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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 13)

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

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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 06

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

Title: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 13)

Universe: Tom

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

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

Language: English

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

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Jessica swung by around lunch time. Tom waved hello and kept talking on his  
conference call. When he finished up he got off the phone, and came out to the  
living room where she was reading a book. He kissed her lightly on the mouth  
and plunked down next to her.

"So what's up? I didn't know you were swinging by."

Jessica's long sunny brown hair fell around her face and shoulders in a

disarray. She paid it no attention. "I thought you wanted me to swing by to bring in the mail, but you're here!"

"Ah yeah - that's next week I'm traveling. Sorry about that."

She nodded her head. "Anyway I needed to pick up some money for the last few times so I guess it's good you're home."

Tom nodded. Jessica had taken care of things the last few times he was out of town. "I may need to run to the bank then. Want to come?"

Jessica shrugged, scooped up her book and bag, and headed to put her shoes on. She was only five foot four, and her casual style made her look like a bit of a hippie. Underneath that she was a really nice person who mostly liked bondage, biting, and girl cuddling. Her current boyfriend was one of Tom's friends, but Jessica and Tom were more likely to hang out than Jeff and Tom.

With sashaying hips, Jessica made her way down the hall. "So what ever happened," she looked over her shoulder knowing Tom would be checking out her ass, "to the lovely lady you were going to introduce me to?"

Tom always enjoyed watching Jessica's bottom and breasts. And despite anything she might say, he knew she liked his attention. "So that got real complicated," he replied as he got up and grabbed his wallet and cell phone from his desk. When he came back into the living room, Jessica was smiling at him. "Don't even say it - you'll still get an introduction."

"Uh huh. What are you going to do with her? She doesn't like men, you said so yourself. Yet you keep chasing her."

Tom strolled to the front door beside Jessica and stepped into some shoes. "Yeah. And now she wants me to tell her what I want her to do for me." He couldn't help but grin.

"Damn. So what about her friend? The one who doesn't put out..." Jessica read the look on Tom's face. "No way - you got them both?"

"Did I mention complicated?" Tom sighed. "Did you have lunch yet?"

"No. I like that Cosi place over by the movie theatre though." Jessica grinned.

"I'll cover lunch if you'll listen to my sad story of how I may now be in a long term relationship with two women who are best friends including one who is not interested in men."

Jessica smiled when she saw Tom look at her car blocking his in. "I'll drive," she volunteered cheerfully.

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After their shower and a very careful shaving of all the important bits, Andrea and Alexi towed off and headed into the bedroom. Andrea handed Alexi a fabric tape measure roll. "Go ahead and put on your silk robe and then I want you to measure around all the toys," she said gesturing toward the pile on the bureau. "Anything that is less than twelve and a half inches around set on the towel in the bathroom for washing and packing up until this Sunday when we start with the anal work."

Alexi nodded. "Twelve and a half inches. How big is that?"

Andrea grinned. "Four inches in diameter," she laughed at Alexi's look. "You thought I was kidding about last night, didn't you?"

"Four inches - that's a lot. How many toys do we even have bigger than that? I thought when we sorted them..."

"Only a few - and the inflatables which may be what we have to start you wearing." Andrea smiled at the look of wonder on Alexi's face. "Do you want to see?"

Andrea gestured toward her laptop where she had been loading all the pictures. Alexi went over to it, tape measure in hand, and tapped the touchpad to send the screensaver away. The laptop came to life - and the image on the screen was one of the photos with the steel collar.

Andrea came up beside her and stroked her fingers along Alexi's bare bottom. "Spread your legs," she whispered. Alexi complied as she also clicked the PgDn key and the next image was loaded. Andrea stroked between Alexi's buttocks easily and then ran her fingers over Alexi's labia.

They were very pronounced yet so very soft in Andrea's fingers. Alexi struggled with whether she should wince or push back. Andrea tapped her hand on the inside of Alexi's thigh. Alexi spread her legs wider apart. PgDn. The next photo was taken hastily - and the steel collar was gone. PgDn. This shot was steady and now Alexi could see what Andrea had meant. PgDn. Another like the last. Alexi's cunt was completely open, you could look right into it, yet there was nothing holding it that way. PgDn. Another. Alexi felt Andrea taking advantage of the silicon lube still lightly soaking her sex and stroking two or three fingers into the cleft of her vagina. PgDn. Another but this one more

organized. Alexi lightly tested grinding against Andrea's hand only to find no outside resistance. She reached down between her legs.

