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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 8)

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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 8)

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  
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Bestiality

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DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 8)  
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written by Max  
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Morning came with a bit of a start. Alexi needed to pee badly and fumbled with  
the covers and the rubber hose from the inflated dildo by her calf. When she  
finally freed her legs and was able to get up, the motion of sitting felt like a  
gut punch - her abdomen and pelvis sore and grumpy from the vigorous workout the  
day before as well as the few hours spent sleeping before Alexi's vaginal  
muscles had pushed the inflatable toy out.

With sleep still in her eyes and holding her abdomen as she slumped forward a

bit at the end of the bed, Alexi tried to piece together what was going on. The pain jabs hadn't cycled fully out of her system so her memory was a bit more foggy than usual. In the meantime all of Alexi's struggles had woken Andrea who yawned and stretched and then took a quick look at the toy and the slick trail on the rumpled bed sheets.

"Huh. Pushed it right out. I should have expected that." She turned to Alexi and kissed her hair. "Best go use the bathroom and wipe yourself down. I'll clean up this mess and start some breakfast before I jump in the shower."

Andrea slipped out of bed in a single flow of motion that put the broad shouldered tall amazon on her feet. Her backup pajama bottoms were cotton white with a print of little gnomes dancing hand in hand. Alexi watched those dancing gnomes on Andrea's legs as her friend took powerful strides out of the bedroom and into the living room.

Andrea really wasn't a morning person, but Alexi had noticed how when her friend was on a mission that Andrea never let being tired or sore get in her way.

Alexi, on the other hand, really needed time to get her mind focused and sorted.

So she sat for a bit, listening to the sounds of the hotel, gathering her thoughts and waiting for the aches in her stomach to go away. When they didn't and she realized she'd been sitting for a good ten minutes, Alexi finally admitted her best bet was the bathroom and then a long shower to soak everything out. She reluctantly got off the bed and on to her feet, pleased to discover the cramping was a bit less intense standing up. Then she grabbed the inflated rubber dildo, still full of air and fluffed up, and made her way into the large bathroom.

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Ordinarily Alexi was the one who made sure to turn on lights and open blinds, but with the way her head hurt she was content with just flipping the switch for the shower overhead light and keeping the rest of the bathroom in the shadows. The mirror over the double sink vanity bounced enough of the light around to make sure everything was at least dimly lit anyhow, and Alexi was pretty sure turning on the bank of bright vanity lights would simply stab out her eyes.

Alexi wasn't sure why her head felt as bad as it did - not realizing she should have worked at keeping much more hydrated before and after having the several shots to minimize her pain during their stretching sessions. So she just kept everything - her motions, her environment, her plans - very low key while her brain was knitting itself together and waking up from her dark deep slumber with a fugue and dull roar.

She was grateful that there was only a slight stinging and burning while

urinating. A few tears were still complaining and any contact was an irritant. So Alexi took extra care to be very gentle as she applied the wet wipes to her labia up to her clitoris. Everything was still puffy and swollen, though more casually so. The outer bruising had largely faded though Alexi could still feel she was sensitive and probably had deep lasting bruises inside of her vaginal opening. Only the burning further inside remained from the urine and wipes after she was done.

At this point Alexi was awake enough to start thinking through her lists of tasks to do and goals to be achieved. Despite their plans, the prior day had gotten away from Alexi and Andrea so she needed to make sure they were back on track. Alexi went up to the counter and washed her hands, looking at the lines of her knuckles and on her palms in the dim light as she continued thinking. Her biggest question was what to do to get the momentum going again, followed closely by how hard to push through the next few days.

She could readily feel how sore she was. Alexi knew this was going to be a hard challenge. She picked up the inflatable toy and put it in the sink and began to wash it. Inflated like it was, the rubber was smooth and supple. Deflated it had more texture and bumps as part of the dildo's design. The soap didn't really remove the lube, only working the toy back and forth under the water was working to rinse away the lingering silicon lube. By the time Alexi was satisfied the toy was clean, the counter was a mess with water everywhere.

She chuckled to herself. Learning about the big toys was going to be a challenge. First lesson - always strap them in so they won't just pop out. Second lesson - best to wash them in the shower so you don't splash water all over the darn place.

Checking the goosebumps on her bare arms, Alexi added a third lesson - have the shower ready and warmed up to jump into when you're done washing toys because being splashed with water makes you awfully cold. Laughing to herself made Alexi's head feel a bit better, and she stepped over to the shower with a smile on her face and started the hot water. It got warm quickly, and the slightly rougher non-slip tiles felt good on her feet as the hot water streaming down from above soaked and heated her shoulders and arms and ran down her back to her buttocks and thighs.

A splash of citrus body wash added a lovely smell, and Alexi decided this was a good day to get things going right.

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Andrea was putzing in the kitchenette and living room. She grabbed some orange juice and some yogurt, and walked over to the cameras one by one. She had to

extract the batteries and memory cards on every one she had used, and then sat down at the dining table with those in hand and her laptop ready. While the video and photo files copied to her laptop, Andrea pulled out her bag of chargers and a twelve socket octopus extension plug. She had to get up to plug it into the wall socket, then she sat down again and matched charger to battery, plugged each charger in, until she had them all going at once.

The videos took a while to copy to her laptop. Some were a good 45 minutes long, which meant she was moving several hundred megabyte files. So Andrea had her yogurt, went back to the fridge and grabbed some sliced melon, ate that, and then decided to do her usual push-ups and sit-ups while she was waiting.

While doing her morning exercises Andrea heard Alexi start the shower, and took that as a good sign. Alexi had seemed particularly out of it this morning, so the fact she was motivated enough to wash up meant that she must be feeling a bit better. Plus the shower would help Alexi recover. Andrea checked the file copying, saw one card was nearly done, grabbed the USA Today from in front of the hotel room door, and skimmed it briefly while waiting. That last minute of copying actually took five minutes, but finally Andrea could pull that memory card out and put in the next one.

It was then that she noticed her phone sitting on the living room table where she had left it. While Andrea wasn't expecting any calls, she rarely let her phone get out of her sight. Tom was the same way - probably because he traveled so much. In Andrea's case it was more because her phone was the one reliable way anyone could reach her. She was really bad about checking email and social sites. Andrea went over and scooped up her phone intending on just tossing it on the table beside her laptop, but then she noticed she had two text messages.

"Hrmph, damn," she said to herself. Unlocking her phone, Andrea saw the messages were both from Tom. One was a checking on how everyone is doing - from around when Andrea and Alexi must have been talking and snuggling. The other was from late in the evening, probably after they had gone to bed. Andrea held her breath as she read it. "Alexi said she'd call. Guessing you guys got distracted. Just saying good night. Catch you tomorrow."

One of the reasons Andrea and Tom got along was because he was very direct about most things. One of the reasons why they had a few shouting arguments - which Alexi had not ever heard about - was because he let himself get really angry before Tom expressed his real feelings. Tom's text was all about him being unhappy.

The first argument Andrea and Tom had was over where to grab a quick meal. Tom asked Andrea for a suggestion, and she suggested they go someplace he liked since they always went with where she wanted to go. So he asked what kind of

food she was in the mood for, and she said she was good with anything. Tom hemmed and hawed a bit and then took them to a burger place he liked. Andrea wasn't in the mood for burgers, and Fosters didn't have much else on the menu. So Tom asked her where she wanted to go. Andrea asked him to pick a different place. So Tom asked her what she wanted to eat. Andrea said she wasn't sure - just not burgers and fries and milkshakes.

Tom went ahead and ordered a burger and milkshake for himself. Andrea was thoroughly baffled. She asked if they were going someplace else, and he said sure. As soon as Andrea made up her mind. And while they were waiting on her, he was going to eat his lunch. Andrea started to say something to that and Tom simply put his fingers to his lips and said "It can wait. Now they make my food, we make small talk, they bring my food, I eat my first meal of the day at three o'clock in the afternoon, and then you tell me where you want to eat, and we go there."

Andrea thought at the time she was just going to haul off and deck Tom, but then she realized they had the attention of a dozen people around them. Feeling self conscious she looked at herself first, but there was nothing that should draw their attention and they hadn't raised their voices. Then Andrea looked at Tom.

His whole body sparked with hostility and rage. Andrea hadn't noticed the transition from hungry Tom to furious Tom, but everyone else did because his stance and motions all sounded a continual radiating and repeating note like a bell being beaten in a church tower. It had been a long time since anyone really tried to physically challenge Andrea. But Tom wasn't even doing that. He was simply so intent, so singularly focused, that all that he had was the anger that had apparently been building up all day over not being able to get a good meal on time.

So Andrea picked out a table and started walking to it. If she knew one thing then it was intense people - like Tom and Alexi - were best allowed to wind themselves back down rather than pushing a confrontation. And they sat. And Tom talked about the news he'd read the last couple of days. And they brought out Tom's food. And he ate it. And with half his milk shake left he piled everything into the burger basket and asked "So have you decided on where you want to eat?"

Andrea was not known for her patience. She almost decked him again right there and then. But instead she said she wasn't hungry. Tom nodded, got up, and they headed out to his SUV.

Once in the car, everything went down like a bad nightmare. Tom asked her what the fuck game she was playing. She asked him who the fuck he thought he was taking his bad morning out on her. Tom asked if this was how she usually

treated friends. Andrea said she knew Tom did this shit to everyone. The sparring and explicative loaded tirades lasted a good thirty minutes before Tom took a deep breath and asked "So where do you want to eat?" And then it started up all over again. In the end Andrea said she just wanted a salad so Tom started up the car and headed out for Panera. As they pulled by Fosters on their way out he pointed to the front window eight foot by four foot banner advertisement.

Andrea just about died when she saw "New - Salads Inside! Ask for our full menu!" Tom had known the restaurant had more than burgers and fries the whole time. But she had been too busy looking at the main menu wall to notice there were other options. Worse, the next time she went to Fosters with Tom - the full menu was right by the register next to the burger ordering pads. He wasn't just angry because he was hungry. He was angry because if she had told him what she wanted then he could have pointed out the other menu to her.

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From that argument on Andrea forced herself to try and see the world as Tom saw it. They had other arguments after that, but those were more on areas where she and Tom had different experience bases and ultimately had to explain to one another how those differences led to opposing conclusions. So him texting to point out first that Alexi said she would call, two that he was just saying good night, and three he would speak to them tomorrow was definitely a warning signal to Andrea. Andrea's interpretation was that because Alexi made a commitment, Tom had stayed up. He was angry because Alexi didn't live up to her commitment and presumably he would have done other things if he'd known she wasn't going to be calling. And there would be a reconciliation - possibly an unfriendly one - today about it so Tom could settle in his mind what to expect when Alexi said she was going to call. Last, he sent the text to Andrea because he was angry at Alexi and was trying to avoid being too blunt and counterproductive.

Given all the other things Alexi had promised, anyone else might just take it as being possessive or fussy. But Andrea's guess was that Tom interpreted Alexi promising a lot of big things in light of not living up to a little thing. In other words, Tom would think if Alexi couldn't take five minutes to call him then she was probably not going to follow through on commitments that took a lot more effort and doing. Tom was very funny about promises in general. He once referred to promises as "lies in the making" because so few people live up to promises they make. He told Andrea "Everyone is an expert at making excuses so everyone just presumes excuses are acceptable. I don't accept that. Some things are hard to do, and you should ask for help along the way. Not just turn in an excuse at the end and presume that's ok." When it came to promises and personal commitments, saying one thing and doing something different was really bad around Tom. Then making an excuse just made him feel you thought he was

stupid. It wasn't a winning strategy, and Alexi might be putting herself in a bad pickle.

Which made the missed phone call even more difficult because Tom wasn't going to accept "I forgot" without an explanation of why. Given his unhappiness with Alexi the prior afternoon, this would be another nail in the coffin if it wasn't handled right.

Andrea shook her head and grumbled. "Alexi is always getting me into trouble - sheesh." Then she refilled her orange juice and tried to plan out what to say to Tom.

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"I'm angry right now, maybe it's better I just talk to Alexi about this," Tom answered the phone.

Andrea let out a deep sigh. "You can if you want. She's in the shower right now though. Do you want me to make her call you back?"

"No, that's ok. It's not your problem. It's hers."

"Tom. I had to dose her pretty hard yesterday morning and the day before with pain jabs. You know how that stuff messes with your memory and sequence of events. I'm sure whatever she promised she can catch up with you on it."

"It was a phone call. I'll live. But she's not -"

Andrea interrupted, anticipating where Tom was going. "Not making a good impression? Tom, she's cried on my shoulder a couple of times now about how she is making mistakes with you. Do you really need to rub her failings in? She's human. She means well. She's not trained, and she doesn't know you well yet."

Tom's voice was softer when he responded. "Like you do."

"I only understand you because we see eye to eye on a lot of things. We've had discussions you haven't had with Alexi. We've had arguments that I think would shock her if she found out. That doesn't mean she won't be a better partner for you. It just means she needs to break out of old ideas and notions."

"You seem to have done better at that than her. And you and I spend a lot less time together than she expects from me."

"Uh huh. And all that extra time together, are you talking? Or just pillow talking? I'm aware of your roaming hands, mister." Andrea laughed easily. Tom

wasn't as angry as she had feared, just a bit disappointed and in the early stages of resentment.

