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Story: DRAFT - The Things I Do (Part 33)

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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 33)

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 33)

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

After a thorough and vigorous fucking, including being vaginally double fisted and having her sore ass pounded by a slightly longer narrower conventional dildo, Alexi took the sedative Andrea offered her and spent the night sleeping soundly. Alexi slept poorly lately even when she napped due to the pain she was still feeling from the damage they had done to her ass. That horrible aching pain and cramping was getting to be a continuous discomfort Alexi was slowly adjusting to, but now and again Alexi would move or turn and terrible waves of nausea and dry heaves would cause her to suffer even more. Especially when she

was trying to sleep since she would unconsciously turn or shift from her back to her side much to her own sudden grief and discomfort. It was a difficult transition, and Andrea tried to make Alexi extra comfortable knowing the pain jabs couldn't do much for it and still feeling a bit guilty for using Alexi's ass despite the painful consequences.

Once she had Alexi in bed spooning two pillows with full panty briefs and a shallow wide plug in, Andrea took a break and relaxed. She busied herself a bit cleaning up mess and putting things away - but mostly she just watched CSI on the living room TV while meandering and puttering and munching a bit. Andrea had a lot on her mind and she felt like she'd done a hard work out - her arms were sore and strained, and her hands and wrists still felt fragile and bruised.

The show provided a mild distraction, but with everything she picked up and organized Andrea could feel how tired she was and how much that meant she was really noticing the aches and pains from the day's activities. She fussed with the cameras and started downloading photos and videos from memory cards as she pondered what Alexi and she had achieved.

Now and again Alexi would moan or cry out softly, but every time Andrea checked she was just having a bad dream. Andrea would whisper soothing words and pet Alexi's head, for a few minutes and then return to puttering around the big hotel suite. When she finally had everything accounted for - toys cleaned and drying, wipes and lubricant put away, towels exchanged for clean ones with the housekeeping lady in the hallway, collar thoroughly cleaned with a spare toothbrush and disinfected, cameras fresh with charged batteries, and laundry sorted and in bags to be packed or cleaned - Andrea heaved a comfortable sigh of relief and sat down.

CSI had ended and the next show was something boring. Andrea leaned back and again gave some thought to what she was doing and why. Being harsh, even mean, to Alexi was hard for her but she could see how Alexi responded to it. Alexi also seemed to be encouraging it more and more. It wasn't comfortable and that was giving Andrea a pause. At the same time Andrea could feel that she was frustrated and even a bit angry about how things were going at times. Some things Alexi wanted just seemed inappropriate or wrong. Whether Alexi meant to or not, she was egging Andrea on to take that frustration and anger out on her when it boiled over. Andrea was troubled by whether Alexi was asking for abuse or just acting out her sexual fantasies. Either way the situation and emotions it brought up were difficult and hard, and as Tom had alluded her role to support Alexi had a lot more to it than she expected.

Thinking of Tom brought Andrea back to what she needed to do for him herself. She sent him a brief text saying that they had made good progress, but she was

tired and going to bed. Then she prepared herself mentally, got off the couch, and started her new routine.

First she checked on Alexi in bed to make sure she was alright. Other than the panties being a bit slick with moisture from Alexi's gaping cunt, everything looked fine. Then Andrea went into the bathroom and started a quiet shower. Before getting into the water, Andrea carefully lubed her ass with vaseline. She was trying a different lube this time since most of the silicon had faded away. Using her two fingers to scoop a good sized gob of it from the family sized jar, Andrea applied the Vaseline in good measure and felt the cool greasy petroleum jelly between her ass cheeks and on her sphincter. Then Andrea began working her two fingertips in and out of her opening, stroking along her anus to gather and push the vaseline in. It wasn't long before she was working her two fingers in and out, and stepped into the shower to get warm again.

