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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 32)

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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 32)

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 32)

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 moved carefully as she walked with an stiffness and uneasy gait alongside Andrea. Her casual strappy shoes, billowing skirt, comfortable blouse gave no indication of the harness strapped horn dildo still buried up her ass nor the flesh clamps on her labia. She also could feel the tugging from the clamps on her nipples which Andrea insisted on in preparation of piercing those long firm beacons. Her consolation was the occasional adjustment Andrea had to make. She had allowed Alexi to help pick out a good sized cock and bury it completely in her pussy. The cock wasn't too thick - probably only three inches at the widest

point - but it was sixteen inches long. The length could only be mostly accommodated by the depth of Andrea's pussy, so the head and shaft were bent and twisting as Andrea moved. The twists became bulges that shifted pressure against her abdominal muscles. It was like having a live snake in her belly, and Andrea found it disconcerting at best. At least the rubber panties kept it trapped within while the cool slick rubber was soothing her hungry lips and opening.

They headed out of the hotel and walked half a block to an adjoining bar restaurant for a late snack. Alexi and Andrea hadn't been eating well and they hadn't made it out to get more groceries yet. So they decided this was a good opportunity to try wearing their toys while going out. The restaurant was mostly empty on a week night, so they got prompt service and seated at a table right away. Alexi needed a hand from Andrea to sit down - as soon as she bent her knees nearly gave way. Andrea had to sit slowly as well, the cock snake was squirming against the underside of her belly.

The hostess said nothing and sent a waiter their way. He was a young guy with a slightly crumpled uniform shirt and trousers that probably needed to be cleaned before his shift even started. Alexi barely acknowledged him, but he checked out Andrea's breasts thoroughly despite her plain tshirt and combat trouser attire. When he was done, Alexi did look up, squint, and say "She's my girlfriend."

With a stammer he said he'd be back with water, and he hurried away. Andrea looked at Alexi and she added, without looking up from the menu, "I guess it's not obvious I'm the whore here anyway." Then she looked up and winked with a smile on her face.

Andrea was amused by Alexi's humor though it was strange. Usually Alexi talked up the various men they encountered, and she couldn't remember a time when Alexi introduced herself as Andrea's girlfriend without pleading and prompting. Before she could comment the young man came back with water, carefully avoided looking below Andrea and Alexi's foreheads, and asked for their order.

Alexi ordered a lemonade, and Andrea a root beer. Then they picked out appetizer plates for snacking on. The young waiter got it all written down and headed off to put the order in. Once he was away from the table, Alexi leaned forward carefully and shifted her weight.

"This whole experience is different. I can feel the toy deep inside of my bottom, and the pain on the opening and bruising inside is frustrating. But not as frustrating as the turn on of knowing how big it is and feeling the tip of it deeper in and pressing into my colon. I want to adjust the harness because the toy moves while I walk, but I have to also constantly not try to clench my ass

because my butt is spread so far apart by the base it hurts to even consider it. That," she concluded, "and it really makes me want to take a shit or pee - and I cannot tell which is more urgent."

Andrea nodded. She couldn't relate. The only thing she'd put in her ass so far was four fingers two knuckles deep and two fingers to the top of her hand. The black rubber horn shaped dildo was tall for Alexi's build - six inches or so tall - and the thickness pulled Alexi's rectum down on to it while stretching her anus and buttocks over four inches apart. "Does it hurt much?" Andrea had brought a pain jab and they'd already given Alexi some Motrin.

Alexi waved off Andrea's gesture. "It hurts but that's what it should do. So how far did you get the last couple of days. I've been in and out of it."

Andrea stretched her hands out on the table. "Well..." she started slowly. "We were able to open the steel collar most of the way to match the progress in the front. I was able to double fist you pretty much completely, but that tore you a lot and did some damage. And today you've been able to fist yourself and work another four fingers in alongside as well as start wearing the plug you have in now." She pondered if there was anything else to add while Alexi looked up reflexively.

"So from here," Alexi started, "I just need to get back to wearing the steel collar, and start wearing the plugs around. Not just the inflatables because I can feel the difference the plug weight makes. It's moving around and pulling my opening apart with its weight - the inflatable plug didn't do that. And then..."

"Alexi, I have to put together a list tomorrow morning. I have to get organized anyway."

The paused as their drinks came out and then continued. Alexi sipped her lemonade and pursed her lips from the sour taste combined with too much sweetener. "Ok. But what about the piercings?"

Andrea shook her head. "You've got a one track mind. You know we haven't watched the news in days!" Andrea's attempt to change the topic failed as she noticed the determined look on Alexi's face. "Right. We need to get back to stretching, and we need to look at the piercings." She took a big swallow of root beer and felt the carbonation fizz up into her sinuses. Andrea coughed from the bubbling and then grabbed her belly as cough triggered a contraction that caused the cock buried inside of her pussy to twist again. "Ugh..." she managed before reaching for a napkin and covering her face.

Alexi smiled but stopped herself short from chuckling as she felt her own spasms

from even thinking about laughing. "Sheesh," she muttered. "We're going to be a lot of fun if we can't even clown around for risk of laughing."

Andrea had recovered with tears in the corners of her eyes. "You're telling me?" She smiled but didn't dare let it be more than that. Unfortunately that meant she tightened her abdomen and the cock twisted around again anyway. With her eyes closed Andrea took a deep breath in and out to relax. "I'm just not used to this much fucking around," she said and then opened her eyes.

Alexi heard a noise behind her and turned slightly to see their waiter's face go bright red. Andrea smirked at him, "It's our holiday trip after all." Then she gestured toward the table and for him to put their food down. "And we're very hungry, thank you." She felt bad for the waiter. He might think he wanted to fool around but if this kind of talk embarrassed him then the toys piled in the hotel room or even the ones Alexi and she were wearing would probably give him a heart attack.

