

-----Begin Header -----

Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 7)

Author: Max (max@cherishdesire.com - <http://bit.ly/CherishDesireMax> )

(c) 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013 Max (max@cherishdesire.com)

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

Version Info: DRAFT - Revision 05

Note: You may distribute this story freely so long as this header is left intact  
with this disclaimer and author's name unaltered. Final versions of stories are  
published on Amazon.com (see <http://bit.ly/CherishDesireMax> for Max's titles).

Warning: If you are underage or this material is of no interest to you, then  
don't read it. Literacy comes with responsibilities.

-----End Header -----

Author: Max ( max AT cherishdesire DOT com, <http://bit.ly/CherishDesireMax> ,  
<http://bit.ly/CherishDesire> )

Title: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 7)

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

Availability: DRAFTS (<http://www.asstr.org/~Max>), PUBLICATION (TBD)

-----  
DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 7)  
-----

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  
-----

Alexi came out of the bedroom naked as requested, her long flowing hair pulled  
back and face freshly washed. Her very swollen labia peeked out from between  
her thighs as she walked, and Alexi has wiped them down to a dull shine. Andrea  
gestured to a silk robe hung over one of the chairs and Alexi picked it up.

"What's this?" Alexi asked as she took a good look at it. The silk was soft and  
felt nice in her hands, but the robe was clearly too short.

Andrea smiled at Alexi. "Go ahead and put it on. It's a gift for you and Tom from me."

"But it's too short - I think you got the wrong size. Can it be returned?"

"It doesn't need to be. I measured it and it will fit you perfectly. Go on. Put it on so I can see."

Alexi shrugged and slipped her arms into the flowing sleeves, and then pulled the front closed and cinched it with the attached silk belt. The robe stopped at her upper thighs and if it was even an inch shorter then her pubis would be showing. "It's too short," she said while trying to push down the length, "I'm so sorry but it is."

Andrea laughed quietly. When Alexi looked up at her with an eyebrow raised, she just smiled enigmatically.

Alexi mock glowered at her. "Spill it... now..."

"Go and get our salads from the fridge. The chicken is heated in the microwave. And I'll tell you a story." Andrea couldn't keep the grin off her face as she caught a glimpse of Alexi's rounded ass cheek slip out under the robe as she went by into the kitchenette.

Grabbing the plates and taking out the salad, Alexi had to bend forward. She could feel that any bending at all left her completely exposed. Bending to the small fridge all but put her in position to be penetrated. "I'm still waiting," Alexi said with a bit of her own amusement slipping into her voice. She turned to get the chicken out of the microwave and mix that into the salad on the plates.

"So Tom and I were shopping - and he wanted to take me shopping for lingerie." Andrea let the bomb drop on Alexi, but Alexi just shrugged it off. She knew Tom took Andrea shopping, and it only made sense that he would take her places other than the Ranger Surplus.

"Anyway, they never have anything my size so we ended up shopping for you. And he kept picking out these hot little numbers that would turn you into a porn starlet while I kept picking out comfortable stuff for relaxing in." Andrea looked up as she remembered that day. "He was also driving the store ladies crazy. They would offer to help, and he'd send them on wild goose chases. Finally the manager told them to leave us alone as obviously we weren't buying." She snickered.

Both Andrea and Alexi muttered "Big mistake" at the same time and burst out

smiling. They knew how Tom shopped and how poorly he reacted to rude service people.

Alexi set dinner down at the table and sat down in the chair next to Andrea to start eating. She fussed with her bottom and finally gave in to the fact that it was going to be bare on the chair. The robe was too short to be pulled down to cover anything while sitting. "So what did he do to her?"

