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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 30)

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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 30)

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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When Andrea was done she had to give Alexi two pain numbing jabs immediately. Then the slow process of cleaning up began. The blood and mess were wiped away exposing the raw inner lining of Alexi's rectum hanging out past her anal sphincter. Alexi bled freely throughout, and it was a slow deliberate effort worked by bruised and cramping fingers to apply cleansing wipes and then dabs super glue to get the torn flesh triaged. Andrea had to hold Alexi's wrecked anal ring between her fingers after applying each dab to allow the few minutes necessary for the glue to dry enough not to stick to other skin surfaces. At

the same time some other blood was welling out from deeper inside, but there was no hemorrhaging and some tears in the rectum walls were reasonable to expect to bleed for a bit of time.

Andrea winced her way through the process - her own hands were rubbed raw and her fingers felt like they had been crushed in a press. She was glad for the pain as a distraction though. Alexi was shattered, unable to move and suffering from bouts of dry heaves, and Andrea struggled a bit with some guilt and wanting more. It had felt good to give in to her own dark side, and Andrea could tell that if she kept going then this might be what she really liked. There weren't many women lovers who would tolerate the abuse, and if Andrea got used to giving this kind of rough play then she might ruin herself for softer caressing and kisses.

As she dried them both off, Andrea reflected on her own body as well. If she got too rough with Alexi then what price would Tom have her pay. Tom had looked out for Andrea whenever the three of them had gone out and done things, and Andrea was sure that he would look out for both of them similarly now. Would he level the playing field by doing to Andrea what she had done to Alexi? She shivered at the thought. Tom was far more creative and sadistic than she was. If he ever felt Andrea had abused or mistreated Alexi then his demands on her would likely be far more excessive than she could imagine.

"After all," she mutters to herself out loud as she scooped Alexi up into her arms. "He took me from being a cock slut to losing my virginity to a horse cock in just a few days."

Andrea had to carry Alexi to the bedroom. Alexi still had no strength left in her and could not stand on her own. When she laid Alexi down on the sheets, Alexi groaned and turned on her side with a slight smear of blood and dirt between her cheeks. Andrea realized quickly that leaving Alexi open wasn't going to be an option - the lingering bleeding and some watery dirt would flow steadily whenever Alexi's buttocks moved. So after grabbing a camera and hastily taking some pictures, Andrea inserted an inflatable rubber plug and pumped it up sufficiently to to keep Alexi's seeping dirt and blood to a minimum.

She wiped around the distended and ripped sphincter and waited. Then wiped again and so only a little bit of spotting. Andrea figured that was the best that could be hoped for, and pulled the covers up over Alexi. She leaned down and gave her lover a kiss, and realized she'd never really be over kissing and tender caresses. Alexi curled up a bit, her stomach cramps and lower abdomen aching despite the dull numbness of her anus from the pain jabs, and slipped into a fugue state between asleep and waking. Satisfied that all was ok, Andrea straightened out, fetched a robe, and took a break to tend to herself.

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Tom took the call while he was wolfing down a very late lunch. He had just finished up a conference call that ran late and was due on another in fifteen minutes. "Hey, Andrea," he answered. "How's your day?"

"Brutal," Andrea's tone gave away how worn out she was. Emotionally and physically it had been an exhausting day, and it was only coming up on four o'clock.

"I'm sorry to rush, but I've got a call shortly. You sound beat. Everything ok?"

"No, not really. I'm exhausted. I've had to put Alexi down to sleep. She went way overboard, and I helped her." Her guilt and a bit of regret lingered in her voice.

Tom tried to correct Andrea gently. "You and I may enable her, but Alexi is the one calling the shots. If it wasn't us then I worry she'd be asking other people whom I trust a lot less. But it's getting to you. Wish I was there to give you a back rub or something. This can't be easy." Tom didn't even know what was going on, but it wouldn't do for Andrea to be feeling upset over doing what Alexi no doubt asked her to do.

And he didn't know the half of it. Andrea took a deep breath and figured she might as well tell him the extent of things. "She had me double fist her ass, Tom. I mean really rip it apart. It was surreal - she was sobbing and wailing and I just kept going. When I worked her over with the collar it was so detached. But I could feel her bleeding on my hands, on my fists, and it was just... just a lot..." She hesitated then continued. "But I liked it, I'd never been able to do that to anyone else, and she gave herself to me... and... I kept doing it..."

Tom checked the clock and considered how much support he could give. Andrea definitely needed it. "There's nothing I can say to make that alright, Andrea."

He was quiet but the strength in his tones was comforting. "Nothing I can say that will erase it either. She trusts you with everything she is, and that projects a huge burden on you that she thinks you must accept. You look out for her. Even when you are doing something this extreme you put her pieces back together again. That's what she asked for. It's what she needs. Who else would you want doing it?"

"You."

Tom felt that hit and knew that the transition had begun. Alexi had held control but was becoming more of a submissive, leaving Andrea stuck in an increasing dominant role despite preferring to be the submissive herself. It was a rather tricky situation. Tom made a quick decision. "Ok. I cannot get there today but I can be there tomorrow."

