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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 20)

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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 20)

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 20)

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

The next morning Alexi awoke with Andrea softly snoring alongside her left hip.
She got out of bed carefully so her lover could sleep and went to the bathroom.
The plastic wrap covering her pelvis was all bunched up on one side. It had
torn free of some medical tape, and Alexi's initial attempt to carefully remove
it turned into just yanking the plastic off when the medical tape adhesive
proved to be more resilient than her patience. She carefully relieved herself,
picking at the tape while ignoring the burning sensation from her urine running
over her raw skin.

By her reckoning it had been close to twenty hours since she'd had anything inside of her. She felt the side effects of the past three days of activity, especially now that she had flushed the last remaining bits of the light pain killers out of her system, but mostly it was just a deep ache inside and her hip joints being a bit of a nuisance. Looking down she could easily see the prominent tattoos on her flat pelvis as well as the very obvious labia. She recalled Andrea working her lips with the forceps the night before, but she must have passed out watching the movie they put on. She had groggy memories of going to bed, but the physical exertion and emotional cycling her body had been doing really tired her out completely.

Remembering Annette's instructions, she carefully blotted with a wet wipe and got off the toilet. Then she used another fresh wet wipe to clean the entire tattoo area. It didn't itch, but Alexi fought down the urge to pet it just in case that started the cycle of itching and inflammation. The centerpiece was a symbol Tom used for women. It looked a bit like an ankh. There was a cross with an ankh's rounded oval sitting above the horizontal bar. She traced the edge of it with her finger, feeling where the skin was quickly settling from it's red puffiness the day before. The rounded top continued through the two arms at a slight angle that then was reversed toward the foot of the vertical bar. The result was something that looked a bit like a dagger with a diamond shaped blade coming down from a round hilt and horizontal guard. Andrea had added details to it and worked with Annette to fit them in. They'd used a ruler, projector, and carefully measured things out to finish the stencil after the first check.

The details transformed the black symbol with a blue center on the blade and narrow hollows in the blade edges like blood gutters. The open oval at the top was bisected neatly by a rising triangle that stopped just short of the top, and this was left uncoloured like the gutters. The arms had well defined round sockets in the ends, providing a nice sense of an understated opening in the flaring fleur de lis pattern. The hollows and sockets and space within the oval showed off Alexi's natural cool skin tone in a manner that suggested it was her behind the art as well as her made part of the art. The blue in the blade was deep and rich - and Annette had given it a bit of texture to make it seem more like a semi-precious stone than just colouring.

The whole piece was only most of a finger high, so Annette had done delicate work to make sure everything had crisp lines with no blur. The tip of the blade lined up perfectly with the center of the now very obvious skin fold flowing down and over Alexi's urethra and clitoris. The black edged tip stopped just above that, and while it might have seem subtle before now it was an obvious manner of directing the eye down directly into the open folds of Alexi's sex.

To either side of the symbol, kept below the horizontal bar but with the suggestion of coming up and flanking from her clitoris hood like wings, Annette had reworked the scrolling line art Alexi had sent her. At the top the flow of ink had the kinds of curls that suggested wind and motion. Beneath that was a layer of geometrical shapes that flowed like a script or the markings on a stele forming the edge on either side of the clitoris hood and a slight horizontal bar lined up to emphasize the regular shape of Alexi's pelvis and repeat the ankh motif.

Where the windy wings lifted up from the geometric script on the sides a snake-like vine began in what suggested the silhouette of a dragon's head. This simple form curved out and then down, framing a heart shape around the clitoral hood before flowing back out and roughly following the curve of her open labia. From the base of the heart where the lining came close to the lips themselves, the curved vining branched out and in a slightly more fixed script the initials T and R were marked on Alexi's vulva. Looking in the mirror, those vines and how they framed the initials really looking more like organic wings coming from the dragon's serpentine form. She could see how the style gave even more shape and emphasis to the protruding folds of her labia while producing what Annette called "sex art."

The serpentine vines flowed back out under the initials and then back inwards. The inward curve terminated just above the point where Alexi's skin puckered for her ass, the vine forking into two ends - one pair pointing at each other over that sexual demarcation and the other pair pointed down setting the frame for her anus.

