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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 24)

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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 24)

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 24)  
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written by Max  
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Tom was tired. He was battling a handful of real problems on top of trying to  
keep on top of a handful of social networks that were shifting simultaneously.  
The distractions were adding up without a substantial amount of satisfaction to  
make it worth the effort and time involved. He felt the tension in his body and  
the demands yammering in the back of his head. His phone rang and he didn't  
appreciate the interruption of his thoughts.

"Hello, this is Tom," he said coolly as he answered on speakerphone. It was

Andrea, and she was on his current list of large time investments with difficult associated paybacks. His discussion with Alice put how extended he probably was, and how unlikely a payoff would be given the circumstances, into perspective.

Andrea heard the tone and felt the unstated intrusion. "Busy?"

Weighing his options, Tom forced himself to relax and release. "It's been a long day for both of us I imagine. I'm tired, Andrea." He flexed his arms tucking his hands to his shoulders and feeling his biceps pushing his forearms back.

Andrea looked across the mess in the living room and fought the urge to clean up. She'd dealt with Tom more than Alexi and always known that underneath his surface intensity there were surges in his emotions that ran far deeper than most people. This is where other women were compelled to fight to stand on their own - either by attacking with emotions or passively baiting and trying to apply aggression alongside Tom's plans and actions. Andrea felt the trap's bars and began to understand how Tom lived at the center of the hurricanes of emotion that she noticed radiating around him.

It made her rethink her approach. "What do you get out of this, Tom? All this tinkering, all this - I don't know what to call it..."

"Nothing really. To be perfectly honest. It's a very very long game, and I can't even begin to shape all the motions." He sighed. "Maybe it's simply a new religion, but more likely just a rebirth of something much older."

Andrea was irritated by the comments. Tom had always talked about broad views of things, but this wasn't one of those topics. In some of his writing he tied sexuality and a sort of mysticism; in some writing Tom skirted the edges of deep profanity. It came across as a mixture of an act and sleight of hand pushing the limits while holding back. "So why then?"

"Because someone has to. Because there are other options. Because an entire monoculture can be turned as one by seeding it with the next great idea. Tell me - how much freedom does Alexi feel? Even you've been exploring different ideas - ideas you long ago discarded."

"So you're on a mission? Or is this a labor of love?" Andrea snorted with a bit of disgust. Tom was often full of himself but this was his ego at its best.

And Tom turned it right around. "You tell me? How many years, how many precious moments, how many times have you given up something just to give to Alexi? Is your labor of love, your endless pursuit of her unjustified?"

Shouldn't you have just moved on?" A dark rage was nearly palpable though he never raised his voice. "Now multiply that times thousands, millions... They are all out there. Expecting that someone will give them everything and they don't need to give anything in return. Self enslaved to the slavery they try to wrap each other with. If it frustrates you then just go. But if it attracts you then ponder if that's because it is something greater than all the same old same old."

"You want a priestess for your religion. Alexi might fall for that. I won't."

"Good for you. So are we done? You go back to taking care of your Alexi, and she goes back to doing whatever she feels will change those parts of her that she still clings to?"

Tom provoked responses. He provoked emotions. He enabled the release of those things people keep close to their chests and seldom want to set free. But when they release those bottled up emotions, when they discovered the voice for their passions, it was aimed at him. Andrea bit her tongue and fought her retort. She understood, intellectually, that Tom was in control even as she felt him push her to explode. She fought the anger at hearing her worst fear about Alexi mentioned - that Alexi was just a waste of her time as so many people had told her for so many years. She fought the hurt at being left to go back to the way things had been - before she'd met Tom, before she'd talked to him.

In the midst of that ongoing struggle Tom simply added one final thing. "Communicate with me. But don't try to use me."

Then he forced himself back into his desk chair and controlled his breathing. His heart rate slowed rapidly, and if anything he just felt bored with the whole scene.

Andrea was spun round. She felt impotent and alone. The moment of silence stretched for a few minutes as she mastered her focus and tried to ready a response, to say something. And Tom waited to see what the next act would bring.

Holding her breath, Andrea closed her eyes and started to speak. "Why me?"

"Because you're responsible, smart, and lovely."

