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Story: DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 03)

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Universe: Tom, Grey

Summary: Grey plays with herself while planning her future encounters and selecting toys.

Includes some FMast, vaginal, anal, toys, and stretching.

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DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 03)  
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written by Max

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FMast, Vaginal, Anal, Toys, Stretching  
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They worked together on a selection of toys. He needed to make sure she had a basic set for exploring their goals as well as a few challenges for days when she felt she needed more. And with how they were proceeding, even on days when she felt tender and a bit worn, the intensity of more was a sensation she was craving in addition to gentle caresses and light massaging.

He had already outlined the different sorts of play he expected them to explore. Establishing a somewhat arbitrary framework to structure their shared desires, and guide what Grey considered her training and learning. As part of that they were also defining how she gave back to him, both in becoming better at pleasing him sexually and in learning those things that helped him enjoy their scenes together. Most of the time he was content simply to enjoy her, to hear and see and feel and touch how she expressed her sexuality. It provided a rest from all the other demands made on his time and energy. But she also learned to whisper into his ears those words which made his cock leap to attention, and to write him little updates about how thoroughly and well she had played with herself and discoveries she had made in his absence.

Sharing links back and forth, they both laughed when they crossed paths. She was looking up a line of metal toys while he was pulling up e-stim toys also made of metal. She was looking through rubber catsuits while he was browsing rubber shirts and leggings. It was easy for them to communicate freely even on delicate topics. That made the choices easier for him - knowing that if something he picked wasn't going to work then she would tell him. That allowed them to stay focused as well - knowing he'd listen and understand and then adjust their play to accommodate them both or adopt her suggested alternatives.

Going over their laundry list of scenes to explore, he boiled it down to a handful that he thought were important starting points. Penetration, stimulation, bondage, SM, and photography play. For each of these he pondered entry points and end points. For example, Grey would like to experiment with clamps and weights possibly combined with light flogging. She was already exploring being more comfortable with anal penetration, and they both were looking at fetish attire for some planned events. This started to form the basis of a shopping list so Grey could explore these things on her own as well as join him on visits and work together on things.

High on both their lists was penetration play and stimulation play. She was extremely

responsive to touch and contact, and he was deeply interested in evolving her capacity to be filled, plugged, and double penetrated. Her interest in developing an enjoyment of anal and as well as be his product tester for sex toys and sex tools he designed added to that. So they shopped together for a set of toys for her pussy - starting with dildos she already had and working up to a UR3 Holmes as the largest she might enjoy vaginally. They studied the lengths and widths and shapes and textures. Generally she preferred silicon, and he supported that where they could find it. With a few toys already picked up - including the Holmes - she could feel she was already getting wet. The urge, ache, and need for be penetrated was getting stronger all the time after all.

She bowed out of their chat for a quick break, making it no secret that she was distracted and needed to fuck herself. Her hands dipped into her pajama bottoms, and she lightly ran her fingers in circles over her clit and labia. She was wet, so much wetter than when all this had started, and the tender caresses brought her tingling sensations all over her body. But underneath that she wanted something solid - his hand, his cock, a firm toy - driving into her. She limited herself to playing with her seeping labia and rubbing her clit from side to side, and then she leaned back in her chair and shoved three fingers in at once. Her other hand gripped her breast and squeezed, fingers rolling her nipple and pinching it, the pressure connecting her pussy and nipple in a continuous arc of lightening. And she kept working her hands over her body - her pussy felt roughly handled but that also felt intense and good. Her three fingers were covered in wet juices, and she tried to do what he did - picking her body up by her pussy and pelvis - and felt the surge in her abdomen from the pressure and pulling.

Her ass was tingling too. As her three fingers went in and out of her pussy, the juices flowed down the crack of her ass - soaking her anus on the way. Just that morning she had been slowly working two fingers into her ass, but she could feel how it wanted more. "If only it could handle it," she thought. Shifting position slightly, Grey began lightly slapping her pussy lips with her cupped hand as she drove her fingers in and out. The percussion was more sound than sensation, but the rhythm was pleasing and placed just right she was able to provide sudden pressure to her clit only to release it a moment later. The spasms caused minor tremors and she felt a small orgasm pass through even as she worked to achieve something grander.

