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Story: DRAFT - Jenny : Two Evenings Out [Part 1]
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DRAFT - Two Evenings Out [Part 1]

written by Max

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

Jenny slid on her jeans and looked at herself in the mirror. Her breasts were barely contained in the top of the leotard, and her jeans fit snugly around her hips and ass. Quickly she packed her change of clothes and stuffed it all into the gym bag, along with some sneakers and touch up makeup. It was only 2pm, but she could already feel the anticipation growing.

Jenny had to run to the bathroom four times before 3pm. Her stomach was in knots and she was shaking. When the clock finally hit 3pm she rushed out to the car, carrying her bag and a couple of CDs to listen to. She was on pins and needles all the way to the Hilton.

Tom had gotten in a little earlier than he expected. The flight was, of course, delayed but it had made up most of the time in the air. Tom had been forced to concentrate all morning long and now he could rush out to his rental car and get where he wanted to be. A room was already waiting at the hotel, and he had to focus on getting there in time to check in before Jenny. He had insisted she not leave the house until 3pm, but even that might not be a good guarantee she would not beat him there.

"So much stuff to set up," Tom muttered to himself while waiting in the rental line.

"I'm sorry, sir," the counter clerk responded.

Tom chuckled, and focused his eyes firmly on the woman in front of him. She was a little heavy with tiny proportions for everything but her face and hips. "Just talking to myself. It must be a lot of work setting up everything for so many people."

The woman at the counter shrunk back from the full attention Tom was giving

her. Looking down at the computer in front of her she said "Here are your keys, ummm, have a nice day." With that she handed him the keys and finished contract.

Tom picked up his luggage and worked his way to the rental car bus. With two bags it was easy to shield his erection, but sitting down would be a problem. So he thought about the steps for getting to the hotel, the map directions in his hand, the check in process, until he was more or less settled.

Tom definitely avoided the creeping thoughts about what he had in his bags for Jenny and how they would be used.

As fate would have it, Tom and Jenny arrived within a few minutes of one another. Jenny had just gotten out of her car and begun walking through the parking garage when Tom pulled up alongside of her. "Need a lift?" Tom asked and chuckled. Jenny opened the passenger door and took a seat.

"Sorry I'm running late, airlines are based on inconvenience these days. How have you been?" Tom then gestured toward Jenny, and she leaned forward to give him a hug and kiss hello. As they hugged, Tom ran the side of his face over hers and took in the scent of her - holding his breath for a second to better distill it.

Jenny smelled fresh and uptight - her typical scent. She always had an edge when she was nervous, and this was a perfect example of how it manifested itself.

When Jenny was finding it awkward to do much other than hold Tom, he broke the embrace and looked appreciatively at her clothing. "I see you are all ready for a workout. You'll have to let me shower first so I can stretch a little beforehand."

Jenny murmured her assent, and Tom pulled the rental into a parking space. The two walked together with bags in hand to the check in counter. Tom checked in, and then they took the elevator to the seventh floor to get to their room.

Once Tom had opened the door and set down his luggage, he picked Jenny up into the air. Jenny's jaw dropped for a second, and then she playfully pushed back at him. Tom threw her on to the bed, and began plucking at her nipples and playing with Jenny's hair. Jenny grabbed Tom by the neck and pulled him to her so she could taste his neck. The two rolled around a little bit before Tom pulled away.

"Gifts, then shower, then work out, then shower, then dinner. Sound good?" Jenny's eyes glowed a bit with Tom's voice rolling over her. Then she nodded. Tom sat up quickly and rolled to his feet. Bringing his bag to the bedside, he unzipped it and brought out a small box.

"I had to check my bag so that way I didn't have to deal with any prying eyes. I thought it would be enjoyable to make your surprise a surprise though." With that Tom leaned forward and pulled Jenny into a sitting position. "This blindfold is all you need to wear right now, so help me remove all of these fine garments that you have no need for." Tom then lended a little assistance as Jenny rapidly shed her shoes, socks, jeans, and finally her work out leotard.

Tom whistled between his lips, and then pulled a breast to his mouth. Using his teeth he edged around the nipple before suckling on it. Then Tom picked up the blindfold. "Could you hold your hair back please? This will be hard enough to get around that big brain of yours as it is." Jenny finally laughed a little bit - naked but feeling a little more comfortable with her body laid out for Tom to sample. Her ample breasts showed well as she put her hands

behind her neck, holding her hair back and her chest forward.

Tom moved until he was almost on top of her, and then pulled the blindfold down over her head, and over her eyes. "Hold still for a second," Tom said, and then he leaned away.

