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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 16)

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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 16)

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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DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 16)

written by Max

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toy play, Device play, Electro play, Bondage, Tattoos, Piercing, Bestiality

The remaining few hours before the tattoo appointment were filled with a nice
shower, sorting out another set of toys too small for Alexi's cunt, and cleaning
up around the place. Andrea decided that Alexi needed to leave her cunt alone
so the tattoo artist wouldn't have to deal with any swelling. But every ten
minutes Alexi still had to go to the bathroom to blot more lube and more juices.

Her body ached as the numbing shots and pain killers wore off, but Andrea would
only let her take Motrin. Keeping Alexi busy was sufficient to ward off the
pain until they got into the rental car.

"Oh... my... god..." Alexi let out a sharp noise as she lowered herself into the seat. The sensations from her skin and the meat of her sex were contradictory and unfriendly.

Andrea offered over a small heating pad. "I thought you should put this down first." Alexi tried to slip to one hip, realized that hurt worse, and set the pad on the floor in front of her.

"Put it over top then, just like when you have really bad cramps," Andrea suggested.

Alexi carefully bent forward with a grimace, and then lifted her light cotton skirt up to her waist. Underneath she had on full panties and a pad - hoping to absorb any moisture and provide her some cover up on the way. Alexi had tried a bikini brief but her lips hung outside the fabric and she soaked them through in a matter of minutes.

With the heating pad applied across her thighs and tucked under her waistband, she let the skirt fall back down. The heat did offer a little comfort, but mostly it was a distraction. Her hips and buttocks hurt with prolonged contact and Alexi mused at the levels of bruising her body had taken in such a short period of time.

The entire ride over, using the GPS since they weren't familiar with the route, took about thirty minutes. Alexi eventually found that if she planted her feet directly in front of the seat and pushed down slightly then her body weight was supported more by her back and the rear portion of her buttocks. But by then the vibration of the road combined with the stops and starts at lights made her really appreciate how different her body had become in just a few days.

"We're here," Andrea said as she turned into a quiet old strip mall. There were a few food places - Chinese, Indian, pizza - and a couple of small shops. At the end was a broad set of windows with racks of piercing jewelry underneath a sign saying Gallery Ink with splashes of bright colours framed in geometric shapes.

Andrea parked the car and went around to help Alexi up and out. Alexi seemed a bit nervous, but then a sharp looking bleach blond stepped out of the tattoo parlor and waved to them. Recognizing the tattoo artist from her web site pictures, Alexi waved back. Andrea was left scooping up the backpack with Alexi's stuff and spare clothes, while Alexi walked over to Annette.

The design was fairly simple. Andrea had emailed the small updates, and Annette had prepared a stencil in three parts - one for the top and then one for each of the sides. She took Andrea and Alexi back into her work area and explained what she would be doing with the outlining, how the colour would be applied, and asked for any questions.

Despite being nervous, Alexi was more committed than in the morning. It was just a matter of sorting out if the stencils would really work or not. Annette took Alexi's comments about being a bit sore and bruised in stride. But when it came time to get in a chair so Annette could work on her, Alexi was obviously rather reluctant and a bit concerned.

Annette had done several other tattoos and piercings in genital areas. She showed off her own tattoos on her lower abdomen and arms, and took her time while talking to Alexi. Andrea asked how tattoos around the pelvis usually turned out. Annette finally offered to show hers, but only if Andrea and Alexi promised not to laugh. Alexi nervously agreed while Andrea said no woman's sex was a laughing matter with such earnestness that both Alexi and Annette were giggling.

Annette undid her belt and pushed down her snug jeans to just above crotch height. Her thong cut over two different designs that flowed down over her upper pubis and up toward the bigger tattoo visible on her lower abdomen. The two eagles rampant were marked with an emerald and a ruby each. Each had extended wings that came down low enough to frame Annette's mound, but stopped before following the curve of the pubis past the mid way point.

Andrea was looking rather intently trying to be studious rather than leering so she saw the mistake immediately, but Alexi missed it until she caught herself cocking her head to the side. Annette knew the expression on both their faces and shrugged as she pulled up her jeans and buttoned them.

"Yeah, yeah, I know... I did the feathers upside down. That's when I realized stencils will always correct mistakes you'd easily make freehand."

Alexi didn't laugh though. "How far does it go down?" she asked nicely. She had noticed the slight bulge in Annette's thong from a piercing of some kind but didn't want to ask about it and seem rude.

