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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 9)

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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

Version Info: DRAFT - Revision 07

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Title: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 9)

Universe: Tom

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

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

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DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 9)  
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written by Max  
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It was going on nine, and Tom checked his mobile to see if he had missed a call.  
Nothing. "Son of a bitch," Tom muttered under his breath. It was one thing to  
have to deal with the roller coaster, a whole other thing to have to  
participate. He debated calling Alexi, and decided over the course of the next  
half an hour that there was a better option.

He picked up his mobile and jogged through his phone book to find her. Then he  
rang up Andrea. The phone rang three or four times and then went to voice mail.

Tom didn't bother leaving a message - Andrea almost always called him back as soon as she could, and the message would just be to call him back anyway. Then he set aside the phone and busied himself around the kitchen to make sure dishes were put away and counters were wiped down.

It was just after ten when he heard his phone buzzing and he went and grabbed it from the living room table. "Hello," he answered.

"Hello, Tom. It's Andrea, everything ok?" Andrea asked. Andrea sounded tired and a bit frazzled.

"I guess. I was calling to ask you the same - Alexi said she'd call later today again but I wasn't expecting it to be this late." Tom tried not to sound angry but his disappointment was coming through clearly.

Andrea heard him and shook her head. "Ah, damn it. She didn't tell me she promised to call you back after you guys talked this morning. She's pretty much in the zone right now, I'm afraid you'd mostly just get some babbling out of her and she'd rather not blab too much." Andrea thought about Alexi spilling the beans on how they had spent the last few hours fantasizing about both of them being with Tom. "She would definitely want to talk to you, but I wouldn't recommend it."

"Yeah - the whole secret thing on top of everything else." Tom sighed. "It's alright I just wanted to make sure everything is ok." The anger and disappointment was gone, but Tom sounded weary and tired himself.

"Well, no. I mean. If she promised then she should have told me or remembered to keep the promise herself. I'm sorry about that." There was a hesitation from Andrea for a moment. "Is there anything I can do?"

Tom laughed. "'Anything' is a pretty broad set of things, Andrea. Got something in mind?"

Hearing Tom shift from dull tones to a bit of laughter made Andrea smile. She looked over at Alexi where she was still strapped to the massage table just with two small vibrators on low inserted through the steel collar to keep Alexi's vaginal walls stimulated. Alexi was all but asleep from the continuous stimulation and a powdered sleeping pill Andrea had put in her water after the necessary bathroom break.

"Well, I could tell you how things are going, I suppose. She wants you to know enough to be happy about all this. And I could thank you for talking to her about me yesterday because I think you really helped her and enabled us to talk through some stuff together." Andrea stifled a smirk and tried to sound

innocent. "Ummm... well... or anything you might ask?"

"Is she alright, Andrea? She seems to really be going out on a limb, and I don't want her hurt." Tom's concern was genuine and that made Andrea feel better. It was the first time he'd really asked and expressed concern.

"Yeah - she's alright. A little crazy but you like crazy women, Tom." She sighed. "I just hope all that stuff you wrote about in those stories is something you meant."

"Ah christ... Is that what this is all about?"

"Sort of. You knew I shared the links with her, right?"

Tom shook his head and started to pace a bit. "I should have known you would. I guess I didn't really understand how she would react to them."

Andrea laughed. "Shock, worry, a lot of - 'can that even be possible?' You know. The usual reaction I bet your stories get."

"The usual reaction tends to range from extreme disconnect to extreme turn on. It's a pretty broad reaction set. How did it hit her?"

"I think it hit her right between the eyes, Tom. She wants you to want her."

"I do. It's just, well, it's just complicated."

Andrea sighed. "Complicated? Like your entire life is simple?" She smiled and snickered at Tom. "Did you think holding back would make her less crazy?"

Tom got Andrea's point. More than once Andrea had teased him about when he was going to finally 'make Alexi a proper woman' and Tom had still held back. He just didn't know exactly how to handle Alexi, and felt more reserved around her because of it. "It wasn't intentional. And good gracious the one time we really do get physical she immediately hits me with 'This is a one time thing because I'm going make myself different.' It was not the greatest moment in simple pleasures, Andrea."

