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DRAFT - Setting a Stage

written by Max

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

Tom was wandering in his thoughts. He had a list in front of him, but he knew he was missing something. Lack of sleep did that to him sometimes, made him foggy and blunted his edge. It was irritating, but the wool-gathering was just a warning because he had seen it be much worse.

In the other room, Jenny was sleeping off a long night. Every now and again, she would turn in her sleep. Tom had loosened the straps connecting her arms and ankles to the ceiling so she had more freedom of motion. She was still laying on the sling, but it had been lowered to the bed once she had been thoroughly tired out. She was wearing a soft black thong made of a silky elastic material. The thong had snaps on each hip so it could be easily taken on or off without requiring changes to the ankle cuffs. Her breasts were bare except for the black steel rings tightened around her nipples.

Jenny's labia were swollen enough to be visible and protrude from underneath the thong's slender swath of cloth. Her white lips looked waxy in the glow from the candles near the bed. Her legs looked very pale where they had pulled out from underneath the black silk sheets that were now bunched up around her waist and belly.

Tom was looking in on her from time to time, checking her sleep and making sure she didn't work herself into an uncomfortable position. The ropes to the ceiling were loose enough for her to tangle them in the sheets or around her neck, so Tom didn't feel comfortable leaving her for too long at a stretch. He began to consult from his list and bring the necessary items to the bedroom. Once he was done gathering things, Tom realized he would have to wake Jenny and release her so she could use the bathroom.

In her dreams, there were occasional eyes watching her. Jenny struggled against them, but no matter how she turned she felt exposed. Her pelvis ached

and her ass gave off a dull throb of agony - no way to describe it without saying it is something that lingers for days and then when it is gone you never want that ache again. In her dreams, Jenny had visions of quiet places interrupted by sudden flashes of sensation. She would be laying out on the ground, feeling the lumpiness of the earth around her. Her muscles would relax, and Jenny would stretch out. Suddenly she felt like something was pulling at her, and in the dream Jenny looked all around to see what it was. But before she could figure it out, she would feel pressure and aching. Looking down, Jenny would see the ground swallowing her up and it would begin to drive itself into her cunt and ass. It stirred her, and she would push out with her pelvis to feel the earth slip away. Then Jenny would fall deeper into sleep and a similar dream would bring her back to the surface.

Tom had finally cleared away the unnecessary things from the previous evening. All the toys had been cleaned and sanitized. The riding crop, fur gloves, leather strap, and chains had been carefully cleaned and dried. A new set of sheets was laid out beside the bed. Tom had retrieved lotion, some desensitizing cream, and a salve which took a lot of the ache and cramping out of strained muscles - and set these down on the bottom of the bed. He had cleared an easy path to the bathroom and drawn a warm bath to settle Jenny into once she had emptied her bladder and bowels. Now it was time to wake her up.

Reaching over her, Tom unlocked the cuffs from her wrists first. He applied the salve and rubbed it in to her skin, rubbing out and chaffing or soreness as much as possible. Placing a pillow under her chest, Tom then turned Jenny over and temporarily cuffed her wrists to one another. Next he unlocked her ankles from the cuffs and applied the salve. Jenny stirred a bit - trying to right herself and struggling in a daze against his hand holding her wrists behind her back.

Tom scooped Jenny's legs up and pulled on her wrists to bring her into a position on all fours. Then he lifted her torso up with an arm around her breasts, pulling Jenny into a kneeling position. She was waking but groggy. Jenny began to speak, but Tom placed his fingers over her lips. Gently he began to kiss and nibble down her back, keeping her in place by using his forearm in front of her, and his hips behind her buttocks.

Once Tom had sufficiently tasted Jenny's sweat and felt she was at least partially coherent, he began to speak in her ear. "You are temporarily released. Go to the bathroom. Relieve yourself - and then climb into the bath. Call me when you are ready to bath."

Jenny nodded her head against his hand. Tom continued, "You will feel sore. Going to the bathroom will burn. Don't let that dissuade you from thoroughly emptying yourself. The warm water will feel good and the aromatics and soaps will soothe your muscles and skin. OK?"

