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Story: DRAFT - Alyssa : The Open Door (Part 2)

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Title: DRAFT - Alyssa : The Open Door (Part 2)

Universe: Tom, Alyssa

Summary: Written in good humour, Tom reflects on the way he came to meet Alyssa many years before the present day. In the present day Alyssa is sleeping while Tom's fist is buried inside of her. Some fisting and flirting. More of a romantic meeting story than a sex story.

Keywords: MF, Fist, Romantic, Mdom, Bondage

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DRAFT - Within the Open Door

(Part Two of The Open Door series)

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written by Max

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MF, Fist, Romantic, Mdom, Bondage  
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Tom reflected back, the dim lines of pressure causing lightning to flash across his eyelids. How had it all begun? Where had he been going when everything had started? He was tired and his hand ached a bit. What to do now?

It was unlike him to not have a plan, to allow his emotions to guide his hands. What had made him strong had been his timing and planning, his ability to make aggressive decisions and execute on them. Over the years he had come to rely on the teams he would build around himself. But he had one chief insecurity - for when it came time to bed his lovers, it was only him. So he worked to develop a routine, a pattern that would motivate and train them.

That is where it had all begun with Alyssa. That is where he had been heading.

Alyssa and Tom met innocently enough. There was a club show going on in Trenton, mediocre stuff playing at City Gardens which had more space dedicated to the bar and billiards than the stage. Tom had been seeing Mary, and Alyssa was a friend of hers. Mary and Tom didn't really connect, she was responsive to his touch - and he wanted to have her. The drugs and alcohol kept Mary in a kind of freefall of decay - she had the sweet scent of it on her every moment. But an opportunity to go out and hit the club, the rush of the crowd and the dirtiness of the scene - it was a date he'd been looking forward to.

Mary was about five foot, small in stature with swelling breasts and mid length brown hair. Her ass was softly rounded, her legs still strong and supple - more out of youth than exercise. Her lips were soft and she gave off a heady aroma of sex and decay. She demanded control of her schedule and Tom obliged - tolerating her incessant tangents and dosing in exchange for access to her body and caresses. The relationship, if you could call it that, had led to sex once. It had been a charged event in the back of the van - but it quickly turned sour and Tom had to admit defeat. Mary had leaned forward to him, her eyes swimming and the scent of her sex rolling off of her in waves, and shattered his illusion with only a few words...

"You should try sex on coke. It's such a rush."

She had said it without an emphasis, her voice dead like her limp body underneath him. In his mind, it was like a body in his arms had just given up its ghost. But he still cared for her, and he had integrated her schedule into his, so he hadn't moved on more because there was nothing to go to than because there was anything left between them.

With all this on his shoulders, Tom walked knocked on the door and was let into Mary's house by her mother. Mary's mother was petite and a bit frail. Mary was her last daughter, the others

around ten years older. The woman had been through a lot and when she spoke and moved around it was with a quirky jerkiness, like time was rushing at and then away from her. She was prone to fits of paranoia, so Tom moved carefully around her - trying to mask himself in an innocence he had already begun to actively set aside.

Mary was in her room, and Tom popped his head in for a moment. What he saw stuck with him for decades. Behind Mary, standing in front of the wall mirror, stood a woman he didn't know. She was a little heavy, but in a baby fat kind of way. Her face was flushed, her makeup only partially complete. She had full lips, but his eyes had moved right past them. She was trying on a lacy purple bra, and it barely contained her massive breasts. Her nipples showed through the fabric a little bit - chilled since she only had on a pair of jeans and combat boots to keep away the night air. Mary caught the object of Tom's attention and shooed him out of the room - leaving him to ponder this apparition while he sat out on the couch. Mary's father and mother droned on about miscellaneous things. Their age seemed to have stolen their focus; they would settle on a subject and then dart off on to an unrelated event. The TV seemed to drive the conversation more than anything else. Tom suddenly could see the formative structure that had led to Mary - the youngest sibling with two doting parents.

Tom stood when Mary and Alyssa came out of the room. They were late, it was time to go, and they were READY. Mary had on torn jeans and a t-shirt. She looked like the picture of youth, with the authority of a mother hen. Alyssa followed her every lead, and stepped out in tight jean shorts, half shirt, and combat boots. Her belly was a little too heavy for the outfit, but no one would notice since their gaze would stop at her breasts - the purple bra visible under the half shirt because her breasts held it out from her abdomen. She was a rebel - the picture perfect image of a rich family's daughter decided to go off and prove herself on her own terms.

Tom rushed them out to the car, quickly churning through the possibilities. Mary was jaded, extremely so if his experience had been typical. She wouldn't object to Tom taking her friend for a ride. He wanted this woman alone, and he wanted to begin to explore her mind. But Alyssa was hanging back - her safety was in Mary, and though she was acting out the part of the rebel, there was definitely a need for Mary to give her courage. His mind churning, Tom started down the road.