"Go ahead and feel," Andrea whispered, and Alexi did. She felt her lips just hanging open, just like on the screen in front of her. And she felt the top of Andrea's hand and wrist. Andrea's four fingers and thumb were inside of her. Just like that.

Alexi moaned and hit PgDn with her other hand. There was the picture with the tape measure. There was the picture with her pussy - no, cunt, always a cunt now - hanging open with the tape measure next to it. She felt Andrea move behind her and leaned forward, her face close to the laptop screen, and experienced being fisted for the first time. She felt Andrea's broad hand go in, felt the knuckles on her vaginal walls, felt Andrea's wrist with her own fingers.

Her labia didn't even move in and out with Andrea's strokes. Once her own moisture and more of the silicon lube came out with Andrea's fist, her lips just sloshed around a bit.

She moaned as she enjoyed the deep pressure and strokes, but there was so little sensation at her opening. "Andrea?" she asked softly. "Andrea what did you do?"

Andrea smiled as she worked her hand a bit deeper and then out again. "I already gave you some numbing shots - not as much as the last sessions - but enough to make sure you could handle your next step." She savoured the lovely feeling of Alexi's once tight pussy now completely open and swallowing her entire hand and even a bit past the wrist.

Alexi's mouth was dry from inhaling and exhaling through it. She stared straight ahead at the ruined cunt on the laptop screen. "Oh god..." she moaned. "What have I done?"

Andrea gently stroked Alexi's hair with her free hand. "I want you to repeat after me, ok? I want you to practice saying this while I make sure it's true."

"What do you want me to say, Andrea?" Alexi struggled and barely hit PgDn. Another picture of her, just this time with the lips slightly pulled apart and the tape measure laying from side to side. She moved her hips and rocked her pelvis to the pressure of the fist stroking along the length of her vaginal walls.

"I want you to tell me what you are - right now at this moment - I'll help you with the words." Andrea took a deep breath. Fisting Alexi, bent over in front

of her, gave Andrea crazy thoughts, and she was getting turned on too. "Repeat after me... I am Tom's fisting slut. Can you say that? Can you, baby?"

Alexi felt no resistance at the opening of her cunt. She felt only the deep strokes of knuckles inside of her. She couldn't think straight.

Andrea reached over her and hit PgDn. Then again. Then again. Then she stopped and Alexi stared wide eyed at the picture. Andrea restarted her steady strokes all the way in and all the way out with her fist while Alexi adjusted.

Quietly she whispered. "You are Tom's fisting slut. You are Tom's toy slut. You are Tom's gaping cunts. You are Tom's property. You are Tom's to stretch, to fuck, to mark, to fill, to own. Aren't you?"

Alexi moaned some more, and now she started to ride back on Andrea's fist.

"You are his fisting slut. You are Tom's whore. You are Tom's -"

Alexi murmured something and Andrea paused to hear it. Then she asked, "You are Tom's what, baby?"

Alexi moaned. Staring her in the face was a picture of her cunt, totally open and stretched, with her ivy tattoo design layered on with photo editing to wrap around her labia plus Tom's initials, one letter on each side, and Tom's female symbol placed so the bottom tip ended just above the top of the clitoris hood.

"You are Tom's what?" Andrea kept her hand steady rocking in and out of Alexi's cunt, but let her voice come up a bit in volume.

"Please," Alexi said slowly. "Please."

To break a horse you have to go beyond just physically putting a harness and saddle on it. Andrea started over. "Repeat after me, Alexi. It's so easy to say... I am Tom's fisting slut..."

And Alexi said it, barely shaping the words as she saw just one part of the future projected in front of her. "I am... I am Tom's fisting... I am Tom's fisting slut."

Andrea kissed Alexi on the back. "You're so good at this... It feels so good..." Andrea moved slightly so she could begin to work the fingers of her other hand into Alexi alongside her fist. "Go ahead, love. We'll say it together. I am -"

"Tom's fisting slut. Oh gawd what are you doing now?" Alexi felt more pressure

and more tension.

