the tube was a cleverly designed valve which would allow one to seal off the tube, even while the bladder was under considerable pressure.

A second item that I wanted was a pair of ben-wa balls. Actually, it was not traditional ben-wa balls, which are hollow and quite light, for which I was looking. Instead, what I wanted, and what I eventually found at a local hardware store, were highly polished solid steel balls of three centimeter diameter. These balls are quite heavy, each weighing well over a hundred grams. I then had the man at the hardware store drill a small hole through the center of each ball and made sure that he carefully smoothed the edge around the holes.

Excited by the prospect of putting my new acquisitions to work, I decided to launch our program that same evening. Thus, when she returned from work and had a chance to relax a bit, I asked Mary to go into our bedroom, remove all her clothes, and wait for me on our bed. Before joining her, I filled a thermos bottle with warm water and brought it and the bladder along with me into the bedroom. There I found Mary lying naked on her back. Although she smiled when she saw me and my equipment, her body language made it clear that she was tense and was having second thoughts about this invasion of her body to which she had agreed. Thus, because I knew that her total acquiescence was essential to the success of our endeavor, I realized that I had better begin by bringing her to a state in which both her mind and body would be receptive. For this reason, I had her pull her legs toward her chest and wrap her arms around her knees. In this pose, her rounded thighs form fleshy gates around the entrance to her vagina. After spreading talcum powder over the region, I took up a position in which I could watch Mary's facial expressions while working her exposed sex with my hands.

I began by massaging the beautifully stretched muscles in the backs of her curled legs, and, only after I felt the tension in her legs begin to recede, did I turn the focus of my attention on the folds of flesh at the junction of her thighs. Taking each of her vaginal lips between a thumb and index finger, I stretched them by gently pulling my hands down and apart. Having never before been manipulated in this manner, Mary was somewhat startled to have her labia so blatantly opened. However, when I started to alternate my stretching of her vaginal lips with visits to her clitoris, she was quickly converted to this form of stimulation and, as I had hoped, began to lubricate her entire genital region with copious secretions. After a while, the expression on Mary's face had changed from one of concerned tension to one of peaceful bliss. Concomitantly, the flesh which I had been stretching became more pliant and the entrance to her vagina became more visible. When I felt that I had dispelled her initial fear about and had prepared her body for the next stage, I began to insert the bladder into her vagina. Her abundant secretions made progress easy, and within a few minutes I had the bladder completely embedded. Once it was in place, I filled the rubber bulb with warm water, attached it to the tube protruding from Mary's vagina, and slowly forced the water down the tube into the bladder. As I squeezed harder, Mary's eyes grew larger in response to the sensations which she was now experiencing. With bated breath, she described to me the feeling of fullness which the expanding bladder produced in her vagina. According to her, the sensation was quite different from what she experienced when I entered her, the difference being that now the pressure was entirely internal and its conformation was much more spherical. Moreover, she had a slightly frightening sense that, as distinguished from a penis, there was no limit to the size of the object presently lodged in her vagina. In fact, she began to wonder whether the expansion of the bladder had become visible and asked to lower her legs so that we could examine her lower belly. When she did so, we could see that, although it had become a little flushed, her belly had not undergone any apparent change in shape. However, when she reached down to palpate her lower belly, she discovered that the region near the apex of her pelvis was firmer than usual and that her palpations induced a sort of sympathetic resonance in the bladder filling her vagina.

By this time I had put approximately half the contents of the bulb into her and decided that was sufficient for a while. Thus, I closed the valve, removed the bulb, and placed my hands on the spot where hers had just been. Although it was barely perceptible, I too could feel the tightness which she had found, and she assured me that any pressure which I applied was immediately transmitted to the distended walls of her vagina. This information gave me an idea for exercising Mary's vagina. Namely, after placing my palms on the rounded surface where her belly meets her pelvis, I pressed down with the heels of my hands until I knew, from the concerned expression on Mary's face, that I was, in effect, massaging her vagina by forcing it to accommodate the changes which my hands were producing in the shape of the bladder inside her. Being careful not to cause damage but nonetheless occasionally applying considerable pressure, I made sure that Mary's vagina was having quite a workout. As time went on, I learned where and how to control what was happening to her vagina. Of particular importance, I discovered where to push so that I was bringing pressure to bear directly on her G-spot. Obviously, Mary was greatly excited by what I was doing. On the other hand, as she soon learned, this sort of stimulation is physically draining. Indeed, each time I brought pressure on her G-spot, her vaginal walls underwent a strong contraction accompanied by a renewed release of secretions, and each of these events made heavy demands on her stamina. Thus, even though it was I who seemed to be exerting the greater effort, it was she who was becoming bathed in sweat as she writhed under my unrelenting assault.