"Ok - fair point. She spends more time kissing me than maintaining a dialog with me. But you know I'm just some fictional character to her. She doesn't know hardly anything about me and just makes up whatever she wants to believe."

"I used to think that was true too. But yesterday she got weepy eyed because we were getting rotisserie chicken on salad at the grocery store. And it reminded her of you and your favorite meal. I don't think you even know her favorite color, never mind her favorite food, so she may be winning in the reality corner."

Tom snorted. "Ok. So I have no idea about her favorite colour. Fair enough on that account. So what's her excuse?"

Andrea felt the delicate challenge in that question. She took her best shot at dodging the landmines. "No excuse. I don't think she remembered, and she didn't mention it to me so I didn't remind her. After your talk with her I was pretty upset - she looked heartbroken and I thought you had dumped her over the phone - and we ended up in a long talk. Then we did some other stuff and went to bed. So she could have called. There was opportunity to do so. But she just didn't."

"Hmmm... I forget things too. I worry about her distraction. I worry about her disconnect. And I worry about what she's doing. But I can't interfere. I think that would just make it worse or drive her to dangerous extremes. What's really motivating her, Andrea? What's causing this discontinuity in behaviour?"

"Fear."

"How so?"

"She's afraid of losing you. She's a bit insecure about herself. She wants something long term, but doesn't think she lives up to your standards. I'm trying to help a bit with that. But she's got a strong personality and she doesn't always listen to me."

"You know, these things are so much easier if they are talked out..."

"Yeah, I know. She's not so good at easy. She's always been an overachiever when it comes to men."

"And not so much of an overachiever for you?"

Andrea couldn't help but glimpse toward the wall where Alexi had given her an impromptu show masturbating herself. "Not until recently, really. She can be so super hot, Tom. Really dead sexy."

"Do tell..."

"I'd give you the details but you'll enjoy it more watching. I'm downloading a couple of gigs worth of video and photos from yesterday. Not sure if the hotel wifi will time out uploading it, but Alexi tells me you have access to her storage account so you'll see it soon enough. Just don't mind me bossing her to model for you, ok? Jump to the end if you must, but definitely watch the ending of that clip."

"You bossed her around? Was she protesting the whole time?"

Andrea laughed. "Nope. She's learning to keep her mouth shut and do what she's told. How awesome is that?"

"I wish I'd met you a long time ago. The women we could have trained. The world we could have ruled!" Tom's maniacal power hungry laugh was funny and chilling at the same time.

Andrea knew he meant the statement to be taken as a joke, but for Tom it was deadly serious as well. He'd commented more than once that Andrea should spend more time with him working on his 'social agenda' which included no small amount of organizing people to behave as he preferred. "Well, don't pat me on the back yet. I'm not sure how well it will stick. But it is something different. And when she is spontaneous too - Wow! You were so right about that by the way. It's one thing to have a woman do what you ask her to. It's a whole different and so much better thing when she volunteers and does what you've always wanted without you asking."

"Unless it's a big thing, and you're left in the dark about it," Tom grumped.

"This situation with Alexi would be far more exciting if it didn't feel like trouble."

"Meh. I'm here. I'll do what I can to make sure she delivers. And you can ask me for all the details later. Sound like a fair deal?"

"Best offer I've got really. Guess I better take it."

Andrea smugly replied "Well until I make it sweeter." She heard his silence and decided it was time to get off the phone before she got herself in trouble.

"Ok. I need to wash up and start files uploading. Catch you later!"

"Yep, talk to you then." Tom hung up and pondered what Andrea was up to. He figured he wouldn't hear from Alexi. But he was ok for the time being - and he had no doubt that had been the purpose of Andrea's call. The strange symbiotic relationship between Alexi and Andrea was interesting to see play out, but also a warning of things to come. If Alexi really wanted Tom to consider a long term relationship then there was no way it would work without Andrea being involved to smooth the way.

Tom spent the morning wondering if Alexi knew that.

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Andrea got off the phone with a sigh of relief. Tom was being very flexible and that made life a lot easier. But if Alexi continued pushing his buttons then it was going to get a lot worse because Tom didn't let mistakes go. Adding more mistakes and miscues would cause Tom's distrust and frustration to rapidly escalate, and Andrea didn't want to be around for the fallout on this one because both sides would be expecting something from her.

She shook her head and ran her hands through her short hair. The tangles here and there reminded Andrea she needed a shower. So she buckled down and checked on the memory card transfer to her laptop. It was still going. Andrea brought up a FTP upload tool anyway, connected to Alexi's EC2 storage, and then added folders for the new material. Then she set up the stuff she had already copied over to upload, and left everything running while she walked into her bedroom, grabbed fresh clothes, and then headed back to Alexi's bathroom.

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When Andrea came into the bathroom it was steamy and fogged up from the long shower Alexi was taking. She could hear Alexi talking to herself, going through a list of stuff to do and things to catch up on. It always amused Andrea that Alexi organized her day so verbally. Andrea preferred to write everything down, but both Tom and Alexi talked through a list of things to do each morning. Prior to Tom, Andrea had presumed it was just an Alexi thing - Alexi had been doing it since university - but now Andrea wondered if it was a 'consultant' thing because both Tom and Alexi worked with numerous clients and seemed to organize their days in a similar way.

For Andrea this was a decent way to learn a lot about both of them. She'd been eavesdropping on Alexi's morning lists for several years, and there was a lot of information about who Alexi was embedded in the priorities and tasks Alexi talked herself through each morning. With Tom, Andrea had to be in the master bathroom in the morning to hear what was going on in his life. That had only happened on a handful of occasions.

Tom's master bathroom had a garden tub that was big enough and deep enough for Andrea to soak in, and he'd convinced her that it was alright for him to come and go and even shower in the bathroom while she was taking a bath. So the first time Andrea got to hear Tom organizing his day was while she was stretched out in the garden tub, and he started mapping out finances and tasks, punctuated by scribbles in the fog on the swirled glass of the shower stall walls.

Andrea felt uncomfortable initially, she thought Tom was talking to her and she'd been uncomfortable with him that close while she was taking a bath to begin with. But when she recognized the pattern of his speech and realized he was doing something she'd only ever known Alexi to do, she felt comfortable again and even a bit amused. Settling into the bath with the aromatic salts soaking into her muscles, Andrea had listened and heard Tom walk through a handful of situations and solutions. While Alexi tended to talk about people centered scenarios with names, Tom talked more about finance, specific technology, and tasks in the order they needed to be done. It reminded Andrea of the difference between her coworkers who were RNs and LPNs who always were talking about the patient, and her coworkers who were administrators that always talked about the process and the steps to do and the forms to fill out.

Maybe it was that insight that made it easier for Andrea to deal with Tom. Alexi would probably notice the different perspective too if her heart wasn't so caught up in things. Andrea caught herself shrugging and going through her own mental checklist for the morning instead of listening to Alexi, and decided she really needed to get into the shower. She took a minute for a toilet break, then took off her pajamas, put them in a folded pile on the dry end of the sink counter, and then walked over to the shower stall.

Alexi didn't see Andrea until the glass shower stall door opened and she stepped in. The hot water seemed to last forever, and it had produced a lovely thick layer of steam that was clearing Alexi's head and making her sore parts feel much more relaxed and comfortable. Alexi moved to the side of the shower spray's path to allow her taller friend get into the water.

Alexi always felt that Andrea was prettiest in the morning. Alexi reached out and gently stroked her friend's cheek and neck, then ran her hands along the strong collarbone and then the smooth skin on her chest. With her head tilted back into the full blast of the shower, Andrea's neck and breasts were an open invitation.

Alexi only took partial advantage of that. She was more interested in watching the water, feeling the soft rounded curves, noticing the harder muscle and tone that defined Andrea's build, than oogling and sexually groping her friend. Still, Andrea was a beautiful woman in her eyes, and in the morning, before

Andrea hardened herself for another day, Alexi could enjoy the supple ease of her friend and lover's body.

Andrea washed her hair first, as she always did, and then rinsed it out. Then she took a break from washing to give Alexi a big hug and scoop her up off her feet and gently squeeze her against Andrea's ample breasts. She was tired still, and the call with Tom had been a bit draining, but so far the day was going well and she shared some joy with Alexi over that. Andrea's moods were always more likely to be expressed physically first, and Alexi was used to a happy Andrea hugging her with a powerful grip when things were going well. Alexi pecked Andrea on the cheek, and then Andrea set her down.

"Sorry I'm late. Someone - and we won't mention who - promised Tom a call last night, and I had to make a quick call and smooth over some ruffled feathers." She winked at Alexi. "You know if you need a personal assistant then I'm first in line if the pay and benefits are good."

Alexi laughed at their usual joke and tweaked Andrea's nipple. "Unfortunately you know I'm too cheap for you. I get all the benefits!" Then she turned a bit more serious. "Was he really that angry? I forgot all about it."

Andrea looked into her friend's eyes and stroked Alexi's wet long hair back out of her face. "Tom doesn't like it when people say one thing and do another. You know that. So yeah, given how uncomfortable he is with what is going on, I'd say he was pretty angry. But it was nothing I couldn't handle."

"Oh! Should I ask? Is he still mad?"

Andrea shrugged and picked up a scrubby and added some body wash to it. While lathering her arms and broad chest she continued, "It wouldn't be a good idea right now to make more promises without showing you are doing the easy ones. I warned you men are damaged goods. If you want Tom, and you say you do, then you cannot throw around commitments and then not follow through without rescheduling in advance. He remembers those and might as well be keeping a logbook with a score for how he hangs on to them."

Alexi frowned. "Great. So he's angry while I'm out here doing this. That is not the plan I had in mind. I should -"

"We had this discussion yesterday, Alexi," Andrea cut her off. "You cannot endlessly debate whether you want to continue on the plan you laid out or if you want to just pack up and head home and see if you can recoup some brownie points. That kind of indecisiveness isn't like you anyway. What would you say to a client who kept changing their mind like this?"

Alexi gave that some thought as she took the scrubby from Andrea and gestured for her friend to turn around so she could wash her back. "I guess..." she paused, "I guess I would tell them big decisions give everyone cold feet so they need to focus on the benefits so they can push through to completion." She gave it some more thought as she scrubbed Andrea's shoulders and worked her way down to Andrea's middle back with long back and forth strokes. "But this isn't work, Andrea. This is about a relationship."

When Andrea shrugged it was with her whole body, and Alexi could feel the way her muscles moved. She worked the scrubby lower and allowed herself the comforting luxury of stepping into her friend's firm buttocks and reaching around to slowly knead and massage Andrea's heavy breasts. Andrea reached behind her and pulled Alexi close, feeling Alexi's abdomen against her ass and breasts slightly crushed into her back. Then she let go and turned to kiss Alexi on the forehead.

"You're right," she said. "This isn't work. It's something much more important. So if your eye is on the prize, if you are committed to do these things for Tom and yourself, then you need to focus on the little stuff too. You're always looking at the big picture and people. But the devil is in the details, and Tom is the devil. You need to care about the little things too, because Tom certainly does. A missed phone call seems really silly," she stroked Alexi's cheek, "but it's a missed phone call after a call where he was already unhappy because you changed everything without telling him it was coming."

Alexi wanted to protest, Andrea could see it in her face and the way she was setting her shoulders. So Andrea put a big hand on each shoulder and used her thumbs to make Alexi look up into her face. "You can't fight him and win his love at the same time. He doesn't work that way. You say things like 'Tom hates surprises' and then you pull a monster sized one on him. He respects your freedom and your choices. He's just frustrated because you're not communicating and you're not giving him any warnings on what is coming next."

Alexi let her anger go and felt her own disappointment. She just couldn't seem to win. With despair clouding her eyes, she hugged Andrea close and let the warm water wash over both of them. "So what," she struggled a bit to keep her voice from cracking, "what am I supposed to do?"

Andrea broke their embrace and turned Alexi around so she could scrub her back. "You do what you set out to, honey. You prove to Tom you have a cunt and ass that are amazing. And you also pick up the phone and talk to him, get to know him, and keep the communication going. You cannot talk to a man every day for weeks and then just unplug. He's bound to suspect the worse."

"But I'm not doing anything!" Alexi turned around and caught Andrea in mid scrub. "I don't understand why he doesn't trust me!"

Andrea hung the scrubby back up on the shower hook. "Tom doesn't trust anyone, Alexi," she said very firmly. "If this was about trust then we should pack up this morning, go home, and you can spend the next few weeks hanging out with him more. That will build up better trust - presuming you pay attention to who he is and not who you want him to be." She paused and gave Alexi a severe look. "Tom isn't like your other boys. He's easily your equal or peer, and he's not just looking for sex or he would have jumped you the first week you were going out. So you need to start thinking about his motivations, not just yours."

Alexi didn't take the feedback very well based on her pursed lips and hardened facial expression. She took the scrubby back down and started washing her arms. "So you think I should just what? I know Tom as well as you do. You're not some oracle, you know."

Andrea smirked at Alexi and tried not to laugh. "Somebody's a little grumpy... somebody's gonna need a..." And then she grabbed Alexi by the waist, turned her around, and playfully swatted her bare ass while saying "spanking!" and bursting out laughing.