Mary gave directions, the kind that turned them around a couple of times. She had been there any number of times, but apparently there was some issue of picking up another person. Tom's hopes crashed as he realized that this was effectively a double date. Alyssa had a boy named Bob that they were off to pick up on the way. They stopped off in a cul-de-sac, and Alyssa ran in to get Bob. Mary and Tom were quiet - Tom wondered if she was thinking about the same things as him. Turning to look at her, he realized Mary wasn't thinking much at all. The drugs were racing through her right now - and she was in her own surreal place.

Not wanting to intrude on that place, Tom sat impatiently waiting for Alyssa and Bob to come out. After fifteen minutes, he was tempted to honk the horn or call out. Perhaps Bob was trying to sneak out, and honking the horn would foil his chances and ensure they could get back on their way. After what seemed like an eternity, filled with occasional lucid moments of chit chat with his drugged up date, Alyssa came back out.

Tom's hands were sweaty. She was alone and looking hurt. She climbed into the van with nothing good to say. Bob had brushed her off or some kind of argument had taken place. Two things were now really clear to Tom - this woman was vulnerable and she was being preyed upon by other guys. That left her in a vacuum, and Tom intended to fill it. They took off down the road with a new vigor, Tom's elation only knocked down a little bit when he actually saw the club.

It took a bit to find a parking space, and Mary and Alyssa played off the door men to get in despite their age. Tom was out of the loop here. This wasn't his environment, and he found it tricky to hold off his feelings of fear. People talk of the clubs downtown, and the gritty, dirty places that lurk at the edges of the projects. Now Tom was in the midst of it, and it was like nothing he had experienced from humanity before. The bar was dark, lit poorly along the walls. The people milling around it were in sharp contrast to his jeans and t-shirt, a mixture of dirty clothes and leathers, the scent of pot and stink of sweat crowding out anything else.

Alyssa and Mary seemed blissfully ignorant of the threat it presented. Like they not only tuned out the testosterone on the air and its latent challenge - but were somehow converting it to energy that fueled them. Mary was immediately amongst the crowd forming around the stage. Alyssa and Tom found themselves standing together, looking around at the people. Then Alyssa was off - she saw someone she knew - and Tom was all alone.

It was in moments like these that planning was missing. Tom had no idea what to do next. He could feel the headiness that came from the energy and loaded air around him. His nervousness

and fear were combined with an urge to hunt and feed. It shifted his vision - where once there were people, he saw targets and threats; where before he saw the jackets and jeans, now he could feel the hidden blades and a few concealed guns. Then control resurfaced - quickly he moved to a position where he could see enough of the crowd to feel comfortable, and the doors outside as well as to the billiard room. He focused on the women and men who could feel him amongst them - like hunters, having seen a spooked deer, looking for the other hunter that must be there.

By the time Tom had blended himself into the scene, the second act was coming up. They had missed the first one, and the intermission had been pretty long. Ween was a non-act back then, they came on stage carrying a drum machine with the tracks recorded on cassette. After setting it down, they wandered back off stage - only to come back roaring out names and then to shout their way into their first song. Alyssa worked her way back out of the thrashing crowd to where Tom was standing. Tom followed her with one eye, as he quietly chuckled about the line of coke dribbling back out of the lead singer's left nostril. The music was loud, but he was in control - the hostile elements in the crowd distracted by the music, their drinks, or both. A few still roamed, poaching women from here or there. Mary was kicking and singing along, making her all but untouchable - and Alyssa was safely nearby.

The songs never really did justice to the fever running through the two man band. They were so drugged up they struggled now and again to get the cassette to the right rhythm track. They roared and jumped, spitting out words and thrashing on stage like they were possessed. The crowd enjoyed it - some kind of link beyond the music connecting them. Then, like a tire going flat, they just blew out and left the stage.

Since they had no roadies one of them had to come back and grab their equipment. Then there was another long intermission. Tom could feel Alyssa looking him over. She wasn't undressing him yet, but she was definitely examining whatever was clearly visible. And what Alyssa was seeing was exactly what Tom was trying to hide. With most of the crowd worked up a bit, and one of their main distractions gone, his presence was beginning to be noticed again. Just like walking into a sudden cool draft, people milling toward where Tom were standing were suddenly furtive - looking quickly about. With Alyssa looking directly at him, it was only time before the rest of the crowd would understand that the object of her attention was what was tripping off their sixth sense. Tom needed to act.

Taking Alyssa by the hand, Tom asked her if she wanted something to drink. She jumped - there had been a little jolt of lightning in that touch. She had been watching him all evening, feeling something warm inside of her. Now with the look he cast at her, she knew he could see everything she was thinking. Her palm instantly turned sweaty in his - and she pulled her hand away as quick as she could. Tom walked away from her, heading toward the bar at a half-conscious military gait. All Alyssa could see was his shoulders and his ass. She was definitely turned on, and fighting it wouldn't help because Mary would know. Where was Mary?