With the shower water on her chest, Andrea leaned forward. While the stroking spray soothed her breasts and nipples, Andrea kept working her fingers in and out of her slick anal opening. It was not very exciting or thrilling, and Andrea's body didn't really respond. Anal penetration like this was not discomforting but it lacked any chemistry and didn't turn Andrea on. To get around that Andrea thought of other things though - the cock she was wearing in earlier, Tom fucking her ass, being fisted and fisting Alexi, Tom fisting her and Alexi together, and finally arranging and then offering her cunt for horses to fuck. The thoughts at least got her pussy flowing a bit though the anal play still didn't provoke a strong response.

Thinking along those lines, letting thoughts from conversations with Alexi and Tom percolate, Andrea caught herself drifting and returning again and again to the horse themes she and Tom had discussed. She moaned a bit as she felt her body growing more turned on despite its exhaustion, and the reality that thoughts of bestiality triggered a response both disturbed and encouraged her. Despite how extreme the whole notion was, Tom had hit on something that was growing on her and Andrea could feel how her body at least was getting wetter at the idea whether she liked it or not. Her fingers worked harder, and Andrea tried to push in and up so those fingers could apply pressure to her g-spot as well. The angle of approach was pulling on Andrea's sphincter, and Andrea was distracted as she experimented pulling on her perineum and anal ring at different angles. It didn't stretch Andrea's ass much, but it certainly gave her a different sensation that also seemed to tug on her labia and work her pussy more. The combined sensations made the anal fingering more of a turn on as well. Andrea varied the rhythms and the angles of how her two fingers tugged on her anal ring and felt her vagina responding.

After another five minutes or so, with vaseline soaking into her skin, Andrea grew too frustrated to continue. She knew she needed a good thorough fucking

again, and with Andrea already asleep her options were limited. The fingers just weren't going to be enough either, and Andrea could feel the temptation to try more but was most interested in filling her pulsating pussy. Leaving the shower running, Andrea strode naked from the bathroom to the pile of toys spread out on the bedroom bureau to dry. She picked up a robust sized cock toy, possibly the size of a good fist and as thick as her forearm around, and went back to the hot steaming water.

Andrea had never been particularly tight, and she'd been fisting herself for a long time. But the continual use of the bigger cock shaped toys this week was starting to cause her vaginal opening and inner walls to complain about the regular abuse. The smaller long cock had also bunched up and pinched things inside of her that now felt very sensitive. Andrea definitely noticed the initial tug and stretch as she pressed the head against her labia and pushed down. She felt a bit of a twinge as she got the firm black toy fitted against her vaginal opening and it began spreading her lips apart with its mushroom shaped head. Andrea continued to grind down relentlessly through that stretch and the oversized cock head went in despite her pussy complaining and aching. Her labia stretched a bit thin and then sprung back to tightly grip the shaft of the toy. The black rubber contrasted with her pale skin, and the veining bulged ominously as Andrea thrust the shaft further in.

Alexi might have her interpretation of how she should be Tom's slut and whore, but Andrea knew for sure that Tom expected a cock slut's pussy to simply take whatever cock was thrust in. She didn't pause, didn't allow for adjustment, and didn't take the pain into consideration. Instead Andrea planted herself firmly on the dildo and kept pushing as hard as she could until she felt it was tunneling deep within her abdomen. Finally Andrea hit a point where she could feel the head stretching some deep ring of muscle or tissue, and the cock head would go no further. Then she shifted her weight to position herself so the base of the toy was between her thighs and against the tiled shower floor.

Andrea began riding the dildo like that, her knees and shins unhappy with the hard tile surface and her toes feeling crushed down under her weight as she balanced. The feeling of the deep head and long shaft stroking and pulling on her stretched and sore vaginal walls was very real, but it wasn't getting Andrea excited and made her want something else. Andrea felt her sexual frustration building, and it was all the more irritating because big toys were her refuge of last resort - when nothing else could do - and this big toy wasn't helping. She pondered for a minute, and then recognized that perhaps Tom and she had really crossed a boundary point.