"Not as far as yours. I did it myself in a mirror, and then had a friend do the colouring and touch up. I wasn't sure how it'd look with the wings extending lower or trailing anything and now any add on would be strange and not match up very well."

Annette fixed how her jeans were sitting with a few final tugs, buckled her

belt, and washed her hands. Andrea was unable to not notice how tight and well shaped Annette's ass looked from behind until Alexi lightly swatted her and put on a 'get focused' glare in her direction.

Annette chose to be oblivious to the attention. She was used to being checked out, though less so by women customers. "Now it's your turn, honey," she said as she turned back to the two of them. "Unless you want to think about it some more."

Andrea whispered something in Alexi's ear, and Alexi turned a bit red. She looked up at Annette with her cheeks still flushed and asked, "Where do I put my clothes?"

Annette gestured toward a table right inside of the closed door. "You don't have to take everything off," she said politely. "If you want to just pull the skirt up and take off anything that will get in my way, that will be good enough." She nodded toward the chair. "Then just hop up and I'll recline the chair so I can place the stencils and we'll use a mirror to let you see if it's lined up right."

Alexi paused and then took off her shirt. Andrea tried to watch both Annette - who maintained a rather easy going demeanor - and Alexi who was a little embarrassed but also a bit excited. When Alexi took off her skirt and pushed down her dark blue panties, Andrea could already see from behind that Alexi's labia were still swollen and wet. Alexi made to wipe her juices up a bit, but Annette stepped forward and took the clothing.

With one hand on Alexi's arm she said, "Don't worry about that. I need to sterilize and wipe everything down." She studiously made no comment about how well used Alexi looked, but she did look up at Andrea while seating Alexi in the chair. "Now just a note on after care - you really need to make sure you give this all some time for healing."

Alexi pulled Annette's eyes off Andrea as she got in the seat. "Can I have something to sit on?" Annette looked down and realized that Alexi was hanging open and was going to wet the seat in her current state.

"Sure thing - let me wipe down that seat as well." Annette was very efficient. She grabbed a sterile wipe, reached right around Alexi and stroked the seat cover with from back to front five times while Alexi hovered right in front of it. Annette then put on nitrile gloves and pulled out a paper cover that had the look of wax paper, and spread it over the chair seat. With a flourish she encouraged Alexi to sit down, and then placed one hand on Alexi's midriff as Annette reclined the chair and then raised it to a working level.

Alexi was tipped back sufficiently that her weight was mostly on her lower back.

That made it easier for Annette to move Alexi's thighs apart. Judging the angle for the work to be done, Annette made a few adjustments including moving Alexi and putting a couple of pillows behind her back to place Alexi's pelvis closer to the chair's edge after another change of gloves.

Andrea watched as Alexi tried to get used to being exposed and adjusted by Annette's firm hands. She wasn't fighting it per se, but Alexi was struggling with trying to accommodate Annette while working around her immodesty. Annette was working with a focus so she didn't say much other than a few "How about like this..." and "Almost there..." mutterings.

It only took about seven or eight minutes in total, but it was really quite a production. Annette was holding back any comments she might make as she saw how obviously her customer had been fucked hard under her large friend's attentions.

That made her a little uneasy - but more because it seemed that the friend had eyes for Annette, and Annette wasn't exactly unattracted to the gentle giant. Studiously avoiding touching her own hair or face, Annette finally felt she had Alexi positioned just about right.

The chair was tilted back to give Annette good access to Alexi's pelvis and, with her thighs apart, all the way down to her puckered anus. Despite how swollen Alexi's labia were, the actual lay of her pubic mound was mostly flat with a natural curvature. That made things easier. Annette grabbed a handful of paper towels and looked up at Alexi. "This may be a bit rough on sensitive skin." Then she gently blotted the moisture off Alexi's protruding lips - wiping from the thigh inward to clear the surfaces she'd need to clean.

When Annette stepped back to change gloves once again and get sterile wipes to prepare Alexi's skin, Alexi realized the positioning of the chair put her cunt prominently in a mirror. From alongside Alexi, Andrea gave her a thumbs up and stroked her bare shoulder. Sitting just in her bra and socks, Alexi felt vulnerable but also rather turned on. It was like she was undergoing sexual surgery, and the pout of her own jagged lips seemed to be all the more emphasized with how Annette had pushed them together.

Annette returned with the sterilizing wipes and stroked them over Alexi's lower abdomen and then her vaginal mound. Andrea asked about what type of sterile wipes they were, and the two started talking as Alexi focused on letting herself relax while looking in the mirror. When Annette had gotten everything wiped down, she explained that the next step would be viewing the stencil on Alexi using a projector and then actually applying it to the skin with temporary dye so Annette would have an unmoving guide to follow.