Andrea shrugged. "It's not super important, but if you want to know then I'll tell you and get back to the story. After the store manager had made her comment, he went up to the counter and said he needed a receipt that he had lost. They were reluctant to help him so the manager came over. He had her pull it up based on his credit card. The manager had the computer looking and asked him why, and he said he'd be making some returns of items that his lady friend had not opened and didn't like." She made a silly face at Alexi. "Apparently it was stuff he'd bought for you already which he was showing me as we shopped to gauge my reaction. He wanted to surprise you. Anyway... the manager pulls up the receipt and suddenly starts addressing him as mister while he still asks for the receipt print out. She assures him if he can just tell her the size then anything that doesn't fit can be exchanged and they'll have it ready. He just smiles," she nodded at Alexi and they knew the predatory smile Andrea meant, "and takes the print out with a thank you."

Andrea paused to ask Alexi to get them both something to drink. When Alexi stood up she tried to smooth down the front of the robe and Andrea swatted her hand. "Don't honey, you're meant to be on display."

With a glare Alexi went to fetch juice feeling Andrea's eyes on her ass the whole way to the kitchenette and back. Again she felt her bottom completely exposed when she bent to get the orange juice out of the fridge. But Alexi smiled at herself knowing Andrea couldn't see her ass because of the counter top. It was a bit of a tease really, and she was starting to appreciate that.

Andrea continued her story. "So Tom walked with me out of the store, and I thought that was it. Instead we go all the way out to the car and he asks for a hand. Turns out he had like a half dozen bags of stuff from that store for you. Then we march back in and he returns everything - matching the store receipt with the receipt he had in his wallet all along." She laughed and took a sip from the juice Alexi set down on the table. "The manager was, well, she was furious but did a good job of containing it. Finally she asked if there was anything Tom wanted. And he pointed to a single silk robe. She didn't have the right size though, and they just put everything back on his card and we left."

Alexi pointed at the robe. "Is this it?"

"Yeah. Tom was so furious that he returned about a thousand dollars worth of stuff. He had apparently spent a few hours shopping with little to no help the day before and the manager's snide comment put him over the edge. I went out later that night and swung by the store that had the right size - the manager had offered to have it brought over but he declined - and got it for you both. I figured a stupid person shouldn't stop him from being happy and the robe seemed a nice compromise between the porn attire and the comfy stuff I was suggesting."

Alexi chewed and swallowed. "It's still too short, Andrea."

"No, not really," she smiled. Andrea's eyes glittered with her amusement. "You are so worried about impressing him by being open - and he just wanted you to dress a bit more revealing and be more openly sexual. Kind of a funny disconnect, eh?"

"Oh! That's not even funny... So did he buy anything for you? I thought that was where this story was going."

Andrea nodded. "Yes, he asked where I shop for lingerie and I said I didn't wear hardly any. Because if I'm feeling that sexy I just take the stuff off anyway. So he asked me where I shopped for boxers and bras and such. So I told him I usually go to Kohl's. So he made a few calls, asked me if I would go to Chicago with him, and when I said no he took me to a shop he said the people who buy locally swear by. Best fitting and service I've ever gotten. But I didn't want him spending a lot of money on me, and you know my budget is already accounted for, so I only let him get me two bras to try. And then he still snuck in and bought me a complete refresh of bikini cut panties and boxers." She looked at Alexi and smiled. "He does try very hard to take care of me without pushing sexy. He leaves you to be the sexy one, just the way you like it."

Alexi was past the initial shock that Tom had gone out and spent so much on her only to return it. She wondered what she would have done about that kind of generosity. While she was pondering, Andrea continued talking. Her own fatigue made her a bit out of it and after their cuddle she felt like sharing. "I think it's my fault in part - the shopping for you and even the returning it. I had suggested you like being sexy, and I think he wanted something nice for you. But Tom is so deep into overkill at times, and as soon as I cast any doubt on his choices he probably read that as he was being too serious on you. I might have been," she added with a wink, "a bit jealous too."

"I'm... well I'm surprised he did that. I didn't expect anything from him like that."

"Yeah, and it could have been pretty awkward. Which raises an interesting question. Why buy it beforehand and then test it on me? Was he just trying to take care of you? Was he trying to involve me after the fact? I would have never known he had that stuff in the back - it was under a blanket so it couldn't be seen. I can't be sure if it was my blessing he wanted or if he was just double checking."

