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Story: DRAFT - Marie : Gates (Part 2)

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Title: DRAFT - Marie : Gates (Part 2)

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DRAFT - Gates (Part 2)  
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written by Max  
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MF, Vaginal, Fist, Cutting, Large Toys  
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"Feeling different?" Tom asked as he smiled at Marie. She snickered at him as she continued to obviously sit with all her weight on her one hip. He continued puttering, bringing out orange juice and two plates of scrambled eggs to the table. Then they ate largely in silence.

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People want things. Often times they become so focused on what they want that they turn a blind eye to both whom they are dealing with and what those individuals want themselves. The greater their need, the greater the passion, the greater the anticipation of reward - the more they become focused and tunnel vision kicks in. People become vulnerable when they think their needs will be met if they only do one more thing.

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Tom stroked Marie's face and hair. She was radiant in the sunlight filtering into the room. The terry cloth bathrobe parted slightly between her breasts, slightly paler skin showing below tan neck and shoulders. With a kiss on her forehead, Tom climbed set down his orange juice and climbed into bed along side her.

"So tell me how your progress is coming?" Tom said as he ran a hand along the terry cloth covering Marie's thigh. He leaned back and let his body relax, savouring the fresh orange juice on his tongue and the passive heat of the mid morning sun.

Marie smiled and settled back down into a pillow. Cocking her head to the side she began to tell Tom about her progress with working on fisting. Her play partner over the summer had become a full time arrangement after he understood her training needs and what she wanted. Perhaps because he understood what she wanted needed to be provided or accommodated. And Tom was happy she'd found someone local to give her personal attention while she trained. Long distance training had a way of slowly wearing down motivation.

"It was a good summer," Marie smiled. Her fingers reached out to Tom and touched his hand. In response he turned his hand face up and traced patterns and swirls inside her palm. They could both feel the difference in their energies, but in the warm sunlight glow there was balance. She smirked. "He had big hands."

Tom turned on his side to face Marie. His short clippered hair was more grey on the sides than she remembered. The night before she'd noticed the heft of his biceps and the change in his stature. Looking at him now she could see other things were different - his eyes and his hands carried the weight of something else. Or perhaps it was just having gone through the looking glass she was closer to understanding the lingering pain in the mind long after the physical trauma has faded.

He smiled. "Do tell."

Marie felt him and breathed in his scent mixed with hers. "Big hands," she chuckled. "He didn't back down after he got the first one in. And he kept pushing, I didn't even know when he finally fit his whole second hand in. He just kept fisting me, and wouldn't let me stop him for any reason." Her eyes lifted off of Tom's face and tipped back as she remembered the anguish and endorphins. Nick's hands pulling and tugging at her, his shoulder keeping her abdomen pinned to the bed as he worked one hand all the way into her wet cunt, and then began pulling it in and out. Initially he had to leave his palm cupped and fingers extended. After a while she could feel his knuckles pounding deep inside of her, and soon he began pulling his closed fist all the way out of her and punch fisting her vagina as she squirmed and groaned in pleasure.

He broke Marie over time - the punch fisting was only part of it. She asked him too. Or rather she complained if he didn't and came so

much harder when he did. Every morning. Every night. She spent a lot of time at Nick's place, and he took advantage of the environment. He exerted control - restraints, pressure, demands, and use. And Marie enjoyed it. Use in particular. She told Tom highlights but couldn't convey the wash of emotions and sensations that she had lived through.

Yet whenever she looked in his eyes she felt he knew. Knew so much more.

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The corset was tightened to the point that Marie could barely catch whisper of breath. Nick told Marie to get on her hands and knees, leading her by the chin to the bed. When he had her in place, Marie was facing one side of the bed with her knees shoulder width apart. Her leg and hand were six inches from the end of the bed, and her leg hung over the side of the bed at mid shin. Her shaved pussy was already moist with the thick outer labia like furrows two finger widths apart. Nick leaned down and lifted her head awkwardly so he could kiss her. Marie fought to keep her position and balance - Nick already had a belt in hand to beat her ass and thighs if she faltered. With her breasts lifted up to her throat, Marie kept her back straight as Nick ran a finger along her spine and the corset lacing. As his finger rolled on to her skin and pushed down on her tailbone, he pivoted around the corner of the bed completely focused on the open mouth of Marie's cunt.

Marie let out a soft moan as two thick fingers from each of Nick's hands fit into her inner labia and stroked those lips apart. The mouth of her cunt was so used to his hands and her large vinyl toys that there was almost to resistance as he pulled her open. Keeping two fingers in, he slipped one hand out and pumped some Liquid Silk on to his fingers. Enough to then apply on to the quickly swelling mound of Marie's sex, and then rub on to the top of his hands like lotion. As soon as he finished spreading the lube over the top of his right hand, Nick's tucked his bicep and forearm at a ninety degree angle and leaned into Marie.

