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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 26)

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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 26)

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 26)

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

Alexi answered the phone when it rang. It was a call for Andrea, but Alexi
wasn't in a hurry to rush her out of the bathroom. And it was Tom so Alexi
figured it was really for either of them. "Hello, this is Alexi."

"Hey Alexi, I just wanted to make sure everyone was ok today."

"Sure I guess, thanks for calling. We still haven't had our morning coffee, and
Andrea's in the shower washing. How are you today?"

"Bit tired. I think last night I was being awfully grumpy, and I hope I didn't hurt Andrea's feelings. Did she sleep with you last night?"

"Sure, I guess. I mean the bed looked like she had. I woke up when she was getting in the shower so I am only aware of coffee and me right now."

"And how are you?"

"Pretty great actually. I was thinking about the nipple and hood piercings. I think those will look great, but I'll need to do some research to make sure I get them done right. And today is the big day anally..."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. I'm going to have Andrea take a lot of pictures first and then leave it up to her to see what tools are best for getting me opened up. She started off with some kind of retractor instead of speculum vaginally, but I'm not sure if that's what she's thinking. It may be a day before we get the steel collar in and opened, but I'm looking forward to that."

"Sounds pretty freakin' awesome, Alexi. How well are you holding up vaginally?"

Alexi smiled. "Well, I've got good news on that front. I was a bit worried on how well these changes would, well, excite me. Sometimes you want something and then you get it and it's just not quite everything. But I have to admit - I'm having a hard time holding back from just fucking myself silly. I can always always feel how open I am, and the urge to be mounted and penetrated and thrusting on something... well I guess I didn't understand how this might change me in that way."

"So why are you holding back?"

"Two reasons right now. I've got more work to do, and I also don't want to lose control completely before I'm with you. This should be something you can enjoy with me, and I want giving in to it to be special with you there. If it just becomes a solo thing - I don't think that's what I want, and I don't want that to worry me."

"Will it become a solo thing too?"

"Honestly? I don't think once I give in I'll ever be able to stop this thing. I feel like when I first discovered orgasming and I couldn't keep my hands off my pussy. But this is much more satisfying. Much more sexy." She sighed audibly. "Will it be too much for you to deal with my drooling needy pussy?"

"Mmmm... Andrea keeps telling me you don't have pussies. You have gaping cunts. She's very insistent in correcting these things. And I really think it'll be amazing to see your cunts being satisfied personally."

"Yummy. Well you won't need to worry much about me. A bit of healing, some additional work to be done, and then I'll put it in writing. I already looked up some service contracts, and I'll be ready if you want me. Just please take care of me and keep my cunts plundered and well used so I can enjoy being your property."

"I'll look into having power of attorney writs drawn up and look into any remaining issues around that. I presume you'll be keeping your home and belongings?"

"So businesslike, and just like that you own me." She chuckled. "Yes, I'll maintain myself and my residence. I'll still work so long as I can be productive. I'm not going to end up on your doorstep as a dependent. The bigger question is - will this give you something worth owning?"

Tom fought the urge to hesitate knowing it might send the wrong message and trigger Alexi's insecurities. "We'll work on that together and come to an understanding. I'm sure it won't be all smooth sailing, but I'm more than willing to give it the opportunity to blossom and grow on me." Then he took a second to ponder any caveats or commentary he should add. "And are you comfortable with Andrea choosing whatever her role may or may not be?"

"As long as we're all working on making each other happy, then I think things will be good. I'm worried about women other than Andrea and I, but I know if you are healthy then you will enjoy us fully."

Andrea came in the room, toweling her hair with a robe wrapped around her, and waved at Alexi.

"Oh, hey, Andrea just came out of the shower and wants to talk I think. I need to get washed up so I'm going to go and leave you to her. Ok?"

"Sure. Thanks, Alexi. I'm glad we're getting sorted on an understanding. Good luck on your progress today!"

"Uh huh! Catch you later." Alexi handed the phone to Andrea and then headed into the bathroom immediately. She had an understanding, and she was enjoying where it was going to take her right away.

Andrea tossed the towel she'd been using on her hair on the bed and answered the

phone. "Hello, Tom. Good morning."

