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Story: DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 04)

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Story Codes: MF FMast vaginal anal toys

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Title: DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 04)

Universe: Tom, Grey

Summary: Grey explores herself and her play partner, and prepares for an adventure with a well placed plug. Includes some MF, FMast, vaginal, anal, and toys.

Keywords: MF, FMast, Vaginal, Anal, Toys

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DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 04)  
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written by Max

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There was a decided pattern to his manner of touching and caressing and kissing and even fucking her that she noticed on their trips together. He also had a way of distorting time, moving them from one adventure and scene to another, sometimes continuously shifting the setting and landscape while still touching and playing within varying contexts. Sometimes the only time the world stopped moving was when he finally had to sleep, to shutdown all his systems, and then she would watch him closely and sometimes it seemed he still was awake - just plugged into something bigger that was recharging his batteries. It was intriguing and while she read beside him in bed, she couldn't help but wonder what was going on inside of his head.

To say that he noticed a lot was a bit of an understatement. His level of acute awareness - he said it came from decades spent terrified by how inconsistent people are in general - was sometimes so piercing and deep. Yet other times he just meandered on, talking more to himself than any audience, and she could sigh and watch his mouth shape words and his hands punctuate statements but he was happy just to get whatever it was out into the open without caring if it meant anything to anybody but himself. It was a strange dichotomy - he summed it up by saying he lived first and foremost in his own mind, and even went so far as to say he wasn't sure anything else was particularly real. Certainly when he talked about meeting and interacting with angry ghosts, or how he seemed to live through both memories, experiences, and premonitions, well those things were strange and intriguing but also spoke to how readily his reality started within himself.

She didn't mind. It was curious and interesting. And his mind constantly digesting, projecting, and driving the world around him meant she had an amazing amount of his attention and the resources he applied with that attention - leading to wonderful options for both experiences and pleasure. Sometimes she simply had to turn him down - random trips to Germany and England which would be amazing and a life goal achieved, but were too generous for her to accept. But as they spent more time together she began to understand that he had so much to share, and for whatever reason he wanted to share that with her.

The nights spent in London at Torture Garden, carousing with his few friends and spending the night within the spectacle itself as well as living up to the myth of "that American who flies over just for this weekend, can you imagine?" The days spent in Koln walking the river before the festival event kicks off and looking on the old silos and warehouses with short rails for moving freight to ships. The cold fall days meandering Hamburg and enjoying the bridges and

canals and hint of winter when going between museums and apartments. The breath taking chill and amazingly bright snow glare of winter solstice in Portland, Maine. The steady ebb and flow of the Pacific from the piers in San Francisco followed by Ghiradelli chocolate sundaes and debating a trip to Alcatraz. Breakfast in Seattle overlooking the sound. Taking the water taxi into the financial district of Boston. Exploring the Smithsonian in Washington, DC during Cherry Blossom Festival weekends. Sitting in a hotel room in Chicago looking out at the regatta boats in the summer, and then taking an architecture cruise on the river followed by a movie. Having a pizza in Golden, Colorado in the afternoon underneath mountains marked by mining company logos and then driving back to Denver to explore the Mint. Going from fetish store to fetish store in Berlin, and watching him enjoy the ladies' covert attention to him as they encourage his lady guest to try on specific things.

She had traveled a lot really, but he had crossed back and forth over North America and parts of Europe for decades. His list of former addresses, he joked once, would include certain hotels if he wasn't careful filling out government forms. As it was his list of former addresses that were not hotels was still quite long. Connecticut, South Carolina, North Carolina, Indiana, New York - where they had unknowingly lived maybe 15 miles apart for close to 7 or 8 years - Florida, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Mexico, Texas, Missouri, Virginia. And in some cases life had brought him back to places a second time - for example North Carolina in the early 70s and then again in the late 90s.

And sometimes, just sometimes, he would tell her about other experiences. Experiences outside of that context and more profound for being from a context that was so real for him, but so disconnected from the flow of everything else. Why he told her these things was something she also wondered as she watched him sleep. But he shared them as well, and for some reason that made sense though he often did it when she was sleepy and she was unable to ask the questions she thought at the time because they couldn't be formed right then and faded overnight.

All of this was part of the package though. With his caresses and kisses came these memories and experiences. With his cock in her pussy came these dreamy fantasies that he had already made real for himself. With his fingers drumming along her ribs as he lightly bit her shoulder came this understanding that he was so much more than just a good play partner because he exceeded that by also teaching her things and showing her the way to her own dreams.

With a flutter of his eye lashes on her cheek, with a caring hug and kiss, sitting behind her in the shower with her torso between his legs as she faced her own demons - he was a palpable force. And he wanted her to have things, with the repayment in the form of her enjoying and sharing back with him. It was new and strange and different, but each outing and each visit proved it to be genuine.