When Tom's touch returned, his hand was on her forearm, holding it behind her head. Jenny nudged her head toward him, and she felt a leather cuff brush against her cheek. "It's just too perfect to resist," Tom sighed, and then he began fastening the cuffs while Jenny tried to hold steady for him.

When Tom was done, he asked Jenny to lay on her back and hold her hands up to the top of the bed. As Jenny moved back, Tom took two pillows and guided them under her head and under her ass. Jenny felt how exposed she was, and it felt good. Her lips were a little wet from playing and she could feel how wet she was inside; her nipples were perk from having been pinched and sucked on; and her ass was accessible if not open.

With her arms over her head, Jenny could feel her breasts laying evenly on her chest. She could feel Tom leaning over her torso - the movement of air on her attent nipples and stomach - and then she jumped a little as two of his fingers gripped her nipple.

"I've been meaning to do this for a long time. I think you'll like it, and it's not permanent." Tom's voice was low and close to her face. His breathe smelled like mints. Jenny could feel him working something on to and then rolling it down to the base of her nipple. "Let me know once it feels a bit uncomfortable. There's no other way to judge if it is tight enough." Then Tom tightened it, and she felt something biting into her nipple.

Jenny's groan was immediate, but Tom tightened the steel band until he was sure it would not come off. Looking at it the band appeared to be a simple ring about the gauge of a hoop earring. On the inside of these rings were small serrated teeth, to better grip and hold on to flesh. A bead and a series of indentations allow tightening the rings with a pair of pliers applied to the outside of the rings. Loosening them would be another trick, and required using a needle or pin to pop the bead out of its locking position.

After finishing with the one nipple ring, Tom placed a finger into Jenny's cunt. She was wet, and his finger opened her up enough to allow some of that wetness to ooze out. Jenny's reaction to his finger was delayed by the overwhelming sensation from her nipple, but when he slipped a second finger into her, she began writhing against it. "One orgasm per ring seems a fair price, are you interested?" Tom asked.

"Yes, more," was all Jenny could get out before she let out another groan and began bucking her hips against him. Between moans and groans, Jenny began a litany of more and deeper as she worked herself up to orgasm.

Tom took advantage of her willingness, and quickly worked three fingers into her cunt. Leaning over Jenny he blew air onto her nipple as he thrust the fingers in and out of her. Grinding his knuckles against her pelvis, his thumb and little finger folded so he could drive hard into her cunt and push her lips while he did it. Jenny's juices began to ooze down over her ass and inner thighs, and quickly her writhing and bucked combined with the slapping of Tom's hand to be a percussion rhythm with her moans and wailing over top.

Jenny felt his fingers being slammed into her. They never pulled more than halfway out, but each time they went as deep as they could before his knuckles pounded into her pelvis. Over and over again she asked for him to put more into her, to push deeper inside of her, and he just hammered at her cunt. Finally she felt her cunt begin to convulse and Jenny began to shake. She came

on his three fingers - turning to her side as the waves of the orgasm drew her up in a ball before she could relax.

As soon as Jenny had cum, Tom let her cunt slip his fingers out. Then he leaned down to her and kissed the sweat from her brow and cheeks and neck. Putting his lips over hers, and brushed his weight against her - flattening Jenny to the bed on her back. "I need you to clean my fingers so I can work on the other nipple," Tom whispered into her ear. Then he put his fingers wet with her juices and cum into her mouth.

Jenny tasted herself mixed with his sweat. She ran her tongue of the fingers in her mouth and sucked on them. She could feel his knuckles on her chin, and she moved her head so she could suckle on them as well. Jenny could still feel the dull thudding of where those same knuckles had just beat into her pelvis. Sucking and kissing them, she could feel how warm they were from her - and Jenny could imagine how close they had come to just slipping her vagina.

Tom withdrew his hand once it was reasonably clean. He cock was raging, but he allowed it to subside as he wiped the remaining moisture from his hand. Then he began blowing and suckling on Jenny's unadorned nipple. It was already erect, but his caresses caused Jenny to shiver and the nipple presented itself excellently. Tom slipped on the second ring and took up the pliers to close the it upon her nipple.

Jenny felt how cold the steel was compared to his tongue and breath. Her back was sweating from the contrast, and she was still coming down from her first orgasm. Then the teeth bit into her. At first it was a dull sensation, but as the ring clicked into fit Jenny yelped. It hurt more than the first, she was more sensitive now. Tom's mouth moved over her nipple again and began to suckle just the tip. Jenny moaned and shivered a bit under his attentions, but her cunt was barely responding after having just being worked over.