Alexi wasn't in the mood to be manhandled. She was angry and hurt and feeling more and more uncertain about what she was doing. But Andrea wouldn't let her go no matter how much she squirmed and pulled. Andrea's playful swats didn't hurt but they were definitely shaking her pelvis, and the impact of her buttocks into her labia was interesting. With no choice but to wait until Andrea was done, Alexi simply leaned into the tiled shower wall and waited it out.

Andrea desperately needed to change the topic. The last thing she needed was an argument with Alexi over who knew Tom best. It wouldn't be productive and the end result would be the silent treatment from Alexi for at least a few weeks. She was just starting to get used to all the girl attention, and Andrea didn't want to lose that. But once she realized Alexi wasn't playing along, Andrea stopped and stepped back into the shower.

"Sorry," she said while she re-rinsed off. "I just don't want to argue. We're here together, and we should be having a good time. Let's just finish washing up, get you some proper food, and then you can call Tom and the two of you can hash it out. Ok?"

Alexi straightened up and turned to get the scrubby down. She was unhappy. But what else could she do other than get the day going? They finished their shower in silence.

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Alexi was the first out of the shower, and took up her towel and began flat drying her hair between folds of terry cloth before wrapping herself in it. She was tempted to just hang out in the warm steam, but she just wasn't feeling it. Ordinarily a good shower, organizing her day, and some sexual attention made things feel ordered and good. But she was admittedly not feeling so good about anything.

When Andrea came out of the shower, she found Alexi sitting on the sink counter, knees to her chest, and a towel wrapped around her. Andrea shook her whole body, her muscles trembling and pulsing from the motion, and then pulled her own towel over her hair and face before walking over to Alexi while wrapping the towel around her, the tucked fold hanging from her busty torso.

"What's up, babe? Still not quite there?"

Alexi nodded grimly. She felt worn out and under the gun. They had so much to do and so little time.

"Ok, ok. Let me grab my phone and let's call Tom together. We both could use some motivation to get through today."

Alexi looked up at Andrea with a question on her face.

"I know I said we shouldn't talk to him too much, but you've got something you need to say - and he probably wants to know more about what is going on in your head." Andrea shrugged. "And while I think it's not the best idea, maybe it's the right path."

She strolled out of the bathroom and returned with phone in hand. Offering it to Alexi she said, "You can dial."

Alexi scrolled through her phone book and called Tom. She shifted it to speakerphone so they could both talk as it rang.

"Good morning." Tom's voice made it clear he was in business mode already.

Alexi spoke first, "Do you have time or are you bouncing between calls and stuff?"

Tom hesitated on the other end. He had been a bit of an ass the other day, and he should be more gentle with Alexi given all the things going on. "I can make time, but I do have a conference call in 20 minutes. What do you need?"

Andrea reached over and squeezed Alexi's arm. "I'll let you two talk. Good morning, Tom. I'm off to make breakfast for Alexi, catch you later."

"Right - talk to you later, Andrea. What's up Alexi?"

Alexi shifted the phone off speakerphone as she watched Andrea walk out. She pushed her damp hair away and put the handset to her ear. "I need to know you are ok. I need to know I'm doing the right thing, Tom. I'm not feeling so good today."

Tom frowned. He could tell Alexi was in a tough spot, but he also knew she put herself in that position. It wasn't something he could undo or even guide her out of. "So let's unpack some of that, kiddo." He tried to put a smile back into his tone. "What about me do you need to know is ok?"

"I want you to, well, want me. I'm not sure, really not sure any more..." Alexi trailed off, uncertain what to say.

"I do want you, Alexi. The person coming between you and I is you right now. So tell me what I can participate in, what I can do, and then I can be more involved."

"But you said I was in a buffer, you pushed me away, and I'm trying to do all this..." Her free hand was gesturing to her body, but Tom wasn't there to see it. She allowed herself a stifled sob of frustration.

"Hey now. Andrea's going to kick my ass if she thinks I made you cry. And I did say I'm trying to give you room to do what you believe you need to do. But if you were here - mounted on my cock, curled up in my lap, watching a DVD while I worked - I'd accept you just the same. I just need you to communicate enough that I don't have to worry about the worst case scenario."

"And what's that? What does that mean?" Alexi's voice was edged with anxiety, the sound more shrill than usual in Tom's ear. Her own level of emotions and even a bit of panic was surprising to Alexi, but she couldn't hold it back.

"I meet this really nice person whom I really enjoy. I hang out with her a lot while I can. Things go slow mostly because I want to make sure she is comfortable. We finally have an amazing night together. And then she makes lots of promises, recants, and dumps me because of her own anxieties and fears. That's the worst case."

Alexi sniffled a bit before asking "So you're worried I'm breaking up with you?"

"Yes. I'm worried you already have actually. And all the promises are just

that last mad gasp before your realize you want something else."

"Like Andrea? Or what else?"

Tom shrugged on his end of the phone. It was rather difficult explaining how he saw the flow of people's behaviours. "Just something else. If you were happy, content, and enjoying time with me then it seems quite odd you would basically run off. If you were accepting of me and how I feel about you then it seems quite deliberate that you have broken away from that." He sighed out loud for Alexi to hear. "At any rate, I accept that maybe I'm not what you want. I just wish you could be honest-"

Alexi cut him off. "I do want you! I want you to want me!"

"Then Alexi, why are you far away from me? Why did you ditch me the morning after?"

"Oh shit, Tom. That's not it at all. Not at all. I just know you want me to be more. Need me to be more. I can't be just, well, just like this..."

"Did you ask me? Did I volunteer something? Did I say 'Alexi, I need you to be someone else'? Or are you just fabricating this need based on assumptions you've made?"

"I just want you to be happy with me." Alexi paused and took a deep breath. "I just want you to want me."

"And if I say I do can you accept that?"

"Not right now. I'm not special. I'm not all those things that you want..."

"You're fabricating and projecting, Alexi. I want you. I enjoy you. If I didn't want or enjoy you then I wouldn't spend time with you. I'm very simple on the surface."

"But not below the surface. You're hungry. I want to feed you. I want to do for you what other women won't. I want you to look to me for those things."

Tom blew a low whistle. "Ok. So you are going to open yourself up for me. And you are going to play with bigger toys for me. And you are going to do other things too. I appreciate that. But it's not necessary."

Alexi struggled with the right words. "Appreciate isn't the same as needing me. I want you to need me, Tom." She stumbled a bit. "I want you to want and need me."

"That's not something I can let happen if I cannot expect consistency from you, Alexi. And you're being very inconsistent."

"That's because I have a lot of work to do! You don't understand. I can't even compete with your past girlfriends." She let out a agonized whimper while squeezing her knees tighter to her chest on the counter.

Tom forced himself to slow down. "Alexi. There are reasons why they are 'past' girlfriends and play partners. Consistency is a big one. I don't like broken promises. I don't like being broadsided. I do like regular and repetitive behaviours that reinforce a sense of stability." His breathed in deep and let it out. "How do we get you on track to demonstrate stability? Are you coming back in two weeks and all of a sudden you'll be stable? Will I know what to expect and who you want me to approve of then?"

"I tried to tell you yesterday but you wouldn't listen. I can tell you what I'm doing. I sent you pictures and video to show you I'm working on it." Alexi was frustrated but starting to feel like she was on more solid ground. Her chest had stopped seizing up and words were coming easier. "What is it you want to know? What do I need to say?"

"That's my point, Alexi. You've said a lot. But you're not right here, living it as we speak. Furthermore you're rushing a lot. So there's a good chance you are racing to get somewhere, but I'm not sure where that really is for you. I'm pretty confident saying sexual exploration is a really important element in our lives. I'm not so certain that this sort of rapid extreme exploration is a mark of stability though. Even if you do all the things you've talked about."

There was a silence as Alexi tried hard to digest what Tom was saying, and Tom held back from saying anything more. The balance between them was pretty shattered at this point, and Tom simply couldn't allow himself to get sucked in to enable Alexi further by just fixing it on the fly. She had to step up to the situation at hand and start communicating her direction and connecting that with tangible activities for Tom to participate in.

Alexi hung her head a bit and struggled with all this. She was feeling the ache in her belly, and the bad shakes were threatening to come back. She reached out blindly and was surprised to find Andrea right there. Strong fingers stroked her arm and a kiss was placed on top of Alexi's head without a word. She drew strength from that, and forced herself to straighten up a bit. Andrea just stood their passively, in khakis and a red tshirt, and allowed Alexi take strength from her quiet presence.

"I don't want to make you late for your call, Tom. I don't know exactly where

to go from here."

"I know," he said simply and there was a lot of tired experience in the tone of his voice.

"So what should I do? What can I do?"

"You keep coming back to this single position - that it's up to me to tell you what to do to either please or win me. And I keep telling you to communicate, explore, participate, and do things together. Be consistent. Be structured. The problem right now is you are violating all of those, and promising so much but without the credibility of consistency nor structure to back it up."

"Would it have been better if I had let you fist me the other night?"

"Maybe. Probably not though. It's not about the specific actions. It would have been better if you had positioned it as 'This is what we can always do' and proven it a few times before saying 'I won't be able to do this for another two weeks.'"

"I don't understand that though. I mean it's harder on me."

"Is it? Really? You just did a full bait and switch, and followed it with a long string of rather fabulous promises. But destroyed a lot of my trust in you so those promises sound rather bittersweet. Then you sent me a pile of videos showing your sexual exploits with another woman, apparently going on while we've been dating. I'm familiar with a lot of kinks and fetishes. I'm ok with non-exclusive dating in general. Can't say I can exactly pin down what you're up to though over the last few days. There are a lot of mixed messages coming from you."

"I didn't... I mean... it wasn't..." Alexi sobbed a bit and Andrea stroked her hair back from her forehead. She forced Alexi to look up, and simply smiled at her.

Then Andrea said "He sees the disconnect between words and actions. Don't you think you better start telling him what actions you can do now?"

Tom heard Andrea but didn't comment. He expected that Alexi's scared tone and emotional outbursts would bring her back from preparing breakfast. Andrea had been taking care of Alexi for years and they had a strong bond. It was interesting how Andrea was leveraging that bond in support of Tom though. Worth asking about at some point but not now.

Alexi sniffled a bit more, and then she blew her nose with the tissue Andrea

handed her. "Tom. I don't want these to be false promises. I want them to be everything you could hope for. I'm just not so good at it yet. I need you to be more supportive."

Tom may have let a low growl escape from his throat. He hated that line more than most. He checked the time - five minutes before he needed to dial in. The poor bastards on the conf call were probably going to take the brunt of his mounting anger and resentment over this situation. He picked up his home line handset so it'd be ready to dial and brought up the invite with the dial in number from his work webmail.

"I know you're not saying anything because you're not happy," Alexi said softly.

"I know I'm asking a lot - probably too much." She sighed and let Andrea cradle her head. "I want you to want me, to enjoy me, to keep me around. I will live up to my promises. I'll prove to you that I will."

"We'll have to talk about this later, Alexi. I have to go. Give some thought about what this all means and where you want this to go from here, ok? Call me later today or tonight."

Alexi knew she couldn't hold Tom back from work any longer. "Ok," she said and she listened for him to disconnect.

Before he did, Tom whispered "Be amazing, Alexi. Be excellent. But most importantly, follow through."

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At the point of heartbreak, it was that whisper that struck Alexi the most. While she may have had doubts, it seemed crystal clear in her mind that if she let down Tom on the promises she had made then he would simply be done with her.

"Ex cathedra" she muttered to herself, and a very worried Andrea lifted her face up by the chin with a pained expression.

"Did he just..." she started, not wanting to finish the question. Tom marking someone as non-existent or ex cathedra was a serious thing. Not only were you not acknowledged as a person, if you attempted to get his attention or reconnect with him then you were dealt with as a hostile entity without any questions asked. Tom could be very unpleasant despite his charm, and that unpleasantness applied to Alexi would spill over on to Andrea too.

Alexi shook her head side to side. "No, but I'm on the cusp. He doesn't believe me. He doesn't trust me. He thinks I'm trying to manipulate him. It's very very bad."

Andrea made a clucking sound. "Tom's taken some bad damage before. You must be doing things that remind him of those other situations. That's not your fault. It's just jacking his defences up really high. We can get through it." Andrea wished she was as certain of that as she tried to sound.

"Nope. It's almost already done. Yesterday he was worried about you. He was giving me a 'buffer.' Today calling him just really pissed him off, and I had nothing to offer him to made him understand. You were right. I should have just let it be. Now he's really angry."

Andrea leaned forward and kissed Alexi's cheek. "I'm usually right, and Tom's not that terribly hard to figure out for me. You're too emotionally attached, and you're missing all the signals he's giving out." She stroked Alexi's arm. "One of which is that he must really like you and really want you to succeed."

Alexi looked up with a tear in her eye. "Why would you think that?"

"Because he is trying so hard with you. You may be pissing him off, and he may be feeling a lot of resentment, but he's still taking your calls and talking to you. He's still trying to explain things and teach you. He wouldn't be doing that if he wasn't privately rooting for you to make it through." Andrea was convincing herself as she talked to Alexi about it. Everything she knew about Tom suggested that he would cut his ties rapidly if he really felt he was being played. More importantly, he wouldn't invest much more time until he saw reciprocation for his efforts.

"I'm not so sure..."

"So did he say anything other than goodbye? Did he say he was cutting you off?"

