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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 11)

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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 05

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Title: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 11)

Universe: Tom

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

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

Language: English

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written by Max  
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Tom picked himself off the couch and started his routine for cleaning up and shutting down the townhouse each night. He checked the thermostat, checked the computers in his den office, checked the kitchen, made sure there wasn't garbage pickup in the morning, and then headed back into the living room. He scooped up the cannon toy - it was really only a hefty five and a quarter inches wide and thirteen inches tall - but when you can anchor fantasy to real artifacts then you do. With the cannon tucked under his arm, he also picked up his laptop, using his foot to anchor the power strip as he tugged the AC plug out, and then

he headed up to the master bedroom.

The laptop was deposited on his platform bed, and the cannon he set in the master bathroom on the ledge around the garden tub. It would need washing - the black vinyl attracted lint and dust a bit. Then he returned to the bedroom, changed into pajama trousers and plugged in the laptop. The next hour he spent reading through some of the stories he suspected Alexi and Andrea had read.

The possibilities of what turned them on and what turned them off were too broad. He knew Alexi was convinced that stretching her cunt and ass open completely, wearing something inside of herself regularly, and possibly more were part of her interests. He pondered whether she was also looking at any tattoos, piercings, or other mods. The stories had plenty of suggestions in that direction. He had noted that while there were a few "borrowed" toys, none of his latex or rubber wear was missing. So maybe that wasn't of interest - though a few of the stories explored that path.

He set aside his laptop and sighed. On the surface the Alexi and Andrea situation was a really great thing. But underneath there were so many emotions and so many fragile feelings that the risk was huge.

Tom set his mind to focusing on what he would want from each of them, and what he could give them each. And then he meditated for a while to clear his thoughts and slip into sleep.

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Andrea set the phone down on the counter. She sighed. Talking to Tom was a mental and emotional workout it seemed. And now she'd outright just given in - after pleading with Alexi not to tell Tom that she liked him. "Girl," she muttered to herself in the tone of a former girlfriend, "you're just always looking for trouble." That made her smile, remembering good times in the past. Tom would be so very much the trouble she was always looking for.

"First off he's straight," she muttered to herself as she stepped away from the counter and pulled her tshirt over her head.

"Second off he wants to fuck you," she said as she reached around and undid her bra clasps and then let her heavy breasts hang free.

"Third, and this is the real whopper, girl," she sighed as she pushed her panties down over her solid thighs and stepped out of them, "you told him he can."

Standing there naked, Andrea ran her hands over her arms. Then she went to the

adjoining room where she'd unpacked her stuff and fetched out a long comfy heavy terry cloth robe. She was still shaking her head at herself as she returned. If only because the room air was a reminder of the skid of slick silicon lube along her ass crack and into her bottom.

Dressed like that she made sure her hands were clean with a sanitary wipe, and then fetched the camera for taking pictures of Alexi's progress.

Alexi was out cold. The combination of stress, orgasms, pain, over excitement, a couple of pain jabs, and the sleeping pill had allowed her to drift off to sleep still strapped to the massage table with her legs apart in the stirrups and the room air circulating inside of her fleshy hole. The steel had cooled a bit on the outer edge, and the skin around it was going pale. Andrea worried that the blood flow might be cut off by the steel collar - something she hadn't considered before - but it seemed more likely it was just a case of the tilted up angle causing the blood to pool back toward the body.

Andrea took careful measurements and photographed them. With the steel collar she'd been able to wedge Alexi's pelvis a bit further apart. The final measurements were five and three sixteenths from top to bottom, four and three quarters at the mid width, three and an eighth near her clitoris, and finally four and seven eighths near Alexi's tailbone.

It was a wide open hole. So big that a typical soda can could go in with the length aligned with Alexi's clit and anus - and still have a finger or two of room on the top and plenty of room on the sides.

The photos captured the way Alexi's formerly tiny pussy was now a deliberate hole. Andrea set the camera aside, prepared several wipes, and then began the slow process of ratcheting in the steel collar so it could be removed. Initially it was like nothing had changed - Andrea had tightened the vertical struts in a good quarter of an inch before she noticed the impact the hours of wearing the steel collar had had.

The prior evening she had been able to see the loose stretched skin of Alexi's labia thicken as the collar allowed blood to flow and fill out. But with the removal of top to bottom pressure all Andrea noticed was a slight gap between the outer edge of the collar and the skin. Even Alexi's perineum was so stretched out that it didn't pull back in to grip the smaller collar dimensions.

Now using one hand to hold the steel collar steady, Andrea slowly tightened in the the three horizontal cross struts. For the first eighth of an inch, she didn't notice any real change. She was busy looking at Alexi's labia when she realized that rotating the screws was tugging more and more on her hand holding the collar in place.

Without much effort and no ceremony at all, Andrea lifted the steel collar right out of Alexi. She was awestruck by what she saw, and grabbed the digital camera and took pictures quickly despite the lube she was getting on the shutter button and grips. Alexi's labia were open and apart, making no motion to close, hanging around an open hole wide enough for Andrea to clearly make out the lining of Alexi's vaginal wall and even the motion of the internal lining muscles as her cunt pulsed in almost swallowing motions in response to the removal of the collar. The entire pubic mound was flat against bone until just before the chasm of Alexi's pussy opened up - and around that were edged now heavy and richly textured lips that jutted very obviously against such a tightly smooth skin covering over the bone.

The labia themselves were pinkish, a bit more colour returning to them, and shiny in the photos because of the slickness of the juices and lube that universally covered them. Andrea finally set aside the camera, and then ran a finger over the skin. She could feel striations - stretch marks - running outward from where the skin met the bone of Alexi's pelvis. Alexi's anus looked much more obvious and the pucker of her sphincter seemed to be more strained as well. Touching just inside the opening, Andrea could also feel the heat radiating from Alexi's inner walls.

Andrea wiped everything down - carefully and deliberately - and then blotted Alexi's moisture off a bit more with some paper towels before doing one last wipe up. There was again some blood on the wipes, but the source of bleeding wasn't obvious. Finally Andrea unbuckled Alexi, got her out of the stirrups, and carefully sat her up and then carried her to the bedroom. Alexi was basically dead weight, so Andrea had to be extra careful not to run into any doors or knock anything down.

Once Andrea had Alexi in bed, she fetched the rubber collar she had cleaned earlier - before Tom called - and the hand pump for inflating it. She pondered whether this was what she really wanted to do. Then she realized it wasn't up to her, it was what Alexi had asked her to make sure happened. The collar went in so easily that Andrea had to inflate it a good bit to get it to stay in place.

And then she pumped it, and pumped it, and pumped it until the rubber was solidly in place. Andrea felt like she could still get the collar to wiggle back and forth, but the inflatable tube was expanded to the point of distortion, so she had to stop like that. She kissed Alexi gently on the forehead, made sure the towel under her bottom was still in place to catch any lube or moisture, and then tucked her in under the covers. The most Alexi had done was murmur a bit when being carried and when the rubber collar was being inflated.

Exhausted from the long day and very little sleep the night before, Andrea climbed into bed next to Alexi and feel asleep almost immediately. Her dreams were strange and wild, full of odd events that seemed out of place. Andrea woke to Alexi moaning and with her own desperate need to urinate.

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(to be continued)

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by Max

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PUBLICATION (TBD)

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