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Story: DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 06)

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Story Codes: MF FMast Bond vaginal anal toys stretch

Version Info: DRAFT - Revision 06

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Title: DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 06)

Universe: Tom, Grey

Summary: He shops for Grey - planning scenes - and then they play in a variety of ways.

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

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

Language: English

Availability: PUBLICATION (All 11 Parts: Cherish Desire Singles Mornings in Grey

http://bit.ly/CDS_MiG *or* Mult-Part Series: Very Dirty Stories #36 http://bit.ly/VDS_036 , Very Dirty Stories #37 http://bit.ly/VDS_037 , Very Dirty Stories #38 http://bit.ly/VDS_038 , Very Dirty Stories #39 http://bit.ly/VDS_039 , Very Dirty Stories #40 http://bit.ly/VDS_040 , Very Dirty Stories #41 http://bit.ly/VDS_041 , Very Dirty Stories #42 http://bit.ly/VDS_042 , Very Dirty Stories #43 http://bit.ly/VDS_043 , Very Dirty Stories #46 http://bit.ly/VDS_046 , Very Dirty Stories #47 http://bit.ly/VDS_047 , Very Dirty Stories #52 http://bit.ly/VDS_052)

DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 06)

written by Max

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

He listened to her pleasure over the phone as she had one hand stroking over her clit and into her pussy. She vocalized as much as she could for him to enjoy and share in the delight, while he encouraged her and put images in her head of all the things he wanted to do with her. As she came one last time before it was time for her to go to bed, he leaned back in his chair and wondered how he got so lucky to find someone both so openly sexual and sensual.

He spent that night wondering how to achieve their goals. So much ground to cover, so much pacing needed to establish comfort, enjoyment, and then experiment with each element. All while still learning her body, her mind, and her temperament. It was a lot for him to organize.

So he focused on what would be new for her and enjoyable for himself. He called the plan "Mr. Big" after a joke they'd made about their roles. And he felt his pulse quicken and his cock lengthen and harden as he looked across his options.

The first was to work on her penetration skills. He revisited the Madame S web site and picked out her initial toys. A Saddle (<http://www.madame-s.com/D526.html>) for riding while having her entire pelvis caressed. A Torque (<http://www.madame-s.com/D524.html>) for the twisting texture to coax and massage her labia and pussy walls. The Flipper was too floppy, and the Chain Gang looked awesome but was too pricey for now. For simulated double penetration he picked out a Holmes UR3 to use alongside his cock. For some buzzing fun he picked out a purple Goliath vibrator (<http://www.madame-s.com/MISC644.html>) that he knew she'd love for the colour and soft silicon. For hard core work he added a classic Hitachi massager - those vibrations would rock her world and she would ride any toy combined with its wonderful stimulation.

He'd still have to pick out a remote activated vibrator. But that was for a different scene.

He also debated the Monolith with the built in vibrator. He had one without the vibe, and it hadn't been a very nice toy. Something to do with the shape and the materials was suspect. So he held off. However he did add a Baby Tusk (<http://www.madame-s.com/D541.html>) so they would have something easy for her to ride and a broad base for a rope harness to hold in place.

He knew from experience that her bottom would take a lot more work at a slower pace. Since she used disposable rinses there was no point in a getting a shower attachment to flush her out.

And her current small toys and plugs would be sufficient stepping stones to lead to the Baby Tusk for developing her anal enjoyment and appetite when he was able to be there in person.

Keeping that in mind, he looked around for some large bottles of Liquid Silk and Maximus. He was avoiding mineral oil or silicon lubes because they had a tendency to cause a mess and would drain out at their own pace for days. Still, at some point he expected they might try some of those lubes when they knew the whole weekend would be spent thoroughly working her pussy and ass - and there was sufficient time and means to rinse out the majority of the lube.

The next step was making sure he had sufficient rope for restraining her, putting her in body harnesses, and working on suspension with her. His supply of silk rope included red and black lengths, but one black length had previously be scissored off someone because they were in a rush. So he looked up two more lengths of each colour, and added those to his shopping list.

For the suspension itself he would need to either re-setup his kit or order something new. He browsed for a bit and came to no conclusive results. Eventually he'd need a ceiling mount or stand, probably a basic swing, and longer lead line ropes for any specific positioning. The rope plus a leather swing would be ideal for sensation but most of the products on the market had shifted to machine washable artificial materials. He'd have to make a visit to a few shops in London and San Francisco personally to talk about what he wanted.