"No. He said I should 'follow through.' But he was definitely-"

Andrea put a finger to Alexi's mouth and stopped her from talking. "So he basically said you made promises, and he expects you to live up to them. You asked him what he wants, what you need to do to be wanted by him, and he finally broke down and told you as clearly as he could. He told you to follow through on your promises. It's that simple."

"But why won't he tell me what he wants?" Alexi felt the ache in her belly again - that bad sinking feeling from not understanding something.

"He did. What did you promise him? What have you promised him?"

"I, well, I didn't get to say much."

"Not this time, no. But he's tracking each thing you've promised since you started this. What did you commit to in his eyes?"

Alexi closed her eyes and tried to remember. She had said so many things, had written so many things down. And she remembered his cock, buried inside of her pussy, and promising him that if he came in her pussy then she would wreck her ass and cunt for him. That she would have Andrea fulfill the contract to open her up as far as her pelvis would allow. And she remembered the feel of his cock surging, of her orgasm flowing over her, and his powerful presence on top of and inside of her.

Andrea simply waited. She could see Alexi playing back all the things that had been going on, and there was no rush. Breakfast could be reheated, and she was more concerned about their plan moving forward. If Alexi stopped now then this whole trip was a misadventure. And Andrea worried that it was her job to prevent that even though Alexi was really the one who was supposed to be pushing things ahead.

"You're right," Alexi said calmly. She still had a bit of a quiver in her chin, but she was feeling more grounded. "I promised that I would come back to him with two wrecked openings. I promised that I would be those fantasies he wrote about. And if I just go back now, unfinished and none of those things, why would he believe me ever again?" She tried a smile, felt it come off false, and tried it harder. Andrea watched a single tear run down Alexi's cheek. "So I can't stop. Now I'm going to have to keep at this. Or I lose him for sure."

"You could also just call him in an hour and say you couldn't do it. You wanted to but couldn't. He'll accept that."

"And he'll be right that I did pull a bait and switch. He'll be right that I'm not consistent and not reliable. I have to break out of the mold, have to be better, have to prove I can live up to my promises."

Andrea just nodded. She didn't per se like the tone Alexi was taking, but she accepted this was Alexi's way of working herself up to the next step and pushing through.

"So," Alexi said as she put a hand on Andrea's arm. "I need to finish up in here, get dressed, and then get something to eat. Then I need you to help me." Alexi's business tone wasn't convincing but Andrea played along.

"Ok. What can I do to help?"

Alexi put on another forced smile. "We show him how we fuck my cunt. And we make sure he understands it's how he will be able to fuck my cunt." It came off

a bit stilted still, but Alexi was working her head to a better place. Taking action was easier than thinking about how much it would hurt to lose Tom. "Can we do that?"

Andrea nodded. "I'd like to get some photography done beforehand, and then why don't we start with the toys from smallest to largest again."

"Let's not waste time on small toys. You were right yesterday. I should make it clear that nothing smaller than three and a half inches is big enough for my cunt now. No going back. Maybe you can measure and photo each one beforehand so it's obvious that we're intentionally force fucking my cunt to bigger sizes. And I guess I better put on more of a show - though it's going to hurt a lot given how sore I am."

Again Andrea nodded. "We really shouldn't use any more pain jabs this morning. I have some numbing creme we can add with the lube to help with that. It'd probably be a good idea for you to also practice talking to him about what you are fucking - and telling him how it feels even if it mostly hurts. He likes details."

Alexi let Andrea lead her off the counter and on to her feet. "Ok. I better just jump back into the shower and start over."

"Sure. Wash up, dry off, put on a robe, and come get some food. Don't bother with clothes - we'll just be taking them off of you in no time anyway."

Alexi kissed Andrea and gave her a hug. "Thanks," she managed before choking up a bit. She was doing her best to be brave and push forward, but she knew it was Andrea not asking about the tears she was holding back that kept her from coming apart.

Andrea nuzzled Alexi's head. "I'm glad he told you something so easy to do. We just have to make sure you are completely open, and he'll be happy. When you show him everything else, then you'll be his new living fantasy." She smiled and squeezed Alexi. "Now get going and I'm going to make sure I've got everything else uploading."

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Andrea wandered back to the dining table with her laptop and the camera kit. She reloaded recharged batteries into cameras, verified everything was moved off camera cards then reloaded those, and finally checked on the uploads. The wifi was crawling earlier, but it appeared once everyone left the hotel for work a lot of bandwidth had opened up. It would take hours for everything to upload, but at least it was happening at a better rate of speed.

Then she put her dishes from earlier away, poured another glass of juice for herself, and took Alexi's plate and put it in the fridge to wait until she was out of the shower. With the table cleared a bit Andrea moved on to getting out the fabric tape measure, and going back into Alexi's room to reset the cameras for the mid morning play session.

Alexi hadn't finished sorting all the toys out, so Andrea zipped through them and split toys into three distinct piles. Those that were obviously less than three and a half inches wide. Those that were three to four inches wide. And those that were over four inches wide near the top. Andrea figured given how the inflatable had fit the night before, Alexi probably was only taking the first four or five inches in length of the bigger toys. So anything that took more than a hand length to broaden out to four inches plus was wasted and ended up in the three to four inch category.

As she handled the toys, Andrea found herself paying closer attention than usual to the more cock shaped ones. Most of her own toys were big, but they were all more classic toy shaped or kind of rocket head shaped. Alexi had specifically picked out a handful of toys that were blatant oversized human cock shapes - with enormous glans and heavy veining and thick shafts. As much as Andrea was not into real cocks, she did enjoy her toys. And these had lots of appealing texture and heft despite their obvious mimicry of the human male form.

Running her hands over one of the toys, closing her eyes and feeling the rounded mushroom head and transition to the monstrously thick shaft with its deep grooves and emphatic veins, Andrea felt a small surge in her pussy. "Yes," she murmured, "one of these would feel nice." It had been hard holding back the last couple of days - and maybe she shouldn't hold back given how thoroughly she pushed herself on to Alexi the night before.

The sound of Alexi coming out of the bathroom snapped Andrea out of her reverie, and she finished up moving the toys around a bit. Then she smiled and walked over to Alexi. giving her a hug with her hands still smelling like the rubber vinyl toys, and then pushing into the bathroom to wash her hands before joining Alexi for breakfast.

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After breakfast the two of them went back to the bedroom. Alexi looked over the neat piles of toys. "Some of those we didn't get to yesterday," was all she managed to say. She had been pretty out of it the prior morning, and the real magnitude of those marching dildo soldiers spearing into her pussy hadn't settled in to her at the time.

"Yeah, they are pretty impressively big," Andrea smiled. "You're worried about pleasing Tom, but when he sees you very consciously picking these out, measuring them, and then fucking them one by one... just wow. You'll knock his socks off."

"His socks weren't exactly what I had in mind," Alexi smiled back. Maybe Andrea was right. Maybe this was do-able and she could show Tom what he wanted to see.

Andrea busied herself with the cameras and lighting a bit more. "Just let me get everything reloaded. It's almost all set."

"Can I check out yesterday's video and photos first?"

"Nah, no point. It's all being uploaded, but to new folders you haven't shared to Tom yet. I skimmed them enough to know you've got some super hot stuff - but it's obvious you were kind of out of it."

"So?" Alexi pondered why that mattered.

"So - Tom wants to see you choose this. He wants to see you picking the toys, hear you talk about each one and how it feels, pushing and even forcing yourself to fuck them. He wants more than just the physical - I don't think that turns him on much. He wants you, Alexi, not just a body to stare at."

Alexi ran her hands over the pile of cast aside toys - too small and too narrow. They included a few that Andrea had used on her when they started video taping the week before. She picked one up - feeling the sleek silicon and smooth curve of the shaft. "And these aren't..."

Finishing up some final tweaks, Andrea turned and smiled. The purple silicon toy Alexi was holding was one she had used to regularly fuck Alexi's ass with over the past couple of years. "Yeah, those are just too small. You might play with them for a minute or two, but what then? You'd need four of that one to even really fill your pussy."

"Cunt. It's a cunt now, Andrea."

"So you keep reminding me," Andrea snickered. "How about you take that robe off and put that cunt to some use?" Her smile was genuine and she got behind a video camera on a tripod that allowed her to focus it on the toys and the bed.

Alexi shrugged. "I thought you wanted photos first."

"I thought you were practicing doing what you were asked to do so you could please Tom." She smirked. "Silly."

With a mock pout and a half-hearted glare, Alexi took off the robe and set it on the bedside table. "Ok, there. Now how do we do this?"

"Now you pick up that fabric tape measure right by the toys and get ready for your creative acting debut. C'mon, let's get this show on the road and have Tom asking how quickly you can do this show in person." Andrea was smiling. She had every reason to be proud. Alexi, her brown hair flowing to her shoulders and nipples extra pert from the cool air, was looking hot and about to show off her cunt in a spectacular way.

"Ok. Going to wing it I guess. Are we recording?"

"On three... one... two... three." Andrea quietly worked the camera as Alexi stood beside the toy piles.

"Hi, Tom," Alexi said a bit awkwardly as she faced the camera. She paused pondering what to say until Andrea made a rolling motion prompting her to get going. With a deep breath she took her best shot at it.

"I know I've made a lot of promises, and I know you want me to follow through on them. So I'm going to show you how far I've come so you can see how I'm opening my cunt for you."

Andrea gave Alexi a thumbs up and made sure the frame captured Alexi's whole body. The nearly C cup breasts hanging naturally, the oversized nipples pert and pink, the smooth pale skin of Alexi's abdomen flowing down to her slightly wide hips, creamy toned thighs, and her slightly swollen and bunched up labia peeking out between them. Intentionally or not, Alexi seemed to be keeping her thighs close together so the sexy cup of her pelvis was diminished.

Alexi leaned forward and picked up the purple toy again. She held it in one hand as she wrapped the tape measure around it. Presenting the toy to show the camera, she said carefully "Just over four inches in circumference at the widest point. So a bit over an inch and a half wide." She kissed the toy lightly on the smooth rounded silicon head. "This toy is what Andrea loved fucking my ass with for the last few years." She smiled at the camera. "By the end of the week it'll just be a memory."

She put it back in the pile. "This whole pile, even the new toys, are all too small for my cunt, Tom. We measured them. Anything less than three and a half inches wide is in the pile. I think they are too small to even wear - they'll just fall out." She picked up the can sized dildo and measured it for the camera. "Almost eight inches in circumference, so... ummm... about two and a half inches wide." She smiled. "I wore it yesterday to get groceries - and if

I hadn't strapped it in with a bikini bottom it would have fallen out as soon as I stopped holding it."

Running a hand over the black vinyl shaft she sighed. "I used to wonder if I'd ever fuck a toy this size." Then she stepped with her legs apart, leaving her cunt exposed, and placed the toy right beneath her labia. "Now it's too small." She lifted it up at a sideways angle so the rounded top could be seen clearly pressing against her lips. It was awkward but she managed, and with only a slight grunt due to the tender skin, it went an inch into her cunt. "See. Goes in and falls right back out."

She smiled and caught Andrea zooming in on the head as she moved the toy in and out a bit for the camera's benefit. Then she set the toy on a separate towel so it would be cleaned, and moved over a step to the three to four inch toys.

Alexi took the lube in her hand and began squirting it and applying it to her labia and opening. "I have to get all slick now," she said calmly while working and stroking her skin with the lube, "because I'm really sore." She took the desensitizing cream and squeezed it out into her hand and rubbed it all over. "Andrea tells me this will cut down on some of the pain." She worked four fingers into her cunt, then took them out to get another load of cream, and applied more around the inner walls. "Just so you know - the pain doesn't matter. It hurts, and it will always ache to be bruised, but this is your gaping cunt." She shifted back to Liquid Silk and began painting her thickening labia and inner walls with it. "I am preparing it so you can fuck it however you want, whenever you want, with whatever you want. This gaping cunt will never say no to you. This gaping cunt will be so well used that it'll feel strange if nothing is inside of me. If you don't have time to use it then Andrea and I will use it." She paused to wipe off her soaked hand. "And if you decide you don't want my gaping cunt then you can tell me. But it's still your gaping cunt. The day you decide you want it again all you need to do is text, or call, or email me, and it will be ready and fully prepared for whatever you want to do with it."

Alexi turned slightly and reached down with both hands to grip her labia. They hung on the edges of her opening, and she pulled them down to make it clear how much space there was between the folds of skin. "Andrea-" she started to say but saw that Andrea was already zooming in. "Hopefully you can see the difference between today and last week. I've nearly wrecked my cunt completely for you. Andrea has some final plan in mind - but with how open I am now, I don't believe this gaping cunt will ever close naturally."

Alexi let go of her labia, and with a slight push she put her right fist into her cunt. "I'm also fully fistable now, Tom. So when I return I am offering you this gaping cunt - stretched as completely as we are able - and giving you

complete access." She idly worked her fist in and out, feeling her own heat and juices adding to the slick lube. There was a definite dull ache from how bruised and sore she was, and the desensitizing cream didn't seem to take much of the edge off. "It hurts a bit to do this, but that's how a gaping well used cunt must feel," she gasped as she felt both a small orgasm and a sharp shooting pain caused her entire pelvis to tingle. "And you just have to ask - and I will present this gaping cunt for whatever you want to do to it. You can just text me and I will fuck whatever I can find nearby wherever I am. You just have to ask, and I will plan my day around fucking and fisting and filling this gaping cunt for your pleasure."