Alexi took a sip of juice while thinking out loud. "Probably double checking. He hates returning stuff. And he was going pretty far out on a limb. So he test shopped with you, and when his 'model' - as he would say - was proven inaccurate then he took a step backward and started working on it all over again." She sighed. "Of course I would have loved some sexy lingerie."

"Oh hush! You would just complain that it makes you look disproportionate. Like you always do!"

Alexi snickered, "Oh really? Is that why you never get me anything?"

"Yes, you would. And stop smoothing the silk down or I'll slap your hands again, silly. As for buying you things - that's what men are for, remember?" Andrea snorted a little and ate some more of her dinner. The salad was a little less crisp, but the chicken was lovely.

"So why am I wearing this, Andrea? Seriously. It's too small."

Andrea reached out and stroked Alexi's chin so they were looking into each other eyes. "Because if part one of the lesson is that you need to do what you're asked without question," she stroked a fingertip over Alexi's lips and Alexi kissed it, "then part two is learning you are sex on display for Tom so he knows you are always ready."

Andrea got up and kissed Alexi on the head. Picking up the dishes and glasses she took them to the sink. "Those two things are more important than being stretched open and wearing big toys and all of that. You read the stories and understood Tom wants certain physical attributes. But I spend time with Tom and I read the stories, and while the attributes may change from story to story - those two things are consistent in the stories and in his life. He gets very frustrated with people who say they'll do something and when he tells them to do it then they hesitate or don't do it all. And he wants to hear, to see, to know, and to have that knowledge reinforced repeatedly that you are a sexual animal as well as intelligent and devious and participating in his plans."

Andrea walked back to the dining table. "So before we put in the collar for the night, I want to try to see how well you can do just being told to do things and putting yourself on display. I'm going to video it, and believe it or not for

Tom it'll be as hot as watching all those toys you were fucking this morning." She took Alexi's hand and guided her up to her feet. Then she kissed her mouth while her hands stroked over Alexi's bare ass cheeks.

Alexi gave in to the kiss, but she was still thinking about what Andrea was suggesting. How many times had Tom asked her to do something, but she'd been distracted and he had just gone done it himself? How many times had he just kept walking while she meandered, and she had to catch up? Perhaps her fear of losing Tom, of being rejected by Tom, was simply a recognition that he gave her every chance to be there and do things with him, but she wasn't acting out her part. It was a sinking feeling which made Alexi a bit nervous. Luckily Andrea didn't let Alexi dwell long on those doubts.

"Now I'm going to sit over here," Andrea said while leading Alexi in front of the couch. "While you do what I ask try to stay between the tape I marked on the floor." Andrea gestured to two straight lines of masking tape on the floor running from the couch to the wall about six feet apart. "That way keeping you in the camera frame will be easier."

Then Andrea sat down, picked up one of the digital cameras and put it on a tripod that Andrea moved between her knees. "Ready, lights, action," Andrea said with a short laugh.

Alexi just stood there looking at Andrea waiting to know what she was supposed to do. It was the first thing the camera caught, and Andrea thought it was perfect. "Ok. Now I want you to show off that wonderful robe for me. Start by walking from one side to the other please."

With a bit of a hesitation Alexi shook her head and then walked over to the masking tape to her left and turned to walk the other way. The short cut robe left a bit of Alexi's buttocks visible with each step, but definitely in more of a teasing way than blatantly sexual. Alexi could feel the silk around her waist as well, where the belt cinched it snug to her skin. She walked normally while looking occasionally to the side at Andrea.

"Put some sashay into it! Let's see how you move that body!" Andrea called out in a mock falsetto.

Alexi snorted and did an exaggerated catwalk step the rest of the way. She rounded on the camera when she got to the masking tape. "Is that what you wanted?"

