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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 5)

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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 5)

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 5)

written by Max

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

After watching Alexi carefully walking over to her side and then very cautiously
sitting down in the car, Andrea was concerned over how much pain her friend
seemed to be suffering from. She broached the topic after Alexi closed her eyes
and went into labored breathing as they drove over rumble strips pulling up to a
toll booth on the way to the restaurant. Alexi had to take some deep breaths
and then, while trying not to laugh, explained what was going on and exactly how
the road conditions in general were translating into a thorough shallow fucking
over and over again of her vaginal opening. Andrea was a bit relieved but also

frustrated that Alexi hadn't told her what she was doing. They argued a bit out of mutual exhaustion and hunger, but after they had eaten and relaxed a bit at the restaurant everything was fine again.

As they finished up their meal, Andrea started teasing Alexi about wasting time on small toys. After all, how could Alexi achieve her goals if she was stuck doing amateur stuff. This went back and forth until Alexi promised to take any toy smaller than three and a half inches wide and simply put it away until it was time to stretch her ass open. They shook on it, and then headed to a nearby grocery store to pick up some food for dinner and a better breakfast for the next morning.

The whole time Alexi could feel how wet and turned on and swollen she was from the soda can plug inside of her. She had easily soaked through her bikini bottom and she had to sheepishly ask Andrea to check that there wasn't a moist spot on her skirt. Luckily it was warm out, and the skirt's light colours meant it wouldn't be very visible and would dry quickly outside. As a precaution they put a towel down on the passenger seat, and Alexi lifted her skirt up in the back so she was sitting with the bikini bottom on towel as they drove to the grocery store and back to the hotel.

Grocery shopping was pretty normal. Alexi didn't even really notice the toy much as she debated with Andrea over something good to eat that they could easily make with the hotel room's limited fridge and microwave. They settled on some salads with precooked rotisserie chicken strips to add on top. Andrea caught Alexi tearing up a bit over this, and she puzzled at it until Alexi admitted it was one of Tom's favorites, and then they went back to shopping with a laugh as Andrea pointed out that Alexi's cunt and ass were going to "top that favorite by a whole lot." Alexi hadn't realized how much she missed just chatting with Tom, but she knew she had to push through for two reasons.

Her first reason was it wouldn't be much of a surprise if she let Tom get her to volunteer all the details. Her second reason was that she was finally understanding any number of experiences Tom had related to her, and it would be far too easy to stop making progress knowing that Tom would have accepted her tight or open all along. The initial fear she had of not being enough for Tom had simply evaporated - through the pain and the feeling of the black rubber toy riding in and out of her cunt right then and there, she realised that Tom knew what she could do and had neither pushed nor forced her to it because, as he said, that wasn't his way of doing things.

But then her chest felt a bit tight because Alexi remembered one of the comments Tom made very early on. He had pointed out that predictability and consistency were very much the basis for how he dealt with reality. Then he'd gone on to say that communication was the only manner by which he could adjust to the

unpredictable and inconsistent actions that came from people. Yet here she was, doing the massively unpredictable and off on a lark, and at the same time she had shut down talking to Tom despite the fact that rarely a day had gone by in the prior four weeks that they hadn't at least chatted for fifteen minutes. Alexi's doubts began to weigh on her as they continued shopping - her exhaustion just making the dark thoughts hang heavier.

Andrea noticed Alexi become more withdrawn and worried as they finished shopping and headed out to the car. She didn't want to pry, but this was a pretty delicate stage for things. The changes they had made last night and the proof of the progress this morning were pretty extreme. Andrea had a few girlfriends into fisting and toys, but none of them had woke up one day and said "Rip me open" and then followed through on it. If Alexi was getting cold feet, it was Andrea's job to keep pushing things forward. But if Alexi was hurting, deep down, then it was also Andrea's duty to make sure she was comforted. That might not have been written down and signed, but Andrea read that between the lines.

With the groceries in the back of the rental car, and Alexi sitting on her towel, Andrea turned and stroked her intimate friend's arm. "What's the matter, honey? You feel all out of sorts. It's not like you to have such a grim face."

Whether it was the emotion, the strain, the physical stresses, the exhaustion... Alexi never knew. But she broke down uncontrollably sobbing for a good fifteen minutes while Andrea awkwardly tried to hold her across the center console of the car in the parking lot. When the tears had finally worked their way out, Alexi turned to Andrea with a hug and kiss. "I have to call, Tom. I think I screwed up."

"Whoah," Andrea said cautiously while still dabbing at the tears around Alexi's cheeks. "First off you can never call a man when you're still sniffing. Leaves the wrong impression. Second what do you mean 'screwed up'? I thought you were doing exactly what he wants."

Alexi took an offered Kleenex and blew her nose. Then another. Looking at Andrea over the second tissue with bleary eyes, she said "I misunderstood how he would interpret me vanishing like this. It's not the stretching and everything. It's the fact that I just jumped off a cliff with no warning and never considered how he might think I was just trying to get rid of him."