She moaned a bit as her fist came out dripping in juices and flecked with white cream. "Now for what matters - showing you the real things your gaping cunt can fuck." Alexi wiped her hand off and moved four toys, one by one, to the edge of the bed. Then she measured each one. "This first one is a giant cock - the glans is almost ten and three quarter inches around and the shaft is just about eleven and a quarter inches right here - I can't take the whole thing because it's too long but I can get to this spot and that's about three and a half inches wide. Three and a half is the smallest toy that is worth putting in my cunt." She smiled. Then moved to a horn shaped toy. "This one is almost eleven and a half inches around the base, and it goes all the way in. Because it's oval shaped, the top to bottom width is almost four inches." She picked the next toy which had a huge head stacked on top of a slightly bigger head with a bit of shaft between. "This one is eleven inches in circumference, but the second head is twelve inches around - so if I can get it all in then that's three and three quarter inches wide."

Finally she picked up a much taller oversized cock than the first. The enormous cock head was easily three inches tall by itself, with a huge flare. "And this cock was designed to bust pussies and make them into cunts. I can only get the full head in with a bit of the shaft, but when it comes out the flare causes it to spread really wide. It's thirteen inches in circumference - so over four inches wide - but it's soft and crushes down when I ride it. So it's the biggest of the three to four inch wide toys we have."

Alexi set the tape measure down by the other toys, and brought the lube and hand towel back with her. "Now, Tom this isn't about me fucking these toys to orgasm. This is to show you that my cunt is being thoroughly trained to service whatever you want it to fuck." She moved the first toy, which looked large even near the gigantic swollen one, to the bed's corner and let Andrea shift the camera and frame the shot. Then Alexi applied some lube to the black vinyl until it glistened. Straightening up she turned her back to the camera and walked up to the toy, getting on her tip toes to straddle it. Then she guided the head between her wet labia, her position making it clear how her labia hung down between her thighs with her ass cheeks above her gap.

Alexi leaned forward slightly, and then lowered herself on to the dildo. She didn't know what to expect really - she was sore and not very turned on - but it was time to perform and she reminded herself that Tom would want proof she was working on her promises. Steadily she pushed down, her labia finally brushing against the toy, but with how slick she was and how small the head of the toy was, there wasn't much resistance or even pressure.

She squatted lower as Andrea watched. The toy went into Alexi's cunt, pushing the lips aside before just slipping in. From Andrea's view it was clear the three and a half inch head was no real challenge, and was as easy as a few fingers would be. Alexi rode it anyway, as deep as she could, for five strokes.

The line of her back flowed into her buttocks, the black vinyl pushing upward between frilly lips. Alexi's anus showed slightly, but the whole downward and upward motion was smooth with barely any reaction from Alexi's skin. After the five strokes, she lifted up and turned around.

Alexi was smiling. "I didn't really feel that one, Tom. Looks like my opening is too wide for it to do much. Let's try this way so you can see." Facing the camera, she sat back and let herself come down on the dildo, keeping one hand on the bed for balance, and stroked herself up and down over the cock toy. Andrea watched Alexi's long brown hair fall forward and her breasts lifting and lowering as she began to fuck the toy.

Andrea felt her own pussy warm up as Alexi easily mounted and fucked the three and a half inch head. From the front she could see how Alexi's labia moved back and forth a bit, but only if the toy's angle caused it to lean into one side or the other. Alexi's cunt was just an open gash, and there was still obvious space for another cock or set of fingers alongside the black vinyl.

"So that's done," Alexi said with a bit of a flourish. "Three and a half inches, no real warm up, just slides right in." She ran her fingers over her labia and clit a bit. "Felt a bit like a few fingers to be honest. Moving on up..." Alexi set the toy aside and replaced it with the horn shaped one.

"Now this one is worth wearing. But it may be a bit too small too. I'm just hoping it is big enough from my clit to my ass to fill me more." She applied some lube to the toy and wiped off the extra on her labia. "After all it was a bit expensive to buy all these, and I've outgrown them overnight it seems." Then she proceeded to sit down on the horn, facing the camera, with the curve of the rhino horn shaped toy aimed toward her g-spot.

Andrea watched the fluid motion of Alexi's cunt simply slipping down the ridges and bumps on the shaft of the horn, the six inch tall toy vanishing in a single stroke, and then Alexi lifting up and leaving a creamy trail to just above the

base. Andrea gave the thumbs up to Alexi, who winked back.

"All the way down in one stroke, Tom. Let me put it all in for you." Then she sat on the bed, thighs apart, and picked up the toy. Andrea reframed the shot, and Alexi laid back and tipped the toy into her pink fringed open hole.

The black base of the horn showed up well in contrast with Alexi's white inner thighs. Alexi gripped the base with one hand, and pulled the toy into herself. She groaned as she felt this position allowing the heavy toy to drag over her sore rear vaginal wall and put pressure on tailbone and the torn skin between her cunt and ass. But Alexi took that as motivation, and worked the toy all the way in until she could feel her labia against the side of her hand.

Still laying on her back, Alexi said, "It's all the way in my cunt, Tom." She pushed a bit more and pulled her lips over the exposed base. "Of course my gaping cunt doesn't close any more, but I can feel how it's in past the outer ring. She shifted her hand so there was a single finger holding the toy in place at the top. Andrea took the cue and zoomed in to show how the fleshy edge of Alexi's opening and perineum were rimming the base of the toy. "All the way in even though it's four inches from my clit to ass. I can wear this one anytime you want me to."

Then Alexi awkwardly tried to remove the toy, but she couldn't really push it out. "Ugh... turns out..." She levered herself up a bit trying not to bend at the waist. "...that without gravity these big heavy toys won't come out very easily." Finally, leaning onto one foot on the floor, Alexi was able to stand a bit and then the horn just fell out of her cunt. Her slick cunt mouth was blatantly open and didn't close.

Alexi got her balance back and on to her feet. She gestured toward her open sex. "It doesn't close with the toy out either. That's what it's going to be like for you. Gaping all the time." Then she put the horn dildo aside and eyed the other two.

"Is there any point in this one, Tom? You'll have to let me know. I'm just going to move on because it's going to take something around four inches to even really fuck me now." She walked the double headed toy back to the clean toy pile for three to four inch toys, and then returned to the enormous cock toy. "It's just too bad I can't take this one very deep." She stroked the veined shaft and then lubed the head. "It would be lovely to just fuck this one to the base over and over again for you. Maybe you could even find a strap on harness for it and just fuck me with it. Or mount it on your living room table and I could fuck it over and over for you while you work and watch movies." She gripped the shaft firmly with both hands and moved it to the corner of the bed.

"Of course, it's so tall I can't straddle it even on my tip toes. So I'll have to bend it and twist it to wedge it against my cunt." And Alexi did just that as she talked, working the head and shaft so she could get over top of it while standing.

Alexi's body was warm now and her nipples erect. Andrea could see Alexi's growing confidence in her body language, ease of speaking, and moist desire. She could also see how Alexi's blood was pumping - Alexi's face was flush and her arteries were throbbing prominently along the curve of her neck. Andrea worried a bit about the strain Alexi's body might be under, but balanced that knowing that this was an athletic style event. Alexi might be used to fucking and sex, but this day after day marathon was pushing her body beyond its normal limits.

Brushing back her brown hair with a dry forearm, Alexi finally settled into position with the oversized shaped cock head wedged against her opening. "So here we are, Tom. Four inches and a bit wide. This is a toy you used to write about. So I made sure to order it specifically." She shifted her thighs and rubbed her cunt back and forth over the wet dildo. "I'm going to show you what I can do for you after just a couple of days of wrecking my pussy. After just working up to a mostly gaping cunt." She had to reach down and hold the head in place with one hand, while using her other hand to keep the bowed shaft from launching away from her pressure. "And with this buried in my cunt as far as it can go I'm going to tell you what more I can do."

Then Alexi focused her whole attention on the rubber toy. She had to work the angles and grooves and curvature of the head. She had to keep the bowed shaft from twisting and falling sideways. She had to get everything lined up just right.

Andrea grimaced as she saw how pale Alexi's face was getting. She wanted to stop everything, just so she could run over and hold her lover to her chest. It was obvious the toy could go in from the prior evening's measurements. The reason it wasn't was all the swelling caused by bruising across Alexi's opening and interior of her pussy. And Alexi's reaction made it clear that all those bruises were more than just swollen meat and skin - they were very tender and painful when put under pressure.

With a hoarse voice Alexi said, "It will go in more easily with you driving it. It's a hard toy to work with, and it feels like I'm a bit broken inside right now." Alexi gripped the shaft tightly with one hand and ground down as hard as she could. Her teeth were visibly clenched from the ache she felt as the smooth head forced the bowl of her vaginal opening inward. And then Alexi let out a gasp and a half sob as the head popped into her cunt under pressure, and the crumpled shaft straightened out with enough force to cause her to see stars for

a moment.

"Oh... owwww..." Alexi moaned. She let herself fall back a bit on the bed, leaning on her hands to support her weight, until she felt that twist the enormous cock head inside of her and trigger another momentous spasm of pain. "Fuuuccckkk..." she moaned even as she fought to look into the camera. She forced herself to regain her composure as best she could if only because she could see Andrea's white knuckled grip and extremely concerned expression.

"It's.... it's ok, Tom... Just caught me off guard how bruised I am already..." She moaned a bit more as the head settled and the shaft turned a bit. "Last time... she... I mean Andrea... she gave me some numbing shots... this is... the first time... the first time I've tried really force fucking... something this big... without them... ugh..."

Alexi winced from the way her abdomen was now cramping. It was not a comfortable feeling, and it made her ache even more.

But knowing the importance of a finale, she pressed on. With a half gesture and forced smile, Alexi ran a hand over her abdomen and along her spread labia. "So there you have it, Tom. One thoroughly fucked cunt. Still a work in progress I'm afraid. But with a four inch wide cock head forced in."

She bit down hard and scrunched her face as she shifted to a reclining position and moved the cock shaft to lay between her legs. It was so large that it looked like a third artificial leg extending from the center of her pelvis between her thighs. Finally settled with some pillows shoved under her back to keep her upright, Alexi let out a ragged breath.

"So now, with this enormous cock in my cunt, I want to tell you what more I will be doing. And if you doubt me, look at this cock," she stroked the length of it, "and know I can take bigger when the bruising has gone down. I have already bought much bigger toys than this one for when the swelling goes down. So this is where i am right now, but it's not where I'm stopping."

Andrea was still agitated and concerned, but Alexi was mastering herself and Andrea knew it was her job to get this video clip right. She focused and framed Alexi, giant cock hanging out of her cunt and between her thighs, nipples slightly less perky on comfortably settled round breasts, abdomen tight, hair falling forward a bit, face open but still showing signs of strain.

"First I'm going to provide you with a totally wrecked cunt and wrecked ass. My cunt will be done first because I need to work up to wrecking my ass. But I promised you two gaping cunts, and you will have them."

"Second when I come back you can ask to use my wrecked cunt and wrecked ass however you want. And I want them used. As thoroughly and often as possible. I will say yes to you."

And Alexi paused, pondering secrets and what else to say openly. She absently stroked her clit a bit and labia, starting to enjoy the feel of the cock head in her cunt as the shock subsided a bit.

Finally she continued with the fingers of her right hand still exploring and touching around the top of her cunt. "Third..." she sighed slightly as she rubbed her clit back and forth. "I want you to know..." Alexi was slightly distracted by the feeling of her cunt pulsing on the unyielding heavy dildo. "I want you to know this is for you..." She moaned as now her walls were trying to grip and stroke the enormous head. "All for you... mmmhmmm... My gaping cunt... and whatever goes into it... is for you... And I'm going to cum, Tom..." Alexi tried to fix her eyes on the camera. "Tom, I've got a giant cock in me... and I'm going to cum... because wrecking my cunt... it feels so good..." She felt less inhibited just looking into the camera. Alexi didn't really notice Andrea in the room as her fingers dug into her clit and felt the hard rubber cock pushing back on her opening. "This is how I like to be fucked, Tom. This is how I will be continually fucked. Even if... even if you aren't around... I will be fucking myself with whatever will fit into my wrecked cunt..."

Alexi shuddered as a handful of little orgasms gathered and released, aftershocks pulsing outward into her belly and legs as her cunt then gripped and tried to squeeze down on the oversized cock inside of her and couldn't do anything but wrap around it. She fell back into the pillows while still playing with her clit, and Andrea zoomed in to the way Alexi splayed her legs apart and showed her labia split at the top of her opening above the big toy's shaft.

When Alexi's hands finally slowed and stopped, Andrea paused the recording, and carefully climbed into bed beside her. She kissed Alexi on the lips and ear, then whispered "That was a really good show." With the four inch cock head still buried in Alexi's loins, Andrea curled up alongside her, and the two cuddled. Andrea even pulled part of the blanket over Alexi so she wouldn't get cold, and shortly after that Alexi dozed off for a bit from the strain and effort of morning.

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A couple hours later, Alexi was awake and aware that she was both sore and really needed to relieve the pressure in her bladder. She untangled herself from the covers that Andrea had pulled over her, and very cautiously tested taking the enormous cock out of her pussy. Unfortunately, the toy wasn't cooperating and as she tugged on it, Alexi felt her inner walls being pulled out

too. Gritting her teeth, she levered herself off the bed and carefully got to her feet without too much bending. The Swelled Head cock still stuck in her pussy, so she had to walk awkwardly around the thick black vinyl to get to the bathroom.