"Did I say talk? I didn't think so! Models are gorgeous - not commentators. Now let's show off that beautiful body. Strut like you mean it, sister!" Andrea couldn't keep her own self-amusement out of her voice. "I want to see

your moves. I want to see the alley cat right here and right now!" She knew it was all just ridiculous banter, but it was the setting that mattered. She'd taken Alexi to more than a few bars with drag queen nights, and Andrea was certain Alexi would remember the various way the queens showed off their stuff if encouraged to.

Despite trying to be irritated, Alexi had to admit it was pretty funny. Andrea had a subtle sense of humour at times but now she was just being silly. So Alexi worked herself into the spirit and sauntered back and forth while Andrea continued to demand crazy things. When Alexi moved with a more energetic bounce in her step, she was realized that the waist belt didn't prevent the top of the robe from hanging a bit open. Her breasts and cleavage were more noticeable when she moved just right, and her steps would a jiggle into her C cups that Alexi could show off as well. Andrea called out again, and again, and eventually they were both in stitches as Andrea's silly imitation of drag queen show announcers got more and more twisted and Alexi worked her body showing off on video for Tom to see.

Still feeling a bit merry after having Alexi parade around, jiggle her breasts about, and even skip so her ass cheeks flared in and out of visibility, Andrea made herself be a bit more serious. She had thirty minutes of loosening Alexi up on video, and now was the real thing. She smiled as she said it but the command still came through clearly. "Show us your pussy, Alexi."

Alexi caught the change in tone and she knew this was now the real thing. She'd been enjoying herself, Andrea had made her laugh so hard her belly ached, but there was work to do. Without a word she untied the robe and pushed it apart with her hands pinning the silk to her outer thighs. She turned slightly to square off to the camera, stepped her legs apart and thrust out. Alexi's swollen labia were plainly visible - the thick skin folds were curled up on each other, bunching along the line of her opening.

"Now pull those lips out and show us your pussy hole."

Alexi reached between her thighs and carefully gripped her thick labia and pulled them apart. There was some pain and ache, but nothing too bad so Alexi kept going until she was certain she could feel air going in and out of her opening.

"That's nice... really nice. Now turn around and let's see those pulled down between your thighs."

Alexi let go, turned around, spread her feet a bit further apart, and then gripped her lips and pulled them down again.

"Straight down... straight down. That's it. I want to see those lips hanging under your ass cheeks."

Alexi winced with some pain from the stretching but kept a firm grip. She was starting to feel some wetness from her pussy, and her fingers were getting slick.

Andrea took a deep breath. The pose was perfect in some respects. Alexi's hair flowed into her smooth back which flowed into her slightly wider hips. The curve of her bottom and the shape of her thighs framed the top and sides of a very natural trapezoid. And coming from the top of that shape the stretched labia formed a wonderful tall and narrow arch - Alexi's fingers in the front did not obscure how the skin stretched taut from her anus and down. Like this Alexi embodied a mixture of natural shapes and curves in the framing of regular geometric structures.

"Now bend forward slowly. Don't let go of those lips. Show us your openings."

Alexi tipped forward, shrugging and turning her head so her hair mostly fell in front of her left shoulder. She was losing her grip on her labia and the position was straining her balance so she had to concentrate on what she was doing and nothing else.

The view was gorgeous. Andrea was looking right into Alexi's pink pussy, the lips pulled more to the sides than down as Alexi adjusted positions, and Alexi's anus was now visible placed low between her buttocks. Andrea encouraged Alexi to keep bending forward until it was clear she could go no further, and then Andrea told Alexi to stand back up.

"Ok. Turn back to me and let's see you pull those nipples out."

Alexi turned. Whether Andrea realized or not, Alexi's fingers were slick with her juices now. She stroked her nipples but had to squeeze very hard to grip them at all. Andrea just enjoyed the process and the show. When Alexi finally had her nipples pinched and pulled out enough to distort her C cup breasts into a cone shape, Andrea relented with a smile.

"That's good. You looked super hot. Anything you want to add?"