Alexi just nodded and turned back to the table. She was learning quickly to respect the toy inside of her body. It determined how fast she could move, how much she could turn, how easily she could bend, and how much pleasure she was allowed. That last one was curious but she'd noticed the change when Andrea had her wear the steel collar back from the cemetery. This big rubber toy did the same thing - she was excessively turned on but the pain and discomfort also meant she could only allow herself to play so much or orgasm so many times. Clenching and unclenching her cunt right now would bring her to the doorstep of mini orgasm, but with it came deep cramping and tender soreness from bruises around her opening.

Andrea had started to dish out wings and potato skins while Alexi pondered her new found master. Watching Andrea she wondered how to talk about it as it seemed both profound and odd. "Honey," she said quietly. Andrea paused and looked up at Alexi wondering if she had done something wrong. "I think I may have something more going on, and I'm wondering if I'll need help."

Andrea withdrew from the table and leaned back in her chair. She felt the rubber panties grab a bit at the flesh along her inner thighs and didn't care. Alexi had a serious look on her face, and Andrea worried about what might come out.

Alexi scooted forward carefully and reached out. Andrea reluctantly took her hand. "This may seem really weird, but well, when I have something in me..."

Andrea politely added "Uh huh" at the pause.

Alexi tried to smile. Her glasses were a bit crooked and she adjusted them

before taking up Andrea's hand in her own again. She shared what could feel right then. "It's like right now. My ass is being fucked. And stretched. And everything I do, every move I make, I have to think about it. Just leaning this much forward I can feel the base against my tailbone and it's sore and ow. But just thinking about how deep the toy is and how big my ass is and how fucked I am... well I just want to cum out loud."

Andrea squeezed Alexi's hand. She didn't know what to say if anything.

Alexi squeezed back. "I'm pretty truly fucked now I guess. I mean... that was the plan... and I want to get to the end. But I couldn't have guessed this is what it meant. When I have a toy or cock or fist or something inside of me then I have to give myself to it. I have to let it decide how I walk and how I move and what I do or can't do. And instead of just settling..." She sighed as she thought of what things were like a month ago before Tom. "Instead of just wanting a guy and fucking in the back of his car or having something romantic..." She looked Andrea in the eye. "Or having you hold me and cuddle me and maybe playing with fists or strap ons... Now I feel I'm some place else, the next level or something..."

Andrea followed along but wasn't sure how she should feel or react. "And what does that next level mean?" she asked honestly wondering.

"It means... or at least I think it means..." Alexi put the words together in her head. "It means that I'm controlled by what is in my cunt or ass. It means that anyone who can select and shove or tell me to shove things into my cunt and ass has a fundamental control over everything I do. It seems to define me - who I am." She paused pondering how to explain the elements of it. "It's hard to express..."

Nodding Andrea asked the question she thought Tom might ask. "So do you maintain control by picking who gets to do that? Or are you open to people just telling you what they want?"

Alexi thought about that angle. The big toy in her ass was causing her body to writhe a bit, and she had to cool down and hold off the urge to masturbate and orgasm. "I guess I pick who gets to do that - you and Tom."

Andrea asked softly "So when I put things inside of you, you want me to control who you are? Is that what makes you my whore and slut? Is that what defines you as Tom's property?"

She couldn't help the spasms that caused her cunt to froth under her skirt. "Don't say that... not now... I can barely hold back as it is..." Alexi's urgent whisper was shifting into a low moan.

"You want me to play this role, Alexi. So I am. You're my whore and until Tom says no, I fuck you however and whatever way I can. I picked that toy out and strapped it into your gaping ass. Are you saying that big dildo stretching out your asshole makes me have control? Are you acknowledging that your whore cunts are finally mine and Tom's to fill?" Andrea was play acting as best she could, but while she did it she wondered how long this phase could last. She already decided it was more of a phase because she'd never known Alexi to allow anyone to determine her choices and actions for long.

Alexi squirmed with her eyes bulging. She was trying to rock on the base of the big horn dildo without being too obvious. She could feel her juices soaking through the thong she had pulled on over the harness, and couldn't help but imagine just reaching between her waistband and belly to stroke and roll her clitoris in her fingers. Her breathing was uneven and her fingers gripped Andrea's tight as she tried to maintain control.

Andrea pondered what she should do. "Alexi, would you like to get our food to go?" Without waiting for a response she waved over the waiter. Alexi was still holding Andrea's hand for dear life as Andrea asked for the check and to go boxes in a hurry. Then she looked at Alexi as the waiter ran off. "I was worried when you started to pass out fucking yourself on the bathroom floor. But now I know. You're a real slut and whore so you must be fucked over and over. Aren't you?"

Alexi nodded weakly.

"Say it, you whore," Andrea whispered firmly.

The waiter returned with the check and set it down in front of Andrea along with two to go styrofoam boxes. "Anything else?" he asked nervously.

Alexi looked up to him, releasing Andrea's hand carefully. "I have a confession to make," she said. "I'm her whore and she uses my openings however she wants." The waiter stood there in shock. "I'm sorry if that offends you, I just wanted you to know and her to know I'm proud enough to tell someone else."

He sputtered for a bit of air and looked at Andrea for guidance. "She felt girlfriend might have been too gentle a word," Andrea said with a shrug. Then she eyed the check, tossed down a ten and a twenty from her pocket, and emptied their plates into the styrofoam. As the waiter took the money and walked away, she turned to Alexi. "Wasn't that a bit strong?"

"No," Alexi said as she carefully got up. "Now take me home and fuck me more."

Andrea smiled at Alexi asserting herself. She might be a whore, but she was a whore who knew what she wanted and demanded it. Tom would be amused by the consistency.

(to be continued)

by Max

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