"Hey there, sexy. How you doing today?"

"A lot better than last night. Remind me next time you're grumpy to tell you to get something to eat and leave it be."

"Ah yeah... I was calling to apologize for being so rough last night and make sure you were ok. Alexi answered though and that's good because we had to touch base anyway."

"How's she doing? How're you doing? Bring me up to speed."

"She's doing really well apparently. She's looking forward to you working on her bottom today, and seems to be starting to really internalize being property and even experiencing the urges that come from the continual sexual stimulation she's already achieved. I worry a bit about the situation, but it seems to be stabilizing."

"Yeah, Alexi is like that. One minute on the path you expect, then off she goes chasing who knows what. I doubt that will change, but this seems to have taken hold and is staying. But how are you?" she reiterated.

"I'm me, Andrea. I get tired; I get grumpy; I do the best I can. It may not be particularly compelling or attractive, but sometimes that's all the humanity I have left. I'm glad you sound like you're doing much better. You were struggling a bit last night, and I didn't know how best to help you."

Andrea pondered. "Yeah, last little bit of rebellion in my system. I've been doing my own independent thing for a long time. That makes it really hard to shift gears and do something different. And I'm worried..."

"About?"

"Jesus, Tom... I'm going to be utterly terrible in bed. I've got ten years of practice on women, and you're about to make me feel like an amateur loser on prom night. And I'm so turned on but every time I've been close to a guy it's just done nothing for me. I don't like, well, I don't like these feelings."

Tom laughed in relief. "Well at least it's not just me worrying. I'm not even sure how best to orchestrate a comfortable evening with the three of us, and you've both dumped in my lap a whole pile of insecurities and anxieties." He paused and took a deep breath. "I imagine you and I will figure it out."

"Well, I hadn't thought of it that way. Yeah - we're a handful. Two handfuls

really. But after all of that, I'm just uneasy. I don't want to be bad at something this, well this important. Anyway..."

"Practice. It's the only way we get good at anything. We'll practice together, figure each other out, and if we hit a point where it's still just not working then we'll try something else. Besides, Alexi apparently is more than willing to be the muse for sexual desires and fantasies. And we both enjoy playing with her. You think you'll be ok?"

Andrea thought it over. She knew Tom was right, and she knew that at the very least Alexi was like soaking in an aphrodisiac in the room. It still didn't make her feel safe. It still didn't make her feel entirely ok. She needed something more. She needed absolution of a sorts.

"I've got a confession to make, Tom," she started slowly. "About those videos I made."

"Where you were showing off and teasing me?"

"Yeah. With and without Alexi. I wasn't intending to tease."

Tom considered this carefully. "You were inviting me to tell you to do more."

"Yes." She swallowed.

"Hence, 'anything?'"

"Yes."

"Do you know why I've been reluctant to tell you what I want from you?"

Andrea fought to release a calming breath. She felt her tension and anxiety rising. "No, I don't."

"Because you would do it and resent it, unless you were ready to. You argued with me last night about what I could or could not make you do. But the key is that it's all about what you want me to tell you to do. You want me to demand things out of you so you can feel I truly accept you. Just like Alexi and whomever else has always asked of you and you've given. Given even when they haven't given back. I want something new for you."

"What's that? I mean. What do you mean by that?"

"If you want to submit to me then I want you to be proud doing it. Giving, serving, and submitting are harder than anything dominant people do. I want you

to do it with your eyes open and knowing I appreciate it and respect you for it.

Alexi is telling me what she will do because that pleases her, and she doesn't have to submit to my will at all. You're in a more difficult position because emotionally I think you want that submission, and you also don't want to have to always be in control. Yet you are conflicted by the need to be safe and having that control is part of that safety for you."

"I... well I guess..."

"I'm more alike to you than you realize. I give a lot and very few people give back. I fix and clean up other people's mistakes and thus I cannot trust them or accept they have control because they show no self control. I feel resentment and hurt by being used, but I also know that a wounded animal cannot help lashing out even at those who help it. The question is," Tom slowed down. "The question is do you want me to tell you what to do knowing you can ask for help doing it?"

