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DRAFT - Just for one night (Version 1)

written by Max

Mdom, Vaginal, Anal, Fist, Stretch, Large Toys, Bondage

As Jenny prepared for her evening with Tom she thought of how he had once described wanting her: Lying on the bed, her hands tied to the bedposts. Her breasts heaving as she pushed with her legs, driving more and more of his fist into her. Tom would have to push his hand in with the fingers slightly extended, and then shape his hand into a fist inside of her. Then once Jenny began to stroke herself against his hand, he could draw it further out with each thrust. With some practice, Jenny would open up, and Tom's fist could slip into her with lubrication and force - leaving her lips sore and bruised, and hanging apart for a day.

She knew it was just a dream in many ways. It was not only unlikely to happen, but she wasn't sure she wanted it to. But at the same time she picked out a lacy bra and set of thong panties for underneath her slacks and shirt. Just in case.

That night Tom asked her to meet him at his house. It was a long drive, and the whole time Jenny considered her concerns about seeing Tom. Things were going well with her husband, and she didn't want to risk that. It was a little boring, but it was comfortable. Tom was a known threat to the stability of that - not for anything he had done intentionally, but mistakes and misunderstandings had occurred. But Jenny drove to Tom's house anyway, knowing she was a bit uncomfortable but still a bit turned on.

Tom answered the door before she even got to it. "I saw you coming down the hill," he said. Tom's voice had a ring to it that made her feel comfortable again. Jenny looked at him and saw his smile and how warm it was. Then he stepped down to her and gave her a hug. His arms were strong as they held her, and she leaned forward to meet his soft kiss on her cheek. Then Tom

showed her inside his house.

Jenny was greeted by a set of candles burning in front of a fireplace. A blanket and sheet lay across a portion of the living room floor. The couch had been pushed back to the rear wall, and a soothing neo-classical piece was playing on the stereo. "I wanted to make you as comfortable as possible, so I thought you might want to have a little wine and reminisce while I give you a massage." Tom gestured toward a bathrobe and continued, "You can change in the downstairs bathroom, and then we can get to work. I picked out some soothing lotion for your skin."

Then Tom took Jenny by the hand and began to guide her to the bathroom with the robe across his other arm. Jenny hesitated, so Tom kissed her again on the cheek. "Nothing will happen you don't want to have happen. I know how much a massage allows you to relax and enjoy yourself, and I know how much I like the feel of your skin under my hands. So I figured this was a gentle way for us to start a conversation. Now get changed into something more comfortable. I've put some loose fitting flannel pants and a t-shirt in the bathroom for you if that is more modest." His smile was again very genuine and warm.

Jenny looked around the bathroom. Sure enough there were clothes to change into as well as the bathrobe he had brought. She slid out of her slacks and shirt, and slipped into the flannels. She didn't bother with the t-shirt as she felt warm enough and had no real concerns. Tom was excellent at backrubs, so Jenny couldn't turn down such a wonderful offer. When she left the bathroom, Tom let out a loud sigh. "I was afraid you got lost in there," he said grinning. "Now come lay down."

First he poured Jenny a glass of wine to sip. Then Tom started with Jenny on her stomach while he worked the lotion into her shoulders and back. It smelled of mint and something citrus, and it tingled as his fingers stroked it into her muscles. Tom's hands were very strong, so the gentle strokes quickly became much more deep and driven. Jenny could feel how she was yielding to his touch, and when he moved the waist of the flannel pants down so he could work her lower back, she lifted up and slipped them off altogether. Tom's strokes became gentle and then deep, rubbing down the line of her spine and then out over her ribs and now her buttocks. The lotion soaked in quickly so he regularly added more to his hands so his fingers could glide over the surface of her skin and he rubbed into her muscles.

Then he began to settle his weight on to her ass, straddling her as he started a new round of massaging her neck and shoulders. Jenny could feel his hard cock against her body, and she teased him by pushing her ass up to meet it. Tom took that as a signal and unclasped her bra so he could reach underneath Jenny, and he began to massage her breasts. Jenny sighed as his fingers first stroked and then pinched her nipples. The lotion caused her nipples to slip from his fingers as he pinched down, and they quickly grew tight and swollen under his caressing. Tom's cock was now ground down into her ass as he leaned forward and put his weight on her. Still stroking his hands over her breasts, he kissed her neck and tasted her skin along her hairline.

Jenny started to roll over on to her side, so Tom lifted up off of her. His arms pushed him above her, and then he let himself fall to one side. Tom cupped one side of Jenny's jaw in his hand and then he pulled her lips to his. The taste of the wine was bitter against the smell of the lotion. His lips pushed into her, the pressure making it clear how strongly he felt. Then he leaned away as Jenny caught her breath.

"Why don't you lay on your back for a while and I can finish massaging your torso and neck?" Tom said it as he repositioned himself so Jenny could lay comfortably on the sheet. Then he turned away from her and fetched a pillow for her head. "This should make it a little less uncomfortable," he said as he slipped it to her. Jenny obliged and laid on her back, her very pert nipples pointing out from her breasts as they flattened onto her chest.