Alyssa turned around a little bit, loathe to turn her back on Tom, but interested in finding Mary. Mary was just about to go up the stairs to the sound booth. Alyssa could chase after her, but she'd just be interrupting - Mary knew the guys up there pretty well, and they would be busy. So she was left alone and her attention again turned to Tom. He walked past the bar and wandered toward the door. He was moving with a purpose but hiding it with an aimless stroll. Alyssa saw his contour against the big man at the door who always gave her a kiss or a bear hug. Tom was physically smaller, but he seemed to a contradiction to his own size. Like a ball of energy held back - waiting to explode. Alyssa was now wet, and she knew it. Her tight jean shorts dug into her ass and lips, and though she could feel how it wedged between her asscheeks and labia - it more annoying because of the turn on than the wedgie. Bob had turned her down, too busy with other girls. Fuck Him! She could have anyone she wanted, and she would get someone else. But she wanted to fuck tonight, and Bob had turned her down. The son of a bitch!

Tom watched out of his peripheral vision as Alyssa worked her way to the bouncer and had him get her a beer. She drank a little bit of it while nestled close to him, so no one would take notice, then handed the rest back. The bouncer ran his hands over her ass, gingerly but with purpose. Alyssa walked away from him, and the bouncer guzzled down the rest of the beer while swaying to the motion of her hips. Tom took in some of the other women there - but none of them were in his league or attainable. Some biker chicks hung out with their men by the bar. A couple here and there dotted the scene. The remaining woman had enough attitude to stare down a rhino, were drugged up, or were moving around their friends. Tom swore that someday he would be a part of this scene - able to move easily amongst everyone. But tonight he was a stage extra, a nobody who could bring down all kinds of pain and trouble if he drew too much attention.

Tom saw Mary come tripping and laughing down from the music booth. She was gone! Whatever had been up there she was glowing in thorough enjoyment of it. Tom wondered if she had outright paid for drugs with sex or just promised some favors. No matter, the next group was coming

onstage. Well it wasn't a group though, some guy talking shit about life. Henry Rollins in the early days doing stand up - what a thing to have seen, Tom thought.

His hand still ached, but he didn't want to wake Alyssa. He cunt lips sucked at his wrist - he had been deeper inside of her, but while his attention was wandering he had inadvertently let her push him out a bit. The lubricant left a slightly shiny ring around his wrist and her lips stretched out to a point maybe half an inch down his arm from his thumb joint. The street lights down below the World Trade Center Marriott gave a soft glow to the room - New York City, it never sleeps, just dozes. Being very careful not to twist his hand inside of her, Tom leaned forward over her belly. His teeth lightly ran over her nipple, then he teased it out with his tongue.

She stirred a little bit - he had to give her a sleeping pill so she could sleep with his hand inside of her. It was a first time for her, and only his third or fourth. Though always uncomfortable - the rewards the next day would be well worth it. Her cunt would not only be open, but his cock would be able to penetrate her in places it had never gotten to before - because the fisting would move things around inside of her. And her ass would be incredible to fuck after sliding so easily in and out of her cunt.

Tom ran his tongue down her body, forced to shift his hand a little bit inside of her so his mouth could find her clit. The KY was mostly dried up, and the remaining lubrication was her own. He tongued her clit gingerly and then began to suckle on it. Even in her sleep, Alyssa's body responded to the touch. Her breathing grew shallow, her body tensing and relaxing.

As her cunt began to pulsate around his fist, she let out a low moan. Tom began to work his fist back into her, using his wrist and her cervix as a guide to avoid suddenly jolting her out of sleep. It was only an inch or so deeper when she began to cum on his hand - her cunt's spasming feeding back onto itself since it couldn't close around his fist.

Tom was satisfied that his hand was back where it needed to be. Her labia were past his wrist by a full inch, his hand had opened a little, reducing the immediate cramping, and training her to cum like this, with his fist inside of her, would only bring good things. Maybe it was enough not to plan out the next few months and just to know the next few days. His mind began to wander again.

Alyssa had been hyper when they returned from Trenton. She had charged out of the van, and then waited for Tom to come around the front. She pinched Tom on the ass, a bit of mockery and silliness overcoming her latent fear of him. Tom had taken it in stride. He knew he had her the moment she touched him. Walking back to the house behind Alyssa and Mary, Tom didn't even pause to get even. He lunged forward and pinched Alyssa right where her tight jean shorts dug into her.

Alyssa's blood turned immediately cold. She felt all the fear well up inside of her and almost break loose. While Mary turned to scold Tom, she hurried into the house.

As she would tell Tom some time later, he hadn't pinched her ass check. With the way her jean shorts had ridden up over the course of the night, the seam had spread her labia and ass checks apart. When Tom had pinched her he had placed his finger and thumb on her right labia - and that pinch had sent her almost into orgasm.

Tom sighed... It was an incredible story. Boy meets girl in bra. Girl is boy's date's best friend. Girl checks boy out at night club. Boy checks girl out in van on way home. Girl turns down opportunity to be alone with boy. Girl pinches boy's ass. Boy pinches girl's labia. Boy ends up nine years later with his fist in girl's cunt.

While he dozed on and off through the night, Tom thought fondly of his Alyssa.

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to be continued

by Max

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