"More," she exhaled to herself - and she knew what she wanted and what she meant. Later in the evening she'd have to pace herself but for now the combination of slight ache and soreness and her hand working her ripe labia petals and wet opening was overwhelmingly good. He had no problem putting his three fingers into her pussy, and her three seemed small in comparison. She added her pinkie finger, and with four fingers she gripped the front of her pussy. Her fingertips curled to stroke her g-spot, and she thrust her hips into her palm while cradling her clit. The intensity and pressure hit just the right chord, and she had to let go of her breast so she could bite her hand as the orgasm ripped through her body. Her pussy was so very wet, and her ass was soaked too - as well as her thighs and the seat of her pajamas. She lazily stroked her four fingers back and forth, then drew them out and massaged her full and swollen pussy lips. That started another cycle of sensations, and her clit and labia felt the heat as she lightly pinched and tugged on them.

It was becoming a regular thing - masturbation had been that way for a while, sometimes four or five times a day. But increasingly she came with four fingers or a cock and fingers or a toy and fingers - preferably when it was intense either due to the filling feeling or her own passion. The soft stuff was nice and would work her up well - she still thoroughly enjoyed the feel of the shower spray on her pussy, gentle stroking and massaging of her pubis, and dipping a single finger and dragging it in and out of her vagina. But she also enjoyed the explosive orgasms when she could feel her pussy or ass being truly worked, when she felt her breasts and nipples strained just a bit more than usual, when ... She set the thoughts aside as her pussy let her know it was feeling empty again. Gently she slipped her fingers over her labia, swirling and smoothing the juices around. And then slipped her four fingers back very easily and felt around her pussy.

There was no damage nor tearing nor any sort of thing of that nature. Her pussy was pliable and hot and enjoyed the attention. With four fingers or just two or a cock, her pussy could squeeze down and grip tight enough to feel the crushing pressure. Knowing how he liked to hear about it, she went ahead and fooled around with adding her thumb. Her hands were small and the angle didn't allow for much, but he would be grinning from ear to ear when she told him she'd tried her fingers and thumb again. She was smirking thinking about it even as the pressure began to renew both the tingling and remind her about how much she'd need to pace herself in the evening. Pace herself because she was getting slightly sore at the opening to her pussy, but she played with herself several times a day. She didn't really notice that she had been able to work a bit of all four fingers and thumb in with just her own wetness before she was distracted by one of her cats stalking nearby being needy.

Grey sighed and removed her sticky hand from her pussy. She went to the bathroom to clean up a bit, wondering if the hot water tank was ready for another epic hot shower. She knew the spray head would massage and provide a lovely tingling orgasm or two by just placing her pussy under

it. And she was hoping to work a bit further on some anal penetration even if earlier it had seemed her bottom had been fussy. She pondered the alternative - he had just had a set of clamps and weights sent to her, and maybe she'd let her bottom be and play with those instead. As much as they both enjoyed anal, some days she just couldn't take much and rather than be disappointed he suggested that was a good time to play with other things. After all they had lots of lovely plans for her sexuality and responsive body.

These thoughts barely distracted her from the continued wetness between her legs. "Damn he likes me turned on a lot," she laughed to herself. She didn't mind because she enjoyed it too. Though sometimes she wished his hands were right there. His touch as he stroked her cheek or ran strong fingers over her back was amazing. It triggered all kinds of little eruptions inside of her body. There was a tension - his strength could be a bit overwhelming - and knowing he was holding back yet still a good bit stronger than her was something that also set her body tingling. She enjoyed remembering how he pushed her body from position to position, and how he encouraged her to provide herself as well. The good vibes as well as the attention was something new and shiny - and he was so sincere about how much he felt she was awesome and how much he enjoyed her company as well as her body.

She blushed thinking about his silliness too. She would be so hungry and needing his touch, and he would come on strong kissing her lips and mouth, holding her against him so that she could feel her body conforming to his. Then he'd stop, kiss her nose, and tell her how much he liked her pigtails.

"Pigtails," she laughed to herself. And then he'd play with her hair until it was a tangled mess, stroking her scalp and rubbing her temples, and although all the need and want was still there, it was good and comfortable and a need born of enjoyment rather than desperation. He gave her this lovely sense of how he saw her - both her willingness to share with him and her openness to communicate - that shined light on things that was sometimes uncomfortable but also very flattering. If it was anyone else she'd not believe a word, but he was so sincere and so direct with his praise - and so cynical about the world as a whole - that his words carried a lot more weight than she expected.

She sat back down at the computer, fussed about needing to electronically stalk the sidewalks for more work, but happy to know she was pleasing him. She checked to see if he was online, but he had left a note saying he had to jump off for meetings. So she texted him quite happily saying "I'm a little sore, and thinking about a nice long hot shower. I used four fingers and came really well. Looking forward to your hand inside of me soon! :)"

Wherever he was, whatever he was doing, she knew he'd receive the text. And just like he did for her when he laid beside her and pulled her along the length of his body while massaging and caressing her exposed body, she knew this would put a smile on his face and turn him on.

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by Max

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