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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 10)

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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 10)

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 10)  
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written by Max  
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Tom was talking to Andrea - trying to relax on his couch having just discovered  
that Andrea was far more willing to be with him than he had suspected. For her  
part, Andrea was standing in the hotel living room, casting a glance over at  
Alexi who was naked and sleeping with her legs apart in stirrups and a steel  
collar stretching her pussy completely open. Andrea wore her panties, bra and  
tshirt from earlier - and as she clenched and unclenched her thighs and buttocks  
she could still feel the slickness of the silicon lube from fingering her own  
bottom as she fantasized with Alexi about having Tom fuck her ass.

Tom's voice flowed at her with a soft command she couldn't dodge even if she wanted to. "Tell me what you would do for me, Andrea. Tell me what 'anything' means."

She caught her breath, and then let out a slow exhale. The silence stretched. Then Andrea squared her shoulders like she was facing a firing squad and looked straight ahead. "Anything."

"You're waving to me in a sex video, winking and smiling with me, and letting Alexi plunge into you any way she wants... or did you ask her to do specific things?" Tom's question was warm but firm.

"I knew you would be watching. She made me write up a contract - I -"

"I've skimmed the contract. You would have been in control of dictating what she had to do for payment. Except I know what you like, or thought I did, and I see you doing some things that I don't think you're very in to. The pictures - of Alexi - did she tell you what to shoot and how?"

"No. She told me she wanted a record. Documentation. I, uh, well I figured out what I thought would be best. Was it ok? I mean, did I screw it up?"

"I told you - you're an awesome photographer with a really good eye. But the details included extra things. A ruler so you can accurately understand dimensions. Light ink markings to convey consistent metrics. Things I wouldn't expect Alexi to notice but you clearly did. And that makes me think you have spent a fair amount of time figuring out what I like too. Which seems odd for a woman who only likes women. Especially odd for a woman who likes the same sort of women I do, and whom I don't recall ever being so detailed in previous discussions or stories she tells."

"But you're always detailed, Tom. I never really thought of certain things until I heard you bring them up. And the details make sense. After all how would you know the size of something in a picture without a clean reference? It is documentation after all."

Tom was quiet, and let Andrea take a breath. "We didn't talk in those terms often enough to make an impression. You read all the stories. And in those there is far more detail and so you decided that was what I liked. Is that what happened?"

Andrea nodded "Yes."

"So here's the curious question, Andrea. I understand Alexi is motivated by

wanting me, by wanting to be something for me. That makes some sense given her nature and experiences. But why would you be working so hard to make sure I liked you?" Tom thought to himself. "Of course I'm just talking out loud, aren't I?"

Then he repeated again. "Tell me what you would do for me, Andrea."

Andrea was more comfortable now. She knew this about Tom. The trap had her fully enclosed but with that came safety. Safety understanding what it meant and safety knowing it was Tom. Maybe Tom being Tom was really the key to a lot of this and not just the intimacy Alexi shared with Tom and the silly flirting she did to tease Tom and get his attention. "Honestly, Tom. Anything. Anything I could do anyway." She didn't doubt someday Tom might take advantage of that but not right now.

Tom took that commitment in stride, knowing it could be real or temporary, but it reflected a shift in Andrea, Alexi, and himself that this situation would sort over time. "I'm really flattered by that, Andrea," he said softly. "That's way above and beyond what I would expect from you. Especially given -"

Andrea caught him off and vented a bit of her own internal frustration. "Given what, Tom? You take care of Alexi, and you make every effort to take care of me. Besides," she added with a bit of cheek, "I think you like me."

Tom nodded solemnly on his end of the phone. So that part of this was now in the open too. "Be careful with that knowledge," he said very softly. "Alexi has insecurities that run pretty deep, and I think she's putting herself through a lot of stress because she wants me to like her. Liking you at the same time may not be something she understands."

"Bit late for that," Andrea replied calmly. She was shocked this was going so well - as well as surprised at how much Tom actually cared about Alexi and her feelings. A part of her brain was still quietly screaming to run away. But it felt good to get this off of her chest. "Alexi and I talked this through yesterday, and she knows I like you and figured out that you had liked me all along." She paused. "Don't worry though. She still knows you are all about her first."

Tom considered his next words very carefully. The very shape and tone of them would have ramifications for some time. "The three of us will have to talk this through too," was the most neutral statement he could make. The complexities of the circumstances were too difficult to summarize. "So you may want to make sure nothing happens that doesn't have Alexi as part of it until we find the comfortable balance between all of us."