Finally, during my fifth visit to her G-spot, she was consumed by an overwhelming orgasm which left her thoroughly depleted. Not wanting to try her endurance any further, after her orgasm I stopped my kneading of her pelvic region, and, once she had regained control over her body, I gently withdrew the bladder from her vagina and suggested that she take a warm bath and then retire for the night.

At breakfast the following morning Mary told me that she was still very much aware of her vagina and its environs. Nonetheless, she did not object when I informed her that I would renew her training that evening and that, in the meantime, I wanted her to spend the day exercising her vagina with the balls which I had bought for that purpose. Thus, after breakfast, I brought her back into the bedroom, removed her bathrobe, and had her lie on her back with legs drawn up as they had been the previous evening. I then repeated the procedure which I had used to make her lubricate herself and soon had her vagina in a receptive state. Before introducing her to the balls, which I had strung together on a short but sturdy piece of string, I told her that I would position one ball just inside the entrance to her vagina and would leave the other dangling just below her vaginal lips. In addition, I said that she was to go to work in a dress with no knickers underneath. As I explained to her, it was my hope that this arrangement would keep her in a constant state of tension about the what was happening between her legs. In particular, I hoped that whenever she was standing the dangling ball would tug on the ball inside and that, as a result, she would experience simultaneously a pleasurable stimulation just behind her clitoris and a mild concern that the ball inside would pop out. Of course, my idea was that by contracting herself around the embedded ball to prevent it from slipping she would be exercising her vaginal muscles.

Having explained my plan, I carefully inserted the ball and checked that the string was short enough to keep it in the precarious position where I wanted it. When I was satisfied, I had Mary get to her feet and walk around a little to find out what she should expect. As soon as she took a step, the hanging ball was disturbed by the inner thigh of whichever leg was moving forward and exerted a tug on the embedded ball. At first she was sure that this tugging would dislodge the ball inside her and cause the pair to fall to the floor. However, she soon discovered that, by contracting her muscles, she could keep the ball in place. In fact, she found that the effort required not only prevented a potentially embarrassing accident but also produced a very pleasant sensation, one which started in her vagina and got immediately transmitted to her clitoris. Thus, although she realized that failure to do so could be disastrous, she was excited by the challenge of having to keep the ball inside her all day.

Needless to say, although her distraction was much more immediate than my own, neither of us was able to rid our minds of the balls Mary was wearing that day. Mary was always conscious of the ball inside, which, even when she was seated, was large enough to keep a constant pressure on the ring of muscle at the entrance to her vagina; and, throughout the day, she caught herself responding to its pressure by contracting that ring in a way that produced a pleasurable sensation in her clitoris. As a result, her secretions kept the ball and its environs sufficiently well lubricated that each departure from her chair represented a real danger, a danger which she could avoid only by exacerbating her situation by further contractions. Indeed, she was certain that, unless she clenched it with her vaginal muscles, the ball inside her would be dislodged by the ball dangling between her thighs as soon as she rose. In fact, by mid afternoon her travail had so exhausted her that she was compelled to telephone me for permission to remove the ball. Because just the thought of her ordeal had been sufficient to interfere with my own normal activities, I was sympathetic with her plight. On the other hand, a cruel urge impelled me to take advantage of her situation, and so I told her that before I would grant her respite she would have to go over to her file cabinet while still on the phone with me, open the bottom drawer, and spend five minutes squatting while pretending to search for a file. After indicating to me what a bastard I was being, she followed my dictates, and, while squatting on her haunches described to me the anguish tinged pleasure that her overworked vaginal muscles were giving her. After she had spent her five minutes in this position, I gave her permission to visit the bathroom and remove the balls. However, before hanging up, I reminded her of my intention to put her vaginal muscles back to work that evening.

In order to keep our program interesting, I stopped on the way home at a large sports store which supplies batons to the cheer leading squad at the local high school. After rummaging through several bins of batons, I found one which consisted of a thin plastic rod with smoothly finished bulbs firmly attached at either end. Even though the whole baton was less than a meter in length and could not have weighed more than a quarter kilogram, I was confident that it would enable me to put Mary through the intimate calisthenics which I had in mind for her.