Without hesitation Alexi let herself take a step or two back and leaned against the wall. She spread her feet apart, and thrust her pussy forward. Saying nothing, letting the silk robe fall back behind her buttocks, Alexi began masturbating with her fingers stroking her labia and clitoris. She fought to keep her head up and facing the camera, watching Andrea's complete attention focused on her pussy. It only took Alexi a minute or so to build up to a small



orgasm, and when she was done she stroked her fingers in and out of her juices to make them extra slick. Then Alexi stood up straight on slightly unsteady legs, and slipped off the robe without touching the silk with her wet hands. Turning around she bent forward until one hand and her forehead were against the wall. Then Alexi reached back with her wet fingers, and Andrea watched as Alexi presented her ass and began finger fucking it.

Alexi kept quiet and breathed. She concentrated on the feelings coming from her fingers and her body. Alexi could tell Andrea was completely frozen - watching her openly finger herself. It was something she had never done, not put on display, certainly not like this, for anyone. Her ass wasn't as sore as her cunt, but it still took some effort to keep pushing her two fingers in and out. It seemed to be too little, too inconsequential. Alexi contented herself with remembering in a week that she would be using a full fist instead. She worked a third finger in, but that was as far as the pain inside would allow her to go. Alexi's entire pussy mouth had been severely stretched and fingering her ass meant pushing on that bruised flesh from beneath the floor of her pussy.

Andrea watched Alexi's pussy hanging open beneath the fingers Alexi was driving in and out of her sphincter. Andrea's own pussy was melting, and she had to focus to make sure she didn't make any noise the camera would pick up. There was a perfection to the quiet, being only able to barely hear the wet sounds Alexi's ass was increasingly making. Andrea had always wanted the Alexi that fucked men, the one who was a sexual performer versus the comfortable and casual lover that they were to each other. And somehow she had found out how to get a slice of that, and it caused Andrea to feel feverish with lust. Alexi kept going and going, and Andrea was letting her weight push her own pussy into the couch cushion looking for some resistance or pressure or contact with anything. Then Alexi shuddered, her fingers faltering, and losing their rhythm. Alexi slowly pushed off the wall on wobbly legs and turned around.

"Are we done? Was that good enough?" Alexi asked softly.

Andrea gulped and nodded. And then turned the camera off and went to Alexi to cover her in kisses and not so casual grinding thrusts. She pushed Alexi up against the wall and forced her pussy against Alexi's thigh while their tongues pushed back and forth into each other's open mouths. Alexi reached down and pulled Andrea's bucking hips tighter against her bare thigh, feeling the soft cotton of Andrea's pajama bottoms and the heat radiating from Andrea's pussy. She was careful to keep Andrea from pressing too hard into her own lips - as soon as Andrea applied any pressure Alexi was immediately reminded of how bruised her sex had become.

As the two tangled, Alexi felt the escalating need in Andrea but couldn't slow her down enough to satisfy it. The taller woman finally managed to get her

thigh fully between Alexi's legs, and Alexi simply had to bear how her sore pelvis was being smashed as Andrea sought release. Using her strength to reduce Alexi to a rag doll, Andrea scissored on Alexi's thigh while pulling Alexi up by the breasts. The stretching ached across Alexi's abdomen but her strong lover would not be denied. Alexi pushed her hand down against Andrea's pelvis and got Andrea to shift position enough to allow her to claw at Andrea's labia and clit with hard fingertips. Still levering Andrea away, Alexi kept the pressure up until finally she got four fingers sunk into Andrea's soaked pussy. Andrea then remounted Alexi's thigh - crushing Alexi's palm into her clit and the fingers forced to go along with the grinding thrusts that followed.

Andrea's juices flowed out into Alexi's palm, the heat and pressure crushing and distorting thick labia folds against finger knuckles. Alexi's thumb was contorted and dug into the side of Andrea's thigh. Breathing hard from her excitement, Andrea held Alexi tight and kissed her forehead and cheeks and mouth all while riding Alexi's hand. Andrea only broke off when she finally felt a small release, her pussy madly spasming from having nothing deep enough to grip, and Alexi's fingers were drenched in a flood of juice that wet Andrea's pajamas and thighs.