Andrea heard Tom's frustration and could definitely relate. "She lives in her head, Tom, just like you. And, well, those stories put a lot of things in her head. I'm still trying to figure out what that really means. But right now it means she's laying on a table, her vagina completely stretched open, and she wants to be that way for you to enjoy. For you to want her to be that way is probably pretty important."

"I appreciate that, Andrea. It's just... well I've had bad experiences."

Andrea sighed. "Tell me about it. So have I. And with this person in particular. But if you can accept her, if you can let her, then she'll be amazing for you." Andrea's voice carried her deep love for Alexi in it like threads woven through rich cloth. "I mean it, Tom. She may be insane, but I've never seen her so very committed to so much for anyone - not even me."

"I'm sorry about that, Andrea. I'm sorry about that, too. You need her and she's busy doing things for me. After all this time, does she even know you love her?"

"Well," Andrea replied carefully, "I'd say we both have talked about it a lot thanks to you, and we're a lot closer because of you right now." She heard Tom take a deep breath but cut him off before he could speak. "Not because of this sex stuff - though I really really am enjoying some of that - but because we are talking about us and you and, well, we're a lot closer in a good way because of it."

Tom hesitated, unsure of what to say.

"So yeah, back to what you asked, she's ok and I'm doing ok too. Although I'm a little crazy as well, you know."

Tom couldn't miss the obvious flirtiness in Andrea's comment.

"So what else do you want to know? I'm surprised you aren't asking about Alexi's marvelous new opening."

Tom felt the topic shift and decided to let Andrea lead the dance. "Oh I'm terribly curious, Andrea, but what would I ask?"

"Hmmm.. other than anything you wanted? How about the measurements? How about the tools? How about the look of it?" Andrea was smiling and she knew she was teasing Tom. He was still uncomfortable, but she was sure she could distract him.

Tom snickered. "Oh, so now we're going to push all my buttons, huh? While you're there to have all the fun." He laughed a bit. "I take it there's a reason someone was mucking around in my work room?"

"Oh yeah - Alexi had to steal the secret plans so I could hook her up with some implements of destruction." She laughed with Tom. "She's my secret agent after all."

"Yeah, well, please let your secret agent know that I'm on to her. I noticed some missing DVDs, some missing small toys, and she ruffled through several folders and then left a diagram for a collar I was thinking about on the copier so I found it when I tried to fax some stuff."

"Oh shit. Yeah. More like my secret agent in training." Andrea chuckled. Then she thought about it. "Hey was that the collar design with the built in speculum kind of bits."

"Yeah, I've been struggling with how the heck to make it work. It's just way too complicated I think."

Andrea was excited. "I figured it out! Seriously, I'm using that basic design with some modifications right now on Alexi."

"What? You actually built one. How did-"

"I used the basic parts from a few retractors and then fit them into two overlapping steel bands. I anchored the retractor arms to the bands with rivets and then treated everything to make sure the outside is smooth. The thing is heavy as heck, but it works really really well."

"Jeez. How'd you fabricate and join the steel?"

"I have a friend. You've got to meet her. She can make almost anything. She mostly works on bikes and stuff, but she has her own work shop with a welder, cutting torches, the whole nine yards."

Tom was impressed. He fiddled with a lot of things but often it came down to time to fabricate and that was something he was always lacking. "Nicely done. I'd love to see how it came out."

"Maybe better than you planned. It works like a retractor sort of, but it has enough force plus the complete diameter of steel band to make sure everything is stretched. I had a Balfour retractor in her last night, and it was just like you complained it would be. The side to side stretching was awesome, but there was no way to stretch things from top to bottom as well."

"Wait a minute - so you read not just my stories but my notes too? That's not in anything I've put on the web."

Andrea realized she may have just made a mistake. Bad enough she admitted Alexi had been raiding Tom's house, but he had been ok with that because he knew. Now she was admitting that some of his notebooks had been looked through, and that might be over the line. "Ummm... well to be honest... I read all your stories."