"I need something, Tom. I thought, well I thought last night I felt abandoned by you. You've always been interested in me, and I like that. I don't know why, but it matters to me. I want to pay that back, but I don't want to lose it too. I guess that's why I don't want to suck in bed. I don't want you to think less of me in that way."

"Frankly I'm pretty impressed and in awe of you. How you're handling Alexi, well the whole situation would have made a mess and cracked a lot of people. But I understand wanting to be good at something. And I understand needing more from someone. I can offer that, but you cannot ask me to force it on you. You have to embrace it so we can work together otherwise I am just a petty dictator and you are reduced to a stupid slave. We're both too smart and too complex for that dynamic to work."

Andrea spoke up quietly after a brief silence. "I will do anything. Just as I said. But I may not be good at it and I don't want false praise."

"You know that turns me on? You know that I want you by my side?"

"I do now. And I don't want that to change. What would it take, really, to help you want that from me?"

This was a delicate point. One that Tom felt he and Andrea had been playing tug of war over pretty much since they met. "This will be hard work. You and I will have to work together on it. And there will be mistakes and fuck ups we both have to work on. Do you still want me to tell you what I want you to do?"

"In all its perversity," she grinned. "At least I'll know, right?"

Tom took this as the signal to go one step further - beyond the lengths he would ever take Alexi because he knew she could never submit so completely. He decided to build out the fantasy that Andrea was struggling her way through. In the worst case her rejection would lock them on to other paths. "When you come back then we will also order you new toys for your pussy."

Andrea let out a sigh of relief. "What kind of toys?" she asked quietly.

"I know you're still trying to work your head around cocks but soon you'll be servicing mine. So we need to make sure your lesbian pussy has a selection of cocks to enjoy." Tom paused with a wry smile.

"Of course," Andrea said tentatively. "I am already working with cock toys."

"Yes. Big cock toys. And since your pussy is so open and deep, I still think it'd be best to start with horse cocks. Dog cocks - even mastiffs - will just be too small for your pussy given the size of the cocks you started using this week." Tom brought up the prior discussion without any warning.

"Oh."

"Yes? How do you feel about that?"

Andrea wasn't feeling the difficulty of the prior day after her shower session. She'd read the stories, and she'd already been thinking of looking up specific dildos to see if they were worth shopping for. "I don't know. I can let this be fantasy, but you want it to be real." She was churning a bit.

Calmly Tom said, "Andrea - you said anything. Right?"

Andrea sighed and tried to relax. "Yes."

"Anything is a very broad selection of things. I've told you two things."

"I know," Andrea whispered.

"What are they then?"

She didn't need to pause for more than a moment to begin reciting what he'd cued her with the night before. "I'm going to prepare my ass for you to fuck - using only two fingers and lube each day. If I break the rules then I'll fuck your giant cannon toy with my ass daily instead... as soon as you feel it's too loose anyway."

"And?" Tom was supportive but firm. He was looking forward to Andrea internalizing and reciting these aspects since she seemed to be through resisting the activities.

"And you want me to sit with you and pick out horse cock toys," Andrea was gave that a hard thought. "But once I have horse dildos where do we really go from there? Why would you want that anyway?"

Tom exhaled quietly. "I reminded you about Alexi's cunts last night. What do you think those cunts will be shaped like when we're done with them? How are they being shaped by your collars and fists?"

"You brought up a good point. She'll be wide open but Alexi's gaping cunts are shallow. She won't be suited for anatomically correct big cocks because she won't be deep enough. Even the cock I was riding last night couldn't go to the halfway point despite how much space Alexi had on the sides of it. Enough space for me to also fist her, but not very deeply."

"So we've figured out Alexi will need toys and cocks roughly four and three quarters by five inches by probably only four to five inches deep. That's the head and a bit of shaft for most of the very wide toys. We'll have to fashion specialized toys for her to fuck. She'll be fucking those custom made toys - wide but squat - and probably my cock alongside them. Your fists alongside narrower toys. Right?"

"That's what I saw yesterday. So you want me to be your cock slut. But my pussy will be too big! Your cock will get no traction."