The only other additions were small flourishes. At Alexi's insistence a set of beads, dark circles partially filled with ink, had been set along an unmarked vertical line on each side. The placement was set back about a finger's width from the point her labia protruded. This had required Annette to carefully push the labia toward the opposite side, measure the spacing and point for the bead, and then add them in. She had intentionally made them slightly smaller than Alexi asked and then alternated small, large, small, large, small down left and right. The result was artfully worked with and alongside the serpentine vine though Annette had definitely only done it because she was asked too.

Alexi liked it. It looked like rivets or bolt heads. If she had more space to work with then she might have considered going further with more hex head shapes instead of the rounded rivets. The contrast to her was one of decoration with the fancy vining and initials versus machine with the rivets. She intended to be Tom's machine, his accessory, his - how did Andrea put it? - his property. Decorated property and functional property.

Alexi had to do all kinds of weird contortions in the mirror to see every angle

of the tattoo work. She wiped it down again with two wet wipes, making sure to push from top to bottom, and noticing how her open lips simply oozed with her juices when any pressure was applied. Then she got in the shower and had a slow wash while inspecting her entire body with a self satisfied grin.

Andrea kept waiting for the breakdown when she woke and saw Alexi in the bathroom posing and maneuvering to look at the way she'd changed and marked her sex. She had woken up to the sound of the toilet flushing, and Alexi muttering as she pulled off the remaining bits of medical tape. Ordinarily Andrea would have gotten up and helped, but she felt curiously free. Not that she'd really ever been obliged before. Andrea explored the feeling more and realized that if Alexi asked for help then she would be there in an instant, but after the past few days she felt that Alexi had grown up a bit. Alexi needed Andrea, and Andrea needed Alexi - but there was a comfortable detachment from Alexi's crisis and Andrea's organization of things. Andrea decided she could sleep in after all and grabbed a pillow to snuggle as she laid there on her side daydreaming a bit while the simple sounds of the shower running and the splatter from someone washing up lulled her back to sleep.

Alexi finished her shower and toweled off briskly. One thing was certain, she definitely felt and looked differently down there. Carefully she started to apply the diaper rash cream and she realized that she should get some pictures first for Tom and the documentation. It seemed strange that Andrea wasn't up, and when Alexi wrapped an oversized towel loosely around herself and then went into the bedroom she was surprised to see Andrea sound asleep. She checked the clock. Ten in the morning. Andrea never slept this late.

Alexi thought that over as she leaned in close to Andrea and began lightly kissing her ears and neck. Andrea stirred a bit but didn't really wake up. Alexi kissed her upturned cheek and then nuzzled her forehead and exhaled into Andrea's hair, teasing her scalp with warm breaths. After several minutes of attention she got bolder and moved lower, pushing back the duvet and the sheets to expose Andrea's shoulders and chest.

Andrea woke to Alexi kissing and lightly biting at her collarbone and neck. She reached up and took Alexi's head in her hands and then kissed her on the forehead. Alexi giggled when she couldn't get her head free and tweaked Andrea's nipples playfully. Andrea kissed her head again, and then let go of Alexi's head.

"Hey, sleepy head," Alexi said softly. "I need you to do some photography

before I put on more cream and cover up."

Andrea sighed. "No rest for the weary... or the evil." She smirked up at Andrea. "Do you think Tom ever really sleeps?"

Alexi laughed. "I think he's all consumed by his dreams. Though his form of evil probably sleeps just fine if there's orange juice and a schedule for the following day." She tugged on Andrea's hand. "Come on, c'mon. Pictures so I can get dressed."

Andrea pushed up out of the covers and shook her head while forcing her eyes open. She looked at the clock. "Well... my phone hasn't rung so I guess I'm not in trouble." She caught Alexi's curious eye. "While you were out cold last night, Tom said hello and said you should make sure you're being healthy. You should probably call and actually talk to him today."

"And you? I don't remember you sleeping this well since... well since..." Alexi's looked up trying to think of the last time she'd needed to wake Andrea up. It had to be in the early summer. She thought harder. "Huh," she said more to herself than Andrea.