When I got home, I found Mary lounging in a warm bath. In the hope that it would put her in a mood to continue our program (and after expressing my appreciation for her rosy body) I went to prepare a light supper which would sate our hunger without dulling our senses. I then returned to the bathroom, where I toweled Mary dry and asked her to join me for dinner wearing the diaphanous bathrobe which leaves her body, and especially her breasts, clearly visible. During dinner, neither of us steered our conversation toward the topic which was uppermost in both our minds. Nonetheless, as was evident from the way Mary's every move caused her erect nipples to trace a path under her robe and my own erection pressed against my pants, our choice of topic did nothing to dispel our mutual excitement. Thus, as soon as we had finished, I told her that she should wait for me in the bedroom after assuming the same fetal position she had when I worked on her the previous evening.

Once I had assembled my equipment, I joined her on the bed and, just as I did the evening before, began by massaging and stretching her labia before re-introducing the medical bulb with which I could manipulate her vagina. Much to our mutual satisfaction, Mary had significantly less difficulty flexing her internal muscles so that they could accommodate the changes in shape to which I was making them conform. Nonetheless, I did not want tire her, and so I was careful not to overtax her endurance by prolonging this exercise too long or allowing her to achieve orgasm. Thus, after a quarter of an hour, I removed the device, allowed her to recuperate, but I kept her juices flowing by opening her labia to give me ready access to the stem of her rigid clitoris. When I knew that my ministrations had brought her to the brink of orgasm, I stopped and told her that I was now going to make her earn her orgasm. Namely, I showed her the newly acquired baton and explained that, after putting the bulb at one end into her vagina, I would wanted her to contract her muscles so that her efforts would be visible in the movements of the bulb at the other end. With her legs curled against her breasts as they were, the shaft of the baton would be stick straight up so that her success or failure should be easy for both of us to monitor.

After placing the baton inside her, I warned Mary that my attention to her clitoris would be commensurate with my satisfaction with her efforts. As long as she kept the baton in motion, I would help her achieve orgasm. However, if I felt she was not making sufficient effort, I would desist and would punish her by pressing down on the stem of her clitoris in way which we both know causes her frustration and, when prolonged, considerable discomfort. At first, Mary's vaginal muscles seemed unable put the rod in motion, and so, in order to get her started, I began to tap the otherwise motionless rod. After a few minutes, I was pleased to find that my tapping was having the desired effect and, without my help, Mary was learning how to generate a peristaltic contraction of her vaginal sheath which imparted a definite, if only slight, motion in the baton. Without delay, I rewarded her efforts by returning to her clitoris. Although I had been concerned that the extreme concentration which this form of calisthenics demanded might prevent her from fully enjoying her reward, I discovered that the stalk of her clitoris was, if anything, even more acutely sensitive than usual. On the other hand, it was apparent that, in spite of the exquisite sensitivity of her clitoris, her exertions inhibited her ability to achieve orgasm. As a result, I was able to give her the pleasure that she sought without permitting her the relief in which such pleasure normally resulted.

Obviously, Mary was more than a little frustrated by the situation in which she found herself. Thus, after several minutes during which her contractions had been becoming increasingly strong, she began to slacken both their frequency and their strength. But, as soon as I recognized what was happening, I administered her punishment by manipulating the stalk of her clitoris so that it was pressed against her pelvic bone at the apex of her pubic area. Her reaction was immediate. In fact, with tears starting to form, she promised to renew her efforts and begged me to free her stalk from its painful captivity and resume my caressing. However, I turned a deaf ear to her plea and told her that I would continue her punishment until she had set the baton back in motion. With no will to test my resolve, Mary quickly put her vaginal muscles back to work and soon had the baton bobbing once again. When she had done so, I, much to her relief, released her clitoris and resumed my gentle stroking. Much to my surprise and Mary's consternation, it was a full five minutes or more before she was able to achieve the orgasm for which she had been striving ever since supper. Indeed, by the time that her exhausted body achieved its goal, it was bathed in sweat and her frustration was evident both from the tense expression on her face and the writhing of her pubic region as she strove to win the orgasm toward which my attentions to her now distended clitoris had been driving her.

Nonetheless, when she at last reached her goal, Mary found her pleasure mixed with relief and joy to be sufficient compensation for the suffering and frustration I had made her endure. Thus, after a few days of recuperation, she was willing to once again subject herself to our training regimen. In fact, we have taken to putting her vaginal muscles through their paces on a regular schedule, and I am pleased to report that, even if she still cannot crush rocks with them, she can now most definitely and palpably use them to good purpose.