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Story: DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 05)

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Title: DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 05)

Universe: Tom, Grey

Summary: Grey enjoys being put in a swing and taking his cock and big toys. Includes some MF, FMast, bondage, vaginal, anal, toys, and stretching.

Keywords: MF, FMast, Bond, Vaginal, Anal, Toys, Stretching

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DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 05)

written by Max

MF, FMast, Bond, Vaginal, Anal, Toys, Stretch

He tested the ropes carefully to make sure she wouldn't be hurt. Everything was sound, showed no signs of weakness nor twist, and moved fluidly. Then he leaned down and kissed her on the lips. "Ok," he said with a triumphant smile. Then he reached down and began running his hands over her ribs to her hips. Her body swayed just slightly, enough to clarify that she was floating and yet confirm the restraints and straps and ropes were working perfectly. The motion was fluid as he pressed her thighs apart and stepped between them. Her body drifted a bit back and forth like a pendulum, her pelvis arching to meet his as he rocked her. Then he began to run his fingers over her shoulders and along the line of her chest.

The steady pulling motion drew her sex against him and held her there. Naked in the swing, her lower back and buttocks supported by a sling of polyfabric, ropes extending out like a cats cradle to lift her shoulders while keeping her wrists and knees in stable positions, she was completely exposed and positioned at his will. She could arch her back and could move her legs apart or together. She could reach out and touch him and stretch out her toes, but ultimately she was there for him to play with as he wanted while she enjoyed the sensation of floating above the ground.

The suspension took a long time as he double checked everything. It could be maddening - because the anticipation would grow and grow in the pit of her stomach until she felt she might explode. But every time they did it, it was worth the time and preparation. In this position he could touch her top and bottom. The swing and rope contact was constantly caressing her. And like this she could feel her sexual energies poised to be set free just like the suspension freed her to fly above everything.

His cock was still soft - all the brain work to put her up redirected his own energy and focus. So she carefully reached across her pelvis, arms tucked inward to keep the ropes from her wrists and knees tangling, and began to stroke the smooth shaved skin of her pubis even as he pressed against her. His gaze left her face for a moment, traveling downwards, and she felt her pussy quiver and inner satisfaction as his cock surged a bit while he watched her work the folds of her labia back and forth.

He enjoyed watching a lot. No matter what she did or how she did it. He soaked it up like a sponge, and she understood why he encouraged and enjoyed the photography and video shots of her just given his hunger. Even if sometimes that hunger seemed a bit amazing in itself. She

didn't tend to think of herself as a walking bombshell, but based on his very definite interest she might as well have been a real Barbie doll. He liked to take her places, dress her up, and in moments like these - when she was right there with him - she could feel how his body responded to hers and how much the simple things she could do pleased him.

Slowly she ran her fingers down a little lower and stroked his pelvis and the trimmed pubic hair around the base of his cock. He leaned in close and stroked his hands over her thighs and kissed her knees while she worked her hand lower and got a grip on his partially hard cock. Smiling at him, she rubbed along the shaft and dipped down to his scrotum - savoring the feel of the warm pulsing shaft in her hand. As he got harder, she felt him pull back gently, and then he slipped on a condom.

With his return she felt the weight of his cock, the condom smooth on her skin, and then tipped her head back as his hands began stroking and pulling on her flesh. His heavy caresses dragged across her torso and ribs then he reached up and kneaded her breasts between strong fingers. She swung back and forth in the suspension harness as he touched every part of her. He used only part of his strength, but that was more than enough to melt her and cause her to sigh as her body shuddered. His fingers caught and lightly tweaked her nipples, and now his cock was growing harder right against her swelling labia. She could feel her wetness despite the dry air, and as he released a breast she prepared for the sensation of him feeding his cock into her with his hand fondling her clit and labia.

She replaced his hand with her own, pulling on her nipple and savouring the way her the sensations connected from her nipple through her chest to her pussy and even her ass which pulsed and twitched. He smiled, and as she expected his fingers slid over her clit - caressing the folds of her hood back and forth - and he allowed his cock to harden as her thighs clenched and she moaned in response. He leaned forward and kissed her belly, his fingers still pulling and massaging her clit and labia, and then he whispered "Ask me for it."