And then he drove his hand in to her with no hesitation until it bottomed out.

You cannot gasp in a tightly cinched corset. Marie practiced sipping air in and out, but the force of the punching fist caused her to exhale hard enough to start a fit of coughing as her lungs tried desperately to both suck in air and seize from the impact. Nick kept at it - he didn't plunge his hand in and then grind it further. He withdrew it to the thumb joint, the his knuckles pulling her vaginal walls with them, and then punched back in. The level of control he exerted provided powerful clean jabs as he abused and pounded the flesh inside of Marie's cunt. His left arm was hooked around Marie's thigh and his other lubed hand was a fist with the top thumb knuckle pinned to Marie's clit.

"I don't hear you counting," he said coolly as he continued to fist Marie. "How will you know you got a good workout if you don't count the reps?" His shoulder and neck were tight and showed the effort it took to handle the forces of Marie's body counteracting his own punches. "Ah, I know. It doesn't count until my fist comes all the way out and back in, does it?"

Marie clenched in anticipation - her muscles gripping Nick's exiting fist and super heating his hand. There was a moment when he enjoyed the cool air on the back of his hand and thumb and could feel the mixture of her juices and the lube between his fingers and in his palm. Then he punched directly into her open mouthed pussy, plunged to its depth, and did a signature Tae Kwon Do twist that made sure his middle finger knuckle ground into the back wall of her pelvis. Before Marie had a chance to react his hand was already coming all the way back out.

As his hand plunged back in, Nick quietly said "One."

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Marie was feeling too warm now. She felt the tingling in her skin as she remembered and told Tom about her training. Occasionally he asked questions, but mostly he just encouraged her to tell him about the experiences and guided her to describe specific combinations. He didn't comment when she opened up the bathrobe and shrugged it off her shoulder. And he only smiled when she began pinching her own nipples and rubbing her thighs back and forth over her own swelling labia. He did kiss her - several times - and his traced his fingers over her cheeks and mouth on occasion - when she would pause or get lost in a memory.

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Nick turned the corner with a sharp oversized combat knife. Marie let her eyes drink in the shape, heft, and nature of it. The smooth blade edge glinted from being sharpened while the rough serrated edge was only shiny on the leading edge of each tooth. Nick held it easily, and gestured for her to be quiet. With her hands tied above her head and her ankles tied to opposite corners of the bed, Marie offered little resistance. Then he swiftly brought the knife to her waistline on the left side of her body and let the tip drag up to her breast. Nick kept the blade turned slightly sideways so instead of a smooth slice it roughed up the skin it went over. Then he went from the center bottom of her left breast to the center bottom of her right breast. Then down to her waistline on the right side, framing a trapezoid above the line of her pelvis.

He paused, looking into Marie's eyes and sensing the deep need and heat there, and then he began tracing scroll work and shapes into the tender tanned skin of Marie's belly. His blade moved quickly at times and slower at others. He tipped it so the serrated edge would

gather flesh in bunches or the smooth cutting edge would slice along neatly. When he had decorated her so faint blood lines were marked on Marie, Nick cut out from under each breast to her ribs and then up to her shoulders. He then decorated her between her heavy breasts and on her chest plate.

When he was done, Marie was soaking wet. And then he traced from her collarbone to her nipples to her clit. The triangle formed left bare skin on her pelvis unmarked on either side of it.

He slowly cut into that tender skin with impressions of constellations and glyphs that Marie had shown him.

After her torso and pelvis were red with streaks of blood and welts from the blade, Nick showed Marie his handiwork with a hand mirror. Then he put a posture collar on her that prevented Marie from looking down. Alongside the tray of disinfectant where Nick had set the knife was a spray bottle with witch hazel in it. She whimpered and moaned as he spritzed her open cuts with it, and then orgasmed as Nick massaged her cunt inside and out and finished by fisting her slowly and steadily.

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Tom smiled as Marie got deeper into her experiences. He nipped her nose gently and told her he wanted her to show him how open she was. Marie smiled and got up, disentangling herself from the robe completely and went into Nick's master bathroom.

She brought back his largest vinyl toy - the Cannon - and placed the heavy thud of the five inch wide toy making a dent in the bed as it fell over. Tom was about to ask, but Marie put her finger to a lip. She went to his shelves and took out some Liquid Silk and then walked out of the room only to return with a hand towel. Tom watched as she positioned the huge toy at the corner of the bed and applied the lube to the head and upper portion of the shaft.

Marie took advantage of her height to straddle the corner and lean her pussy against the enormous toy. At one time she had wanted to feel this forced into her so much, and now it was a thrill to show Tom how far she had progressed. With his sparkling eyes to encourage her, Marie moved into position and pushed her labia across the head of the toy several times. Then she moved off of it and carried it on to the bed with her. Encouraging Tom to move his legs, Marie placed the toy just below where his knees had been and then straddled it on her own knees.

