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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 3)

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Story Codes: MF MFF FF FFF vaginal anal fist toys stretch speculum device D/s
S/m tattoo pierce bestiality electro bond

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Title: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 3)

Universe: Tom

Summary: Tom gets involved with Andrea and Alexi - and they decide to act out
different archetypes from his stories. Includes some MF, MFF, FF, FFF, vaginal,
anal, fisting, stretching play, speculum play, large toy play, device play,
electro play, bondage, tattoos, piercing, bestiality.

Keywords: MF, MFF, FF, FFF, Vaginal, Anal, Fisting, Stretching play, Speculum
play, Large toy play, Device play, Electro play, Bondage, Tattoos, Piercing,
Bestiality

Language: English

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DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 3)

written by Max

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Andrea proceeded to open the Balfour retractor until there was a wide chasm from
bone to bone and no indication that Alexi's thin labia could ever close over
that gap again. There was some blood - not much - from minor tears along the
bottom near the perineum where the smooth skin had been too stiff to stretch and
it had ripped. Alexi struggled with the pain - her face drained and white like
her overstretched pubis. Andrea applied a few more numbing jabs to try and give
Alexi's nervous system some relief. By the time Andrea had opened the retractor
as far as it would go inside of Alexi's cunt, Alexi was gripping the sheets with

claw like hands - her knuckles white from repeated clenching - and was breathing heavily punctuated by tossing her head back and forth while silently screaming.

Andrea took a break with the retractor locked in place. She moved up alongside Alexi, and stroked her head and dabbed away the tears on Alexi's cheeks. For a while Alexi couldn't calm her deep breathing, but slowly she came around as Andrea held her in a gentle sideways embrace. When Alexi could open her eyes and focus, Andrea was there looking down on her with worry written all over her face. Alexi just wanted to cry from the hurt and pain, and Andrea let her do that while she just kept her close and safe. After thirty minutes of just letting things set, Andrea asked Alexi if she was ready to continue - and despite Alexi's misgivings and suffering she managed to nod yes.

Andrea had to fight her own reluctance to leave Alexi's side and get back between her legs. The retractor was well positioned and held Alexi's vaginal mouth completely stretched from side to side. But with that initial success, Andrea had to deal with how to best stretch Alexi from clit to tailbone. It was obvious the retractor blades were not working the vertical angle. So Andrea picked up the second Balfour retractor and tried to see how it could be fit in as well.

Unfortunately for Alexi, who felt the tugging and pushing like her pelvis was connected directly to the pain center of her brain, the second retractor couldn't really be overlaid or inserted with the first one in. After several trial and error attempts, Andrea had to admit defeat. All she'd managed to do was slightly twist the first retractor - putting pressure unevenly on Alexi's pelvis to a chorus of groans and sharp exhalations. So Andrea decided it was time to resort to trying out the vaginal collar she had made.

She closed the retractor up one clickety click at a time. For all of Alexi's distress and pain, her cunt was soaking wet and Andrea could see Alexi's own juices mixed and pooled with the slick silicon lube. The retractor slipped downward slightly as the width became narrower, and Andrea needed to use both hands to support the weight of the blades while still bringing them together before pulling the apparatus out. Finally she lifted the Balfour retractor up and out of Alexi's red and pink rimmed hole and set it aside.

Alexi's cunt mouth hung gaping open, the flesh hanging down a bit on the sides of the red gap.

Andrea picked up the soft rubber collar she had fashioned for Alexi. Unlike Tom's original rigid rubber core collar design, Andrea had crafted the rubber collar to make it a bit softer and included a small rubber bladder that circled the interior surface like an inner tube. This made it possible to "inflate" the collar with either air or water so it would deform less after insertion and

provide even more resistance against Alexi's vaginal walls. A short hose extended from the center which Andrea positioned facing out as she aligned the rubber collar with Alexi's vagina.

The rubber crushed easily with the bladder deflated, but Andrea stopped to apply more silicon lube just in case. Then she picked up the rubber collar in her big hands and laid it over Alexi's pelvis. It was fairly easy to insert, starting with the rubber collar's bottom lip and then crushing the sides so they could fit. Finally Andrea applied pressure to the top, and it went in easily as Andrea carefully watched for the collar to pop out from somewhere due to its shape and the circular fit.

Alexi whimpered about how bruised and sore she was as the collar made contact with her sensitive and roughed up labia and vaginal walls. But the pain jabs had numbed a lot of the tissue so she didn't really feel the smooth rubber edge sliding over the tender and overstretched skin. Andrea herself didn't dare say anything. When she had first started playing with Alexi two weeks ago in exchange for doing photos and videos for Tom, Andrea had needed to tease Alexi's lips apart with one finger at a time. Tom's own writing had emphasized the difference between gradually working up to large toys and penetration - and destroying the muscle and elastic tissue at the mouth of the cunt in a single massive push. Andrea wasn't sure what she had expected, but she had been surprised when she removed the Balfour retractor and Alexi's labia just sagged rather than snapping back into place. The rubber collar seemed almost too small and went in easily despite being at least fist sized.

Andrea reflected on the fact that the retractor had only been in place for around an hour and thirty minutes, and already Alexi's cunt was assuming a new wrecked state.

At any rate Andrea had presumed inserting the collar would be difficult, but it went in easily and quickly. A bit too easily as it could easily slip around and rotate in Alexi's stretched sex, so Andrea had to give the air bladder a few pumps to stiffen the collar up and straighten it out. With that done and another numbing jab administered, Andrea went ahead and used the small hand pump to inflate the collar. As the bladder filled, the hydraulic force pushed Alexi's labia back to her pelvis bone all over again. This time the collar also pushed upwards toward Alexi's clit and down toward her anus in addition to the massive side to side stretching the Balfour retractor had done.