Andrea laughed. "Bit too late there, too, as she fully expects it will be the three of us when we return. And I can't help enhancing her lovely fantasies by feeding her more of that. You know me. I'm a terrible flirt and will say whatever it takes to make a lovely lady squirm." The joviality backed Tom and Andrea from the brink of something much more serious they would need to deal with later.

"I'm telling you," Tom laughed back more out of relief than humour, "as long as we divvy them up first we could take home whatever we wanted whenever you're ready."

"And what if I wanted you?" Andrea coo'd back at him. "I may be bored with the women you don't get to first after all." This kind of flirting banter was something they had grown comfortable with over the past month so it was easy to fall in to.

"And what's wrong with the women I get to first? I can tell you everything you need to know to make them squirm?" Tom sang back to Andrea.

The tenor tones and the underlying comfort Tom shared with Andrea had it's impact. She could actually sense the way he trusted her - calling her instead of Alexi was just one part of that - and while there was a slight prick to her conscience, she called him out on it. "Nothing wrong with them - after all I'm stretching one of them out for you right now." Her tones conveyed a mixture of being his confidant and more. "Stretching her out completely for you, documenting the entire process, and when I'm done... well you'll see." She hesitated and then pressed forward more seriously. "But sometimes I want you. And I think sometimes you want me."

Tom sighed at the dangerous ground Andrea kept luring them to. "And if I do want you? What then?" He smiled on his end of the phone. "I could think of a lot of things I'd enjoy doing with you, but you have particular tastes and specific needs."

Andrea sensed Tom's caution and at this point that made her even less reserved. "Name them. I dare you, Tom. Name them and let's see what I'd be willing to do."

There was a low chuckle that was almost a growl on the other end of the phone. "You said 'anything' already, Andrea. Have you changed your mind?"

The alarm klaxons were going off in Andrea's head again, but it was the heat between her thighs that had control of her brain now. "No. But I want to know how well you know me. Humour me this once and you can have... you can have anything." She was quiet, almost timid, because some part of Andrea knew she

was dealing with a beast and not the rational man.

"You know I'd require all of you to be open to me,' was all the animal said.

Andrea swallowed hard and nodded her head as she whispered. "Yes, I know that. All of me. All of my openings. In every way you asked."

"What else would I want? How well do you know me?"

Andrea suddenly understood that Tom might be the devil himself. And she was hoping to court and please him just the same. She thought back on things Tom had said, and Tom's stories, and latched on to what she had already suggested for Alexi. "Would you want... I, well... I would want to know where you want me to have your symbol tattoo'd on me."

"Good. You do pay attention to details. Where should we put it? Hmmm..." Tom hummed a bit to himself as he pictured and reviewed his memories of Andrea's body. "I think I know a good place -"

Andrea surprised herself by interrupting. "I think I know where it belongs on me, but I'm not sure it's where you would want it."

This was a very delicate discussion and Tom reigned in his own bestial nature to keep his head from fogging and talking over her. Andrea had excellent shape to her pubis and breasts, wide shoulders, and a broad back. But what was she aiming at? "Go ahead, Andrea. Where do you feel my symbol belongs on you?"

The sense of bestial intimidation was fading, and Andrea felt safer now than even before. Tom's lusty tones were calmer now - he was in control. Andrea still felt her pulse racing a bit and butterflies in her stomach. "Tom? Do you really want to know? Would you like me to explain why?" In her mind Andrea pleaded with Tom to demand she tell him.

Tom heard the questioning tones and saw a side of Andrea which he suspected but had not risked interacting with. She was vulnerable. She was reaching out. She wanted acceptance. But it was more than that. She was submitting herself to him. Tom stepped up to what he expected was necessary and presumed if this caused explosions or actually suited what Andrea wanted - either way it was a big change in everything.

There was a firm command to Tom's tone, and he used it to thrilling effect. "Andrea, tell me where I should permanently place my mark on you and tell me how you will earn it there. And tell me what 'anything' means once you are marked."

"Anything means anything. With your mark it means anything whether you are

there to tell me or not." Andrea paused as she considered how easily that came out. The 'tell me or not' was not lost on Tom.

"And?"

"I think the tattoo belongs along my spine and tailbone, slipping slightly between my buttocks, because that's where I want your cock first," Andrea spoke quieter and quieter as she got to the end of her sentence. She felt the jitters coming on, and she was nearly shaking.