"You're going to want to see this up close," she coo'd as she applied more Liquid Silk. Then she pushed her cunt down on the head.

At first Tom couldn't see much more than the flesh of Marie's pussy lips being stroked back and forth with her motion. Then Marie adjusted her position slightly and one of her hands lined up the toy

with her pelvis. The bed shook as Marie started driving down hard, humping against the toy with her weight, and then she found the right spot and leaned forward with one arm on Tom's thigh. His crossed legs gave her a good balance point as she thrust down and back, and Tom could see the black vinyl lined up neatly between Marie's hanging breasts. She smiled at him, and he leaned forward and kissed her. Their tongues stroking into each others wet mouths, and then she broke away as the lip at the base of the toy's head began rubbing into her pelvis.

"What you felt last night, hmmm, was nothing," she said half looking down at Tom's swelling cock. "After Nick started double fisting me, I really started stretching out so much more." Her grinding was causing the base of the Cannon to twist against the resistance of the bedsheets. "Though I was surprised when I finally was able to do this much."

The head of the Cannon started at four inches in width and by the lip that Marie was working on it was easily near five inches wide. Tom watched as her grinding turned to intense pressure - her hand on his thigh turning white and the outline of her pelvis bones blatantly obvious as her skin was pulled in with the toy.

Marie leaned back from him, and Tom offered a steadying hand as she began to hump down on the toy vertically. Both of her hands held the toy's shaft as Tom's hand steadied her chest just below the breast. Her nipples were pink and swollen from him pinching and twisting them the night before and her tweaking them while telling him stories. He moved closer and moved his hand up to grip her breast and crush it in his fingers. Marie grunted and let her head fall back - continuing to force herself on to the monster vinyl cock as Tom then began twisting and pulling on her tit while his nails and fingertips dug in tight enough to leave point bruises.

"Can you get it in?" he said with a thrill in his voice.

Marie tipped her head forward and focused on Tom. He was sitting partially cross-legged. His cock was nearly at full mast between his legs, the pubic hair clippered away which made his cock look strident next to his muscled thighs. His torso was defined by his pecs and the heavy smooth muscle underneath thin brown hair that ran over the slightly tan skin. His biceps were heavy too, and his forearms were muscle and skin. She took all this in on the way to his eyes.

"It will go in," she said simply. And then she reached down and held the vinyl toy dead center and allowed her knees to slip away so all her weight was on the toy with just the balancing points of her shins and Tom's hand to keep her positioned.

Tom watched as Marie let out a deep moan that reverberated in her chest cavity. He carefully shifted his own weight and put his other hand on her shoulder to provide the necessary support. Then he saw it happen, a flash in her eyes and her mouth coming open as if to

gulp for air, and looking down he saw that only shaft was showing between the pelvis bones that defined Marie's sex.

Marie shuddered with a large heaving breath, and then looked at Tom. "Now it's your turn," she said softly. Without a further word she moved her knees back into place to allow her some support, and Tom got the idea.

He offered her what support he could as she maneuvered on to her back. The toy was so snug in her cunt that the bigger risk was it popping out completely than sliding out a bit. When they finally had Marie on her back it was even more obvious how stretched she was. The Cannon was nearly the width of one of her thighs and so thick that it pushed her thighs outward from her pelvis itself. There was no distinction of labia or skin folds around her cunt left - everything was pulled tight leaving her clitoris exposed like a red glossy toggle. Tom moved into position between Marie's legs and she lifted her legs back as he supported the toy.

With the Cannon angled down into her cunt and Tom holding it in place, Marie ran her hands over her breasts. "Go ahead," she smiled, "stretch me as far as I can go."

Tom smiled back. "And what after this?" he asked as he began to put his weight into the flat vinyl slab base of the Cannon. "Any ideas?"

Marie ran her tongue over her lips and let her head lean back into the mattress. "You know you can do anything to stretch me further." She was speaking to the ceiling now. "What would you like to shove into me?"

Tom started a rhythm of pushing and relaxing as he worked against Marie's pussy to stretch it further and work more of the toy in. "Well you're well beyond double fisting," he smiled as he spoke, "but in addition to stretching you I have some wonderful ideas on how to give you wonderful amounts of pain all day long underneath your clothing." He felt her shudder at the thought.

"I thought so," Marie said and lifted up on her elbows a bit to look into Tom's face. "What did you have in mind?"

Tom just smiled and continued to wreck Marie's cunt opening with the huge toy. She'd know soon enough what he was planning. Besides he was distracted by the hint of just a tiny bit of labia starting to come in and out with the shaft - which meant the skin was stretching even more than he could have hoped.

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by Max

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