The motion did break some of the vacuum seal internally, and by the time Alexi was at the toilet she was able to work the head back and forth a bit. With some hard tugging and contorting her body, the gigantic cock head came out with a rush of fluids and deep aching.

Alexi fell back carefully onto the cool toilet seat, and felt the left over lube dripping from her gaping opening. Then she tried to pee, but there was no longer any pressure on her bladder so only dribbles and a short splash were forthcoming. Waiting, feeling cramps come and go as her abdomen reacted to being empty, Alexi took a good look at the black vinyl dildo.

"You," she said softly, "are a monster." Her belly churned in agreement. "I've never felt so much frustration with penetration." She batted at the head, and the toy wiggled in response. Alexi couldn't help but laugh a bit at the ridiculous sight of the gigantic penis quivering and bobbing, its heavy head swinging back and forth as her feet trapped the base so it wouldn't fall over.

Her stomach lurched a little, and she let the laughter go while still smiling warmly as she stroked the smooth head and pondered her video. "Definitely a bit amateur," she sighed. "But maybe that will get his attention." Alexi used some wet wipes to deal with her own wetness and remove some of the lube, and then decided on a quick shower to clean herself down and wash the Swelled Head toy.

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The sound of the shower woke Andrea, and she rolled on to her back. Alexi had apparently decided to wash up again. Andrea took a deep breath and let it go slowly, pursing her lips into a whistle as she exhaled. She reached behind her head with her left hand, and stroked her hair forward with her fingertips as she pondered how the day was going.

On paper her and Alexi had laid out a schedule. On paper it had made sense despite being very aggressive.

In practice they just weren't on that track. The real situation was uncharted and taking on a life of its own. She sighed again, rubbing her forehead and pushing her hair back as she stroked her scalp.

Andrea had pretended this was like working out at the gym. You go in, shred yourself on the machines, kick start the cardio, and then force the repetition

until you are acting out of habit. But fucking Alexi wasn't a workout. It wasn't a set of repetitions. It wasn't a physical challenge.

What she hadn't factored in was the amount of psychological effort both Alexi and she would need to commit to. The real goal was a state of being - which might explain what they were missing and what Tom had tried to warn them about. "A state of being doesn't have an on off switch," Andrea mused out loud. "It's persistent and consistent..." Whether it was a false epiphany or the real thing, Andrea was still convinced it needed some thought.

So she laid there and pondered the ceiling. She stretched and felt her strength as well as the bed beneath her. She explored what she could reach, and how she could point her toes and heels feeling the way that interacted with her calves. Andrea understood the world in a very physical sense much like Tom.

"What is he seeing that I'm not?" she wondered. "What would he do differently?"

The answer seemed obvious. He would go slowly, building up a base of accomplishments, and push further with that positive experience to guide additional effort. He would establish strongholds, points of reference, and clear routes from achievement to achievement. He would guide the process knowing it could have innumerable outcomes. And he wouldn't plan.

Andrea sat up at that thought. "He wouldn't plan, would he?" she thumped the bed with a hand. Planning was something Andrea presumed people like Alexi and Tom always did. But Tom didn't plan - he adapted, shifted from decision to decision, modified and justified goals on the fly. He had told her once that it was so very important they communicate because of how fast he would change direction and pursue alternate options. Those options were always there, always visible to Tom, and so he didn't plan. He just navigated.

Looking over all the things Alexi had talked about, Andrea saw how Tom might view all their activities. They were encountering natural resistance by trying to force things to happen, and the more they focused on planning, the more adrift and off course they would be. To Tom the important things would be goals, and the second most important thing would be achieving successes on the way to the goals.

The plan was something arbitrary to explain what happened to people who weren't involved or not aware of the reality of the tasks needed to achieve success.

Andrea got up with a bit more energy. It wasn't that she and Alexi weren't making progress on the plan - it was a case of not accepting that the plan was just a way of stating goals. And their goals were clear - open Alexi up, decorate Alexi's sex, and return Alexi to Tom for his pleasure. The plan

itself, the day by day countdown, was just Alexi's way of trying to artificially motivating herself. If Andrea was going to help Alexi, then it had to focus on what they could do as well as the state of mind Alexi needed to achieve.

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"Hey there, how are you feeling?" Andrea asked as she joined Alexi in the shower.

Alexi was running conditioner through her hair and smiled at Andrea. Andrea's body really did look good with all the effort she had put in to tone up, and her friend looked a bit more relaxed now than when she'd been running the cameras.

"I guess I'm ok. Gave Tom a good show I hope. Might have scared you a bit..." she let her voice trail off.

"Yeah," Andrea shrugged, "a little bit. I didn't realize how painful that would be, and forgot how bruised and torn up you must be right now." She stepped into the water and picked up the soapy scrubby. "Plus I... well I didn't want you to hurt yourself."

Alexi snickered. "Hurt myself any more, you mean." She smiled as she ran her palms together along her long hair to push the conditioner through and off the ends. "I suspect at this point we just need to accept that this hurts if it's done this quick."

Andrea tipped her head back and let the water cascade over her face. She had to lower her height a bit to accommodate the shower nozzle height. Then she lifted up out of the water and used her hands to brush the water out of her eyes and off her cheeks and brow. "I guess. But we've gotten so much done!"

Alexi squinted at Andrea but before she could say anything, Andrea continued.

"Look at that huge cock in the corner, Alexi. That was in you. For a few hours! Let's recap what we've done so far..." Andrea paused to add more soap to the scrubby and then make sure to get her neck and shoulders real good. "We opened you up with the retractor, kept you open with the rubber collar, had you play with toys, had you do a sexy show for Tom, had you sleep with a big inflatable toy in, had you do a toy size demo for Tom, and then napped with a four inch wide cock head inside of you."

She paused washing up to kiss Alexi on the cheek. Andrea's breasts brushed against Alexi as she leaned forward, and Alexi couldn't help but reach out and run her hands over the soft flesh and stroke Andrea's broad nipples.

Andrea took a step forward into those hands and hugged Alexi gently across the shoulders. "You're leaping through the hoops, hon. Let's find a toy you can wear, get a late lunch, and then work on this some more."

Alexi smiled. She knew Andrea was right. But there was so much more to do, so much more she needed to show to Tom. It was a bit crazy, but they needed to step things up. "We need to get on schedule, Andrea. We can't take breaks all week."

Andrea kissed Alexi on the cheek and head. Her nostrils filled with the soft fruit fragrance of the conditioner - a smooth smell that contrasted with the citrus body wash. Straightening out, Andrea took Alexi's hands in her own, and smiled. "We won't be taking breaks all week. I'm here to make sure we hit goals and document them so you can show Tom what you have done and can do." She squeezed and then released, returning to scrubbing her abdomen and thighs. "Plus there is lot more we can do today! But if you don't eat you won't have the energy for it."

"So let's finish washing up, and before you get dressed I'm thinking that rhino horn dildo will be a good fit while we walk over to one of the restaurants and get something to eat."

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Andrea handed Alexi some lube and took the rhino horn toy to the bathroom sink to wash it thoroughly. Taking off her bathrobe, Alexi took the time to pause and consider her commitments to Tom. She had promised to wear toys for him. Yesterday she had enjoyed the feeling of the can sized dildo rocking back and forth and fucking her as she walked and rode in the car. It had been awkward, but once she had gotten used to it there was a simple pleasure to the extra sensation and filling feeling.

Now she was going to wear something with a different shape, but a good bit bigger across the base. She pictured the rhino horn, its short squat appearance with studs and ridging along the back, and the elliptical base that was nearly four inches from front to back and three inches from side to side. There was no handle, just smooth flat black rubber, and she'd felt that odd sensation earlier when it just went inside of her cunt but her cunt didn't close up over it.

She took the lube and stroked it on to the outside skin around her opening. Her labia were still a bit sensitive but not really sore. The bald mound was smooth when she pulled across the skin, but her labia crinkled and formed jagged furrows when left alone. As for her cunt - it was gaping still. Meaning to just rub the Liquid Silk from her clit down to her anus, Alexi applied minimal pressure and still her three fingers slipped off the bone lifting her clitoris

up and then straight into her vaginal opening. In order to get the frills of her labia actually slippery, Alexi had to pat on the lube without pushing the skin around.

Andrea returned with the toy and saw how much lube Alexi was putting on. "Worried it won't go in? Or just worried it will hurt?" she asked.

"Not sure. Just a bit difficult. My fingers slip into me so easily and it's hard to judge how much external lube I need."

"Not much, Alexi. This toy is probably going most of the way in."

Alexi shrugged, took the toy, and wiped the lube on her fingers off along its curved shape. "Ok, here it goes."

Standing up so it'd be easier to strap on the harness Andrea was getting, Alexi lifted the horn up to her pelvis and pulled it in. There was no real resistance until she felt the base edge up against her labia. Alexi was surprised at how easily the horn toy went in. Apparently the Swelled Head had opened her up more than she realized and some of the swelling had gone down at the mouth of her cunt.

Andrea smiled, and fussed around Alexi with a strapon harness that came over Alexi's buttocks, through her pubis, and then up to a waist belt. It was lightweight nylon and seemed to fit pretty well after adjusting the straps.

Unfortunately wearing the horned toy was an entirely different challenge. After cleaning up excess lube with wet wipes and tossing on a skirt, Alexi and Andrea headed out the door for food. But they only managed to get thirty feet down the hallway in the hotel before the toy started to slide out sideways and Alexi had to stop and go back with her hand between her legs.

They tried fixing the harness, but the problem was that the base of the toy could move too easily. The over the buttocks straps just didn't keep enough consistent pressure across Alexi's open gap when she walked. Andrea dug through their gear and found a leather harness with wider straps that was also strong enough to manage the weight of the dildo - if they cinched the waist belt very tightly. It cut straight down the back, through the cleft of Alexi's buttocks, and up to the waist belt in front.

Just to be safe, this time they walked around the room some - Alexi getting used to both the horn and the harness - and Andrea sipping some water and watching for any sign of a further wardrobe malfunction.

For Alexi it was now a doubly strange sensation. She could feel the curve of

the horn near the base, where it rubbed back and forth a bit near the top and bottom of her opening. On the sides it felt more comfortable, she had to walk a little differently but her hips didn't feel pushed to the side. "For once those wide hips have an up side," she mused. The harness was uncomfortable though. The broad leather strap running between her legs had to be held in place by a tightly cinched belt strap that dug into her belly as it settled in place above her hip bones on the side. The weight on the pelvis strap pulled it down in the front, causing the edge of the leather to bite into her skin on the sides. The width of the pelvis strap uncomfortably spread her ass cheeks apart, biting into her buttocks and chafing with each step. her smooth skin was sensitive to the slightly rougher underside of the leather, and she could feel the interaction. And it struck Alexi psychologically as well because while the first strap on she might have worn with a toy on the outside to fuck Andrea, this was very clearly a harness that restrained and put her in bondage. As the strap rubbed into her, Alexi couldn't help but ponder where this kind of bondage might lead.

Andrea noticed the chafing, but the only relief they could come up with was lubricating the strap a bit with some body oil. Now the chafing was minimal, but Alexi felt oddly slippery. She decided to suck it up so they could go get food though - Alexi could tell Andrea was getting pretty hungry and was ready to go.

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Andrea watched as Alexi walked slowly in front of her. The four inch by three inch base of the horn was pretty much inside of her friend's pussy, and there was no doubt that it was a slightly loose fit. Alexi moved slowly at first, but once she got used to the feeling they were able to walk at a normal pace out of the hotel and down to the restaurants in the same plaza. It seemed incredible to think that Alexi didn't have a big smile on her face over achieving so much, and Andrea knew that was putting her in a bad mood. "Some days you just can't please her," she muttered under her breath. Some food would help, sitting and talking a bit would too, but Andrea wished Alexi was understanding how far she had come.

Alexi was preoccupied. She was feeling how the toy was riding inside of her, a bit low at times but generally settling inside of her opening. That meant she now felt the chastity harness strap even more clearly - as well as the fact that her labia were straddling it. She had adjusted to the toy by the time they had walked out of the hotel - give or take going up and down the few steps they encountered. But Alexi was surprised how the feeling of the constricting waist strap and strap pushed between her buttocks and gripping her pelvis was causing her to pause and reflect. It just seemed hard to believe she could get used to this. And her promise to Tom meant she had to get used to it and do it regularly.

Andrea led them into the restaurant, and got them a table while Alexi kept her thoughts to herself. She was shook out of her worries when she absentmindedly sat down without taking the toy into consideration. The seats at the Italian chain restaurant were a bit low, so Andrea had to lower herself down with the chair arms. Alexi didn't notice and just plunked down quickly, and Andrea saw the initial grimace and then the wide eyed surprise.

"You should go slow, Alexi. That thing could snag on something painful," Andrea said softly.

Alexi looked at her, eyes still a bit wide, trying to interpret what she was feeling. Sitting down she had felt the horn push hard into her abdomen, pressing against her bladder uncomfortably as well as sharply jabbing something in a very unfriendly way, and then the pressure eased as the whole toy moved. How it was positioned now was more of a mystery because it didn't feel right but it also wasn't hurting. She whispered "Cover for me" and then reached between her legs to feel around the strap to see what was going on.