Andrea shook her head slowly. "I know Tom is personally damaged goods, that much was clear when I first met him, but why would he think you're breaking things off with him?"

"It's like the rotisserie chicken and salad. And the orange juice. You can tell his comfort levels by how consistent everything is. Over the past month he

and I have had a pretty regular thing, and now it's gone all different and I thought it would be a surprise but to him it's probably just all upside down..."

"And he doesn't like that? C'mon. Seriously. He can't handle you just doing something different for a bit?" Andrea tried to play the devil's advocate though she saw Alexi's point.

Alexi blew her nose again and checked herself in the car mirror. She wasn't wearing hardly any makeup so there wasn't anything to touch up. Still she looked pretty haggard after the sobbing. Turning back to Andrea she said "It's not a 'can't handle' thing. Tom can handle nearly anything. It's an unhappy thing. I didn't come all the way out here to make him unhappy, but I bet he's really unhappy about the change and without an opportunity to talk about it he's probably not in a good mood either."

"Damaged goods. All men are damaged goods. I swear you know how to pick them."

Alexi smiled awkwardly and snickered at that comment. "Oh? So we probably shouldn't talk about the 22 year old that wrapped you around her finger for six months then, eh? Or the -"

"Stop right there, missy," Andrea said with a laugh. "I didn't say all women aren't damaged goods. I just said all men are definitely damaged goods." Her smile and laugh caught Alexi and soon they were laughing together. Alexi's laugh took on a life of its own, and with it she felt she could talk to Tom and fix everything. Alexi also felt the need to shift how she was sitting because there was a big toy inside of her that the laughing was causing to move around.

Tom was returning to his den office after a late break from conference calls when he heard his mobile buzzing. He scooped it up and caught the call.

"Hello, this is Tom."

"Hey Tom, it's Alexi," came the quiet response.

"Hey there," Tom's tone was a cool low tenor note. "How's your trip going?"

Alexi snickered a bit as she almost crossed her legs and then felt the ache from even twisting her hips. She laid back on the hotel bed instead. "It's been a pretty successful start. Andrea turns out to be a softy though."

Tom didn't reply, he just exhaled. He was waiting for something pertinent or relevant to his interests. All while looking at his office chair and the computer screen.

Alexi heard the pause and felt her earlier worries build up. "Soooooo... I guess I made some mistakes here." Long pause. "No response is not a good sign."

"True. Not sure I have a response at this point."

There was a deep breath on the phone, and Alexi realized it was coming from herself. "Yeah," was all she managed at the moment. Another long pause.

Quietly Tom spoke up. "This is going to be painfully awkward. I live in patterns. I have pattern understandings of this behaviour. They don't look good." He let out a sigh. "I want you to understand this is a buffer zone. I don't have much buffer, but I'm trying to cut you enough space that whatever is going on has time to sort itself out."

Alexi carefully offered, "Yeah, I misunderstood how this would impact things." This was the tricky part about dealing with Tom. Every word, every action, every moment was processed and you couldn't possibly insert yourself into his head to know how it would really fit in. "I just wanted to make progress, just wanted to do something special..."

"I know. Probably not entirely obvious that 'special' by definition means 'out of character.' So how's the trip going?"

"Ok. The hotel is nice, there's a couple of good restaurants nearby, and we stocked the suite fridge with stuff so we have plenty of stuff for snacks if we're too engrossed to go out."

"Andrea doing ok with all this? You dumped a huge emotional bomb in her lap."

Alexi heard the very neutral tones of calculations. "I hadn't really thought through it all," she replied. "She seems to be ok, but it's hard to tell. She's not said too much about things."

"Bits of laughter. Bits of threats and hard edged jokes. Bits of being very close and then far away - isolating herself to a separate room perhaps, always dressed and covered up when possible. Sound familiar?"

Alexi pondered how Andrea had been behaving. "Yeah, sure, a bit. Why?"

"She's emotionally attached and you're putting her in a hard place. Make sure you find a new comfortable balance where she knows what's happening and where she ends up at the end of this. Otherwise she's going to start resenting this, and if it turns out that this was just you using her for your own goals then

that resentment could poison a friendship you've had for over a decade."

"Andrea's not like that. She knows -"

Tom interrupted, "She knows what? She knows that out of the blue you changed directions. She knows that the person she's chased, loved unrequited, and whom she cannot have suddenly wants her to be very intimately involved. She knows that underneath that if it wasn't something that you wanted then she wouldn't be invited. She knows it's a business transaction with an expiration date. She knows that no matter how much she cares that she's the provider and you're the adventurer. It's a matter of time now before she realizes that on top of that - she's the enabler and has been for quite a while."