Tom took the lotion and began with broad strokes along her collarbone, dutifully massaging across both halves of her body. When he leaned over top of her, Jenny could see how hard he was. His cock would occasionally brush against her thighs as he laid himself over her abdomen to concentrate the pressure he was applying to her shoulders and chest. His hands only brushed up over her breasts now and again, tracing curves around her tits as he began to paint the lotion down from her neck to her ribs. The sun was setting fast, and by the candle light Jenny couldn't see much. She closed her eyes and settled into the pillow as Tom's strong hands held her and stroked her.

Tom had finished massaging Jenny's abdomen all the way to the line of lace on her thong. She seemed to be very relaxed as well as aroused, and that made him happy. He wanted to be inside of her, fisting her, fucking her ass, but feeling her entire body under his hands was more than enjoyable enough to hold off the urgency of anything else. Tom paused as he looked down on her face. Her hair had partially obscured her eyes and one side of her mouth. She was very attractive in the partial light, and he loved the way she sighed now and again as he touched her. He stretched out and got the blanket next to her feet. And as he began to unfold it over her, he hummed a song about lost wars and lost loves.

"What next?" Jenny asked quietly. She could feel her body humming to its own tune and the blanket felt a bit chilly against her glowing skin.

"A special treat for you," Tom responded. "I'm going to tell you a story so you can hear one in my voice for once. So you can know I'm right here beside you, and you just have to reach out and touch me and I'm there. So you can know I am right beside you and you can push against me and guide me to make you cum. And the story will be about what I am going to do to you after it is done, so you can anticipate every moment that will follow." Tom then leaned down to her face and kissed away her questions, slipping his tongue into her mouth before breaking away and tasting her cheek.

"You see, now that you are nice and relaxed, as well as turned on a bit," Tom slid his hand under the blanket and tweaked her nipple, "you are ready to fantasize with me. But since we have never done this before, I'll tell you a story so you can hear me and feel me touching you, and I will prompt you so you know when you should contribute." With that Tom laid down beside her on the sheet and lifted the blanket to slide his arm across her breasts. His hand stroked across her nipple and then he ran the pads of his fingers across her breast. Slowly he began pulling up on her breast until he held her nipple tightly in his grip with her breast hanging down from it. "I'll help you feel what I am saying, but remember that the price is that I get to have you afterwards. If just for one night."

Tom's pause was filled with a deep breath and sigh, then he turned to Jenny and said, "Do you think this would be enjoyable for you?" His hand had allowed her breast to settle into her chest again and it was stroking across her ribs.

She replied, "Yes," if only because she could think of nothing else to say. Jenny could feel how hard he felt against her thigh, and she couldn't stand to think of how far this might go. At the thought of his hand slipping into

her, she had felt herself squirm a little, but she was so relaxed right now that she may just fall asleep.

So Tom began telling Jenny of how he wanted her to come to him. Dressed in just her thong, standing in front of the fireplace, leaning against the mantle so the blue flames would illuminate her from underneath. She would bend forward so he could see her ass and how the thong slid right up between her cheeks, and then she would slowly pull them down so he could see her labia right below. Tom would then come up to her and put his fingers between her legs. He would guide her thighs apart and support her as she spread her feet apart as far as she could while leaning against the mantle. The flames would seem to be racing up to stroke her and fuck her, but it would be his warm fingers that would first stroke over her lips and begin to play with her clit. His fingers that would sink into her cunt a few times before slipping back and then stroking her labia apart.

Then Tom would step back from her, letting her stand there exposed in front of him. Using a soft swede cat of nine tails he would begin to gently flog her ass and back. After having a thorough massage, the beating of the swede would feel like hard rain into pliable muscles. Jenny would have to count the number of strokes. Every time she missed a stroke, he would place one directly on her labia or inner thigh. The constant heat from the fireplace combined with the physical contact of the flogger would help her break a light sweat - further lubricating her.

Tom would then set the flogger aside and help Jenny stand up with her feet only shoulder width apart. He would begin to kiss her back and shoulders, working his way down to her ass, thighs and calves. Then he would bring his fingers up the inside of her legs - stroking the muscles with his palms - until he stood behind her with his fingers cupping her moist vagina. Using his one hand he would begin to grind against her cunt while stroking her clit. His other hand would begin to apply pressure against her asshole. Jenny would lean back into his hands to accommodate his fingers. Her juices would be flowing into his palm, and he would use those to further lubricate her ass. Then he would slip two fingers into her vagina while slipping a finger into her ass. Tom would begin gently biting her shoulders and back of her neck as he encouraged Jenny to play with her clit and cum on his fingers.

At this point of the story, Jenny had her fingers against her clit. Now and again Tom's words were lost as he swallowed her nipples between his teeth. One of his hands was stroking against her lips, and she kissed and tongued his fingers as he slid them in and out of her mouth. His other hand laid over top of her own, now and again driving her fingers into her own clit and cunt. She could feel herself cumming now and again, but they were small bursts which made her cry out lightly. The words seemed to soothe her while making her more and more aroused. She tried to concentrate on them, but now and again she could only feel her body with her breathing loud in her own ears.