Tom collected his thoughts as Andrea made her statement. "That would be very lovely on you, Andrea," he replied. "And lovely to do to you as well." He let his voice roll like soothing water on cool smooth stones. "Do you want to tell me more now, or would you rather tell me when you're here with me?" He sensed her nervousness and gave her room to work through it.

Andrea struggled to release herself from the small bout of stage fright and worked on relaxing as Tom spoke. "I can tell you now," she replied with a bit of an edge to her voice. "Would you enjoy doing that to me?"

"We'd have to work together on it so it would be something you could enjoy with me. Though some people never do get used to it. I'd want to show you how to prepare so you could work on it with some direction."

Andrea snorted and let out a tiny barking laugh partially out of nervousness and partially out of self mockery. "Oh, I think I know how to finger my ass, Tom." She sighed. "I was just doing it earlier today thinking about you." She paused. "Only that once of course," she added.

"And you told Alexi this?" Tom asked quietly.

"Well..." Andrea saw that this was a rather delicate subject. "Yes. Yes, I did."

Tom chuckled. "So how does she feel about that? Did she tell you anything that led up to that moment?"

Andrea was a bit puzzled by the question. "Well, no. I mean she knows I don't do that, I mean I don't do anal anything. I don't understand."

"Ah. Well let me tell you something you may not know then," Tom paused with a slow exhalation. "The first thing Alexi tried -"

"I know. She told me that blow jobs don't do anything for you. But what does that have to do with this?"

Tom snickered at Andrea's impatience. "Shhhh. Let me finish please." He waited and when Andrea stayed quiet, Tom continued. "When trying to suck and work my cock with her mouth and hands failed, Alexi turned and guided my cock directly to her ass to turn me on."

"Oh," Andrea let slip. She'd never known that Alexi had first taken Tom in her ass. "Did it... did that work?"

"Tell me - did you cum while fingering your ass tonight?"

Andrea replied without hesitation. "Yes."

"And what did you say to Alexi about this?"

"She was right there, right in front of me, and I kissed her and told her I was fingering my ass..."

"Why were you fingering your ass? What did you tell her?"

Andrea took a deep breath. "I told her I was doing it for you. To be ready for you. That'd I'd do it at least once a day so I could be ready for you." She hesitated. "Tom, I didn't mean to upset her? Did I do something wrong? Did I?"

Tom was rock hard but fought down the distraction of the blood pumping in his raging cock. "You didn't do anything wrong, Andrea. What reason did you give Alexi for needing to prepare your ass for me?"

"Because I knew you'd want it. I didn't know you fucked Alexi's ass first. Honest. I had no idea. But..." Andrea was rushing a bit and then took a pause to breath and think. "But I knew you wanted to fuck me, and I knew that, well, with what Alexi is doing..."

"Yeah?"

Andrea felt some self doubt. "Tom. Do you want to fuck me? I mean. I won't even really know how to do it with, well, with..."

Tom's reassurance was immediate and without reservation. "All the time." He left no room for doubt. "Can you live with that knowledge without exploding?"

"I... well..." Andrea was stammering a bit.

"I will tell you what to do, help teach you how to do it, and in return," Tom

paused.

Andrea finished his sentence for him. "Anything," she said in a low whisper.

"What will you do, Andrea?"

"Anything." Andrea said quietly then paused. "Anything," she repeated louder. Her voice was firm and full now.

Tom smiled and asked again, "What did you tell Alexi about why I would be fucking your ass?" He was almost casual about it.

Andrea tried to remember what she'd said at the tail end of her orgasm earlier that evening. "I was kind of distracted, Tom. I'd just had my first orgasm from fingering my ass after all." She sighed. "To tell you the truth, Tom, I think I went a little crazy."

"Uh huh. She's got insecurities, Andrea. How hard did you push them?"

"You know she intends to completely open her cunt and ass right?"

Tom nodded. "That's about all I've really be told definitely."

Andrea pondered why none of the inking and piercing had been mentioned. She decided to not mention it herself unless asked directly. "That's definitely under way, and I told her that, well... I told Alexi that with her so open she'd end up with just two gaping cunts."

"And?"

"And so you'd need an ass to fuck - and I intended to give you mine if that was something you asked for... Oh shit, Tom. That was pretty fucking evil of me, wasn't it?"

Tom considered carefully. "Possibly pretty rough, yeah. Did she say anything?"