"Hardly. Why would I do any of those things?" She felt her irritation building, crowding out any anxiety.

"Because you wanted to, and because you want to please, and possibly because you have personal needs."

"You're no judge of my personal needs. I don't want this, any of this." It felt good to be angry. And the confusion faded as the anger took hold.

"That's fine by me. A bit disappointing, but if you don't feel safe and comfortable then stopping is sometimes the best thing to do."

On sure footing Andrea declared, "And you can stop worrying about Alexi's insecurities. In fact you can just stop worrying."

Tom sighed. "You can make decisions for yourself, Andrea. But you'll also have to allow Alexi to do the same. It's also up to me whether I worry or not. And this whole situation is precarious and concerning - maybe even a bit alarming."

"What, you thought I'd just go along?" Her indignation felt justified. Tom was expecting her to be stupid and she was anything but that.

"No. I thought you said 'anything' and meant 'anything.' Suddenly I've asked too little or for the wrong things. How long before Alexi falls in the same trap? How long before you change your mind again? How soon before you offer and do something, and you blame me? It is, as I said, a bit disappointing."

Tom's calm logic was infuriating. Andrea let herself be angry. "And where the hell do you get off suggesting you'd breed me?!?!"

"I didn't. I left an open ended question which had many answers. Alexi went there first and then you both continued in the direction. I said one or two supporting things. Why? Is that the one act of submission that provokes all this anger and fear toward me?" Tom was quiet and calm as he spoke despite the pitched tones in Andrea's voice.

She kept fighting. "I am not afraid of you. You can't make me do anything." She wanted him to know. Wanted to make sure he knew.

"And now you're angry. Confused by what was going on. Anxious about letting someone and yourself down. Angry at the guy who must have been at fault. I didn't pick you up in a club because you looked easy, Andrea. I was interested in you because you were real, and you were complex, and you reminded me of me."

"And you think-"

"Shut up, Andrea. You have every right to be angry. Had I never come along, if I hadn't run across you both, then you wouldn't have to deal with any of these things. I accept you for who you are and am supportive of whom you might want to be. Whether that furthers us or means you try other things. I enjoy you and

respect you already. You need to fight this out but the fight is between you and your rules, your prejudices, and your worries."

Tom was quiet for a while and let Andrea's emotions settle. He was tired and not being delicate which may mean she didn't even hear what he was saying. When the quiet had gone on for a few minutes, he asked simply "What can we do so you are ok with you?"

Andrea was trying to figure that out herself. She didn't know what she wanted though it seemed so clear just minutes before. "I..." She hesitated as she tried to think through the anger and ponder a different approach.

He gave her time. Time to organize her thoughts and time to rebuild her walls. While Tom knew Alexi was driven by her insecurities, Andrea was more complex. Her own rules both set safety boundaries and challenged her to have needs that exceeded what she could let herself do. Her own self value had become tied to roles she acted out but wasn't getting enjoyment from. But she had to figure that out on her own.

"I'm not sure this is me," was the best Andrea could say. Tom accepted it and added nothing. She continued "I mean this is all your fantasy, your dream, and I'm not sure how it even involves me. I didn't... I really didn't realize how true that was until this evening."

"Well, you did use my writing and my stories to define these strange activities. I think you added a lot of your own flair - showing off on camera, enhancing the collar design, working on the tattoos and their meaning - but it may be time for you to do more about being you."

"But is that even an option. You want me. Physically and sexually - and I'm, well, conflicted on the whole thing. Alexi may have leapt off the cliff, but I feel you are pushing and pushing..."

"It's a false impression, and one I'm glad to dispel. Andrea - I want you to be happy, to enjoy things, but in no way do you need to turn your world upside down for me. In fact you know I'd rather you didn't because of how Alexi's rapid changes upset me. You could say 'Tom, this is just a fantasy' and I'd play along just the same. Or you could say 'Tom, let's just focus on Alexi' and I'd be ok as long as that kept you happy and sane."

"But you do want more..."

"Of course and so do you. But that doesn't mean we have to do anything about that. Mutual attraction doesn't mean we have to rush out and start making body modifications. It's there. It's a natural tension - especially between two

people who have a common sexual partner. We just accept it and let it be."

