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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 25)

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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 25)

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 25)  
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written by Max  
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Alexi woke the next morning to the sound of Andrea showering. She checked the  
clock and it was only seven. With a big stretch, Alexi woke herself up  
sufficiently to slip out of bed, on to the floor, and make her way to the living  
room to start some coffee. Halfway there she detoured to the bathroom and  
suffered cramping pains as she used the toilet. Her guts felt bruised and the  
rough play from the day before was still causing some fussing. At the same time  
her cunt was sopping wet and Alexi had to use both moist wipes and then toilet  
paper to dry her juices.

She was still adjusting. It was an entire set of sensations and things that impacted her in little ways. First off the openness definitely seemed to make her more wet - whether it was just that her own moisture could so easily flow out or that she was in fact producing more juices. Second off no matter whether she sat, stood, walked, or laid down there was a continual awareness of both her openness and her vaginal walls. It seemed strange to sit and feel her cunt hang open, strange to walk and feel the air cycling in and out, strange and even irritating how her panties and bikinis fit her vulva differently. But it was becoming something Alexi enjoyed - something secret that only she knew was always there.

Her cheeks flushed as Alexi pondered whether she should start giving in to the urge to masturbate and fuck big toys every time her cunt was uncovered, and she pulled up her panties and pajama bottoms. "Not quite yet," she muttered to herself. She had more work to do before she could start just letting go of control like that.

Coming out of the bathroom, she headed over and started some instant coffee brewing. Then she picked up one of the cameras and grabbed a charged battery for it. She went back into the bedroom and set it down on the bureau and stripped. Then she went over to the master bathroom and checked out her body in the full length mirror.

Alexi was a little narrower in the shoulders than she was in the hips. Her breasts did seem a bit bigger though, probably just water gain. Her nipples had started being nearly continuously erect - painfully so and tender - and they were disproportionately long which pleased Alexi. She pondered Tom's suggestion and saw no reason not to have them pierced with barbells and stirrups. Her abdomen was smooth and flat, though she didn't have a six pack, Alexi had fought back her belly while trying to contain her hips and thighs. The long lean muscle of her arms combined with her smooth torso hinted at her hours spent doing laps in the pool.

It was at this point that Alexi saw a different her emerging. Her hips, always a bit wide for her taste, now cradled the fast healing tattoos that ornamented her mound. The slight bit of scabbing had cleared and other than a slight texture change her skin felt smooth so she could discern the edges of the designs only when looking. Above the fold of skin for her clitoris hood Tom's symbol was strong and evocative. The wing like windy designs from it and then the serpentine scrollwork going down alongside her labia had a crispness from being new ink that was a strong message that Alexi basked in. She traced his initials on either side of her thick protruding inner labia. The mound of her pussy had changed, the sides hugging closer to bone where once she had a slight dome, and all that extra skin now flowed into a fountain of flesh that erupted

from under her clitoris and ran down between her legs. She lightly stroked the sensitive lips and felt them slightly pulse with heat and blood. Her body was turned on nearly instantly by the combination of sight and touch.

Alexi turned in front of the mirror and looked over her shoulder. Her shoulders twisted but still a smooth line ran down along her spine into the cleft of her buttocks. From behind she could almost see the swelling lips pushing out beneath the rounded curve of her buttocks. She reached back and pushed one cheek aside exposing her anus which sat puckered and tucked in right above frilly fleshy skin that defined her vaginal opening right to its edge.

She held back despite the feeling of dripping and seeping that tingled inside her flabby lips as her excitement produced slick juices her cunt was no longer able to hold in. This would be Andrea's pleasure today. And her own ruin. She hoped to have Andrea take plenty of photos before the tools for wrecking her ass were applied. This change would be significant in ways that even the tattoo work didn't realize.

Turning back to face the mirror Alexi ran a hand over her clitoris. She could see Tom's point about having a horizontal hood piercing with something to apply pressure on her clit. Combined with the tunnels and barbells she wanted, it would be a bow on top of the stitches, and that would be lovely. Looking at her lips she wondered how long they would stretch, and realized that she and Andrea had been remiss. They'd both been too busy enjoying stretching and working her gaping cunt instead of pulling down and developing her inner labia.

It took an effort of will to only brush those again instead of engaging in playing with them. Alexi could now feel the potential, the pull, toward being something more. In a way the notion of being a slut or a whore - of being open and ready to fuck for Tom - was just an idea and had been all along. But on this morning Alexi started to really think and imagine the possibilities of what could come. And it was making her even more turned on.

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Andrea took a long hot shower. She needed to clear her head and escape some of the doubts that seemed to be plaguing her. As she once again fingered her ass, working it thoroughly, Andrea let herself feel her emotions and her alarm wash away. Then she took one of the toys she'd grabbed from the towel where it had been sitting to dry, leaned back on the wall, and began feeding it into her pussy. Playing with her ass hadn't been arousing in itself, but consciously planning how to get her pussy ready for fucking was more than enough stimulation. Her hair stuck to her wet cheek as she pictured fucking, being fucked, and cumming - first her toys, then Tom's cock, and then horse cocks. Tom's cock would slide in so easily, she imagined him simply mounting her and

being engulfed by her pussy. She tried to hang on to that image, the feeling, as the dildo she worked in and out of her warmed to her body.

Then, feeling a bit silly and coughing when the shower water streamed over her mouth and nose, Andrea got down on hands and knees and guided the base of the toy against the shower wall. She had to tuck her legs underneath her torso to get a clean contact, and with one hand trying to control the black rubber vinyl cock, Andrea began to thrust back with her pussy. The shower water streamed around her ribs and buttocks, flowing along her belly to her heavy breasts, running to the tiled shower flooring. And Andrea practiced being bred, practiced rutting, with her ass lifted up to grant easy access to her pussy and fucking the three inch wide toy a good eight inches deep. It felt comfortable and easy sexually despite the physical discomfort from the hard floor on her knees, the precarious balancing, and the water occasionally blinding and blocking off her breathing.

After fifty counted strokes, she got up and let the toy literally fall from her pussy. It hit the floor and fell over on to one of her feet. Something else she imagined she needed to get used to. Cocks simply finishing and falling out of her sloppy cock slut pussy. Shaking her head at her own strange sexuality, and the feeling of how turned on it made her anyway, Andrea went back to fingering her ass with two fingers - pistoning them in and out roughly. Then she washed up, washed the cock, and got out to towel off and get her day going.

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(to be continued)

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by Max

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