"Yeah, she did," Andrea let out a deep breath. "Dead serious, Tom - don't hurt Alexi intentionally, ok?"

"Of course not - though she does seem to need to think a bit more about others."

"Well, she's all about you right now. She wants you. She is worried about you leaving her already. It's really hard for her to keep, well, boyfriends if that's what she thinks you are. I think she's thinking long term, and I just don't know if that's appropriate."



"Ok. I understand. So what did she say?"

"Tom, she was a bit off her head. She brought up me giving you something she couldn't, and me being thoroughly fucked by you."

Tom let out a low whistle. "Dangerous ground. So how comfortable is she being stretched to two cunts I wonder..."

"She's totally dedicated to it, Tom. More than that. I'm a good eight feet away and from here I can look straight into her pussy. That cunt is done, and it's just a matter of making certain it's permanent. As for her ass..."

"Yes?"

"I asked her why, and she told me. She gave me two reasons really. One was that it'd be too easy to just turn her vagina into a gaping cunt. To really show you, she would need to do her ass too. And later she told me she really wanted to always have something inside of her."

Tom pondered. "But she could do that with -"

Andrea cut him off gently. "She wants her ass to be stretched, filled, and continually fucked and stretched by whatever is in it. She's not looking at a small change here, Tom. I've got the steel collar in her based on the retractor design, and that has her opened to just over four and three quarter inches at the widest point and five and a bit inches from top to bottom. Next week when we begin working on her ass, I'm expected to create the same results." While asserting herself firmly, Andrea kept her voice quiet.

"Wow," Tom replied. "I presume the skinfolds of her labia have already become stretched sufficiently to hang loose from any connective tissue then?"

"More than that. The skin separating her anus and vagina is tearing out - a lot - and probably won't recover. She told me her ass is already feeling more open and loose in the shower."

"And what about you? How do you feel about this? It's a major change, and you know she'll need support."

Andrea hesitated and responded carefully. "I have always been there for Alexi. I don't expect that to change."

Tom left it at that for now. He shifted to giving Andrea directions. "I want you to use two fingers in you anus at least once a day. Nothing more for now."

No one else either." Tom said calmly having reflected on the overall situation.

"Will that please you? What else?"

"What style underwear do you wear typically?"

"Ummm... thongs usually. Sometimes full boy briefs and sometimes boxers. Why?"

Tom pondered. "I know you use silicon lube with Alexi sometimes. It can be messy. But I'd like you to try a few things and see what will help keep your sphincter moist and yet not cause you a mess."

Andrea thought about it. "We're here for two weeks. I'll start experimenting tomorrow. My fingers had silicon lube on them earlier today and I definitely can still feel a bit of wetness."

"Fingers?"

"I had only one finger in right until the end, and then, then I couldn't hold back, and I slipped a second in just before I came really hard. I'm sorry. I promised myself just one finger though. And it should be ok because you said two from now on." Andrea sounded a bit stressed. She obviously wanted to please Tom.

"This is very important early on, Andrea. Very important. If you don't do or do something more than what I ask of you then tell me. Every time I catch you in an omission or a lie then I have to consider what is appropriate to teach you not to make the same mistake again. I'm fine with two fingers - but I'm not comfortable with half truths. Do you understand?"

"I do. It was just a moment. I promise-"

"Don't make promises you cannot keep, Andrea," Tom said with his voice slightly raised. Then he became quiet again. "I want your ass comfortable for me, but I know you could quickly work up to fisting it. If you did that then how long before you and Alexi are a matching pair?"

Andrea moaned a bit at the thought. With how wet her ass felt from just the residual silicon lube, it wasn't too difficult to imagine. "Not long, oh not long at all," she whispered.

"Only the difference would be that you would be able to be so much bigger than her. Isn't that true? Have you measured yourself to be made into two gaping cunts yet? Knowing you could be so much bigger and deeper than Alexi?"

"Please," Andrea pleaded a little out of breath, "please don't tease me." She was scared now but also horribly turned on. She looked over at Alexi's ripped open cunt and felt the way her own inner walls pulsed at the thought of Tom doing the same to her.

Andrea was five foot, eleven inches to Alexi's five foot, six inches. While Alexi had stayed limited to cocks and slightly bigger strap ons, Andrea had been fisting herself vaginally and playing with fist sized dildos for years. She would be much more open than Alexi when he was done.

"I asked a question, Andrea. Have you measured yourself yet?"

