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Story: DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (A Reprise) (Part 10)

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<http://www.amazon.com/Max/e/B00522U99I>)

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Story Codes: MF vaginal anal toys

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Title: DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (A Reprise) (Part 10)

Universe: Tom, Grey

Summary: Grey and Tom spend a weekend at a Festish event. Includes some MF, vaginal, anal, and toy play.

Keywords: MF, Vaginal, Anal, Toys

Language: English

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DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (A Reprise) (Part 10)  
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written by Max

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He kissed Grey gently as she slept. Her pale skin in the dim light was smooth with the soft colour of milk. He could feel a touch of fever, perhaps another illness, and he let himself worry a bit for her. Then he walked around the bed and sat down on the arm chair in the corner so he could remove his boots.

His arms ached. Just leaning forward he could feel where his neck was out of alignment, and his right bicep kept seizing and he had to make an active effort to extend the arm and keep it functional. He slowly undid the lacing of his boots with dumb fingers that did not want to work, taking a break now and again when his lower back complained or his side knotted.

It was a slow process, but he did it in that early morning silence peculiar to hotels. In a few hours there would be sounds of showers and housekeeping and people knocking into doors as they rolled out luggage to check out. But for now it was just him, the pain, and the fingers of dawn stroking against the curtains.

With his boots off, he clumsily took off his shirt and trousers. He

was still damp from his own sweat, so the rubber pulled across his skin and stuck here and there. He sighed in relief when he was naked, his flesh breathing in the air, and then went to the bathroom and took the time to slowly wash up with a wash cloth. When he climbed into bed beside her he realized he had let his body get too cold too quickly. She was radiating heat, her back turned to his half of the bed, and he allowed himself the luxury of placing a hand on her lovely upturned hip under the covers as he laid flat on his back and shut down.

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She felt him. She had been awake when he came in, and his cool kiss was gentle confirmation of his presence. Whatever his drive was, whatever pushed him to the brink of self destruction, she wasn't sure if she resented it or wished she could embrace it too. It meant she was alone at times when she wanted his company. It also meant he was alone at times when he had plans for her to be with him. Theirs was a delicate dance, a cadence and duet familiar and uneven, that was both longing and fulfillment in unexpected ways.

Grey let his hand come to rest on her sensitive skin where it stroked and caressed her hip and buttock. Then he faded away, like a shadow, and as that hand became heavy and lifeless she could sense him finally sinking deep into whatever place it was he went to when he slumbered in darkness. He was already past the breaking point for most men when they had gotten together this weekend, and she was unwittingly learning more about him than she wanted to know as parts of his mind scrambled to speak after weeks of sleep deprivation and criss-crossing handfults of timezones repeatedly.

Despite the unnerving circumstances, Grey felt her body flutter in response to his touch. She felt the genuine desire he had for her. She could lean into him and feel his cock quicken against her thigh. And he had no struggle now, his responses were tuned to hers to the point that she could make him orgasm as she climbed her own peaks as well.

He said this was an achievement, but left out that it meant as much as he was helping coach and encourage her, he was intentionally training his body and lowering his guard. Grey didn't need to be told of course. She could feel the way he was burdened, and perhaps could hear and see how much more she was allowed in. It seemed strange. He was separate but close now.

For him there was a method to this insanity. To truly express oneself, to be free to be of the gods and goddesses, sometimes you needed to know an example, experience the example, and in reflection understand the prices and reaches of such devotions. His gods and goddesses embraced sexuality and sensuality as part of a broader remit that connected consciousness to consciousness. But they did not save, they did not protect, and they did not hold back. He was the candle that burned brighter, the motion that exceeded the

boundaries of space itself, and the triumphs of mastery and mind twisting illumination. And for that he paid in flesh and spirit, yet his gods and goddesses were pleased for his effort made him greater.

He felt Grey needed to know this, to see the way he expressed his ritual and faith, if only to know there were so many paths to enlightenment. He tried anyway. If he failed then surely that was a lesson too. The greatest masters of anything must first extend their reach into the darkness and the light, and learn from whatever they brought back with them.

He worried about how she chided herself for her limits - both real and imagined. The mind and body are frail things, and he felt the way she had already paid - not through her memories as they drifted before his eyes - but through the rougher edges and defensive spirit and deeper desires Grey embodied. He had become what he was through forging and tempering that made him a monster more than anything else. She didn't like that, didn't want that, but in truth we are all born free. She would chose her own path when she came into freedom again, but she would need to grasp that freedom in her own hands and take it to where she wished to be. To harden with toxic bile within could deform her from the course she would have wanted to aspire to. Submission to self was a much harder task to achieve for most people.

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Hours later his awareness expanded as they joined. A tangle of limbs, his own physicality made functional through years of drilling rather than thought, and the release of sinking into her - her lovely warmth and his grinding thrusts. She was a delightful sweet, an unexpected joy, a wonderfully guilt free pleasure. And he indulged. He was living life to the fullest, even as he felt the strain of it, and he indulged as much as he could because she was sweeter than fresh orange juice drizzled over his lips and just as refreshing.

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So this became a weekend of odd disconnects and connections commingled. His awareness sometimes dim and unlit, and other times sharply in focus on Grey. He remembered the hunt for her car across the airport parking deck. He recalled the way her body responded as he slowly and carefully took her ass for the first time. She'd confide her body wanted so much more than she probably could handle, and he'd nod - because he felt the way her buttocks thrust and rolled urgently to swallow his cock whole even as he held back to allow her to adjust and grow used to his fullness penetrating her delicate anus. He remembered her in a swimsuit and wishing to be with her. He recalled the way she responded to the surprise toys he brought along - not so much to one, wonderfully to another, quite comfortable though stretched by a third, and the decisions that framed on how to best proceed. He recalled her breathing lightly beside him. He enjoyed putting her in a silk rope chest harness - something not too

fancy or elaborate but wonderful for fun. They would do that many times more in the future.

And her smile as she tried on her rubber outfits. Her silliness and stillness as they talked and joked. Her unhappiness when she was unwell and could not join him. Her passion and rage combined with her desire to please and achieve. Some of it was lost to him. His own mind partially shattered before they even drove across the swamps, and he couldn't even remember the shark's name she was so concerned about.

But there were shiny moments he held on to even as he wondered when next Grey's hip would lay under his hand as he went to sleep. And he smiled as the plane coasted toward the airport in the distance. Perhaps it was ok that this flight would not crash, that he'd still have work in the morning. After all he'd not even really gotten her ready for the other toys and suspension and parties he'd like to take her to.

There were more rituals to embrace, both pain and pleasure, and this pleased him. To have Grey walk beside him, to be a part of this long narrow road of piety and devotion, that was a wonderful thought. Even when she was gone the memories would echo like footsteps, and he would remember these shiny moments.

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by Max

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