Again, Jenny nodded. Tom lifted her up against him, hugging her tight, and releasing the wrist cuffs. Then he let go and got off of the bed. For a second, she was falling forward, but then she caught herself. Jenny felt almost drugged because of her physical exhaustion and soreness. She crawled to the edge of the bed on her hands and knees, and then eased herself into sitting with her legs reaching down to the floor. Her asshole stung as her ass checks slipped a bit apart to support her weight, so Jenny got up a little before she had tested her legs. Tom caught her just as she began to topple to the floor.

"Why don't I carry you? Your lower body had quite an adventure last night and it looks like the circulation hasn't returned yet." That said, Tom carried Jenny to the bathroom and set her on the toilet seat. "Give me a holler if you need anything."

Then Tom walked out of the room.

Jenny pulled the thongs down off of her body. She stood up enough to lift the toilet seat and then sit right back down. As she voided her bladder she looked around the room. The bath oozed warmth and smelled good. On the sink counter were a couple of small toys she had been wearing on the way back from the club the previous night. Two large towels hung on the towel rack, fluffy and soft. Looking down over her body she could still see the marks from her punishments. Her belly and thighs had faint red criss-crossing marks here and there - not enough to hurt or bruise, just enough to raise a sudden cry. She could feel how much her ass and cunt hurt - her urine burned over her labia and asshole. And her nipples looked good, but the black rings caused a dull ache in her mind at least.

After finishing, she went up to the wall length mirror and turned sideways. As she had suspected from the tenderness of her ass cheeks, black and blue welts had formed all over her ass cheeks and a little bit on her upper thighs. Her asshole was tightly puckered, as if it was trying to forget how open it had been the night before - allowing Tom to both fuck and fill it to his preference. Turning to face the mirror, Jenny let her legs slip apart. Her labia were swollen and bunched up like fists along her smooth pelvis. They still were a bit open, and she could tell when drying herself that she was still wet or wet again.

Jenny stepped away from the mirror, and looked at the bath tub with its ring of white candle sticks and steaming depths. She lowered herself in and then quietly called out to Tom. "I'm ready for my bath now."

Tom peeked into the bathroom. "How do you feel? Never mind, don't answer that. Just lay back and let the water take some of the soreness and fatigue out of you. I'm prepping the video right now so you can watch it once you're feeling a bit more relaxed. There's a cup of warm java by the end of the tub if you want something to sip on."

Jenny nodded as he slipped away. She would lay here and let the warm water refresh and revive her. Then she would join Tom in the next room and watch herself, tied up and suspended from the ceiling, urging him to fuck her over and over again, urging him to put first toys and then his fists into her cunt, even urging him to resoundly punish her ass if she lost count of how many times she came or if she did not open herself up to him enough.

She felt warm in the tub, and she could feel the way the water was seeping into her cunt and causing her to relax her asshole. Tom had promised to allow her to watch the video so she could see herself being used and taken in every possible way while he fisted her again. It didn't seem like such a bad idea, but she was sore and maybe it might be better to pass on it.

Jenny finally eased herself out of the tub and began to towel off when she noticed she could hear faint sounds coming from the bedroom. Setting her towel over the shower curtain rod, Jenny walked into the bedroom naked to see what was going on. In the bedroom, Tom sat in front of a TV set, manipulating the playback of the video tape.

"Glad you could join me," Tom said. "I hope you don't mind, but I've laid out your clothes on the pillow."

Jenny looked at the pillow, but all she saw was another thong and two phalluses. Watching her reaction, Tom continued. "You're pretty sore so I figured anything abrupt would make your day less enjoyable. But I do want to keep you open and elastic, and these two phalluses will do just that for the rest of the day. You can choose how to wear them."

She looked them over briefly and quietly said, "They aren't so big." It rang

with a bit of a question on the end, so Tom responded. "In case you wanted to let you ass relax... They are not so big were you to put them each in a separate hole. But if you shudder at the thought of trying to work one of those into your asshole, they are challenging but not too large to both be worn in your cunt."

With that Tom handed Jenny the lotion, and offered to help. "Let's get them in so we can watch the video. From the clips I've seen so far, you'll soon forget how full you are." Then he began to chuckle, a deep throated heartily chuckle. And Tom kissed Jenny as she guided him to help her place the phalluses in her cunt.

brought to you by Max

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