Alexi held back her initial denial. She'd watched Tom on conference calls and in impromptu situations. Like it or not cutting things into bits and assembling them was his specialty - and as much as he was impossible to deal with, Tom's sense of situations without being in them was uncanny. And he was throwing all kinds of alarm bells about both her relationship with Andrea and her relationship with him.

"What are you saying, Tom?" was all she could manage as she tried to adjust and hold back reacting.

"I'm saying this isn't a call about you and I right now. You have a buffer with me. You don't have much of one with Andrea though she'll come back to you over and over just out of loyalty. I may play a long game, but you've played her for a long time. Never forget that reinventing some aspect of yourself impacts all the assumptions people have made about you as well. You may want to talk to her a bit about what happens after this."

"I called to talk to you about what's going on, Tom. I didn't call to ask how I should deal with Andrea."

Tom nodded at the other end of the phone. "I know. But this is the first opportunity I've had to shoot some signal flares in your direction while you have sufficient attention to notice them."

"And this is your nice way of saying that the 'buffer' is you backing away and thus I should refocus on my other relationships. I get that too."

"That's one interpretation." Tom's non-committal tone didn't give much faith or hope.

"So here's what I'm working on," Alexi stepped up quickly. "I -"

"Stop, Alexi."

"You don't understand I need-"

"Stop. I understand a lot of things. You have a plan. A notion of what you are going to achieve. I support that at arm's length because I don't know what the value of it is to you, nor do I know where you want to take it. What I do know is that you are expending a lot of energy and I worry Andrea is as well - which must have a benefit for both of you."

"But I'm doing this for you, too, Tom. I'm doing this because it will be something I can share with you."

"It's a bit hard to have a surprise and also share it. That's one of the difficulties with this whole situation."

Alexi took a deep breath and tried to reset. Maintaining control around Tom was always a bit challenging. Especially when he was feeling confrontational. "Ok. So you're going to make this as hard as possible to settle up. Fair I guess. Do you want to hear what I'm doing?"

"Depends. Is it better for me just to see the end results? Or is it better for me to know how it's going?"

"How would I know?"

Tom gave some quick thought to it. "If you think what you'd share with me would make it easier for me to understand what to expect from you in the future then that's a good direction. If you want to set some expectations that might be a good idea as well. But it strikes me that when you trail blaze in a new direction, it's a bit difficult to know where the trail may lead you and where it may end."

"How do you ever know what to do and what not to do? I mean, if I do something then how do I know... how do I know?" Alexi meandered a bit.

"You don't. You want to make permanent changes - you commit to them, and then you follow through. If all we make is temporary changes, always holding off until we know that something would be the right thing forever, then we never make the changes we would have."

In her mind's eye Alexi traced over the line of Tom's face, his neck, his broad shoulders, and broad chest. She could picture the scars across the back of his hands, the uneven musculature across his back from injuries, the way his body moved in rhythms, and the tattoo'd symbols that marked him in a deliberate

manner. She remembered the feeling of him holding her in his arms and the restrained strength around her. These were visible choices - reminders of Tom's sense of exerting force on time and events as well as the prices it took out on him.

Tom sat in his office chair and leaned back as he settled into wrapping up work emails. The quiet on the phone as Alexi thought through things didn't surprise him, but he was also impatient to get on with work and his day. He shifted the phone to speakerphone and began to pull up the proposals he had been reviewing.

"Are you working, Tom?" Alexi asked breaking the silence.

"Yep. I'm afraid I've got a few things to get done. What are your thoughts?"

Alexi sighed. "I'm working on a few things myself. I'll give some thought to what you said and call you back tonight before bed, ok?"

"Sure, sounds good," Tom replied.

"Ok. I'll have a chat with Andrea, too. Sorry to bother you."

"Right, cheers." And the phone disconnected as Tom hung up and went back to work.

Alexi sat up on the bed and released a breath she didn't even know she had been holding. The tension in her body took a while to release, and Andrea found her that way when she popped by for a quick check.

"You ok? He didn't break up with you, did he?" Andrea asked half concerned and half upset.

Alexi looked up and made a half-hearted smile. "Not yet, but he's on the fence. He's more worried about you than he is about me and him."

"Did he ask if you were ok, if you were in pain, if you were alright?" Andrea's voice was shifting into more upset tones. She came in close and knelt down in front of Alexi, taking her hands and squeezing them slightly.

"No. Because he knows I'm ok or I wouldn't be calling him. And now I may know what he means. Because you really are worried, and it's my fault." Alexi might still be a little off kilter due to the pain killers and feedback from her own adrenaline and endorphins, but she'd not seen Andrea shift into protective mode like this in years.

She stroked Andrea's hands and then pinched her on the cheek lightly. "You're

worried. I didn't mean to get you all worked up." Then she stretched and cringed a bit when she felt the skin on her pelvis pull tight. "Can we talk for a bit? I don't think Tom's far off that I might be abusing our friendship, and you're really important with me."

(to be continued)

by Max

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