So she admittedly put in a little extra hard work to please him. No harm there. They had mutual goals and both would benefit from her development and practice. Besides, if all it took to put a silly happy grin on his face was wearing a butt plug to a date - who was she not to at least try to give him that? If it didn't work then he wouldn't be upset, but if it did then she'd be able to bask in the warmth of his pleasant surprise. Not that he didn't exude warmth toward her all the time - but sometimes it felt good to really feel like she earned it by doing something special for him. It was one text after all - after fingering herself or playing with a toy in the shower. Such an easy thing and he enjoyed those so much.

And now and again she took up writing - which was harder - but he was so amazed by how well she wrote it made her turn pink knowing that he was proud of her. Proud of her effort and so happy to see the result of it. Sometimes she worried if she didn't do something - if she couldn't do something - then he wouldn't be proud. But when he heard her say that, if he was close then he would hold her and kiss her so sweetly and tell her he was also interested in the whole package. That she was more than just one thing, and their job was to find things she enjoyed and could be excellent at. He assured her that along the way they would also find things she wasn't so comfortable with or which weren't worth the time to try and be great at - and that was exactly how it was supposed to be. And that acceptance probably made her blush even more when she thought about it because it was giving something unconditional in his teaching and her training. It was giving her the option to be excellent at what suited her while accepting that she had to find her way there and his hand would be on her elbow in case she stumbled.

So she admitted to herself that sometimes, even when it didn't feel easy, she fucked her ass. She played in the shower and tried different positions until she found a comfortable one so she could make sure to continue to work her plug or toy in and out and work it around to be more ready for play with him. Not out of obligation. Not out of his request or duty. But because she wanted to work a bit harder to please both him and herself. And she admittedly played with more than just two or three fingers in her pussy from time to time - not because she had to nor because he demanded she stretch herself, but because it did have a nice intensity and feel good when done in moderation. And when they were together she did try to pull out all the stops and give him her body because he worked it so well and took as much care as he knew how to in order to make her feel good. He even broke away from the schedules they would set and set aside

clock time just to flow with her physicality and her availability - allowing them both to enjoy each other thoroughly without worrying about what they were supposed to be doing.

And thus there was a pattern to his touch, his thoughts, and his manners around her. And it encouraged her to entertain his point of view of her. As a woman with so many things she could do. As a sexual creature with so many wonderful appetites and skills. As a brain with so much to think and discuss. As a fellow adventurer he could bring along on trips and share with.

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She was at the airport a little early thanks to a pilot in a race to make it home. So she hedged her bet and texted him to let him know she had landed, and that she needed to stop at the toilet on the way to baggage claim. That way he wouldn't be worried if she wasn't there when all the other passengers arrived. He texted back that he was just parking and would meet her there, no rush as he didn't have to jump on any calls that afternoon. With a smile on her face she disembarked, stepping with a bounce in her stride, as she felt the wetness renewed between her legs.

She was wearing black jeans a comfortable long sleeve shirt. One of the spares from a design he had been working on for his music side project. Her boot heels clicked on the floor once she left the gate area carpet, and she found a restroom to duck in to with her hand bag and backpack. She waited for a handicap stall to come free - washing her hands in the meantime - and then went in. It was easy enough to relieve herself and wipe up with one of the moist towelettes she packed, and then take out her small bottle of lube and a purple plug. After weeks of working with it, she was pretty sure she could wear it even sitting in a car.

The lube was slick on her hands and she stroked her anus gingerly at first. Once it warmed up a bit she was able to work two fingers in and out with the lube slowly wetting her opening and just within. Another bit of lube on her fingertips and she pressed it in just to make sure everything was slick. Then she carefully positioned herself so there was no risk of losing her purple silicon plug in the toilet, and worked it in.

It took a few tries - after sitting on the plane for so long her bottom was clenching a bit more than expected - but finally she could relax enough and slide it in. Then more moist towelettes to wipe away extra lube and clean her hands, pulling up her jeans - the seam anchoring the plug in her ass - and finally an unnecessary flush and grabbing her bags.

As she stood leaning a bit forward to wash her hands, she could already feel the plug in her rectum and the tingling it was causing in her pussy. It was so easy to imagine him there, holding her breasts to her chest with one hand, his other gripping her pelvis, and driving his cock all the way into her ass. Hands washed and dried - damn air blower machines - and she walked steadily with a bit of a wobble down to the train and then ultimately to the baggage claim. Her ass plugged for his and her pleasure. His arms waiting to hugs her tight, and his mouth warm on her lips and cheeks.

And his breath warm as he exhaled "Is that a bottle of lube in the side net pocket of your backpack?"

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by Max

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