Andrea watched as Annette once again took off her gloves with intent to change

to fresh ones after operating the projector. In Andrea's office the assistants and nurses were no where near as dedicated. They'd reuse gloves quite often over the course of the day - despite boxes of fresh ones in each patient room. Though possibly underneath that professional notice, Andrea was actually watching and giving some thought to Annette's well formed hands and fingers. She noticed no rings though that might have just been because of the need for wearing gloves. Annette's sleeves stopped at mid forearm, and there were no markings or ink below that - making Annette's hands and face the few places where there was uninterrupted natural colouring. She checked out Annette's body in the mirror and couldn't help to notice that from where she was standing she either got a look at Alexi's gape or Annette's cute ass. Annette wasn't super built on top - but she definitely was ample for her trim lithe body.

Annette turned the lights down a bit and then focused the projector on Alexi's belly. The top piece of the artwork was displayed, but with Alexi reclined it was a bit distorted. Working the projector to match the angles of Alexi's body, she could feel the attention from Andrea and continued to try and ignore it. She masked her curiosity about these two's story with her professional handling. After all women customers always ended up telling her everything anyway. The quiet of the prep work was preferable to the talking that could happen later.

With the projector in place, Alexi could see the luminous pattern of Tom's marking on her abdomen for the first time. As Annette adjusted the projector, it first stretched large up to her belly button and then shrunk down over her clitoris hood. Finally it crept upwards and was positioned directly above the folds of of her clitoris hood skin. She felt the soft touch of the fan stirring her distended labia, and the very real view of her pubis adorned with the symbol made her vaginal walls clench and pulse involuntarily.

It was quick work positioning the projections and making reference marks. Annette worked a bit slower and more deliberately as she applied the stencils. She had was very aware that any pressure toward Alexi's gash - and that's how it appeared to Annette, as a gash with lips pushed together over it like a trench fault in the skin - produced juices and fluids that would slowly run down to the wax paper seat cover. Annette blotted those juices away now and again, but mostly let them run free as long as they didn't taint the skin to be worked on. When she was certain the initial top stencil was correctly placed, she checked with the projector the two sides for fit before continuing.

Quietly talking to Alexi, Annette then changed gloves again and took up her tattoo'ing gun. She explained that in such a sensitive area there may be a lot of different sensations, and Alexi could ask for a break at any time. Then with a look toward Andrea and Alexi who both nodded, Annette began.

She would be doing the outline of things first then the shading. So the first

pass over the stencil was just drawing down over the smooth skin to capture the edges and lines in black ink. It was slow and deliberate work with the tattoo gun rattling and Annette very aware of whether Alexi was tensing or moving.

For Alexi the feel of the tattoo gun as Annette did the outline was like applying a tiny beating drum against her lower belly. One part of her felt the percussive beats of the needle and filled her with an urge to pee. Another part - a more sexual element - clenched and relaxed in a random pattern in response to the harsh stroking and caressing of the needle gun contrasted with Annette's soothing touches as the ink was blotted and wiped away. It didn't hurt though there was a strange ache. And Alexi caught herself looking down into Annette's tight lipped face or looking up at the mirror and seeing the woman hunched down between her legs.

Andrea watched and felt her mouth dry and her panties grow increasingly wet. The smell of Alexi's sexual odor was unmistakable and Annette's steady and focused attention conjured up images of more sexual attentions delivered in the same intense way. She could feel her ass slightly twinging as well, the lube making it strangely moist, and that new sensation added to her excitement as well. As Alexi leaned back and stretched during a pause for Annette to check her needle and ink, Andrea caught her eye in the mirror and was pleased to receive a blown kiss. She smiled and Alexi smirked and then both looked ahead at the reflection of Alexi's tattoo taking shape over above her clitoris hood.

Annette didn't miss the gesture nor the obvious arousal of both ladies. She was all business and professional, but the smell of Alexi's sex was stimulating her as well. It was a nuisance blotting that seeping cunt, so Annette was letting it drain on to a few wipes placed on the seat. The sweet smell mingled with Annette literally sweating the details becoming all the more alluring as she worked hard to make sure everything was right. Picking up where she left off, she continued the fine line art and felt the slight numbness in her hand become a comfortable state as the art began flowing. Annette found her zone and began working without any sense of fatigue or soreness, the needle gun rattling along in her hand and her breasts slightly shaking with the tremors coming up her arm.

(to be continued)

by Max

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