She willing would. She had no reason to try and hide her hunger with him. "Yes..." she sighed. Her clit and pussy were tingling. "Put your cock in me... please... now..." She used all her restraint to stop her fingers from doing it for him. Instead she place her free hand over his. "Rub it harder..." she moaned while applying pressure on his fingers and grinding them into her clit.

He complied with a smile, straightening up and pushing his hard cock all the way in. He only stopped when she had engulfed his entire member in her wet open pussy. Then he fondled her clit more as she tried to sit up in the harness and pull his hip into her pelvis. The rocking motion was delicious as she literally floated on his cock in the air. Then he moved both of his hands to her pelvis, and gripping her at the top of her hips he quietly asked "How hard?"

This was the delicate place they were in. He could be so gentle, so soft, that she felt like she was melting. But their combined need was so great that after all the time preparing and being tied and being mounted - she needed something more. And so she simply groaned her response, her admission, her need, and he took it from there. And she knew as he moved her back to set her in motion to impale her pussy on his cock, that after he had added lube to her pussy juices, after he had turned her pussy into a torrent of wet, then her ass would be soaked from the flow and she would ask him to slam his cock into it as well.

She gripped her own clit for the first stroke. The swing pushed her almost off his cock, and her own body weight - guided by his steady hands - slammed her on to him with enough force to cause her pussy to splash juices and her thighs to shudder against his abdomen. She couldn't help herself and lightly slapped her labia and clit hood as he slowly lifted her off his cock. This time he was teasing and let her slide down his shaft like slipping down a fireman's pole. At the last moment he thrust forward and they united in a firm contact. "More?" he asked.

She focused and found herself sitting up a bit to look at him. Her fingers were still rubbing her clit - trapped between his pelvis and hers. She saw the smile on his face and knew this was something special, something sneaky he had planned to boost her pleasure. She wasn't the only one capable of surprises - something he reminded her of time and time again.

"More?" she asked while batting her eyes innocently.

"I'll take that as a yes, sexy." He kissed a nearby knee. Then he moved with her still impaled on his cock, and reached over to a pile of gear for the suspension harness. He took out a slightly thick but short toy with a curious amount of heavy veining or edging.

Her heart skipped a beat. Up until now she had been limited to her toys for double penetration. But this was a toy from his real collection - not the smaller toys they had for her ordinarily.

"More?" he asked with a big smile on his face.

"Oh god yess..." she said with every intention of meaning it.

He squirted a substantial amount of lube in one hand while trapping her against his cock by how he positioned her swing. Then he picked up the toy and lubed it while walking her back to the neutral point. "You know what I intend to do from now on, don't you, beautiful?"

And she knew - god she knew. They had talked about it on the phone, texted about it, emailed about it, but he'd been very slow and patient to work her to this point. He reminded her time and again it was about her pleasure, her enjoyment, building up her need and her desire. But finally the time was now. Her entire body was fluttering with pride and twitching in desire.

Slowly he let her come to rest and backed his cock out of her. Then he slathered on lube while caressing and stroking her tender swollen petals and energetic bud. He reached his fingers inside of her and massaged her g-spot. He made sure between the lube and her own wetness she was completely slick. Then he repeated himself for his own benefit. "Ask for it."

"Please put it in, put it into me, I need it inside of me," she part demanded and part pleaded. He'd never denied her for long, but she felt the suspense building and was already reaching down to put her fingers - as many as she could - into her soaking wet pussy.

He lightly stopped her hand with his own, and then fit the ridged dildo into her pussy. The first few inches went in easily - gliding on slippery skin. Then it got a bit thicker and she felt it rubbing a bit on her walls and opening. He guided her hand down to her clit and asked her to rub it for him. As she did, swirling and pushing the skin and her clit around and around, he stepped into the base of the toy and trapped it against his pelvis.

His hands, one still slick from the lube, ran up over her taut abdomen to her breasts. And he used them like handles to pull her body onto his and her pussy onto the toy. The rocking motion was continual stimulation. Her breasts were pulled down and the toy wedged into her pussy. Then her breasts were pushed up and the toy slipped out a bit. Back and forth he rocked her - gripping her nipples with slippery fingers that lost them a moment later, filling her pussy more and more. She reveled in it - cumming almost instantly and then building up to another orgasm. Not just because of the ridges stroking and pulling on her labia and vaginal walls. Not just because of the way his hands seemed to expertly knead her breasts. Not just because of how his kisses tenderly landed on her knee and thighs and calves.