Andrea just waited. She knew what was going on. She knew herself well enough to know this feeling of contentedness.

Alexi's face lit up in a eureka moment. "You're," she pointed at Andrea, "you're in love!" With her exclamation the towel tuck across her chest came loose and she had to grab for it.

"Uh huh," Andrea grinned. "Let the towel drop. I want to see how your love poem is looking."

Alexi started to re-wrap the towel, stopped herself, then slowly removed it. She turned sideways exposing her hip and waist and then slowly turned face on to Andrea. The big smile following her little faux coy routine lit up the room for Andrea, and the hand gesture and "Taa-daaaa" made Andrea laugh.

"I take it you like it?"

Alexi ran her fingers along the skin, lightly smoothing it, and smiled. "Oh yeah, I like it. I like it a lot."

"Well I've got good news and bad news then. You may want to sit down to hear it." Andrea made a space on the bed and patted the soft mattress with her hand.

Alexi raised an eyebrow and sat down. "Is this just so you can molest me and

have your way with me?" she said leaning back into Andrea's breasts.

"Oh no. I can do that any time. Maybe you'll have to beg for it first."

Andrea teased. "Seriously though I was chatting with Tom, and getting a bit more informed. There's something you should know."

"Other than you seem to be talking to Tom an awful lot?" Alexi teased back. She took Andrea's hands and wrapped them around her waist. "I'm glad you guys get along so well."

"Heh, it used to be us guys. Now it's us guy and gal. But that's not the point." Andrea ran her hand down over Alexi's abdomen and felt the edges of the tattoo. Her fingers went lower and then she stroked the moist labial folds of Alexi's vulva. "The point is that these are your inner labia."

Alexi considered and looked down. "No way." She pushed Andrea's hand aside and felt along the skin herself. "I don't see how that's possible."

Andrea placed her fingers over Alexi's and traced the flattened skin on either side of her protruding lips. "Feel this..." she stroked the tissue a little harder so it would pull and give a bit. "This is your outer labia." Then she moved Alexi's fingers higher, starting at her clitoris, and traced down along the skin fold coming from underneath it. "This is your inner labia."

Alexi took over and felt the differences. She could also feel the tattoo on either side, on the outer area, and could feel her own moisture along her lips. "Well that's unexpected," she said softly. As best as she could feel, Andrea was right. "So what do we do about that?"

Andrea moved her hand back up to cradling Alexi's smooth abs and waist. "Well this means that we need to have a hard think about the piercing work. There's no real outer labia for the barbells and the piercer was really reluctant about doing inner labia. He said they got infected and healed poorly."

"Yeah, well that's not what I was reading though."

"There were definitely comments about rejection. Especially since the inner labia could stretch so much more over time."

Alexi shook her head. "So what then?"

"The good news is that this look, as it is, will really please Tom. If you wanted to wait on the piercings then I can help you stretch these down a lot more and the piercings will go better. I can't really stretch them without risking the piercings given how elastic the skin is."

With a sigh Alexi shrugged into Andrea's chest. "I don't want to go back partially finished."

With a kiss and a firm squeeze, Andrea replied "Let's go ahead with wearing the toys, letting the tattoo heal, and start the anal stretching sooner. We'll work on the labia stretching throughout. Then do the piercings week after next if the stretching has made good progress."

Alexi rolled it over in her head. "It would have to be the week after that. You have a busy work week when we get back and I have to travel."

"Even more reason. It gives you a week on your own working on stretching to see if you are satisfied. After that you'll know you're ready."

She couldn't disagree. It was a reasonable plan. "Well I guess that's that. How the heck do I tell Tom I won't see him for four weeks though? We've only been going out that long!"

"Well that I can help you with, if you don't mind helping me with my homework."

They both got up, got some wonderful photos of Alexi's tattoo, and while Andrea washed up Alexi struggled with finding something that she could wear that wouldn't put any pressure on her tattoo'd cunt but also could deal with the wetness she seemed incapable of holding back.

(to be continued)

by Max

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