Andrea sighed. As much as the notion of Tom flying in was comforting, it wasn't going to work. "No. Not yet. She'd be really upset if you saw her half finished. God damn it... she's got me locked in and she's sleeping twenty feet away and I don't know if I can keep doing this..." Her earlier frustration had lost some of its intensity, but Andrea still felt trapped by the situation.

"You've gone further down this road than most would. She won't stop asking until she has achieved some goal or you can establish an exit plan. I think that's what you may need to focus on."

"I have an exit plan. She finishes. I turn her over to you. And then..."  
Andrea didn't know for sure what happened then.

Tom replied to the unasked question. "And then you hang out with both of us. It's not an exit plan. And it won't stop her from asking for more. It's a commitment. With a lot of support required."

"And I promised to be part of that support, didn't I? Shit... You knew all along. You knew what a disaster this was."

Tom nodded quietly to himself. "I knew what a disaster it could turn out to be. So far this is really quite manageable though pretty emotionally upsetting."  
Tom paused and reflected for a moment. "Look, Andrea - Alexi is changing. We have no way of knowing what will come out the other end, and I'm not sure she knows either. And whatever idealized sense of things she is clinging to, well it rarely comes out exactly how anyone expects."

Andrea felt broken down. Her hands hurt from holding the phone and she had to keep switching it from ear to ear. "So what do I do?"

"You hold her. You help her. But if you need to draw a line in the sand then draw it up front. It's not your role to brutalize your lover and friend just because she thinks that's what she wants done. Sooner or later you have to limit your support to the bounds of what you can give. And you have to love her on terms you can accept." Tom wasn't sure how much more prescriptive he should be. Andrea and Alexi's relationship went back a decade and he shouldn't really be butting in.

At the same time having another person to share with, someone who did seem to

understand, helped Andrea process what was going on in her head. She wanted Alexi to change, wanted her to be something different, but it was so hard giving up the old Alexi and so hard acting out the new responsibilities she had accepted. Andrea tried to focus but she was so mentally depleted. Before she could say anything though, Tom gave her his final perspective.

"She needs you. She wants you to share in all of this. She is planning something which may result in something unexpected. And I'm here if you need to talk that through and get it off your chest." He yawned unintentionally. "Man, you're so tired your making me yawn now. Get some rest, Andrea. Curl up with her and hold her and enjoy remembering the past as we explore the present. If you need me call back, ok?"

Knowing Tom had to go back to work, and yawning herself now that he had mentioned it, Andrea nodded and said "Ok" before hanging up and going to bed.

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There are dreams of agony and torture that stir pains deep in the mind, and there are dreams where agony and pain filter in even when the mind fights to hold them at bay. Alexi felt Andrea's comforting bulk spooning into her back, but couldn't escape the burning rage of her buttocks and violated openings nor the continual ache as something filled her pelvis to capacity without the decent comfort of solidity.

Her diaphragm fluttered nervously and her stomach lurched now and again. At times she felt shooting pains from cramps in her sides and her belly, and then they would relax again leaving her in awkward positions trying to anticipate or avoid the next spasm. Alexi felt how broken her body was being and yet she wanted it all over again. Some part of her was deeply attracted to that separation of body and mind while she had been face down on the shower floor just offering her ass up to whatever was driven in. It stuck with her even as she went through another wave of nausea and her ass involuntarily clamped down on the inflated butt plug causing her to stifle a scream again.

Alexi's dreams cycled through an array of half-brained explanations. In some she was being tortured, in others she had been in a terrible accident, in more than a few she was still fucking or being fucked. But underneath there was a common theme of continual pressure and impact. When she woke up her wits were still hazy due to the morphine jabs. Alexi felt in desperate need for something to quench her thirst and wetten her dry mouth, but she moved hesitantly without knowing what to expect.

Just uncurling and straightening out felt like her lower abdomen was exploding, like she was menstruating, from the cramps and cycles of muscle clenching. Her

nausea was lessened but in its place was a deep physical dread. The first deliberate motions to move to the edge of the bed were met with explosions in her pelvis and heaving from her lungs in response to her diaphragm contracting unexpectedly. It was as if trying to sit up would knock the wind out of her chest.

Still Alexi managed to force herself to the edge of the bed, but when she did try to sit up correctly she ran into new discomfort and tangled with a rubber hose coming from her anus. The inflatable plug was clamped off but had a long tail for connecting it with a pump. Alexi groaned as her thigh settled on the rubber hose and tugged - the resulting internal motion scrambling her control for a moment as involuntary muscles fluttered and complained. She debated removing the clamp, releasing the air trapped in the balloon like rubber toy inside of her. She began to reach down tentatively to feel it out.