Andrea felt like Tom was dumping her. It was crazy and irrational, but he had suddenly taken everything between them and swept it aside instantly. It seemed silly as soon as it came out of her mouth so she fumbled over the thought.

"Don't I... don't I matter more than that?" She regretted saying it immediately. "I mean... it seems like we're going to an extreme."

Tom chided her softly. "Andrea," he said, "you know what I mean. Let me tell you the truth for me. I want you happy and content, fulfilled and smiling. If you can be that way fisting Alexi with my cock in your ass then that's wonderful for me. If you can be that way fisting Alexi while I lay on her other side and enjoy your amazing body then that's also wonderful for me. If you can be that way fisting Alexi so she can tell me later how great it was then that's the minimum I think Alexi needs. See - there is a lot of flexibility. But having you actively involved with Alexi and I - all three of us together - would be what would make me happy." He paused and then continued. "But that's not pushing, Andrea. If you please yourself first then Alexi and I will find our way from there."

Still wracked by a feeling she hadn't expected, Andrea asked softly "Would you need to have your cock in me?"

"I accept you for who you are, Andrea. I care about you for who you are. So no, I don't have to have a cock inside of you to hold you and enjoy you being with me." Tom remembered that acceptance was important to Andrea's psyche. "You don't have to be some actress in a play. You can just be you with Alexi and I."

She pondered that carefully. Then she thought back on having Alexi spread in front of her, and her own deep need for something. She thought of enjoying Alexi caring back, looking after her, even teasing her instead of Andrea alone constantly giving and chasing. She thought of Tom's one word exclamations of pleasure at her dirty videos and promises and offerings. "Tom," she began, "how did I ever come to offer, well, 'anything'?"

Tom tried to remember their conversation. "I think it was a clear case of Alexi not living up to giving back to me, and you trying to cover for her. Maybe it even was sympathy. Though I might as well ask why you ever decided to be so wanton and open in those videos you made..."

"I was being silly - I mean really silly. But it was fun."

"Being a tease you mean? I guess it is nice to be chased instead chasing for a change." He smiled and laughed. "Although you're so good at teasing that you

could get yourself in trouble you know."

"I'm not just a tease," Andrea mock pouted. And then she got it, something she hadn't wanted to see. Tom was right. She liked him chasing. Liked his attention. Liked being the chasee. "You know," she said with some reflection, "it could be that I am just a tease."

"Feh. What would be the fun in that? You know Alexi is apparently crazy to please me. Why even try to tease?"

"Because I can give you something she can't. And because you want me."

Tom chuckled. "This is where you got yourself in trouble with your own rules last time. First with 'anything' then with 'just tell me' and then offering something you don't do for anybody. Should I accept you are just a tease or test it to see if you will do something?"

Andrea adjusted her terry cloth robe and walked over to peek into the bedroom. She saw Alexi stretched out in bed lightly snoring. Walking back to her own separate room she stretched out as well and asked "What would you ask of me?"

Tom heard the slightly muted dynamics of Andrea's tone. She might be turned on or might simply be testing. In either case there was nothing wrong with honesty. "Prepare your ass for my cock and for fucking. Play with your toys and your fists vaginally. Take good care of Alexi."

Letting her robe fall open, Andrea slipped her left hand between the terry cloth and stroked down over her smooth abdomen to her pussy. She stroked the folds of her clitoral hood with her fingertips, pushing the skin back and forth along her swelling clit. "The last two are easy. Taking care of Alexi means being so turned on that I have to fuck my pussy." She felt her breath catch as one of her fingertips stroked her clit directly. "But working my ass isn't easy. It feels... it feels so unlike me." She dipped her fingers lower and stroked the thicker heavier outer labia around her pussy. "Maybe that should just be a fantasy." Her fingers worked from left to right and her moisture started to make her labia shine.

"I don't mind leaving it at fantasy. As long as you don't mind not cumming with your fingers buried deep in your ass as you imagine being anally fucked by me as you thrust into Alexi. Of course, maybe you'll feel differently when you open up her sphincter and turn it into a second gaping pussy."

"Second gaping cunt - she won't have a pussy," Andrea corrected gently. "Which makes me wonder... why breed me? Your whore will fuck anything. Why not breed her?"