Tom began to run his fingers over the folds of Jenny's lips. Her first orgasm he had only brushed against her clit on occasion. Now she would waken to the stroking of it so he could bring her to her second orgasm. Tom felt the shakes wave through Jenny as he worked his finger tip right over her clit and began stroking around it, pushing it from side to side with the skin folds surrounding it. Then he began to move his finger in a circle, stroking the length of her clit as well as directly running his fingers over it. Jenny started to moan a bit, and Tom moved his mouth from her nipple and sat on the bed between her spread legs.

Jenny felt Tom sit down while he stroked her clit. The sensations were low enough to register with her brain, while her body began to be seduced again by the blood engorging her cunt. It was pleasant if a little uncomfortable on her over-sensitive parts. Tom's fingers would brush directly on to her clit now and again, causing her to jump a bit. Then she felt a finger slipping into her cunt while he continued to stroke her clit. It felt like pressure at first and once it was inside of her, Jenny could feel it probing her vaginal walls. Then Tom began to run his fingertips back and forth over top of her clit, and Jenny felt herself sinking into the bed as she pushed her cunt and ass out at his hand. The stimulation of her clit with his finger inside of her felt better and better. Jenny could feel his hand crushing against her lips so his finger could reach deeper and deeper into her. She tilted her pelvis so his finger would touch far inside of her, and was rewarded when a second finger joined the first. Then Tom began rubbing her clit hood and clit together with the pressure of three fingers. Rather than direct sensation of her clit he had been using before, now she felt the heavy pressure of his hand and muscles working her over.

Tom slipped a third finger into Jenny. She was wet, but slightly tight from before. Her lips were opening up but her cunt was still clenching. Jenny's

juices were more than sufficient lubrication now, and rubbing her clit was causing her to arch her back and greet his hand. Tom worked his pinky finger into her cunt.

Jenny grunted. He was filling her up and her cunt was already convulsing around his other fingers. "More" managed to escape her lips as she began to breath heavy with each thrust against him.

Tom smiled. His cock was raging again and would love to bury it in her ass. But that would have to wait. As Jenny pushed against his this time, he placed the base of his palm over her clit and ground into it. The additional sensation connected directly with her brain and Jenny lifted up. Tom began working his thumb in alongside his other fingers as Jenny's cunt opened with her change in posture. Jenny could feel his thumb as it dug into the side of her cunt, the knuckle pinching her labia against her pelvis. The pain and sensation was racing through her and she could feel her cunt building up again.

Tom worked over her cunt with care, taking his hand from her clit now and again to spread some lubricant on her lips where his knuckles were hitting them. The additional slickness helped, but Jenny was still a virgin to fisting - so it would take pressure to force her cunt to admit his fist. Steadily pushing his hand against her cunt, he massaged her clit and stroked her lips. Jenny's own bucking against his hand helped. Finally he was ready for the final plunges.

"Do you want me to put my fist inside of you?" He asked her.

"Yes, all of it, now" Jenny managed to spit out.

"You will let me fist you from this day forth whenever I want to and however often I want to?" Tom's voice made it clear that this was a binding commitment.

"You can fist me whenever you want. You can fist me any time you want. Fist me as often as you want. I want your fist in me..." Jenny's voice broke repeatedly as she thrust against Tom's hand. She wanted it inside of her so bad. "Please fist me. I'll do anything. Ask anything. Fist me. Please" Jenny began to beg.

Tom could feel his knuckles halfway entering her cunt on each stroke. He leaned over and kissed Jenny as best as he could without letting his hand slip out of her. Then he whispered "You're going to really feel this until you get used to it, so hang on tight and let me know if it is too much."

With that Tom lined up his forearm and hand and used his body to push his hand into Jenny's cunt. As his knuckles began to push past her pelvis and lips, Jenny moaned and yelped and cried and begged all in a rush of sound and breath. Tom continued to work her clit while holding her in a position for him to enter her. Pushing at her cunt, his thumb joint finally passed into her and he could feel her pelvis against his wrist.

Jenny had an orgasm like she had never had before. Her cunt was ripped open and Tom's hand was huge inside of her. She couldn't stop her cunt from convulsing around it, but his hand was so large that her cunt couldn't clench down on it. She was literally being held open on the inside. Tom didn't need to move his hand - her cunt was moving all over and around it. And the searing pain continued as each wave of the orgasm washed over her.

brought to you by Max

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