Whether the thought came from within or imposed itself on her, Alexi was never sure. What she recalled mostly was the smooth sensation of her belly under her fingers and then the definite sensation of the much slicker skin where she was tattoo'd. It triggered a deeper calm, an awareness that went beyond the pain of her guts churning, and she continued exploring the surface of her pelvis and vulva as she sat on one hip trying to keep pressure off and not tug on the rubber tube again.

"I am..." she muttered. Her fingers stroked over her lower abdomen and her slightly protruding clit. "I am..." she acknowledged. She felt the sexual stirrings in her loins and despite or even enhanced by the inflated plug in her bottom that was nestled into the bruised and torn flesh of her rectum, her body became instantly wet. "I am..." she sighed and felt Andrea's soft fingers against her back as her friend stroked her exposed skin.

Alexi slowly leaned back and forgot her parched state for a little while. She pushed back against Andrea's inviting hips with her own ass as she teased and played with her labia and clit. With some care she slipped in two then three fingers into her cunt opening, feeling the inflated rubber plug blocking her from going too deep even as her juices made her hand slick and moist. Her churning stomach and cramping continued but she played on anyway. In a few minutes she felt her vaginal walls shivering and then her orgasm came with a sudden release.

Andrea was snuggling into her back and kissing her delicately along her neck. She twisted, slightly regretting how that stretched her abdomen and caused her belly to ache, but enjoying the way Andrea's lips caressed her own. She asked nicely and Andrea obliged her, getting up and slipping on a harness from the nearby table. The fake toy fitted into it was hardly huge, maybe two inches wide and mostly the length and shape of a cock just with rivet styled bumps down

the length of the shaft. Andrea whispered to her and Alexi put herself in position to receive her fucking.

Andrea moved the hanging rubber tube to be out of the way, and then fit the riveted toy's cock head between Alexi's swollen labia. Alexi's gaping cunt was hanging open and wet from her masturbation. A small toy like this simply entered when aimed in and pushed. Then Andrea felt the resistance an inch in as the inflated plug in Alexi's anus pushed back. Andrea continued and felt the inflated plug reshape itself as Andrea just kept pushing in deeper while Alexi eagerly pushed back as well. The inflatable rubber changed shape easily under pressure - bulging out the sides or going deeper - and the studded cock pressed in deeper and easily penetrated Alexi's cunt. It was only a moment, and then Andrea's hips were against Alexi's smooth buttocks.

Andrea took the lead then. She pushed Alexi down and drove in completely. Then she began hammering in and out with no inhibitions. Alexi came on the second stroke, and then continued to have minor orgasms while her breathing shuddered and her body shook from the force of the thrusts she was receiving. Andrea paused after a bit and repositioned Alexi on her back so she could pound into Alexi and feel her breasts on Alexi's collarbone and chest. It wasn't long before Andrea's own juices were running out and down her well formed thighs, and Alexi was whispering and teasing her lover between sighs and gasping breaths.

When Andrea was finally close, she slowed her thrusts and pulled out of Alexi's weeping hole. Alexi reached down and undid the hip straps on the harness and the dildo and leather fell away leaving Andrea exposed. Then Alexi dove in between Andrea's legs, servicing Andrea's swollen wet lips and clit with her tongue and fingers. The deeper musk of Andrea's sex filled the room while Alexi's wet used labia quivered and spread to show the way the inflatable plug pushed her cunt walls out again. With Alexi stroking Andrea's lips and suckling her clitoris and clitoris hood, Andrea came hard from the exertion and the mental release that Alexi being so willing and responsive gave her. Her soft moans encouraged Alexi who continued lapping at Andrea's juices feeling her lover's hot sex pressed on to her face.

When her abdominal cramps made it necessary for her to streighten out again, Alexi moved and curled up along Andrea's body. Quietly she said, "Thank you for making me what I wanted to be." She kissed Andrea's breasts with her wet face. "I'm a fisting slut. I'm a toy slut. I'm a fuck slut. And when we see Tom I'll be his property. I'll be his whore." She gave more wet kisses to Andrea's nipples and ribs. "And that means you can fuck me anyway you want too. I have a lot to repay." She looked up into Andrea's eyes. "Whatever way you want. However you want me to be. I won't say no to you." She kissed Andrea's cleavage.

Andrea tucked her head and kissed Alexi's hair. She could smell Alexi's sweat mixed in with the lingering scent of shampoo and soap. "I'm starting to enjoy fucking you like this," she said softly. "But I think you're going to have to ask Tom for the rough stuff." Her own endorphin buzz made her more quiet and contemplative.

Alexi exhaled into Andrea's neck. "Why? You're very good at it." Her lips formed soft kisses all along the line of Andrea's neck to her chin. "I'm a whore now. But if you need to then you can fuck me softly." She kissed Andrea on the mouth. "You can fuck me any way... any way you want."

Andrea just shook her head and rolled her eyes. She embraced Alexi and held her close while Alexi continued to kiss and lick Andrea's bare skin. Cuddling like that they eventually both fell back to sleep and napped a bit more before both Alexi's parched throat and Andrea's bladder needed to be dealt with.

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(to be continued)

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by Max

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