Tom sighed softly. "What will we be stuffing in Alexi's cunts?"

"Anything big enough to keep her full and stretched and plugged - but ok for her to wear around too. She'll need something completely filling to keep her ass from seeping."

"And have you noticed with more width Alexi is becoming shallower and shallower. Her pussy may be four and three quarters by five inches at the opening, but how many cocks do you think meet that description and only four to five inches deep? Alexi won't be fucking cock often will she? She'll be fucking custom made toys or my cock alongside toys. Right?"

"Well sure, but I guess you could still breed - well I mean dogs or something..."

"Dogs will just fall out of my whore. They won't even know if they hit the mark. Though the bigger mastiff breeds might be the right length for the deed."

Andrea pondered where Tom was going with his reasoning. "So this is one more thing I can do that Alexi can't?"

"The way I see it, it's just another fantasy, another tease."

"But you don't mean to have me really breed?"

"It'd take a lot of effort and time to even get you ready. Never mind find the appropriate animal studs and learn enough to do it safely. Besides, you've got a lesbian pussy. How would it feel being fucked by a black arabian stallion and then filled and covered in horse semen? Seems very dubious to me."

Andrea's fingers stroked more deeply and massaged her labia fully at the thought. It was terribly wrong, but also utterly depraved and dirty. "Well since it's just fantasy," she toyed with the idea, "what would you expect from me?"

Tom enjoyed telling stories. Especially stories that would take root in his audience and grow. "Well first we would need to shop together for some appropriate horse dildos. No point in dogs except for possibly anal. You like the thicker toys and deeper lengths - so a horse cock would be the easiest to find and probably the best to start with. We could slowly replace your regular vaginal toys leaving you one or two enormous man cocks and two or three horse cocks for consistent fucking. We could even set one up in a horizontal mounting so you could get down on your belly and push back on to it fully." He smiled. "Once you were used to that as well as some regular rougher fucking from Alexi



and I then we could take you ranch hunting."

"Ranch hunting?" Andrea asked breathlessly. Her two fingers stroked in and out of her pussy, the wet underside of her fingers slipping and pinching her clit, and she was feeling her orgasm building. "What's ranch hunting?"

"Where we start finding the right stallion for you to breed. Your lovely big and open pussy will be a treat for the right stud. We'll find and adapt a false mare so you can be positioned at the right height and with a frame around you to support the stallion's weight. We'll mark you with urine from a mare in heat so he can sense you are in need. And then we'll enjoy watching you breed, four or five times a week, until you are ready..."

Andrea's breath was shallow and shuddering from the intensity of sensation coming from between her thighs. "Ready? Ready for what?"

"Ready to be branded and inked, of course. With your ranch marking and your brood mare tattoo. We'll pay for the stud fees with movies of you being fucked thoroughly, and maybe you can even work up to freestyling without the full fake mare. Just you on your back underneath the stud, resting on a blanket over bales of straw, using your arms and knees to position yourself under his body as he thrusts over and over deep inside of your pussy."

Andrea's four fingers were now working her wet pussy, and she was squeezing and pressing on her clitoris as her fingers pushed in and out of her opening.

"You'd brand me?" she gasped.

"Of course, a brood mare has a brand for the ranch she is from and to make it clear she is owned property."

"Oh god," she moaned as her fingers triggered trembling from her breasts to her toes. "You'd brand me your property?" She felt another wave hit as her orgasm continued to build. "You'd label me?"

"You will be fucking horses regularly. Don't you think you should be branded and inked appropriately? Is there something wrong with that part of the fantasy?" He had a smirk on his face knowing everything was getting into Andrea's subconscious in her aroused state.

"No, nothing wrong, that's how it should be. I'd be branded property, your brood mare, for breeding with stallions properly." She paused to catch her breath. "What... what would that do to my pussy?"