Tom continued his story as Jenny orgasmed now and again. He would apply caressing strokes as she wound down from an orgasm, and then begin to tease her anew. He felt all the pressure built up inside of her when he was massaging her, and was using this time to effectively allow her to vent it. His own cock was throbbing to be in her, and it was hard not to press hard into her side and grind against her thigh. Jenny's scent lingered around them along with the scent of the candles and lotion. The dry heat of the fireplace washed over them both, and the blanket had been pushed down to Jenny's knees a while ago.

Once Jenny had cum on his fingers, Tom would help ease her down to the floor. She was to understand she was nothing more than a set of holes for

him to use. Tom would bring his cock to her mouth and she would taste it and wet it with her saliva. Then Tom would kiss her breasts and mouth as he placed his cock at the entrance to her cunt. He was going to feel how tight she was before and after he fisted her, using his cock to let her know how open she was. Jenny squirmed as he pushed against her wet lips. She pushed up against him and swallowed his head into her. His cock felt good inside of her, and as he met her up stroke with a down stroke, she felt him buried deep inside of her moist cunt. His hands stroked her face and scalp as he repeatedly ground his cock into her at different angles. Jenny could feel herself gripping him and sucking on him, but she couldn't hold him in when he lifted off of her. Tom slid his hand against her labia now, and Jenny understood what would happen next. He used his other hand to help her get on her hands and knees, and the pillow was placed beneath her breasts so she could lean on her elbows while pushing her ass and cunt out. Tom poured more lotion on to his hand and began to rub it into her - first with two fingers and then with three. He asked Jenny to tell him when she wanted more, and began stroking her clit with his other hand.

Jenny pushed back on his fingers, moaning now and again, muttering "More" or "Harder" as Tom began truly finger fucking her. She felt his arm holding her waist up and his thighs against the back of her own. He was warm but felt cool against her burning skin. Tom worked his fourth finger into her and demanded Jenny open up to his hand. Jenny complied by sliding her knees apart and aiming her cunt right at Tom. She wailed as she felt his thumb joint bruising against her, and her clit was sending shivers and spasms up and down her body. Then Tom asked if she was ready for his whole fist. Jenny groaned and pushed back and ground against him, and Tom's fingers working her clit couldn't begin to cover up the sudden stretching pain that raced through her as his hand entered.

Jenny collapsed on to her belly, but she couldn't escape the stretching inside of her abdomen. Tom continued to stroke her clit, and then began to move his hand inside of her. It was a gentle rocking motion at first, but that was all it took for Jenny to begin screaming again. Tom asked Jenny to tell him how much she wanted, and when she didn't reply he asked her if she wanted it all. Her yes echoed throughout the room as the first strong orgasm hit her, and when Tom took his hand off her clit it was because he needed to hold her still enough so she wouldn't be able to push him out.

She could feel his strong forearm and biceps holding her in place, and Jenny knew she was done for. Her vagina was clenching in a mad fury, and the orgasm was becoming excruciatingly painful because his hand was just driving her muscles further and further into shock. She pushed back and forth, but his grip was so tight and his hand so big inside of her, she could not escape it. Tom leaned in close to her and kissed her neck. "I told you I would make you keep it inside of you for a while. Did you think I wasn't going to be able to?"

Jenny crumbled after that. She could feel that he had her, and it felt so good. Tom took his arm from around her waist, and he freed his cock. Moving awkwardly, and twisting his hand inside of her at the same time, he managed to place his cock against her ass. She could feel the hot head on her skin like a poker. And she knew what he intended to do.

Tom spread lotion into her ass crack and into her asshole. His wrist could only be at this particular angle for so long, but it was his intention to thoroughly enjoy Jenny while he had a chance. He could fit one finger into her ass alongside his fist, and he was going to have to struggle hard to get Jenny to open up to his cock. Using his fingers he placed his cockhead at her ass opening, and crushed it against her. His rigid cock bent under the pressure, so Tom wrapped his hand around the top of his dick and began feeding it into her asshole.

Jenny was stretching again, and this time it wasn't entirely pleasant. Her ass was so tight and despite having been fingered shortly before, Tom's cock felt enormous now that his hand was buried in her cunt. She pushed back nonetheless, because Jenny was his right now. She wanted him to cum inside of her, and fist fucking her while fucking her ass would make Tom cum so fast. She had to reach back and spread her ass cheeks apart for him, and even then he just barely managed to get his cock in. Jenny began to grind backwards, and Tom began to slowly gain ground in her ass. Her muscles were as relaxed as they could get with a fist in her cunt, and she could feel his knuckles dragging over his cock as he fucked into her. Finally Jenny felt Tom's balls against her ass cheeks.

Tom stopped his story on that note. Jenny was moaning and biting down on his one hand as he nibbled on her clit and fingered her ass. He had three fingers in her ass, and Jenny was still pushing back and cumming quite frequently. He slipped his fingers off and rinsed them in some soapy water he had set nearby. As he dried them on a sex rag he had set beside the makeshift massage table, as he laid down over top of Jenny.

"Are you ready to give me a show?" he asked between gently placing kisses on her lips. "Because I could start with slipping my fist into your first."

brought to you by Max

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