Then came the accessories. It was easy to get lost shopping for those so he limited himself to basics again. A flogger - suede for the sensation aspects of it. He debated a leather padded paddle - mostly for percussive impact - but set that aside anticipating she'd really prefer to work with whips and single tails once she had the hang of the flogger.

He already had iodine, astringents, and needle sets for some light temporary piercing and needle play. He knew he'd have to check for the freshness on the fluids, it'd been a while since he had an ambitious play partner who actually followed through on experimenting with various things.

Wax. He'd have to find some low temperature wax since she had such fair and fine pored skin. Candle wax had too many impurities - all the perfumes and dyes - and melted at too high a temperature to use it nowadays.

She didn't like anything on her neck or face really - so no need to break out gas masks, rebreather bags, nor collars. However he added a handful of silk scarves in greys, rich blues, deep reds, and purples so he could use them for blindfolds and light restraints.

He double checked his list and browsing - yep, he'd covered lube. He also looked at some options for holding toys in place, but she generally didn't like the chastity belt restraints. Got into her head in an odd way, and he only wanted to push buttons that led to pleasure. So he added another couple lengths of shorter rope for doing bikini harnesses since that rope would need to be washed more often.

She felt the excitement pulsing to the tips of her fingers - and other places - when he finished undressing her and presented her with the silk scarf blindfold. It took him a minute to help her get it in place and tie it so it was snug - the soft fabric was slipping and sliding on her face - but finally she felt herself relaxing and focusing on the sensations as her brain gave up on trying to focus her eyes through the cloth. His strong hands and whispers settled her in place. She let him guide her head back, feeling him cradling it gently at the base of her skull, until she was laying down on a pillow. Then she felt the slight tug of the slack being removed from the red and black silk ropes he had set out beforehand and positioned her over.

He set to work, wrapping her in basic lashings across her body. She felt the tingle of the rope as it dragged against her skin as he placed knots and carefully slipped it from front to back to tie specific joins.

At one point he positioned a cushioned foam wedge under her thighs to lift her pelvis up. She felt the ropes crisscrossing her abdomen and then slipping between her legs, his fingers delicately aligning them to either side of her labia. When the last knots were tied she felt how the rope hugged the curves of her buttocks and pubis as well as lacing around her lower abdomen.

A little after that, her juices now wetting the bikini harness ropes a bit, he propped her head up a bit higher on the pillow and slowly ran loops of rope around her chest and shoulders. It took some adjustment here and there, but soon she could feel the rope sighing in and out with her own shuddering breaths. The corset left her breasts completely accessible, and he admired his handiwork. She could feel the way the ropes formed a figure eight x'ing through her

cleavage and wrapping around her torso above and below her breasts. And when he kissed her she could tell he was smiling and that made her blush at his admiration.

Then he connected two stitching lengths of rope in a zig zag pattern from her waist to just below her breasts. He didn't hesitate to lift her and roll her from side to side as he worked. He positioned her easily and then continued without a sound. Occasionally she caught him humming a tune, something a bit jaunty perhaps, and made her smile because it was him being happy. And it was clear from the care he was taking that this was beyond just tying rope. He was slowly decorating her body, and adorning her with his own artistic style. It was the obvious sense of purpose that he derived a great deal of enjoyment from doing it.

He positioned her on her back and straightened out her legs and arms. She let him position her like a living doll, enjoying the sensation of the ropes on her skin and his hands caressing and stroking her body. He took a paused then and looked over his work, and she felt a few tugs and then some rope being loosened a bit. She hadn't minded the tightness across her hips, but he must have felt it was a bit too much. He leaned in close and kissed her, from the forehead to the tip of her nose to her hungry lips to her neck to her shoulder to her nipples - one for each - and then down her belly to her thighs.

She heard his sigh of satisfaction, and then he tested each horizontal length, followed by each vertical one. Some of the roping was for show, but much of it was functional. She sucked in her breath and held back a gasp when he easily lifted her by the waist belt - feeling the rope distributing his strength over her buttocks and labia. She couldn't help but moan when he used his other hand to lift her back off the comforter using the cross piece between her breasts. And hanging there, her legs and arms still touching the bed while her head tilted back to the pillow underneath, she could feel how the rope gave him a way to manage her body in three dimensional space.

For whatever pleasures he wanted her to achieve. She was in his hands, and they were strong and capable. She felt the rush of freedom and the sense of release that only came from the ropes and the pleasure he intended for her. And pride, such simple pride, that he was so interested and was doing this because he wanted to, wanted her, and showed her how much as he slowly practiced his crafts with her and on her.