"All of them? Andrea, a lot of my stories are -"

"Are on your laptop. In a folder under writing slash erotica. Yeah, I know."

"Huh," Tom said with a click of his tongue. "No secrets from a spymaster then, eh?" He did not sound amused.

"I didn't change or delete or copy them or anything. I knew you would want them left alone. But I - well I wanted to know more."

"And you didn't think to ask me?"

Andrea was going a bit pale. So much for distracting Tom with happiness. "No, Tom. Because if I asked you then you would know I was reading your stories. And if I was reading your stories then you'd want feedback. And if I gave you honest feedback then I'd get into trouble."

Tom forced himself to relax. After all he had allowed Andrea on his laptop many times to check webmail and browse the internet. It was his own fault if she started digging around. "Ok. I can live with that."

"Just barely I imagine. Can I change the topic again with a promise that in the future I will always ask and will try to make Alexi ask before we borrow anything or sneak around? Please."

"Ok. But I'm holding you to the feedback part now. I want to know what you thought because there must be a reason for you to be digging around to find more stories to read." He narrowed his eyes. "Unless of course there's more to the 'secret' than I know about."

Andrea caught his drift, and realized she'd be uncovering a whole lot if she even started to talk about how she felt about Tom's erotica and the extreme acts in it. "For now let me just say I've never appreciated fisting a woman as much as you obviously do - and it was damn hot to read about it." She smiled and shrugged. "Any other feedback will have to wait a little bit because I've got my hands full of secrets, and I don't want to get in even more trouble."

"I understand. I'm not super happy. But I understand." He paused. "Of course you did actually make a collar speculum. With steel. That's pretty awesome, Andrea."

"It came out really nice. And I made a modified rubber collar too. With an inflatable inner lining to solve the rigidity problem."

Tom pictured that in his head. "Yeah, but then you can't see or touch anything."

"Oh my god, I know, and I had no idea. I can look right into her with the retractor and the steel collar, even with all the cross bars, it's amazing."

"I love how you can actually watch the orgasm happen - but with the steel you'd never be able to wear that around, right?"

"Yeah - it's too heavy I think. I have her strapped down and in stirrups so it can't move and hurt her. Or rather she can't move and cause it to hurt her. Or whatever."

"So the steel collar for stretching, and the inflatable rubber collar for wearing. Interesting approach..." Tom's voice trailed off as he tried to picture how the devices would work and the results from them.

"Actually for wearing we've got a pretty good variety of toys and whatnot. The rubber collar is really more for sleeping in and maintaining in the interim." She paused.

"Yes?" Tom asked as he noticed the quiet.

"Is there anything else you want to know? Anything else I can do? I'm really sorry Alexi is out of it right now."

Tom shrugged. "It's ok, Andrea. It's good talking to you at least. Maybe I'm just a bit lonely."

She laughed. "Right. So let me fix that." Her broad smile and twinkling eyes couldn't be heard but she felt them. "What can I do to make you feel a bit less lonely, hmmm?"

Tom snickered. "Oh I don't know. I've always thought you would make an excellent lover, but I guess that's out." He always enjoyed an invitation to flirt with Andrea.

"Oh, I'm too far away to do that. I'm in a secret town, on a secret mission, with my secret agent in training after all." She laughed. "But if I were to be your lover then what would you want?"

Tom frowned slightly. This was a new hypothetical that had never come up before. "Well I think we'd have to have a long talk with Alexi, wouldn't we? She might not want me cutting in on her closet girlfriend."

"I'm the closet girlfriend," Andrea laughed back. "I see the idea of actually being with me makes you nervous. Is it because of Alexi or is it because you don't like me after all, you tease?"

"Oh I've got a lot of ideas. Some of which I've never written in a story for you to sneak a peek at." Tom stayed noncommittal but played along.

"Yummm... so I'm standing here in panties and bra and tshirt. Care to tell me what you'd like to do?"