One of his toys.

It was pride too. She'd had to coax out of him how much he really enjoyed filling her pussy. Oh he didn't hold back for long - her pussy was powerful enough to unlock the heart of any man who worshiped female orgasms as a spiritual power. But even then he was so reluctant to allow her to go beyond her own preconceived boundaries. Even while he told her over the phone to use three and then four of her own fingers, she could tell he was holding back. Even when she was so wet her trousers and pants were an utter mess he was careful about hinting she should add her thumb. But when they shopped for toys it was even more obvious. He didn't pick small vibrators and plugs - he picked hefty toys with heavy shafts and cock heads that made her quiver and tremble at the thought. And then he'd back away and pick something less - so she could work on her pleasure, always trying to help her build up but not pushing her.

His toy.

She didn't care how big it was. She loved the feelings it brought to her. And now he was pounding her against it, and her head was tilted back, and she was gasping to catch her breath as the sensations from her pussy caused her whole abdomen to clench and unclench. He wasn't stopping. He wasn't slowing down. She could feel the warm wet mix of lube and her juices and, god, her cum flowing down her ass - and what she was wondering was whether there was enough room for his cock too, if he could get his hard cock head worked into her ass so she could take both.

And that started her ass clenching in sympathy with her pussy being filled and she was screaming between gasps for air as he planted the ridged horn shaped dildo all the way into her. He wouldn't permanently stretch her out, nor would he force anything into her pussy or ass that wouldn't fit. But this was an immense joy and pleasure for him - feeling her quivering orgasms as she was impaled on the heavy black rubber toy, and planning ahead to tie the ropes so it would stay inside of her while he played with the rest of her body. His cock throbbed against her thigh as he continued to fuck her deeper and deeper.

It was only fifteen minutes but it seemed like hours. Her lovely labia were splayed outward around the black rubber base and his fingers were unable to even hold her breasts any more from the wet of her sweat and lingering lube on them. And now he did reach around and maneuver part of the rope harness so two ropes came down and, with a quick tie to tighten them, held the

dildo in her amazing pussy. She seemed dazed and confused, but he didn't mind. He stepped out from between her legs, pulled off the condom, and stepped to her mouth.

She was still catching her breath and had to move her hands awkwardly due to the wrist ties, but she was still ready. She fed the head of his cock into her slightly dry mouth and intentionally wet her lips as she began to suck on him. Her pussy was still twitching, and he knew how much she enjoyed servicing him this way. His cock was still hard - usually it softened when he took it away or out of her pussy or ass - and that cinched it for her. Even as she felt another small orgasm trigger spasms that made her pussy squeeze down on the heavy dildo only to find it did not yield and held her walls apart, she was committed. If they could work her up to it, if she could fit it into her pussy or her ass, then she would let him put it in. Whatever it was. And even with that thought she felt another set of orgasmic quakes because his cock, usually so quiet in her mouth, was slightly pulsing as he stroked her shoulders and chest and watched the toy slightly moving in response to her clenching pussy walls.

He took his time in her mouth and then returned to playing with her skin. She voiced no complaint or request, but he watched the clock and only left the horn dildo in her pussy for 45 minutes. He thought there was a risk that leaving it in longer would dissuade her from asking for it again - not knowing she was already convinced this was enjoyable and something she could give to him easily and readily. In the meantime he took out a Wartenberg pinwheel and several swatches of silk and satin and leather - running them over her body to see how he could elicit moans and cause her to writhe and push at his touch.

She thought of how she had always done this with a blindfold at first, and never realized how much of watching him - his expressions, his mannerisms, his anticipation - that she'd been missing. Still when he put the silk scarf around her head, she could focus on just the touch and the sounds. Suspended like this, he could approach her from any angle and the blindfold made it impossible to guess what would happen next.

He didn't ask. Before he took the toy out he took some pictures for them both. He'd have to edit them and refine them so she could enjoy the end result. But he kept a raw copy just for himself. He loved her sexual state caught on the camera's lens - and appreciated the realism.

And when he did take the toy out, the first thing she did was put four fingers in her empty pussy and stroke it to another orgasm. All while he watched and grinned, encouraging her with kisses and caresses on her completely sensitized skin.

by Max

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