They slowly disentangled, and Alexi nursed her crushed and mangled hand while leaning forward into Andrea's D cup breasts. Andrea stood still, breathing heavily and trying to regain her composure. Finally the hard deep breaths shifted to a more evenly paced and shallower rhythm, and Andrea kissed Alexi's forehead and then leaned her face against Alexi. Alexi's skin felt cool compared to her own sweaty flush cheeks, and Andrea let out the contented sigh of a well fed lioness.

Then Andrea leaned back and took stock of what a mess she was. "Oh jeez, I need to wash up now," she muttered. Alexi let out an exhausted snicker. "What's that for?"

Alexi looked up at Andrea with a soft smile. "I guess you liked the show."

"Oh yeah. It was... You were amazing. And beautiful. And sexy."

Alexi squeezed Andrea's arm with her good hand, and then groaned as she moved and felt how sore her thigh and pelvis were. "Ugh..." she said. "I'm really sore even on the outside."

Andrea ran a strong hand over Alexi's head, stroking the hair down, and then lightly massaged her shoulder. "That's probably my fault. Why don't you try and use the bathroom while I rinse off and change into fresh pajamas? You might want to just take it slow."

Alexi agreed and headed to the bathroom, while Andrea made her way to the adjoining bedroom and hopped into her shower for a quick rinse off and change of clothes.

---

By the time Andrea rejoined Alexi in the bedroom it was pretty late. Alexi's pussy ended up rubbed raw from Andrea's rough attentions, and they were both ready to call it a night. Andrea encouraged Alexi to accept a small compromise for the night based on all their progress. So instead of the rubber collar, Andrea very carefully worked an inflatable dildo into Alexi's pussy and then inflated it as much as she could. Alexi was mildly disappointed it didn't get as big as the collar had, but even pumped up the smooth rubber was pulling things apart that felt very sore and deeply bruised. So Alexi wasn't going to fight things being comfortable but open enough for the night.

They were both so exhausted that getting Alexi's cunt to mostly full was more of a chore than a pleasure. There was no joking nor sexual banter - just a few "A little more" and a couple "Too much" shared between them as Andrea used the hand pump. Then Andrea laid down next to Alexi, spooning in her back, and passed out. Alexi was awake a little longer, nagged by something she meant to do but was too tired to put her finger on, and not feeling too comfortable after all because the inflatable dildo made her feel like she needed to use the bathroom.

Andrea's last thoughts as she slipped into her dreams were about fussing with cameras and laptops to upload video and pictures, making a note to herself to do it in the morning since she was too tired to think straight. Andrea didn't even realize she was already asleep.

Alexi's dreams, when they came, were a bit darker and distorted by the aches and pains she was still suffering from. But she did sleep at last, though not very deeply. Her discomfort from the inflatable dildo in her pussy pushing against her walls lessened as the night progressed and the toy slipped further and further out. The silicon lube had reduced any friction that might have kept the toy in place, and the regular convulsing and pulsing of Alexi's vaginal walls squeezed and pushed on smooth rubber shaft while she slept. A small victory for muscles and tissue overstretched and well worked over the prior day.

---

(to be continued)

---

by Max

-----

This DRAFT is provided for your enjoyment. Please support the author with your

purchases and by promoting published stories. Max (  
<http://bit.ly/CherishDesireMax> and <http://bit.ly/CherishDesire> )

PUBLICATION (TBD)

Keep up with the latest Alexi & Andrea stories: [http://bit.ly/Ladies\\_AlexiAndrea](http://bit.ly/Ladies_AlexiAndrea)

-----

Pursuant to the Berne Convention, this work is copyright with all rights reserved by its author unless explicitly indicated. Non-commercial re-posts to web or similar venues are allowed provided copyright information remains on the re-posted story. Please do not delete the copyright information. No commercial reprints are authorized.

-----