He set her back down with soft kisses on her lips. She realized the sound in her ears was her own rough breathing, sighs and moans that he was now addressing with his own murmurings. Then he guided her right hand to her own pussy, and she eagerly felt around the ropes that held her sex. He encouraged her to reach as far down as she wanted, and then slipped a loose loop around one of her wrists. With a slight tug and tuck, he anchored her wrist so it was close to her pussy to encourage her to put her fingers to good use. He told her as much as he kissed her ear. Then he lifted her left hand up and bent her arm at the elbow. Guided to cup her right breast and nipple, he did the same again - applying a loop of rope around her wrist and anchoring it so she would have her breast in easy reach.

That was all the encouragement she needed. Her fingers stroked and rubbed over her clit until her juices were flowing out of her pussy. It only took her a few tries to determine how far her reach extended, and she radiated her happiness when she was able to slip four fingers in all the way to the top knuckles. Her gasps and sighs were stronger for knowing he was there, watching, enjoying, and she could feel the rope on either side of her hand as her fingers drove in and out of her sex.

Her other hand tweaked and tugged on her nipple. She didn't have the strength he had, the way his big hands took her entire breast in them and rolled the flesh while stroking and working her nipples to new heights of blood lust. But she was more than capable of twisting and twirling her nipple and pulling and kneading her breast to send shock waves through her body. The rope added an extra element, her hand unable to leave her breast alone, unable to fall away to her abdomen.

She was lost in her body's spasms as she felt him return. It wasn't clear he had even left, and she was too eager, too hungry, to stop what she was doing. She wanted to reach for him, but he anticipated this and put his hands on hers. He let the weight of his hands reassure her and she redoubled her efforts with the extra push he added. He even soaked his fingers, running at least two into her pussy alongside her four. As she arched her back for more he asked her if she was ready to be lifted up.

Her body shook with excitement at the idea. Was there any answer other than her moans and her yes and her "...goddess..." now? He enjoyed her enthusiasm and removed his hands with a soft lingering touch that sent tingles connecting her sex and breasts and neck and toes. Then he straightened the overhead lift straps and brought them down to her. The four point harness hooked under the ropes and he tightened up any slack once he had everything in place.

With a kiss on her head, he whispered "And now you fly." It took him another moment to reach

over and get a hand on the pulley draws. Then he slowly ran the hoists and Grey began to ascend.

At first it was a slow tightening of the ropes that formed the harness that wrapped her body. Then the lift started to pick her off the bed. He waited for her head to start tipping back, and then he paused to lift her up by her hair. A wide leather strap slipped under the back of the silk scarf blind fold, and he attached the lead ends so her neck was in a natural position. Then he started lifting her up again.

She couldn't see what he saw. The butterfly taking wing. As her fingers stroked and rubbed across her labia and pinched her nipples, she came off the bed and hovered in the air. Her thighs came apart even as her calves started to lift off the bed. Her fingers were lunging over her sex now, juices drizzling from her pussy like a fountain, and her moans and cries were louder and louder. He reveled in her sexuality and her openness. It only took a little more, and there she was.

Grey shook and shuddered. Her sex was open, blossoming, and she held nothing back. As her orgasms showered from her, he let her worship of a sexual goddess flow over him like the flow of tides and roar of oceans unseen. Now he could touch her, hold her, squeeze her arm gently and be beside her. His mouth ran over her neck and chest. His finger nails lightly scraped over her belly and thighs. And when he leaned in close, murmuring to her face as his lips brushed over her cheeks, his hand running down the length of her body - then he knew her.

There was a pause, a moment held for a breath longer than usual, and his hands stroked and plunged into her. One hand holding on to the ropes, he pulled her onto his fingers. She swung back and forth in a controlled motion, slippery and wet from her own excitement and his lunging thrusts, and he enjoyed every part of her. Her orgasms climbed up the scale, and she grew louder as her body's momentum grew. And then, with something just short of a scream, she felt his knuckles just inside of her pussy's mouth, and she came so hard she felt like his entire body was inside of her as her walls clamped down and her juices dripped off her buttocks and thighs.

And still he continued, eventually freeing her wrists so she could reach out and grab on to him, working her from mountain peak to mountain peak. She gripped and squeezed his firm arms, and he took her. With fingers, toys, his kisses on her breasts even as she shuddered from the powerful pounding of whatever he had fit into her pussy. He paused now and again, soaking her sex with additional Liquid Silk, laughing about some silly joke, and then returning to his regular and steady and thorough attention to her body.

And time slipped by even as she hung in the air.

