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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 14)

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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 14)

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 14)

written by Max

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

Jessica and Tom sat near the windows. It was a grey day, not quite rainy but wishing for it from the looks of things, and Tom ordered coffee which Jessica knew meant he had a headache. Her bag jangled from buttons and clipped on dangles bouncing off one another when she set it down. Tom looked her over and laughed.

"So I got a phone call this morning," he began. He took a small sip of his coffee - it was still too warm to really drink. "And apparently the two of them

are either working on the meanest practical joke... or... they are trying to play act something fantastic out but don't know how to communicate it well."

Jessica just nodded. She pushed back her hair with a finger on one hand while still holding her lemonade, the straw going right into her hair. She didn't notice or didn't care. Tom picked up his plastic utensils and attacked his chicken Caesar salad - first cutting the cold chicken up a bit before trying to start eating.

"It was only ten o'clock," Tom sighed. "Thank goodness I was up early for a conf call. I'm not sure I would have wanted to wake up to that." He paused and looked up at the ceiling letting his neck stretch. Then turning his head side to side he felt the vertebrae click and there was a slight popping as the bones moved. Then he looked back at Jessica and began eating a bit more.

They sat just eating for a bit. Jessica's sunny brown hair all over the place. Her faded purple long sleeve top underneath a well worn jean jacket that had buttons over the chest pockets. Her fingers, ending with long nails painted somewhat haphazardly, picking up crumbs from her sandwich and pushing her hair back. Her glasses had a few fingerprints on them, but she was smiling and enjoying the food and her lemonade. Tom sat a bit hunched forward so he wouldn't lose any salad between the plate and his mouth. His short sleeve tshirt from a music festival in Montreal splashing out bright greens and blues on black. His shoulders broad and his forearms and biceps overdeveloped for the task of simply moving a fork to his mouth, even if he did it like he was shoveling food in. He'd given up on the coffee - it would be cold eventually and he'd drink it all then.

Finally he'd finished most of his salad and adjusted his posture to be more straightened out. "So, yeah, they called. Or rather Alexi called."

"Mmmmm... is that the straight one?"

"Yep. So she called on speakerphone and I could hear some background noise and heavy breathing. So I asked her how she was doing, and she seemed a bit - well not quite ready to talk - so I heard Andrea urge her to speak up..."

Jessica took another bite of her sandwich and then set it down. She pulled on her potato chips bag until Tom reached over and helped her open them. She seemed delighted to spill the chips onto her plate and crunched and crunched quite contentedly.

"The next thing I know is that Alexi, with Andrea either helping her or encouraging her, is reading off a wonderful litany of stuff. I'm guessing Andrea put her up to it really - Alexi is smart as a whip but not so savvy on

some things. So I asked her to stop for a moment, and tell me what is going on."

Jessica nodded. She was powering through her potato chips and eyeing Tom's untouched bag. He pulled it open and passed it her way.

"So... so well it turns out Alexi is being double fisted by Andrea right then..."

"Ummm... the girl who doesn't put out. She called you to let you know she was letting someone else double fist her? That's not entirely right, is it?"

"Well she came over Sunday and decided to put out - and then told me it was a one time thing and things were going to change."

"Well you shouldn't have fisted her then. She must have -"

"I didn't. In fact she made me promise up front that I wouldn't."

"Wait.. wait wait wait. She made you promise not to fist her then she calls you being fisted?"

"Uh huh."

Jessica pondered that for a minute. Then she shook her head and dove into the second bag of chips. Still crunching on one she looked up at Tom. "What are you going to do?"

"Yeah - like I said, thank goodness I was up and awake well before that call. I asked her questions, she gave me details, and even had Andrea let me know what it looked like and felt like, and then she promised me that soon I'd be doing the same."

"Really?" Jessica looked dubiously at Tom's hands. She'd let him put four fingers in her once, but that was really pushing her limits. She tried to picture both hands and squinted a little bit while scrunching her nose. Then she looked at him shaking her head. "Nope."