Tom stopped his casual pacing circuit and settled into his couch. He could still smell the soft fragrance of Alexi there. And mixed with it he was sure he smelled the deeper richer perfume that Andrea liked to wear. "Do I get full immunity if I answer?" he asked quietly.

"Always," Andrea whispered back. Her heart raced a bit. "Fire away."

"I've always wanted to see you naked, to trace my hands over your body, to explore you..."

Andrea was breathless waiting for more. "Go on... because I knew that, Tom..."

"And I've wanted you to touch me as well..."

"Oh definitely..."

Tom pondered the video clips he'd scanned through earlier in the day and the night before. A lot of them had Alexi servicing Andrea - whether that was with her mouth or a strap on - and he could swear that Andrea had been staring into the camera with a smile and wink at times. But there was one particular video that really had struck him as odd and suddenly he thought he understood why. "Andrea, you know that Alexi shared a bunch of videos and such with me, right?"

Andrea groaned at the change of topic and the specific question. "Yeah I heard all about that. Look I'm really really sorry if-"

"No apology needed. Just wanted to tell you one thing, and ask you another. If you can talk about those anyway." The shift in his tone was strange - he sounded inspired.

Andrea felt her heart pick up the beat again. Tom might have her in a corner and no matter what he asked at this point, she could feel the trap. She tried to reply nonchalantly. "Uh yeah... no problem..." Her nonchalant gave off as uneasy and worried.

At the same time, Andrea noticed the lingering smooth wetness of her anus - close at hand. Mostly because she was clenching at the thought of what might come next. "Go on..."

Tom heard the underlying shift in Andrea, and felt certain he'd just seen his opportunity with the gorgeous amazon. Tom's smile was so ferocious that the sound of his voice was like his lips on Andrea's earlobe. "First I wanted to say you've done some absolutely marvelous work. I knew you did some photography and videography, but if you are ok with some side business I know a few women who are always looking for a photographer, and you've shown a really good eye for things. I don't know how much direction Alexi has given you, but my impression is that you also have a good notion for what the audience might want to see." He set her up with honest praise.

Andrea was caught a off guard by the compliment. She'd never heard Tom say something so positive and offering to introduce her to other women who would want to model for her - well that was way above and beyond offering to go out and wing for each other at bars and clubs. But there was something else going on here, and she felt caution flags coming up even as she beamed a little.

"Which leads me to my question."

"Uh huh," was all Andrea managed.

"Did you know the videos were for me, and is it me you're waving to in one of the videos while you have Alexi going down on you?"

The caution flags all fired at once. Andrea groaned and felt Tom catch her in a trap. "Well, ummm, I didn't, I mean... not exactly."

Tom eased off a bit. "It's ok if you were. I thought it was cute. But it makes me think that maybe you wanted to show off that wonderful body of yours."

Then he shifted back to a whisper. "So I've already seen you with your clothes off, Andrea. I've seen more than that. I've seen you being sucked, fucked, and cumming..."

He waited for a response, but Andrea was tied up in knots. "And the whole time, while you told Alexi what to do, how to put a strap on in you, how to lick you, how to play with your wonderful breasts, how to kiss you, how to ride you... the whole time you were doing that for me to see... maybe?"

His question was deliberate. She had to answer it. What kind of silly thing was she thinking? How obvious could she have been? The damn videos were more of her undoing than she had expected.

"How can I answer that, Tom? Really?" she whispered back.

Tom was listening carefully to the rhythm of Andrea's breathing. He was surprised to find she was cycling between being turned on and being worried - and that made it clear this was no joking matter. "Honestly," he replied. "If you can't answer honestly then don't answer."

"What do you want me to say?" Andrea asked carefully.

"Tell me what you would do if I had you here, right now, with me."

Andrea hesitated.

Tom sighed. "Other than panic of course," he added softly.

Andrea took a huge step forward. Looking over at her friend sleeping with a steel device wedged into her pelvis, her own body in underwear and a tshirt and the sexual tension Tom caused her to feel pulsing through her, closing her eyes and seeing Tom in her mind's eye... "Anything," she whispered.

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(to be continued)

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by Max

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