"No... I mean... not recently... but I know I could be... I could be bigger than Alexi." Andrea's stomach was flip-flopping all of a sudden. "Gawd..." she moaned, "you don't understand what this does to me..."

Tom accepted the fact that just talking about stretching Andrea out was turning her on. He set it aside for future reference. "You said Alexi was roughly four and three quarters by five inches. I have a five and a half inch diameter dildo sitting here."

"Yes, I know... I know..." She'd seen the monster sized black vinyl cannon dildo in Tom's master bathroom and had carried it downstairs to the living room for Alexi to look over.

"If you slip and begin stretching your ass too far before I want it to be stretched out then you will fuck that toy with your ass daily to show Alexi what else you can do that she cannot." Tom spoke quietly with no malice - just fact.

Andrea trembled with excitement and felt her juices and the moistness of her ass as she thought about that. "I..." she paused. "When you want me to, any time you want me to," she moaned softly as another wave of heat and moisture spread through her thighs as she realized what she was doing. "When... when you are ready for me to do that... then tell me to do it," she finished simply.

Tom thoroughly enjoyed what he was hearing. His cock was very hard and full. "Andrea?" he asked quietly.

She moaned a bit. "Yes?"

"This has really turned me on."

"Me, too. And that confuses the heck out of me."

"Take care of Alexi this week. She's important to both of us." He reminded her

softly.

"Yeah, I'll try." She sighed. "Except now she and I both are imagining you fucking my ass. And now I have to try and not think about sitting across from her as I drive that huge toy into me."

Tom exhaled. "Hmmm... why not? Sounds like a lovely thing."

Andrea sucked in her breath. "I thought you said only if I didn't keep my ass tight for you. Do you... I mean... I would..."

Tom smiled. "Of course you would. But I really do like the idea of keeping your ass continually ready for my cock." He paused. "Of course that means we'll still get to enjoy thoroughly stretching and pushing your pussy to its limits over time."

"You'd be ok with that?" Andrea sighed a breath of relief. "You wouldn't mind me still playing with toys?"

"What did you have in mind?" Tom asked curiously.

Andrea thought about her answer. "I guess, for some reason, I just thought you might want me to make everything smaller and tighter down there. I mean... I've had some girlfriends complain and well..."

"And my cock is definitely not as big as a fist, true. But did you think with how much I enjoy putting things into women that I'd want you to go without?"

"I would though. If you asked me to. If you limited me to two fingers and your cock then that's all I would do. If you asked for, well if you asked for anything I'd try to do it."

"Even if that anything was not doing things you enjoy. Well I may end up asking for things now and again that you don't enjoy, but at least tell me when I do so I know." He thought back on other things they had talked about. "What about the stories? Anything you really enjoyed? Obviously Alexi was struck by being completely open. What about you?"

Andrea carefully thought through her fantasies with Tom. And how those aligned with things he had done, thing she thought he might do, and things she had read.

"Ummm... well that... well I'm trying to train Alexi a bit."

"Train her how?" he asked.

"I'm trying to train her to do what she's asked without hesitating or asking

questions. It's going to be hard. She resists everything - always has."

Tom pondered. "What about you?"

"Anything. Like I said. But you won't even name things for me to do. That makes it hard to follow directions." She sighed a bit.

"How direct would you like me to be with you?"

"As explicit as you can be. And you can be very explicit I think."

Tom smiled. "Yes, I can. So you understand about preparing your bottom?"

"Yes - what else?"

"I want your cunt gradually stretched with toys. Work on depth and width. I'd like to get an email on what you are using and progress you are making. But hold back from using the retractors and collars."

"Ok. I can do that. We have plenty of toys here. Why not use the collars? I'd be open much quicker."

Tom smiled at his plans taking shape. "Because you are going to be wonderful for my cock." He left out the 'to start with.'

Andrea smiled at the thought. Alexi would get to watch Tom thoroughly fuck her after all. "I'm looking forward to it." She smiled.

"Alright, we've been on the phone for over an hour. You'd best check in on Alexi, and we'll catch up a little bit later this week."

Before Tom could hang up, Andrea jumped in. "Tom? Wait? Tom..."

"Yes?"

"Did I please you?"

Tom felt how wonderfully caring Andrea was. It warmed his heart a bit. "Yes. You've made me very happy. And I'm sure Alexi will make me very happy too. Thank you."

"Thank you," she whispered back. "Bye now." Andrea hung up.

Tom closed his phone and shook his head. This was going to get very interesting.

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(to be continued)

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by Max

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