"Ummm..." Andrea said as she tried to figure out what she was covering for. Then she saw a waitress coming and picked up her menu studiously. The waitress decided to delay swinging by, and Andrea lowered her menu to ask Alexi, "What's wrong? Did the harness break?"

Alexi shook her head. She could feel the harness and it was fine. What she could not feel was the full base of the toy. She quickly traced the edge of what she could feel and then decided to let it go. She straightened out her skirt and fussed with her hair a bit. Then she told Andrea what she assumed must have happened. "It got caught when I bent at the waist, and then it slipped most of the way in when I sat down. I mean, it tipped a bit, and now only the bottom edge along my ass is sticking out. Everything else is completely inside of me and it feels like the front of the base is up against my g-spot because of the tilt."

Andrea smirked. "Ah so you're that big already are you? Time for something bigger I guess."

"Hush you! How big am I now? I could barely get that big toy in."

Andrea sighed and reached out her hands to squeeze Alexi's across the table. "I keep telling you, you're very open now."

Alexi leaned back a bit and experimented with positioning her pelvis. She could feel the bottom lip of the toy pushing out of her opening. The rubber toy spread her lips near her perineum in an unmistakable way. But near the top of

her vaginal opening, by her clit and most of the way down the sides, she wasn't closed but nothing was pushing on her labia except the harness between them that kept them spread and a bit flatten out near her pelvis.

Alexi thought about what this meant for herself, and then what it meant for her promises to Tom. If this toy was just slipping into her because of sitting down too fast then she must be pretty open after all. A lot of her self doubt after the difficulty with the Swelled Head seemed overblown now. "Ok," she conceded. "I guess we aren't too far off plan after all." Alexi could tell by the twinkle in Andrea's eye she had hit on something that had been bothering her friend. "But we planned to get a lot done. I need to keep wearing these big toys to get used to them."

"And you slept with a huge one in for a couple hours this afternoon. Slept with it in, Alexi. A toy you couldn't have possibly even gotten inside of you a week ago."

The waitress came by and they ordered salads, and Andrea got some lasagna with meat so she could starch and protein load a bit.

"When I go to the gym later, Alexi, I'm counting on you to go through and try the toys. Find out which ones are comfortable, which ones you can do but take effort, and which ones you aren't able to do yet." Andrea smiled. "I think you'll find out you're much more ready for Tom than he is for you."

"And then what? How do we get to the next step, Andrea?"

Andrea waved to the waitress to ask about their missing drinks. "It's easy," she said. "Testing out the toys and finding out what ones you need help forcing in is the next step."

The waitress came over and then scurried away. Andrea shook her head. "Not cute enough to tip on looks, and not good at her job to tip for efficiency. Poor thing."

Alexi laughed. "Are waitresses your new project?"

"Oh no! I've got my hands full with consultants currently - you and Tom!"

Still exploring how her body was changing and the sensations of the rhino horn pushing against her occasionally pulsing vaginal walls as well as the uncomfortable tight harness strap, Alexi started to feel this was all going to work out. And Tom was going to be very happy when she showed him all she could do.

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After finishing lunch, Alexi and Andrea agreed the food wasn't good enough to bother to take back. Alexi hadn't been able to eat much, the harness strap squeezing her stomach was too uncomfortable to feel hungry. So Andrea took her by the hand, helped her out of her seat, and then lead Alexi out. Alexi had to get her legs underneath herself initially - the toy moved again - and then they headed to the next restaurant down to get some take out food to put in the fridge for dinner.

Waiting in the queue for their food, Alexi suddenly leaned hard into Andrea. "Ouch," she muttered.

"What's up?" Andrea kissed Alexi on the head while wrapping an arm around her.

"Cramps - guess sitting for a while and then standing for a while is a bit of a workout." She held on to Andrea with one hand while trying not to grab her belly with the other. "I think I'm going to find the bathroom."

"Ok, need me to come too?"

"No, I'll be fine. Get our food, and I'll be out."

Alexi broke free from Andrea and followed the signs to the bathroom. She made it there just in time. Apparently the cramping was the result of a full bladder, but getting out of the harness and then the toy coming half out, meant she made a mess anyway.

It was a juggling act and frustrated Alexi as she realized this was another unexpected challenge. All the work to open herself, and living up to her promise that she would stay open by wearing toys and keeping them in - but it was hard, and the harness was uncomfortable, and it wasn't sexy at all.

"Damn it." She started trying to figure out how to dry off the harness and get the toy back in on her own. The toy went in fine, but the chastity harness wasn't cooperating. Frustrated, Alexi gave up, left the stall for a pile of paper towels, wrapped the toy and harness and put them in her bag.

"Thank goodness for oversized purses," she said to Andrea as she met her at the exit. Andrea looked Alexi up and down and noticed the huge bulge in her shoulder bag.

"Any problem?" she asked.

"No, just going to have to practice with the harness a lot on my own so I can get it on and off without making a mess." Alexi could feel how open she was,

and it was a reminder that she wasn't wearing a toy and should be.

Andrea tried to hold back, but a giggle still escaped.

"What? Funny is it?" Alexi was marching them back toward the hotel.

"Yeah, kind of." Andrea chuckled some more.

"And why is that? You know how important it is for me to keep wearing things."

"Aye. And also probably important to not splash all over your skirt."

"Damn it!" Alexi shouted, and then grinned at Andrea. "Am I also trailing toilet paper?"

They both laughed on their way back to the hotel. Then Andrea changed to go work out while Alexi washed up and began playing with her toys again. At Andrea's insistence she took audio notes on how each toy felt and how easily it went in. She gave up on measuring things once her fingers got slippery with lube. From then on she simply fucked the toys, and happily discovered she really could do a lot more than she had expected.

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When Andrea came back, Alexi took a short break and a another hot shower. Then they set out dinner. Alexi came to the table with her silk robe on, and Andrea winked at Alexi for remembering.

Andrea had given some thought to her own commitments to Tom while she was working out and she decided she should make sure Alexi understood her thinking. "You know, last night, when we were talking about Tom..." she started.

"Yeah?" Alexi asked after swallowing a mouthful of some steamed vegetables.

"You know I meant what I said, right?"

Alexi shrugged. Andrea's promise to do whatever Tom asked for seemed pretty unrealistic. "I guess so. I don't know how anything would come of it."

Andrea was about to talk some more about it, but she decided now wasn't the time. Still, deep down, she knew that something inside of her was changing. It felt like her feelings for Tom were beginning to awaken, and it was hard not being able to talk through what she was feeling.

While Alexi cleaned up after they ate and then went to use to the toilet, Andrea

threw herself into preparing for stretching Alexi's cunt out during the evening.

She tried to push back her thoughts of Tom, but they kept coming up. She was glad when Alexi returned in the too short silk robe and it was time to do focus on the task at hand.

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Andrea moved Alexi to a stirrup rig on a massage table set up in the small living room. The space was limited so Andrea had pushed all the furniture out of the way. That left a narrow alley on both sides of the massage table for Andrea to walk up and down as she examined Alexi.

Andrea had to help Alexi up on to the massage table. Once in position, the robe belt was untied and the silk flowed off the sides of the table leaving Alexi completely exposed. The stirrups were set a bit wider than shoulder width apart so Andrea could thoroughly examine - and photograph - the shape and progress of Alexi's cunt. Andrea hummed and worked quietly but efficiently. Alexi just laid back and tried to keep quiet except for a few sharp gasps when something really stung. It wasn't much of a turn on though Alexi could certainly feel the poking and prodding as her labia were pulled in different directions and apart.

Bruising all over the top of her pelvis and into the meat of her vaginal opening meant that Alexi was still sensitive, so Andrea remedied that with another set of numbing shots. Alexi almost cried out from the bee sting of the needle, so Andrea went slow and consoled and soothed her as best she could. There were tears in Alexi's eyes when the shots were done, so Andrea took a break to gently massage and caress her friend.

Then she went back behind the camera and began working again. Andrea used calipers and rulers, lightly marked places as necessary, all so the documentation was very thorough. She felt she was working on scenes like a crime lab photographer. Talking to herself and Alexi, she muttered about having things just right for each shot. Alexi was slowing down now. She was increasingly relaxed and Andrea appreciated how Alexi must be willing herself to relax and breath deep and slow breaths.

The camera captured the damage done from hard work overstretching and fucking Alexi's pussy. Two days before Alexi had a well defined mound, the outward curve of her lips coming together over her sex like a smooth peach - the skin slightly paler than that of her midriff and thighs - the line marking her slit running straight and very narrow from her clitoris to a fingertip width plateau around her sphincter.

Now the entire landscape of Alexi's pelvis had changed. The smooth peach bore

more of a resemblance to a rough textured mandarin orange, the orange peel removed to expose the rich texture of the actual wedges underneath. One entire wedge was removed leaving a noticeable gap between the labia which rested thickly on either side of a furrow the flowed from clit to tailbone. The shape of the cleft was irregular, the flesh taking a slightly twisted path having been stretched further on one side than the other. Alexi's clitoris hung over top of that cleft, now looking a bit like a protruding nub above empty space instead of tucked neatly into the skin folds. And there was an angry and obvious bit of stretched horizontal skin that cut across the bottom of Alexi's visible sex - the skin separating her vagina and anus was blatant as it now served as a boundary between the gully of Alexi's cunt and the stretched pucker of her ass.

Andrea worked hard to capture every detail she could. She told Alexi about how awesome things were looking, how much her progress showed, and continued snapping digital photos.

After the thorough examination and documentation, Andrea walked up alongside Alexi's head and leaned down for a kiss. Alexi lifted up a bit to meet those full lips and enjoyed the cool mint flavour of the gum Andrea had been chewing after dinner. When Andrea lifted away she looked Alexi gravely in the eye. "Last chance. Do we go all the way?"

Alexi ached a bit and felt very neutral. Emotionally she was a bit burned out, and yet she really wanted to keep going forward. Her promises to Tom seemed balanced by the reality of the not so sexy experiences during the day. She felt the gravity of the moment would strike her later, but it seemed hardly that big of a deal at the moment. Here she was, naked except for an open silk robe, her pussy on display for anyone who walked in the door, already numbed and a bit stretched out - and she was being asked if she'd do the same as the night before.

"Sure," she said blithely.

Andrea snickered. "You never did take anything serious. Ok, then." She kissed Alexi a few times.

Then she lifted away and patted Alexi on the arm as she came around and then fetched a set of restraint straps that looked like vehicle tie-downs. "Unlike last night I'm going to keep you on the table while we do this so I can make sure we've got you completely opened. So I need to put these wrap around bands on you so you cannot shake yourself off the table."

She wrapped one tie down strap all the way around the table and Alexi just below her breasts and sternum. "Let me know if they are too snug." Andrea then wrapped one right beneath Alexi's shoulders, and then another around her abdomen

just north of her belly button. Then Andrea used smaller straps for Alexi's thighs and ankles. In a separate pass she tightened everything from top to bottom, taking special care that the shoulder strap couldn't slip upwards and choke Alexi and the waist strap was looser to avoid cramping and discomfort across Alexi's belly.

Alexi submitted to the straps. It seemed this was an undercurrent she should have understood - the bondage and restraints that came with providing two gaping opens for Tom. She felt the sedation from the pain jabs as well as the padded nylon straps firmly holding her in place. She drifted a bit and then, as Andrea finished, Alexi pushed against the straps enough to feel them across her body.

Alexi felt comfortable with how firmly she was held in place. The straps tucked her arms to her torso, and her weight settled deeper into the leather covered foam of the massage table top. Her ankles were comfortably apart and the stirrups kept her pelvis tipped in a good receiving position. More and more she noticed the way air swirled around her pussy and anus - causing goosebumps now and again despite the warmth in the room. The straps faded away as Alexi's awareness became increasingly focused on her sex.

Andrea stepped away and Alexi heard something being microwaved and then the subtle rattle of a tray being brought over. Alexi turned her head and saw a Pyrex bowl of warm water with something metallic in it, but it wasn't the Balfour retractor from the other day. As Andrea got closer she could see this device was slightly round with heavy gauge steel bars of a sort on the inner diameter along with several moving screw tops and machined parts.

"What's that?" she asked as Andrea put on sterile gloves and picked up the silicon lube.

Andrea followed Alexi's gaze and shrugged. "A little something I had made for this occasion. I wasn't honestly sure I'd use it but now I know."

"So," Alexi asked, "what is it?" She tried to see it, and fought back the calm she'd been sinking into moments before.

Andrea started stroking in the silicon lube, using it much more liberally than the night before. She applied it to Alexi's open pussy lips like she was finger painting - brushing on lube and then stroking it in. Since the silicon lube didn't break down, get absorbed, and had to be flushed out - Alexi wondered about why Andrea was using so much. But Andrea didn't say anything other than "Mmmhmmm" and "There we go" as she worked for a few minutes.

Finally satisfied with what she saw, Andrea stepped out from between Alexi's spread ankles. She looked at Alexi's curious gaze and nodded a bit. "You know

what you want. This will finish what we started last night."

"Ok - why so mysterious, and why so much lube?" Alexi felt alert. Whether it was due to the strangeness of the device Andrea had, or the seeming gravity of the moment finally catching her, she was unsure.