"Andrea is about six foot tall. I'm guessing if she is double fisting Alexi then I probably could too."

"She was that open Sunday and you didn't just do it to her anyway?"

"That's the thing. I doubt she'd had even four fingers across in her Sunday. I mean maybe she used to play with bigger toys or something, but she felt quite

small."

"Last boyfriend maybe?"

"Possibly. She was with a guy for three years and they broke up around Easter time. I doubt she's utterly gone without for six or seven months, but I'm still pretty sure she was limiting herself to much smaller stuff in general."

Jessica let out an "Mmmmmmmhmmmm" before munching some more chips.

"So here's the real conundrum," Tom continued. "After Alexi finished with details, she repeated her statements earlier. And then she tells Andrea to go ahead, and Andrea says different things but pretty powerful stuff."

"Like magic?" Jessica lifted her nose up.

"No, like NLP affirmations, the kind you teach people to do for positive thinking and to focus them on their goals and such. Also the kind of declarative stuff weddings and any other pledges are based on."

"Uh huh," Jessica had no idea what the heck Tom meant.

"Basically they both were making promises, hefty promises. Which is pretty crazy because just last night I was talking to Andrea, and she suddenly was telling me she'd let me fuck her."

"Wait. The girl you were hooking me up with because she doesn't like men told you last night you could do her." Jessica pouted. "That's really unfair! I haven't even met her yet."

"Well I think they are going to be around a good bit, so I'm sure you'll get your chance. At least I think they will be around a good bit. Probably depends on my schedule as much as theirs." Tom shrugged.

Jessica continued pouting but winked at Tom. "Well at least I'll get to meet them, but we still need to hit the bank. I need to go to Michaels today and pick up some stuff."

She finished the last potato chip and looked at Tom's empty plate. The two got up and carried their rubbish over to the bin and then headed out to the car.

"It's the bank by the grocery store," Tom said as Jessica looked at him for directions. He pointed the way then he slumped back in the seat of her silver VW Rabbit.

"Do you want to know what they promised?"

Jessica shrugged. She knew crazy orbited Tom. She was already thinking ahead to the craft store.

"Alexi promised to be completely open - which I guess being double fisted implies."

"Yeah I would think so."

Tom played back the statement Alexi had made on the phone. Andrea had definitely been coaching her. Not necessarily a good thing.

"And Andrea basically said I could fuck her whenever and however I wanted."

"That still doesn't make any sense."

Tom shrugged. He left out the full details simply because Jessica was obviously not super interested but was willing to let him vent a bit. He stepped out of the car and walked into the bank to use the ATM, all while playing the conversation back in his head - wishing he'd had a recorder on the phone earlier to capture it all.

"Sheesh," he muttered while putting in his debit card and then PIN. He could hear the wet sounds in the background as Alexi said to him "I want you to be happy. I really do. So Andrea is double fisting me right now to make sure I am open enough for you..." He'd almost cut her off then, but instead he left it at "That's awesome" in low tones. Alexi had gone on with a litany of sorts.

He went through the screens to take out one hundred dollars to pay Jessica for watching the house when he was out of town.

Alexi had said, "I am your fisting slut, Tom. I will be two gaping cunts for you." She'd hesitated and he heard Andrea in the background and then Alexi had continued, unhurried, but with heavy labored breathing. "I am your toy slut. I am your property. I want you to stretch, fuck, mark, fill, and own me, Tom."

Tom had heard the assertiveness fade toward the end. So he gently added, "You are safe with me, Alexi." Then he listened for a bit as Alexi was being fisted more and no one knew what to say. He ended the silence with a calm statement. "I want you, Alexi. I want you to be happy. I want you to feel good. Can you do all this? Will you do all this?"

Alexi replied in relief, "I am. I am doing it. She's already pulled me completely open. It's never going to go back the way it was..."

"What isn't?"