"So your ass will be for my cock."

"Of course. As much as you want. Whenever you want." Andrea could feel Tom was leading her somewhere. She hoped he wanted to hear how willing she was to anally service him. It had been hard to hold back from forcing her four fingers in deeper the night before, but it was a deliberate choice to be good for his cock that motivated her. Still her pussy would be way too stretched for him to do more than just slip right in. Luckily any worries associated with that were largely drowned out by Andrea's pleasure hearing that statement. He was already thinking of her ass as his own for his cock.

"And your wonderful and open pussy will need satisfying too. Your wonderful, deep, and open lesbian pussy. Now what size cocks would that lesbian pussy need to please it?"

Tom's open perversity came across clearly, and Andrea remembered the dirty but lusty feelings from the prior evening. Still she was a bit stunned at how far

he would go, emphasizing the contrast between her sexual orientation for women and his desire to stuff her with cock. It wasn't a fantasy with Tom, and she knew it for sure now. "I don't know. I don't know a lot about cocks. You know that."

Tom let the pause stretch out a bit.

"So do you want me to fuck cocks? All the time?"

Tom smiled. "I want you to get used to fucking animal cocks - toys of course - with your wonderful pussy. Is that too much?"

Andrea didn't know exactly how to answer that. "Ummm... well..." She knew this was the hook and she wasn't sure she was fully onboard with the rest of the scene that came with it. "This isn't just a fantasy, is it?"

"Let me be clear, Andrea. Alexi will have two gaping cunts that will service us however we want. We will fuck her with whatever keeps her stretched and open and filled and interested in using those two gaping cunts to please us. You want to be different than Alexi. You want to do what Alexi can't do..."

Andrea volunteered the next part while sizing up her role. "So I will give you my ass for your cock as long as it pleases you to have an ass versus a gaping cunt in its place. And I will find horse cocks to fuck my pussy with until..."

"Yes, Andrea? Where would you like to go from there?" Tom asked gently.

Andrea replied softly. "Hold on for a moment, I've just got a robe on and I need to take it off so I can see something." She shrugged off the terry cloth robe and tossed it on the bed by her hair towel and then picked up the phone again. "I'm naked now, and walking to a mirror." She headed to the full length mirror on the bathroom door. "Ok. I'm here..."

Tom was curious at this development but also liked the initiative Andrea was showing. "Yes?"

Andrea turned in the mirror, looking over her broad shoulders and broad hips. Her good sized breasts seemed heavy because she'd spent the last six months working out to impress women. So they sat above her toned and smooth abdomen and her long legs were curved but very firm. She looked in the mirror and could see where she would have Tom's mark on her lower back dipping into the cleft of her buttocks. Then she turned to face the mirror head on and placed fingers at different points around her pelvis. "I'll need your help getting the work done, Tom."

"Indeed." He couldn't hide his curiosity.

"The brood mare brand should look nice either inside one of the inner hip areas or possibly a little closer to my clitoris hood. You prefer the brand and the tattoo? Where would the brood mare tattoo go?"

"The brand will do a lot of scarring on your soft skin, so we will have to get some advice to make sure it's someplace that will heal and look ok. I'm guessing the flat skin between hip and pelvis is ideal. Your right side."

Tom's no hesitation response caused goose pimples even in the warm room. Andrea decided to go out on a limb since Tom seemed to be going there anyway. "How long before you start actually breeding me, Tom?" she asked as calmly as she could.

"Perhaps never - it requires a lot of effort and may not suit you." His response gave Andrea the easy out. Partially because he was sympathetic and partially because this was way past ordinary boundaries. "It's a lovely idea, but that part may be stuck in fantasy."

Andrea sighed. She couldn't take the easy way out so early on, and she wanted to fulfill Tom's fantasies even if it meant doing the extraordinary. "I'll begin researching it," she said steadily. "If it can be done then we should make plans accordingly. How prepared do you want me to be?"

"Prepared mentally or physically?"

"I have commitments to Alexi to finish working on her." Andrea pondered her schedule in her head for a moment. "When that is done and she is settled in then I will make the arrangements and you will get to see me fucked by a bull or a horse. Then I will get a brood mare tattoo and a ranch brand - or two tattoos if it turns out that is better healthwise and in appearance."