"You are Tom's fisting slut, baby girl." Andrea held her breath as she fit four fingers in alongside her fist and began to move them in and out together. "You know what I'm doing, don't you?"

Alexi didn't want to reach down but she did anyway. She needed to know for sure. She felt the top of one hand on one side and the wrist and forearm on the other. She let out a low moan, almost a wail, and went a little limp.

Andrea maneuvered herself carefully and worked her second hand inside of Alexi. It required being fully behind her and bent down a bit. She felt Alexi's hand grasping about a bit, and upon finding two wrists protruding from her cunt, Alexi started to buck a bit.

"Calm down, baby, calm down," Andrea murmured. With both hands buried in Alexi's hole, she couldn't brush back her hair or stroke her back. So Andrea leaned forward a bit and lightly kissed Alexi's bottom and lower back.

Alexi was feeling her panic. She was playing back all those horror stories of girls being too wide to satisfy a man, all those nasty comments about her wide hips, her child bearing hips, and at the same time she could tell the cunt in front of her, on the screen, was hers. Just like she could tell that Andrea had two hands inside of her and the pressure was intense but it also was so satisfying.

Unable to figure out what to do, unable to know what to do, she tuned in to Andrea who was coo'ing and murmuring and whispering to her. "What... What do I do?" she asked hoping for a lifeline, hoping for something to save her, hoping for instructions.

Andrea suddenly understood what Tom might have included in supporting Alexi. She sighed softly and quietly. "You please Tom, Alexi. You please him so he wants you, keeps you, makes you safe." She let out a deep breath. "And I'll be right here to help you the whole time. I'll never leave you."

Alexi struggled. "It's just so much, so much more than I understood." She was talking into the laptop, into the desk she was bent forward on, into the open mouthed and decorated cunt on the screen.

"Yesterday, I asked you if you wanted to go forward, go through with this... And you did so we did." Andrea kept her hands still with them both plunged into Alexi's cunt. The heat and muscles gripping and squeezing them was uncomfortable. "Now you have a gaping cunt - not a pussy, not even a stretched pussy - you have a gaping cunt." She felt Alexi shift her weight and had to

adjust the angle of her forearms. "And if there is one thing we know about Tom, he wants a gaping cunt."

Alexi nodded as her heart rate slowly went down to normal levels. "I know." She paused. "Can we call him? Can we tell him?"

Andrea shook her head slowly. "Not until tonight. I want you to practice what you will tell him, and you want to be able to tell him details. We need to practice all morning. I'll let you help me too. Ok?"

"Help you what? What do you have to tell him?"

Andrea let her head rest on Alexi's buttock. "I have to prove to him I will follow what directions he asks me to." Andrea gently moved her hands slightly. "Meaning you will practice with me letting him know you are his fisting slut, toy slut, gaping cunts, property, etc. And I... well I will let him know I am his cock slut and his toy slut until he asks for me to be something else."

Alexi moaned. "Is that, is this, really what he wants?"

Andrea asked quietly, "Do you want him?" When she didn't get a response she moved ahead. "Now repeat these and let's get them down while I have both my fists buried in your cunt. I am Tom's fisting slut. I am Tom's toy slut. I am Tom's gaping holes."

Alexi tried it again. "I am Tom's fisting slut." She moaned a bit.

"Then act like one, baby. Start moving on these fists."

Alexi pushed herself back a bit and felt the knuckles lodged in her vaginal walls move a little. She pulled herself forward and felt another shift.

"Good girl! Now repeat after me...I am Tom's fisting slut. I am Tom's toy slut. I am Tom's gaping cunts. I am Tom's property. I am Tom's to stretch, to fuck, to mark, to fill, to own."

Alexi slowly repeated, "I am Tom's fisting slut. I am Tom's toy slut. I am Tom's gaping cunts." She paused. "I only have one gaping cunt though."

Andrea smiled at Alexi coming out of her panic stupor. "By the end of next week you will have two gaping cunts." The pictures had more of an impact than Andrea had expected.

