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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 18)

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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 18)

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 18)

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

Tom was working through the last of a few proposal ideas, nothing important,
when his phone rang. It was Andrea calling. He answered it as he got out of
his office chair and moved to the living room to settle into the couch.

"Hey there, how's it going?" he asked.

"Hey... Just watching some TV while we stretch Alexi's labia out. How'd your
day go?"

"Not too bad - Alexi's got to be unbelievably sore at this point. You going to give her a break any time soon?"

Andrea snickered. "She's the boss and she set the schedule. If she wasn't passed out on the couch while I'm breaking my back between her legs then I'd let you tell her."

"How badly have you stressed her, Andrea? The body can only take so much before it starts shutting down."

"And once it starts shutting down then the body is more pliable for our purposes. I've read what you write, Tom. I know it's based on experience."

"Uh huh. Just you don't have the full set of experience - only what could be translated into a story. Watch her for cycling. Her emotions are already yo-yo'ing a lot harder than usual, and her immune system might also start to react."

Andrea nodded. Her arms ached a bit, but she had another seven minutes of just pulling outwards with the forceps right below the threshold where the tips would let go of the flesh. She's started at the middle and was alternating grips above and below as she worked outward.

"So what did you do today?"

Andrea yawned. "We did a massive double fisting this morning to make certain Alexi's cunt was destroyed to your preferences. Then we did a lot of clean up - we've only got a few toys big enough and suitable for her now. Then we did something which is secret and part of the surprise. Then a bit of dinner followed by stretching exercise." One of the forceps came free and Andrea muttered "Damn."

"Lose your grip? It's a really nasty business of balancing grip, pinch, and pull. You may want to try flesh clamps at the base and pull outwards from there instead of just pulling on the end with the forceps. You have a lot more skin to stretch close to the base."

Andrea just accepted that Tom would know how she was working on Alexi. He had a knack for being plugged into things. "The problem at this point is that everything is stretched tight across the bone leaving me with a pile of what used to be inner and outer labia to sort out. It's not entirely clear how far they can go or where I should be pulling outwards."

Tom tried to picture what Andrea was seeing. "It depends. So if you pull out

the thicker fleshy parts from the outside then you'll develop a much more thick furrow along the outer edges. In practice it will develop more of a mounded look with a distinct cleft that will be a very nice framing of Alexi's gap. If..." Tom considered how best to describe the other approach, "if you attempt to stretch the thinner inner flesh, you have to pay attention to where the skin is coming from. Very few women can actually handle having both sets of labia fully developed. Usually the inner development means the outer labia become more flat and broad leaving a petal'ing effect for the inner frill of lip as it were."

Andrea was probing through the flesh with her fingertips - feeling out the distinction to try and align them with what Tom was describing. "I think I see what you mean."

Tom had jumped on his computer. "Yeah, as you're trying to sort it out I'm emailing you a few pictures so you can see the different kinds of developments. You really need to understand what you are working with to develop everything."

"So what do you prefer? I mean, personally..."

Tom gave it a moment to think of a good answer. Alexi and Andrea had very different shapes, and now every answer had to be specific but also something both could do well at until they chose different roles more explicitly. "I enjoy prominence. Sometimes that means prominent labia hanging open, sometimes that means simply well developed shaping."

"But you like, well, extremes..."

Tom nodded. "Yes. I do have a thing for extremes. But it's the visible suggestion or affirmation of something much deeper."

"She's going down the extremes path, Tom. Very far down."

Tom listened to the concern in Andrea's voice. "Have I rejected her before for being not extreme enough, Andrea?"

"Well, no. But she's taken out all the stops. How extreme can you accept her to be?"

"You know me better than that. What she needs to do is find a routine, something I can understand and be comfortable with, and then make slow changes and adaptations as necessary. I think this is a huge jump - but I doubt it's really for me. I think this is all about being someone so very different from whom she was before because of her breakup this past spring and her own insecurities."

"She wants that routine to be centered around you though," Andrea finally had a notion and was using the forceps to grip and pull out the inner labia again but pulling them down rather than straight out which seemed to stretch them more. "I just think she needs to be told what to do."

Tom laughed in Andrea's ear. "She's not you, Andrea. She won't follow directions, and she won't let someone lead her around. She develops a preconceived notion of what should be and then chases off after with without checking if anyone else is onboard or impacted. You and I are enablers for that sort of behaviour because we always support and provide and plan. So Alexi has to be allowed to reinvent herself. And she's basically asking you to help her do it, and me to support and accept her for doing it. At least that's how I read it."

"Will you support and accept her? You've got to be frustrated already."

"I think the harder question I'm faced with is how to show I accept and support her. She doesn't need me. Otherwise I'd be there with you both. But she wants to believe this is for me. Though I didn't ask nor need these extremes from her. Communication is really important, but she's not communicating. And the emotional swings... well you deal with those well, but I worry they will be very hard for me to live with."

"We'll do it together then, Tom. Like a team. She and I have promised each other to stick side by side, and there's no reason I can't help you with her too." Andrea reflected on the earlier intimate moments at the tattoo parlour. "So far it's working out well."

Tom doubted that. He saw all kinds of conflicts of interest scattered along the path. But there was no way to resolve those up front as each one would need to be addressed and sorted out in the context it became expressed in. "I'll take whatever help I can get, Andrea. As long as we talk it through, in pairs and all three of us, because that's what I expect it will take."

He gave some thought to all of this as Andrea fiddled, presumably trying to sort out the next stretching set for Alexi's labia though he heard the rustling of plastic wrap as well. Finally he continued, "And what about you? Setting aside all the things Alexi is doing, aren't you going for extremes as well, my friend?"

"I am your cock slut, Tom," Andrea replied back with no hesitation. "And yes, it is a bit extreme, and I'm going to need help with it. But it's what you asked of me, and it's what I told you I would do if I can."