"My little pussy... it's not even a stretched pussy... it's just a gaping cunt, a gaping hole. My lips don't even close..." She took a deep breath. "Do you want that?"

"Yes," Tom replied simply. He wanted to qualify, but he fought the urge down. What was done was done. He'd find a way to enjoy it, and could already think of several things Alexi might enjoy as well.

Andrea started again, and Alexi added on to her earlier statements. "I will be your whore, Tom. I will be your gaping holes." She paused.

Tom noticed the plural. "Alexi, where are Andrea's hands?"

She moaned a bit. Andrea's rhythm was becoming uneven and it was hard holding position with her legs getting sore. The lube and juices were running down her thighs. "Both her hands... both of them are in my cunt, Tom."

He finished taking out the cash, his receipt to check his balance, and headed back to the car. His cock was thick but still soft in his trousers as he climbed in the passenger seat. Jessica started driving them the handful of blocks back to his house.

Tom had asked Alexi what she intended to do with her ass. He knew from Andrea and other comments that Alexi was thinking about stretching it. But two gaping holes was far more than working up to fisting her bottom.

Alexi's reply had made his cock instantly throb. "It'll be wrecked for you," she had said simply.

"I'd like that," he'd said back.

Tom got out of Jessica's Rabbit, gave her the money for checking on the house and the mail, and gave her a hug and kiss. She headed out and he went inside. He grabbed some orange juice, the coffee had been terrible, and went back to his den office. He pondered what Alexi had finished up with.

"I'll make sure it's destroyed, Tom. My gaping holes won't resist anything you want to put into them. They are there for you to stretch and fill and use. I'll have to wear something all the time to keep them plugged. You'll always know I'm being fucked by something."

"That sounds wonderful, Alexi. So why the secret surprise?"

She had hesitated. "Because it's more than just that. I can... I would have to tell you if you asked."

Tom thought about it. "Tell me what you intend to be, and I'll leave it at that so you can surprise me."

Alexi paused long enough to rewind to Andrea's coaching.

"I am your fisting slut. I am your toy slut. I am two gaping cunts. I am your property. I want you to stretch, fuck, mark, fill, and own me, Tom. I am your whore. I am..." She hesitated at what she was hearing from Andrea.

"Tom?"

"Yes."

"I am your fuck slut now. You can fuck me whenever, wherever, with whatever you want. Once I finish making my body ready, I want you to take advantage of that."

"Of course, Alexi. Because this is how I want you to be. I want you wet and open, easy for me to shove my fingers and toys in to. I want you to be stretched and used to having toys buried inside of you. I want you to wear vaginal and anal plugs as often as you can. I want you to spend your days penetrated and stretched. That's what being my fuck slut means, what I expect out of my property, how you will help maintain my gaping holes." Tom paused and heard Alexi moaning, the sounds of her sloppy cunt louder and louder.

"Does that turn you on too, Andrea? Is that why you're double fisting my fisting slut? Is that why you keep slamming your fists into her even though the pressure and bones have made your hands ache and your shoulders sore? Speak up, Andrea. Should I be there fucking your ass right now?"

Alexi was shaking from the force of Andrea's thrusts, the power of which were causing the whole table she was leaning on to shudder and move. She had felt the passing of a few minor orgasms while talking with Tom, but now Andrea was just brutalizing her and there was a dull ache in her hips and lower back to match the growing trauma in her cunt. Tom calling Andrea out got her attention though. She wanted to hear the response. When it came it took her breath away.

Andrea was breathing hard from the effort required to both crouch down and lunge her whole torso forward to drive both her fists into Alexi. It was the only way to distract Andrea from the fact that her own pussy lips were soaked and dripping and she wanted so badly to have a toy underneath her that she could squat down on - not even caring if it went into her pussy or her ass - just

something to fuck herself with.