Once the collar was stabilized and fully inflated, Andrea took a break to wipe down Alexi and then wash her hands. The soap smell and warm water was soothing - Andrea hadn't realized how much working the ratchet and hand pump had caused her hands to ache. Taking a deep breath, she returned with a hand mirror and mirror panel so Alexi could see how her new stretched cunt was developing.

Despite her fatigue, Alexi's eyes grew wide when Andrea handed her the mirror and she saw her sex for the first time with the collar in. Her thighs couldn't close around the protruding collar - the black rubber pushed them apart and was a solid mass spanning from the rounded flesh of each leg. Looking lower, Alexi could see the flesh of her buttocks coming down from her inner thigh and the collar. There was no real distinct sign of labia or pelvis. Above the collar her outer labia were spread so far apart that the skin folds did not come back together again until the top of her pubis - leaving her clitoral hood running down the center like a ramp terminating on the black collar's lip. On either side there were deep furrows that used to be where her labia rested. The entire shape of Alexi's sex was strikingly different. She slowly turned the hand mirror this way and that but there was barely even a hint of her labia around the sides of the collar.

Andrea nodded at Alexi's intense review. "You haven't seen anything yet," she whispered. Then gently she guided Alexi into position with her hips tipped back. With one hand on Alexi's shin, Andrea reached over and produced a longer mirror panel that she placed between Alexi's ankles. Alexi could now see how her perineum was roughed up and showed tears and fissures like badly chapped winter lips - and she could also see how the collar and stretching had reshaped her bottom.

The black collar had pushed Alexi's ass cheeks apart and back. The natural divot that would flow along her tailbone, between her buttocks and end punctuated by her anus was now just a dimple above her visibly stretched anus. Her sphincter was open from side to side, exposed as a moist dark pink skin fold above the flesh separating her ass and cunt which was stretched thin and pulled down with the collar.

If Alexi had seen a picture with a similarly stretched cunt and ass like this on the web then she would have thought it was photoshopped. She had to reach down and touch herself to be sure it was real. Seeing her own small fingers next to the large collar was even more shocking than the jolt that even the slightest amount of pressure caused. It was both surreal and amazing.

Alexi looked up at Andrea with a look of wonder in her eyes. "Is that all the way?" she asked softly.

Andrea responded by setting the mirrors aside and giving the inflatable collar another few slow pumps to make sure it was as full as it could go. Then she stoked her long fingers over Alexi's face. "That seems to be from bone to bone. And top to bottom as well. How uncomfortable is it?"

Alexi could feel a dull ache of pain but mostly she just felt the pressure. Pressure and an overwhelming urge to push out - like she really needed to urinate or defecate. "I'm pretty out of it to be honest," she replied as she considered the weird combination of sensations.

Nodding slowly, Andrea took out disinfectant wipes and began to carefully clean all around the collar and exposed skin again. Her hands were as delicate as possible, but Alexi squirmed just the same at the cold stinging touch of the wipes. Finally Andrea was satisfied. "Ok. I've taken care of this. Now comes the hard part." She gestured toward Alexi's cunt and the collar preventing it from closing. "The pain killers will wear off in about another 30 minutes to an hour. I've already given you over three jabs to help with pain overall - I was giving them to you whenever you seized up earlier. So this is the decision point."

Alexi tried to make herself as comfortable as possible while Andrea talked and stroked her face. She knew Andrea had given her more than the initial shots, but she had no idea she was in this deep to pain meds already. Four or five jabs was the typical max for out patient surgery after all.

"So do you want to continue? I couldn't have fisted you yesterday but right now I could probably double fist you. This is your last chance to set this guy aside and chalk this up to a crazy lark." Andrea's emotions weren't hard to read even in Alexi's drifting state.

Alexi reached out to Andrea's arm and squeezed. "I'll let you know if the pain gets bad. Best for me to try and sleep now. And let the collar do its work."

Then she gestured toward her belly. "Are you going to be ok with this?"

Andrea leaned down and kissed Alexi lightly on the forehead. "Of course I am - so long as you enjoy it." Then she moved Alexi's arm to the bed, and started cleaning everything up so Alexi could sleep for a while. The last thing she did was turn off the video camera.

The pain hit Alexi like a brutal violation of her entire nervous system. She was convulsing with dry heaves and abdominal cramping when Andrea came rushing in. Alexi couldn't sit up, couldn't do anything but roll her torso from side to side in excruciating pain. Andrea gave her two jabs, and then tried to comfort her while making sure Alexi's airway wasn't constricted and checking for actual vomit and blood. The tears along Alexi's perineum hadn't gotten any worse, but they were weeping blood like paper cuts. Once Alexi had calmed back down,

Andrea wiped her damaged skin down with sanitizing wipes and she dabbed some superglue on the tears to promote some healing.

Alexi never fully woke up from the dream she was having. And the jabs put her right back out and into a darker black slumber. Andrea brought in a blanket and sat beside the bed in case there was another episode. She'd been foolish to think she could sleep in the other room. After chastising herself, Andrea settled into a long book and waited for the morning light.

She only had to administer one more jab before 8am when it was time to remove the collar so Alexi could be washed up, use the toilet, and the next photoset could be done.

Tom got a text the next morning from Alexi. It was short and to the point.

"There's no going back after this. I'm wide open."

He sighed and text'd back "Hope you make good progress!" and then set his phone aside. He couldn't know the endorphin high and goofy attitude Alexi was experiencing after cycling between being kept up during the night by terrible pain and slipping into fugues which weren't really sleep at all. Nor could he know how close Alexi was to breaking as her rational sense of things slipped from the sensory overload and near shock she was experiencing. What he did know is that it was possibly too good to be true.

Alexi was struggling with that herself.

(to be continued)

by Max

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