"And your question of preparedness?" Tom was excited and Andrea could hear a slight edge in his tone and his breathing.

"Do you want me to be a virgin for my first stud?" She looked down at her labia and imagined the look of horse cum on the pink flesh. "I doubt I'll be tight because of the toys and fisting, but I could limit playing with the horse dildos to just time spent with you until I find a breeding barn for me. That way my first stud would be a bigger first than otherwise. Maybe you should stick to fucking my ass and mouth so my first vaginal intercourse with a male will be a horse? I've never had real cock in my pussy. I'd lose my cherry to a horse cock roughly thrust into me and filling me with horse cum. Would you like it that way?"

"And how addicted to horse fucking do you want to be?" Tom asked suggestively.

"I read a few stories on canine sex after reading your stuff. Some of them suggested that your first male cock was the species you always go back to. In that case I'd be mostly addicted to fists and tongues, since that's the animate parts my lovers use on me. But tongues and fists don't ejaculate. That seems to be what is missing for me."

"And?"

"And since I was first fisted, I usually fist myself several times a week. And since I had my pussy licked I look forward to it quite frequently. If hot horse cum will be something that programs my pussy to always want horses... Well I have to admit it's a bit scary to think what would happen if my first cock was from a farm animal. I'd not just enjoy it - I'd need it and crave it. Way more than fisting and oral servicing."

Tom's cock was solid and pulsing in his trousers. It made it difficult to think through how to stage and achieve this with Andrea. "So it's a coin toss?"

"No." Andrea sighed. "I want you to decide."

"I'll give you two months to research and reach out to a few stud farms." His tone was firm and confident. "For those two months only toys and fists for your pussy. I'll limit my cock to your mouth and bottom. If in the span of two months we feel you are making connections that we can use then we will go forward with you losing your virginity to a horse stud. If not then we will consider our options."

Andrea sighed. "So you want me that addicted to animal cock? You'd want me to crave it and need it? You'd want that for real, not just fantasy?" She looked over her body in the mirror and could feel the puffy swelling of her labia and tingling inside at the thought of what this might be leading to.

"Even moreso if you enjoy every bit of it. So what do you want to tell me? You're holding back something."

So Andrea told him about getting down on her hands and knees. She told him she needed a longer cock so she didn't have to painfully bring her knees in so close to her chest. She told him he was right to suggest a horizontally mounted cock dildo so she could back on to it. And she told him how much she was looking forward to cumming as she helped him plan deflowering her pussy with a big animal cock.

"I just need to know, Tom. I need to be sure. Will you still want me?"

Tom felt how close he was to orgasming, his cock rigid and flexing, and said "Yes, most definitely."

"Even when I am bred? Even when horses are for my regular fucking?" She could feel her own physical excitement despite the debasing prospect of being being used for an animal's rutting.

"Yes, even more if you can enjoy it and crave it and embrace it."

Andrea traced her fingers over the spots where her brood mare tattoo and brand might be someday. "Maybe you can have a horse cock for me when I finish this trip then. So I can begin to have a feel for preparing to give up my virginity." She stroked her clitoris and pushed at her labia. "But I want you to be the person who puts my first horse cock into me."

"Of course. I would be delighted to see you start practicing."

"And..." she paused thinking. "And perhaps you can fit the horse toy into a harness so you can wear it and fuck me. So you can teach me how to receive a thorough horse fucking."

"That'd be my pleasure," Tom said softly.

Andrea heard the tones of his voice. "I know you're close to orgasming. I promise when I'm there your cock can finish in my ass or mouth. All knowing my pussy is preparing to be bred to a horse or bull so it develops a lasting need to be drenched in hot animal cum..." She smiled to herself as she stroked her glistening moist labia. "I'll be your cock slut and your brood mare, Tom. As long as you help me breed my pussy."

Tom was close to release, his cock rock hard and pulsing, and he listened to Andrea intently. "I'm looking forward to it," he replied confidently.

(to be continued)

by Max

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