She took a deep breath and forced herself to slow down. Her hands felt like they had been broken by the crushing convulsions inside of Alexi's pressure cooker of a cunt. She took another deep breath. "My ass is yours to fuck with whatever you want, whenever you want," she said loudly enough to be sure Tom heard.

Tom was both encouraged and seriously turned on by that. Alexi had confused him with her initial reluctance then sudden leap off a cliff approach. But Andrea's gradual repositioning had allowed him to feel comfortable and that meant Alexi might do far more, but for now Andrea was much more of a turn on. That would probably change once Tom had really seen and played with Alexi enough to know she was genuine. But for now he took Andrea's commitment as a sure thing whereas Alexi might just as soon go forward as suddenly take another U-turn.

"I look forward to that. Do you have anything to add?"

Andrea moaned, and then pulled her hands completely out of Alexi. Alexi slumped down, and Andrea stood up and came over to the table by the phone. "She really is amazing, Tom," Andrea said quietly while still fighting to catch her breath. "When I give her to you she will be fully opened."

"Thank you, Andrea. Make sure she understands and lives up to her commitments."

Andrea kissed Alexi and guided her to sit on the towel on the floor. Alexi's cunt was an open seeping wreck, and her legs were no longer able to hold her weight without Andrea's hands inside of her to continually lift her up. "What else do you want to know?" she asked Tom.

He could hear Alexi hissing out "Say it" so he waited.

Finally Andrea started. "I am your cock slut, Tom..." She paused feeling out the words she had read but not been able to practice. "I am your toy slut. And anything else you ask of me."

Tom heard the distinction between Alexi's emphatic assertion and Andrea's submissive one. He practiced breathing regularly despite his urge to hold his breath. This was going amazingly fast.

"I'm proud of both of you, really proud and amazed," Tom said after a pause. "I want you to come back healthy and ready to show me how wonderful you both are. Ok?"

Alexi, collapsing into a pile and totally worn out, spoke up for Tom to hear

her. "Will you... will you really fuck her?"

Her down cycle after the hard play was making her emotional and Alexi's anxiety was growing. Her best friend, her lesbian best friend, had just said she was going to let her boyfriend fuck her on top of everything else. She was feeling the confusion and swirls of worry gnawing at her.

Andrea held back from hugging and consoling Alexi. She sat down beside her though and started wiping up the mess on her hands and offering Alexi the wet wipes as well for her thighs and bruised gash. She knew Tom was going to fuck her. It was just a matter of time.

Tom replied with concern and care in his voice. "Only if you are there to help her through it, and make sure Andrea can handle it. Only if you can give her the support she is giving you right now."

Alexi looked over at Andrea, her eyes tearing up a bit. Suddenly it didn't seem like Alexi was the one who might be hurt. She felt worried and concerned and upset - all because Andrea would be doing this thing. Something that Andrea would never do. She choked up a bit but managed to get out "I can do that for her. I can." She could see the way Andrea's hands must ache, the way her friend had worked so hard to give her this, the camera still recording them there, the way Andrea was taking care of her. She sniffled back a small sob, the hormones and endorphins hitting her hard. "I can do anything she needs me to do."

Tom heard the shift from self doubt and anxiety to concern for her female lover. He let out a soft breath as he considered how close this was going to be - balancing Andrea and Alexi would be constant work. "I'm glad. You need to look out for each other. I'm not there to keep an eye on you crazy girls after all." There was a smile, a small laugh, and a bit of relief as Tom ended what he was saying.

Andrea kissed Alexi on the cheek. Then she turned toward where the phone was at. "We're your crazy girls now." She sighed and kissed Alexi again. "Aren't we, babe?"

Alexi's "Yes" was murmured as she sagged into Andrea's heavy breasts and had a good cry. Andrea wrapped up the call with a "I'll call you tonight" and then reached up and awkwardly fumbled the phone until it hung up. Then she held Alexi for a while, her hands sore and her own pussy aching for something, but content to keep Alexi close and safe.

(to be continued)

by Max

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PUBLICATION (TBD)

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