Andrea chuckled. "I did the measurements and the rubber collar was doing a good job of stretching everything. Except that when I just examined you, you had already closed up at least three quarters of an inch. This," she made a head gesture as she picked up the steel collar with her gloves still on, "won't just stretch the skin from side to side like the Balfour retractor did."

Andrea moved back into place between Alexi's ankles and began to make adjustments to the collar to resize it. The flexible steel bands forming the outer edge tucked in and became more oval shaped.

"And once I put this in I can do one better than just stretch everything to the bone."

Alexi felt the cool steel on her lips and the pressure against her opening. Everything was fairly dulled by the numbing shots, but there was an ache underneath it from the strain and hard workouts up to this point.

"Better than that how? What does it do?" She asked cautiously.

"Well I measured everything. So I'm pretty sure with this in for the next hour, then taking it out and letting you have a bio break, and then putting it back in - well I'm pretty sure you'll be bleeding a bit because this will tear the skin apart if the skin doesn't stretch."

The steel band fit snugly against the most exposed and painful areas of the perineum, and Andrea pushed it down toward Alexi's anus as she fit the sides and then top into Alexi's cunt.

"Ouch... I mean that hurts. I thought we already tore things a bit. Is there more?"

Andrea let out an evil laugh as she held the steel collar in place with one hand and worked the screws with her other. The collar began to expand and Andrea was looking directly into Alexi's vaginal tunnel as the labia were pushed further and further apart.

"Because with this collar we're going to make sure the bones have pressure on them too. So the extra lube is to minimize any pinching as the skin gets caught between steel and bone."

Alexi grunted at the sensation of so much pressure at her opening. "How far?" The restraining straps felt very real, and Alexi was struggling with whether they meant she was safe or in danger. Her anxiety was eroding quickly though as the pain jabs started making things a bit hazy.

With another smirk, Andrea said softly "All the way."

The collar was sufficiently stuck in place that she could use both hands to adjust the shape and fit of it. Three cross bars ran in parallel horizontally, and then two ran vertically. This let Andrea fine tune the resulting shape to stretch Alexi at multiple points with a finesse that was impossible with the Balfour retractor or an ordinary speculum.

"How far is that?" Alexi was trying to take slow deep breaths as the pain, pressure, and stretching hit her all at once. She wasn't turned on like the previous night because of her sensitivity. But even if she had been, it would be a lot to handle.

"In measurements... hard to say exactly because you have an almost rounded triangle kind of shape." Andrea eyeballed the collar. The outer steel band that was in contact with the flesh had its own distortions due to its bowing curvature between anchor points to the crossbars. She picked up a ruler she had been using earlier for photos. "One sec," she muttered. "Ok. So right now about five inches from top to bottom. Four and a half inches across the center but only three and a half as I get near to your clit and closer to five as I get near to your tailbone..." Andrea paused with a "Hmmmmmm."

"What?" Alexi didn't react to the measurements. They didn't mean much to her in her current state of mind. Though what Andrea was really describing was roughly the dimensions of two good sized closed fists with the palms facing each other, thumbs toward the top where there would be some extra room for at least a cock as well.

Andrea patted Alexi's thigh with the dry back of her glove and looked for a way to get a good picture of this. "Nothing to worry about. I think we've made a good choice for you is all." With silicon lube all over her gloves, Andrea gave up and refocused on wiping off her gloves again and then adjusting the steel collar a bit more.

Then Alexi felt Andrea start stroking fingers along her labia and the steel collar as well as into the walls of her cunt. The between gap between the crossbars made it possible for Andrea to reach right in with no interference. Alexi worked out her question slowly as she let the increasingly familiar shudders from pain and excitement work their way through her body. "Stretching

my cunt you mean?" She was starting to get turned on despite her sensitivity and the feeling of restraints and bondage. Especially with the attention directly on her vaginal walls that bypassed the real sensitive areas.

Andrea carefully worked two fingers from both hands into Alexi's cunt through the gaps in the steel collar's inner lining of machined parts and cross struts. She loved how she could actually see Alexi getting turned on by watching Alexi's inner walls pulse and flow in front of her eyes.

"Not really, no. Though this is amazing to see and I thoroughly enjoy it." She stroked some more paying attention to the areas of the vaginal wall that seemed more textured and ribbed.

A smile lit Andrea's face as she felt Alexi have a small climax. Andrea felt it with her fingertips but she could see it too. The vaginal walls moved in a swallowing motion as she watched, and the strain of the steel collar was clearly stretching a bit more than just the skin at the opening as the walls fought to come together but could only do so a few inches further in.

At the same time sweat was building up along Alexi's back as the strain and stimulation caused her pulse to pick up. Alexi felt the urge to writhe and push out but there was nothing to grind against, nothing to hump, and no way to move. She felt strangely empty and yet stretched past anything she'd had in her before. "Oh god..." she muttered. "Andrea... just tell me... what choice?" She tried to focus. But the sensations were already starting to overwhelm her in a good way.

Andrea smiled as she continued what she was doing while checking the clock on the television. She had about thirty minutes before the numbing shots wore off. Alexi was totally open from clit to tailbone and the steel bands had effectively blocked off her urethra and anus. She was opened fully from side to side and the steel bands were actually pushing into Alexi's pelvis bone. Unlike the rubber collar, the steel collar pushed the thicker stretched skin of the labia out cleanly, and if it weren't for all the lube slickness then Andrea could be working on stretching those lips down and out while they were past any point of resistance. Instead she kept working Alexi's energetic pussy to build up an orgasmic high that might lessen the pain, all while fascinated by how she could actually see into Alexi's cunt as it responded and reacted.

Alexi could tell Andrea was working her well and thoroughly. The pressure seemed to go all the way to her hip joints. She felt nothing at her opening except stiff resistance and pressure and a dull ache. But just inches into her cunt she felt Andrea's fingers like they were part of her. The room air blowing in and out seemed natural as well, despite being so odd before. The initial release was now a flow of mini orgasms building and climaxing. Alexi soaked in

the good sensations and how strangely comfortable she was, but the lack of anything to feel really fucking her, anything to push back against, left Alexi feeling a building need for something bigger and more fulfilling.

"What choice?" Alexi asked quietly before another throbbing mini-orgasm soaked her open vaginal walls. She was still stuck on Andrea's strange statement even as she felt herself on the edge of a fuzzy zen sexual state of mind.

Andrea stopped what she was doing and walked over by Alexi's head. She crouched down a bit so she could talk into Alexi's ear. "This will finish destroying your cunt opening tonight. My work tomorrow I'll focus on lengthening your labia, but your cunt mouth is done."

Alexi moaned in response and turned her head enough for Andrea to kiss her mouth. "Are you sure? I... I think I want more..." she admitted.

"Remember how I had you to simply set aside your three and a half inch toys until we do anal work next week? How the four inch toy was a struggle this morning because of the bruising? Now anything less than four inches should go. No more difficulty with this gaping cunt." Andrea paused. "Do you want to know the truth?" She had a smirk on her face.

Even without the stimulation, Alexi's cunt was still throbbing. "Tell me..." she said while breathing through her mouth.

Andrea kissed her and said quietly. "That soda can plug from yesterday is for tiny pussies - like mine - now. That rhino horn from this afternoon is just a tease for open pussies - and isn't enough for you anymore. You have a gaping cunt and it needs something filling since it cannot be stretched any further."

Andrea punctuated 'gaping cunt' with kisses on Alexi's open mouth. Alexi was panting and despite having no additional stimulation she could feel her vaginal walls - her gaping cunt walls - pulsing and building up to another orgasm.

"But the choice I'm referring to," Andrea delivered a long kiss which brought Alexi to another orgasm and caused her to breath even harder, "is the fact that before long you get to see me begging Tom to fuck my ass with whatever he wants," another long kiss. Andrea could see the impact on Alexi as she told her that - Alexi's whole body shuddered with the words.

"You want that, don't you baby?" she whispered in Alexi's ear.

Alexi turned and kissed her. "Yes..." she hissed. "Oh yess..."

"I'm going to let you watch. Watch him really fuck my ass, because he will do

it and I will beg him to keep doing it," kisses on the mouth and cheeks as Alexi groaned from her own contractions brought on by Andrea's words and the images that raced through Alexi's mind.

"The choice to put tunnels and barbells in your stretched out labia - meaning your only unrestricted cunt will be what we do with your ass next week." A long deep kiss even as Alexi struggled to get enough air.

"The measurements don't lie. Your ass was meant to be a cunt. A gaping cunt. Your widest opening is from your tailbone to the middle of your gash." More kisses - some strong and some soft. Alexi was spiraling in the sensations, and Andrea knew she was mostly talking for her own benefit. Her own wetness was soaking her thong, and she was intentionally clenching and unclenching her buttocks in anticipation.

She kept whispering. "When we turn your ass into a gaping cunt, you'll have to wear something in it all the time to keep yourself from making a mess. Something big enough not to fall out and always stretching you." Andrea fought hard not to touch herself with her slippery gloved hands. The silicon would stain her clothes. Rubbing her thighs together was all she could do. Alexi was spasming again, and Andrea hoped Alexi was picturing the same thing she was.

Andrea was picturing Alexi - loose labia bunched up with steel tunnels and barbells making access to her cunt restricted, and the exposed cunt walls pushed out slightly by giant plug whose base protruded just a bit from Alexi's distended anus. Tom would fuck that. Andrea had no doubt Tom would fuck that. But sometimes Tom would want something else, something easier to get to, something without a mess.

"And he'll love that look on you, oh he'll always be hard when he sees or thinks about it, oh yes," she coo'd to Alexi. Andrea pictured Tom's hard cock - she'd seen it once when she'd been soaking the tub and he came out of the shower - and she couldn't hold back any more. Awkwardly tugging on her trousers with one hand she released the button fly. The silicon lube felt cool and slick on her lower back and buttocks as she immediately ran a hand down her backside into her panties.

"Alexi - do you hear me, baby girl?" she asked in a trembling voice. Alexi turned her head and tried to make out what Andrea was doing through the fog of the constant stimulus. Andrea was bent over her, one hand behind her back.

"Wha... what?"

"I've got a finger up my ass for Tom. Do you understand?"

Alexi tried to turn and see, her head partially clearing, but the straps held her down. "What do you mean?" She struggled a bit. "I can't see."

Andrea groaned. The feeling wasn't very sexy but it was the act that had her soaking wet. "I have a finger, my finger, shoved up my ass. For Tom. I won't do more than one until he tells me to. But I'm going to finger my ass every day to be ready."

Alexi sighed and moaned herself. The dull ache of the steel collar and her own orgasms were starting to make her cramp, but Andrea was totally distracting her. "What? Why?"

Andrea could feel her finger pushed all the way in and fought the urge to slip in a second. It'd be so easy. But she'd have to wait. She'd have to wait. "When you and I give Tom your wrecked cunts - you'll be so stretched out, I'll make sure you're completely stretched out - and I'll keep you stretched out... when Tom has you as his property - when he can do anything he wants with your gaping cunts... he'll use them... oh he'll make sure you stay stretched and open and fucked all the time. You won't have an ass... you'll just have a second messier cunt..."

Alexi could feel Andrea's excitement building. She arched her neck out and Andrea met her with a shuddering kiss. Alexi trembled and then orgasmed hard enough to soak her pussy and feel the juice running down her tailbone to her lower back.

At the same time, unable to keep her own promise, Andrea slipped a second finger into her ass. Her shudder became a deep reflexive moan and then her orgasm caused Andrea to lean heavily forward on Alexi's chest. They both felt how each other had cum. Lifting up, a bit mussed, Andrea was the first to regain control. She kissed Alexi and removed her fingers. The lube still tingled on her anus and she knew the silicon would remind her all night of what she had done.

Alexi weakly smiled at her friend's abandon. "Yummm..." she said softly. "What was that about?"

Andrea smiled and stood up. She took off her gloves and tossed them out and then pushed her trousers the rest of the way off. "That was about my fantasy that you are making come true."

"Ummm... and how am I doing that?"

"Because your gaping cunts won't leave an ass left for Tom to fuck. So I intend to make sure he chooses mine."

Alexi groaned as a wave of abdominal pain hit her hard. "Cramping... ugh..."  
Then she looked up at Andrea. "So keeping it in the family, huh?"

Andrea looked over Alexi and put on a fresh pair of gloves to restart her vaginal stimulation. "Sure I guess. I mean... would you mind?"

With a sigh of relief as Andrea's fingers slowly began stroking and calming her vaginal walls again, Alexi said simply "No."

They both smiled back at each other, and Andrea added her little bit. "Because you really want to have two gaping cunts."

Alexi relaxed and tried to let the tension out of her belly. Despite all the restraints, all the difficulty, all the frustration - she knew her strong orgasms were showing her this was all good. With slow regular deep breaths she replied "Because I really want to always have something inside of me keeping me stretched and fucked." She grinned and let herself relax further into the massage table's soft embrace hoping it would also help lessen the cramps. "And because I want to see you fucked by Tom and thoroughly enjoying it knowing you can give him something I won't be able to any more. Because I'll be giving him something else, something different."

Andrea checked the clock and switched over to using just one hand to lightly finger Alexi while she used her other to wipe down the mess and juices all around Alexi's totally stretched cunt. There wasn't much tearing though the wipes did pick up some light blood. She continued to talk to Alexi and together they fantasized about what it might be like.

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(to be continued)

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by Max

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