"It's never too late to raise a hand and say we need a different plan, Andrea."

"Tom..." Andrea sighed. "Don't try to talk me out of it. You want it, I know you do. I want it, too. I'm not sure where we will go from there, but I'm sure it's just a starting point. My only concern is making it good for you."

"I know. I'm open to suggestions. It's a bit harder to accommodate what turns you on, but I have women whom I'd like you to meet and I think you really should consider the photo shoots even if some of them are amateur models."

"It's not an issue of you providing me with female hookups, though I definitely appreciate the fact that you know women I don't. It's an issue of my body being turned on. And I think I have an answer for it."

"Oh. What's that?"

"Don't sound so surprised. You heard how wild I got when Alexi was talking dirty to you. More than that. Telling you she was your slut and whore and property. I almost came without anything touching me. I've asked her to practice that more. To practice talking like that and meaning it. I think with that kind of stimulation you could stick anything in me, and I'd enjoy it thoroughly."

Tom gave some careful consideration to Andrea's idea. He definitely loved hearing Andrea tell him she was his cock slut, and once he felt he knew it was real then he'd be very turned on by Alexi telling him all the things she was. The difficulty was how much effort it took to train someone to speak up like that and get them comfortable enough to spontaneously say it. "I'm in favor of all the wonderful things coming out of both your mouths - and - anything inside of you."

Andrea smiled. "I thought you might say that."

After their short chat, Andrea took a look at how the stretching was going. The trouble was that there really wasn't a way to evenly measure the progress. She had considered clip on weights and clamps, but the clamps distorted the labia as well. Plus all the plastic wrap covering Alexi's tattoo work made doing anything a nuisance. Andrea finally gave up, took the clamps and forceps she had been using and washed them all, laying them out on a tray to dry, and then got the cameras set up.

With Alexi still sleeping she took several 'au naturelle' photos, and then zoomed in on Alexi's gaping opening. Over the course of the day Alexi had

commented a few times on how odd it felt, and Andrea had noticed the entire pubis behaved differently after the final extreme stretching with the steel collar the night before. First off instead of moving together, the labia on opposite sides moved with the thigh nearest them. So you could actually see the skin slip back and forth instead of forming a single mound that stayed together.

Second there was an obvious wedge between the lips which became very pronounced when Alexi was sitting. Alexi's vagina was open and when she was sitting down, that opening was uncovered and just layered by the soft flesh framing it. Third was the wetness of Alexi's opening. While Andrea knew she'd used a lot of silicon lube the prior night, she was pretty sure the thorough rinse down and blotting had removed most of that. Yet Alexi's lips and walls maintained a constant slickness from juices and moisture flowing out. At this point Andrea felt it was most likely a reaction to the hard fisting earlier in the day, but it puzzled her that the constant air flow didn't dry things up a bit more. Stretching out the skin usually would encourage more absorption of moistness, but instead Andrea had to put down a paper towel to absorb a rather steady drip from the battered hole.

Andrea was pretty amazed by the transformation though. The week before she had been using a regular strap on dildo, maybe a bit bigger than the average guy's cock, and had to warm Alexi up by fingering and stroking her labia to get Alexi's lips to part before Andrea could penetrate her. The shape of Alexi's pussy had been a soft mound flowing down off the flat front of her pelvis and completely hiding Alexi's clitoris, and then flowing down to a punctuated point that was Alexi's anus. With a bit of lube they could go all night - as Alexi did produce a good bit of juice and wetness on her own - but it soaked in quickly so if they stopped playing for fifteen minutes then Andrea had to wet down that smooth mound again.

Yet earlier in the day Andrea had put two fists, side by side, directly into what amounted to a gaping hole leading directly into Alexi's lower abdomen. Andrea could remember not just the way the opening hollowed out but also that at the top, near where Alexi's clit simply hung without any skin on either side of it, there was a gap because Alexi could have taken more. Now the labia were funnel shaped at best, and after looking at Tom's pictures she could clearly see that the problem was she had been trying to distinguish inner versus outer labia when all she had to work with were inner labia flowing down from sides of the clitoral hood's base with a little expression before vanishing right near the broader puckered area of the sphincter. What used to be Alexi's outer labia were now just broad flat areas that lifted up enough from the pubic bone to provide some shape that started coming outwards from the top of the clitoral hood, curved outwards following the skin connected more directly to the inner thigh and then curved back in slightly without visibly reconnecting around the crinkled and full inner labia and the transition to the anus.

Andrea removed the saran wrap gently and wiped everything down. She took some more pictures. In the pictures she took it was even more obvious that the inner labia were really the only lip left. With the way Alexi hung open, the view of her sex was nearly obscene. Particularly since now the tattoo work extended down and around the opening with the curves and initials helping frame and emphasize the opening even more. Nothing was left to the imagination as Andrea could look right into Alexi's cunt.

Andrea lightly traced the flow of the skinfolds. Alexi's original plan of piercing her outer labia was no longer viable based on what Andrea was seeing. Because Annette, following the stencil carefully, had tattoo'd well up on to what had been the outer labia before they became so separate and flattened from the inner labia. That meant outer labia piercing would have to go through the delicate tattoo work and Andrea knew that wasn't what Alexi would want.

Carefully Andrea applied some more diaper rash cream to help the tattoo stay clean and promote its healing. Then she took another approach to plastic wrapping - using a single piece for the whole mound with a cut out for the protruding inner labia. She used some lightweight medical tape to hold it in place which was a nuisance along the sides and the bottom since there was no obvious place to stick the tape to. Then she woke up a groggy and worn out Alexi, and moved her to bed where they fell asleep in each other's arms after just a bit of cuddling.

(to be continued)

by Max

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