He was between her legs, his cock nestled in her ass, gently pushing her back and forth on just part of the shaft as she got used to the feel of it. As she slipped into bliss, his mouth suckling her entire tit, there were tingles along his fingers as they gripped her scalp. She kept him hard by force of her exerted sexuality, and when he softened he shifted to one of the textured toys beside them on the bed or just his fingers on their own. It was a terrible tease, his gentle fucking of her ass, but she enjoyed every moment of it knowing each time they played he was a bit deeper within the tender opening. He moved one of his hands to her breast, squeezing and rubbing her nipple even as his tongue swirled around the other. She felt it, the pulse of his cock as it lightly jumped, and she imagined getting used to him alongside the heavy vibe he would use to cause her pussy to gush and leap from its attention to her labia and clit.

Then he pulled back, easing out of her ass and letting her breast loose from his mouth. The moisture left on her skin was cool, and she felt the absence of him. Reaching down she pulled on his arm and he let her tug on him while he used a wet wash cloth to wipe down his cock and the condom and remove any dirt. Then he shifted position, his weight causing the mattress to shift in response, and positioned himself over her pink petal blossoms, her labia rich and full from stimulation. His hands moved to just over her shoulders, his cock falling heavily on her lips, and he ground into her. There was a moment of chilling relief - the wash cloth having diminished his heat - and then she tipped her pelvis up and let his cock nestle deep into her hot folds to warm and revive him.

He lowered himself down on to her, careful not to apply too much weight, and enjoyed the feel of her pale breasts against his chest. He kissed her waiting mouth, sucking the breath from her and then slipping his tongue between her lips. With one hand still supporting his torso, he tucked an arm under her shoulders and lifted her up into him. And she arched her back, her sex glad to have the weight and pressure of his cock against it, and she whispered to him how easy it was getting to be fucked in the ass by his cock, how much she wanted it more, how much she would take him deeper and deeper until she could take it all.

She was learning still, but definitely felt his body respond. Her words on his ears, her scent in his nostrils, her eagerness for more, and her commitment to explore had a huge effect on him. So she moaned and the two of them ground together, her nipples dragging through the hair on his chest and feeling the solidity of his pecs. His kisses spoiling her, appealing to her sense of everything, even as his forearm held her tight to him.

It took her a moment to adjust, his guiding hands met with questions that he gently pushed her through. Finally she was over top of him, and the solid dildo between his thighs was positioned at the entrance to her pussy. She had to reach down to make sure of her balance and sliding the head in, and he helped with his hands on her buttocks to give her stability as she squatted down. The head felt solid and she stroked in, the lube making it slick enough to slide past her lips and then pushing her vaginal walls apart. And she felt his hands change, now pulling her ass apart, and she reached back carefully and found his hard sheathed cock and drove herself down on the toy until she could fit his cock head against her ass. He continued to support her and hold back even as he felt the urge to thrust up into her. She needed time to slowly find her way, to adjust, to ease herself down and be able to enjoy the achievement of his cock alongside her full pussy.

And as she slowly worked his shaft and the head of his cock slipped in alongside her fucked pussy, it was worth the wait. She was hot and wet, and he could savour it even as he knew she was pushing herself, forcing the thick toy deeper into her pussy, pushing her vaginal walls apart, just to get more of his cock into her hungry ass.

With a much more control than she was able to manage for herself, he guided the plug into her bottom. Knowing his intent, encouraging it, she pulled her own buttocks wide apart and presented him with her ass while her labia glistened from juices and lube directly below. On her knees, chest and face laying on the soft hotel duvet, she gave him her ass to train and work and fulfill. And he took it gently but thoroughly, teaching it to relax and clench down, teaching her to allow the plug in her ass to lead her from one position to the next.

This plug was a little bigger, a little longer, and she relished the sensation of it as she heard the vibe starting. He kept a hand on her hip even as her hands fell to the duvet - gripped and clawing at the covers from the pleasure causing her pussy and ass to clench and release in hard spasms. The head of the vibrating massager rolled over her pussy - dragging slow enough for her lips to part and wet it with her juices. And then he ran it over her ass cleft, pausing now and again on the base of the plug causing it to shudder and come to life inside of her bottom, before continuing down to her pussy and then her clit. Each long slow stroke of the massager caused her to move to try and catch the vibrations all over her pelvis. His hand on her hip kept her from losing control, providing a measure of control even as small orgasms built up into bigger ones and she couldn't help her wriggling.

At the end of one long stroke he repositioned himself and the massager. He let go of her hip and held the massager against her clitoris with that hand as he slowly fed his cock into her with the other. Alongside the plug, her loins shaking from the vibrations, his cock went all the way into her inviting pussy. His pelvis spread her buttocks just enough to nudge the base of the plug, and she moaned as it leapt in time with his thrusts - the vibrator slipping away and then back on to her clit until she grabbed hold of it with her own hand and held it steadily while he fucked her. Her orgasms trained her pussy and ass to enjoy and expect to be double penetrated. He was taking her to another place with each session.