"Hmmm... well your pussy is already wide and deep. But a horse doesn't warm up and go slowly. You'd have to get used to feeling warm spongey horse cock at

your opening and then thrusting thrusting thrusting deep inside of you. A good stud will fill your pussy and then grind and push and drive deep, stretching your opening with his thick swollen and hot cock while his head plows those last inches back and forth until his release. Your pussy would be soaked in horse cum - four or five times a week will probably mean it will seep out of you continually like creamy lotion from what gets blown in so deep. Your pussy itself would look like it was being well used - but no different than being fistfisted frequently. Eventually we'd find you a regular stud suited to your needs, and set up on a small patch of land with a barn and arena ring. That way you could be bred whenever you wanted, and I could thoroughly enjoy your addiction to horse cock fucking your wanton lesbian pussy."

Andrea orgasmed softly as Tom spoke, her entire body tensing and then enjoying the soothing release. When he finished she swallowed and added, "I really like this fantasy."

Tom smiled. "Then don't forget to work on preparing your ass for my cock tonight. You have to pay for your fantasies, right?"

Andrea snickered. "Oh, so you'll hold out on horse cocks plunging into my pussy if I don't finger my ass for you tonight?"

"Maybe, maybe not. Are you willing to risk it?"

Andrea whispered. "My four fingers are soaking wet from cumming to your horse story." She pushed her hand down and lifted her knees outwards to make access easier. "Two of them will slide right in..." she pushed two fingertips against her ass and it easily yielded. "Are you sure," she teased softly, "sure you don't want my whole fist in?"

It was Tom's turn to softly laugh. "Four fingers tonight. Your hand in a few more nights. Then what? A big toy, a thick cock dildo..." He exhaled slowly. "Why not just start with a horse cock as soon as you can find one?"

Andrea pushed her two fingers in deep, feeling her pointing finger and pinky digging into her thighs and ass cheeks. "Mmmhmmm you promised me..."

"I promised you what?"

"You mmmhmmm promised me the canon... a five or six inch wide cock buried in my ass every day... if I even... if I even put three fingers... in my ass while I train." She was enjoying the smooth texture of her rectum as she stroked her two fingers around inside.

"Oh? I must have mis-spoken."

"Oh no you didn't... you promised me, threatened me... something Alexi could never do..."

"I meant to say as soon as you were too loose to service my cock well anally then we will force fuck the canon into your ass until it's the only toy big enough to satisfy your gaping anus." He continued deliberately knowing Andrea was struggling holding back putting more fingers in her slick ass. "So if you need three or four fingers then maybe it's just a matter of time before you come over and I mount you on the canon anyway."

Andrea strained to hold herself back. "But then you won't have as ass to fuck. You'll just have Alexi's gaping holes and my breeding pussy and wrecked ass... I'll have to be extra careful..."

Tom sighed. "Oh you had the solution to this just the other day." He waited for Andrea to remember.

Unable to hold out any more, Andrea slipped in her pointing finger. Three fingers in her ass felt full. She began to pump them in and out, noticing how her pinky finger was pushing at her sphincter too. "I've got... I'll try to stay tight... but I needed three fingers... oh god..." Her pinky went in and she pushed her fingertips together but her fingers only plunged in to the middle knuckles. "Four..."

"Mmmm that must feel good," Tom coo'd. "Keep working at it and fist your ass, Andrea. You'll make a wonderful fisting slut if you just keep pushing more of your hand into that tight ass of yours."

Andrea groaned. "Oh god... not that... I'll try to hold back..." She remembered her promise to give Tom her mouth to use as a pussy or ass if she was unable to give him anything else. "I just needed more this once... I'm not even all the way in with my fingers..." She felt herself pushing out onto her hand as the middle knuckles continued to press against her sphincter.

"If you cum like this then you are on your way to having your ass thoroughly fucked. Fucked open and stretched. Pulled apart on top of cock dildos and phalluses. Mounted on the canon over and over until your ass breaks. You'll be a full fisting slut and toy slut. And when you are bred I'll make sure you ass is included. You'll be moist with horse ejaculate running from your pussy and bottom. I'll expect you to demonstrate your ass fucking every day."

Andrea carefully removed her four fingers and put only two back, sinking them in until her hand was pressed against her anus. "I only have two fingers in now," she said quietly. "All the way in and I'm working them back and forth." She

stroked them in and out and side to side. "For now..."

"Mmmhmmmm... for now you're just a cock slut in training, eh?"

"Just your cock slut, sir," Andrea said as she lazily worked her anus and rectum walls.

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(to be continued)

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by Max

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