As if thinking the same thing, Alexi lifted up and closed the laptop. She rested her head and then began to slowly wiggle her hips.

Andrea responded by gently working her fist back and forth just an inch or so in and out.

Alexi felt the stimulation, the pressure, and the sensation of knuckles on bone inside of her cunt. "So this is what he likes... wow..."

"One of the things he likes," Andrea said quietly. She could feel her hands being bruised now.

"So what, what does he want from you?" Alexi was testing how much wiggle and motion she could take.

Andrea sighed. "I'll make you a deal. If you learn what I want you to say to him tonight by repeating it 25 times, then I'll show you what he wants me to do. But you have to get it right 25 times in a row."

"Sheesh, this is like when you used to drill me at university."

Andrea laughed. "Except then I didn't have both my hands inside of you, did I?" She kissed Alexi's smooth lower back. "I am Tom's fisting slut..."

Alexi focused on the words as she also moved back and forth on Andrea's fists. "I am Tom's fisting slut." She sighed. "I am Tom's... I am Tom's toy slut. I am Tom's gaping cunts." She moaned as she felt something give inside of her cunt and Andrea's fist moved at a slightly different angle. "Andrea?"

"Yes, baby?"

"Will it ever go back... I mean... like I used to be?" She sounded tentative, possibly hopeful.

Andrea struggled with her reply. She wanted to be supportive but didn't want to lie. "Everyone's different I guess." She paused. "So long as you want to keep Tom with this then, no."

Alexi sighed. She wanted this, had worked up to this, had put a whole plan together, and now she was getting cold feet and Tom's gentle warnings made a lot more sense. She paused for a moment and thought back to the stories she had read. What motivated the women, what encouraged them to go so far, what made them free of criticism and allowed them to enjoy their lives? Choice. She pushed back a bit on Andrea's hands. Choice. She pulled herself forward and got in a well balanced stance using the table top as a brace.

"Andrea?"



"Yeah."

"I'm Tom's fisting slut... and so you need to pull out, re-lube me, and then I want to feel both of those hands going all the way in and all the way out. Can you do that?"

Andrea was proud of Alexi's assertive tone. "Yes, I can." She began pulling her hands out.

"And if you can let's see if we can get a camera in place so Tom can see how well his fisting slut takes double fisting. Bring my phone too." Alexi was all business now. It was a choice. Her choice.

Andrea removed one aching hand and then the other. She got up from her stooped crouch and looked at the gaping cunt hanging open in front of her. It was amazing. The lips had thickened and turned flush with blood but they still hung to the bones of either side without closing. The juices and lingering lube trickled out having already frosted all the skin around that hole. Andrea watched Alexi simply stay posed - cunt wet, open and ready - as she grabbed the camera, phone, lube, wipes, and towels.

She took several pictures with one camera and then set the other up to record. As she then reapplied lube, she couldn't help but comment. "You totally open now, Alexi. Your cunt never closed the whole time I was getting everything ready."

Alexi nodded and looked back at Andrea under her arm. "I know. I could feel the air circulating in it."

"Are you ready?"

Alexi smiled and picked up her phone. "Please, Andrea, please fist me," she asked in a half laughing tone.

"I never turn down that request from a lady!" Andrea announced and began to work first one fist - easily - and then her second hand and closed it into a fist - more difficult - into Alexi's open sex.

"All the way in and out, Andrea," Alexi moaned as she adjusted her back to the intrusion of the second hand. "All the way - both hands at once if you can... oh good..."

Andrea couldn't fully pull both fists out alongside each other but she could get very close to it. Alexi's cunt was heating up on its own, and the lube made it

hard to control slipping in and out. Both went back and forth for a few strokes and then Andrea pulled both fists out - closed fists alongside each other - and there was a wet popping sound that Alexi felt as much as heard.

"Oh god yeah..." Alexi moaned as she felt knuckles from both fists on her pubic bone and then popping inside of her. Andrea watched in awe as her friends cunt deformed under the pressure and then the two fists came out again and went in again. After five or six times, Alexi's lips stopped being tugged back and forth and the deformity was just the way the bones became very visible and then not so visible.

Alexi took a deep breath and called Tom.

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(to be continued)

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by Max

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