The clamps were wet from the warm water he'd soaked them in. He applied them easily, gripping her nipples and weighting them down. Then he placed her hands on her chest, encouraging her to explore and tug on the smooth metal.

His own hands moved down lower, and she felt his thumb rolling across her clit while he began tugging her labia out. It wasn't long before she felt her own juices and that warm sensation of the blood filling her labia. Then he paused, and when he returned she felt him working the flesh clamps down over her labia.

One by one, or sometimes both together, he got her skin used to the snug feeling of being gripped continually by the metal bars. All while encouraging her to stand up and wear them between her legs, to let him add small weights, to allow herself to feel the clamps swing slightly as she had to walk around them with her thighs apart. The elastic skin of her nipples and labia were worked by his hands and the clamps - and she did plenty of pinching and pulling herself on her own - increasing the blood flow and their sensitivity.

As he fixed the second clamp in place, she pulled harder on her nipples. The clamps didn't give and she felt the rush of the sensation as her nipples sent electric pulses through her body. And then he was watching her and doing the same, pulling her pussy lips out and working them back and forth a bit - and she had a small orgasm without even touching herself further.

Together they were working on a flat design, a curved fitting for her labia, that would allow them to be clamped under clothes. And as Grey reached down to stroke her clit and encourage a bigger orgasm, she wondered how much longer she'd have to wait. She wanted it now, wanted the feeling of a cuff on each nipple, wanted the feeling of her labia being gently and continually squeezed, wanted that as she walked alongside him, leaning on him for support as the pulsing of her sex triggered another orgasm, wanted to be that way with a smile on his face.

It felt strange as she slowly worked his back with a flogger, the suede making a heavy thud with each stroke. Now and again she knew he was watching, checking her form and position. In her pussy there was a vibrating egg that continually moved around as she walked back and forth alternating sides. In her ass he had put her largest plug to date, just smaller than his cock and feeling lovely every time she moved and it bobbed just a finger's width in and out. She worked him as his toys worked her, and after 50 strokes it would be her turn to present her back for the soft percussive blows and his hands massaging her whole body.

She was almost practiced enough for him to take her shopping with him for a whip or single tail. At that thought her sex clenched, and she luxuriated in the well fucked sensations he encouraged her to experience and embrace.

And he was teaching her - teaching her to wear her toys as she walked in her thigh high stockings and boots with heels. Teaching her what he meant by wanting her to be consistently and regularly filled. Bit by bit she was getting used to being constantly on in his presence, to welcoming and encouraging and even asking which toys to wear when they went out. It was worth it for the smile on his face, but in truth she did it just as much to pleasure herself. His kisses and hands caressing her body, knowing that her ass and pussy were filled, were just icing on the cake. She went for hours like this, soaking in her orgasms and wet panties - and his hunger for it was almost as insatiable as her own.

And when he would lean up against her, pushing her to the wall in a hidden corner of a club or leaning over in the car after she carefully sat down, kissing her fully and making her passive orgasms become roaring thunder in her veins - those were moments of such amazing heights because she was always being fucked, always being stimulated, always being penetrated.

She let her hips swagger as she strutted from side to side. She felt how her buttocks rolled over the little handle of the plug, enjoying the internal and external sensations. And she was so tempted to try the flogger on her own pussy, to straddle his back and bring the flogger straight down so she could 'accidentally' feel the percussive stroke of suede on her wet pussy lips. The thought made her grin, and she reminded herself he would not only welcome that, he'd encourage it, drive it deeper into her brain. Flogging her own pussy, wearing the toys he picked for her to have inside of her body, and cumming so he could hear her moans and wailing even as he kissed her neck and shoulders and dragged his fingertips over her back. Standing there, legs spread wide, the thigh highs and heels putting her sex on even more prominent display.

He was coaching her, encouraging her, to see herself in the scene.

And it was working in ways that let out a sexual hunger and monster.

Because in his eyes she was sex, a temple priestess, anointing her body in lubricants and her own juices to present her ass and pussy and glistening breasts. Her goddess was just out of view, veiled behind white marble pillars and long blue and red fresco. And she worshiped with him as he taught her ritual and application beyond her own experience. He gave her all her body - stimulating her sexually but also stroking her skin, his teeth grazing her collarbone even as she rode his cock. Holistic fulfillment. For her goddess.

As she learned to take wing.

by Max

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This story is part of a series.
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