Releasing the thick cock from her pussy's grip and pulling it down and out with her hands, Andrea felt her walls cling to the shaft and head until the head exited with a strong pop at her opening. The sensation wasn't entirely

comfortable but the reverse stretching felt good in its own way. Andrea set the toy in front of her, and leaned down, licking the black head clean as she breathed in the dark odor of the rubber. Water stroked her back and shoulders as Andrea tasted her own juices diluted by the shower spray. Then she settled back on her haunches and appraised the cock more closely. "If you were a horse cock..." she muttered and ran her fingers along the shaft to the head "then you would have a bit of a flare here and then a long shaft starting here..." Andrea sculpted a horse cock on the thick human phallus shaped toy with her mind's eye and her hands. Then she closed her eyes and repositioned the cock between her thighs. "And a horse cock would fit in just like this..." Andrea ground her labia and opening against the rubber dome of the toy. "And then it would go in all at once like this..." Andrea let out a gasp as she hurled her herself down on the toy and nearly bent the shaft in half with the sudden thrust before it straightened out and sunk deep inside. "And then it would keep coming..." Andrea fucked the last three or four inches of the dildo in and out of her pussy with no hesitation.

While one part of her knew this was just a phallus, roughly shaped like a man, with a thick veined shaft slipping in and out of her pussy mouth as the head was buried deep and scraped and grated against her vaginal walls - another part of Andrea was fantasizing about horse cocks and the sensation they would bring. That second side was feeding Andrea's excitement and she worked harder and harder at fucking the rubber cock. "If this was a horse cock..." she muttered, "then I would be a mare in heat..." Andrea's knees were far apart and forward allowing her to drive her pussy down toward the floor tiles. The water rinsed over her head, and her short cut hair streamed down over her ears and her bangs threatened to cover her eyes. She could feel the hollow pounding from the base of the toy lifting up slightly and pounding into the shower stall floor, and she could feel the throbbing in her pussy as it was stretched deep and wide with each thrust.

"When I have my horse stud's cock..." She sighed and began to imagine herself tipped forward or on her back with her big pussy ready and wet. "I'll guide it to my opening," she moaned as her other thought returned. Quietly she added, "Or let him slip out and into my ass." Another moan as she felt the tingling sensation from that. "And he'll bury himself inside... he'll pound and pound into me... and I'll help him... in my cunt... or in my ass... until he cums... cums inside of me..." Her muttering became thick and difficult. Her orgasm was building to a head, and she struggled a bit to breath in the steamy wet air.

Shifting her pace just a bit, Andrea reached back and pressed against her anus. She could feel how the toy was pulling and stretching the base of her vaginal mouth opening, her ass was stretched a bit open as a result. She pushed a single finger tip in and enjoyed the extra sensation. It didn't do anything to dismiss her increasing feelings about Tom suggesting she might just want to

start with horse cocks in her ass - and wanting to maybe do just that. Her second fingertip went in, but it was difficult to push either finger past the first knuckle because of the toy's solid thickness pushing back against her tailbone.

Partially satisfied that she could work her fingers in so easily, and also considering carefully that she might be fantasizing about something more than just what she was meant to be doing, Andrea removed her fingers and then went back to focusing on the cock filling her pussy as she ground down on it again and again. It wasn't a horse cock - just a big cock - but that was enough as Alexi started to think of her lesbian pussy being violated over and over by cocks from the animal kingdom.

Andrea tried picturing dog cocks, and elephant cocks, and buffalo cocks, but she came back to horses. She'd briefly looked at some links and seen the equine dildos and even a few horse studs being handled by women, and the images were now emblazoned on her mind's eye as she rode the thick dildo with her pussy. When Andrea finally felt her orgasm coming, she tried to speak out loud about what a toy slut she was going to be. She tried to focus on how she'd been fisted so easily by Alexi. She tried to imagine Tom thrusting into her ass nice and deep. She tried to change the topic to something more consistent with what she was doing. But the recurring theme playing back in her mind as she breathed in and out of her mouth was that her cunt was going to be for fucking horses. And underneath that was a deep seated worry as well as a perverse excitement knowing that one day the horse would miss her pussy - and plunge into her ass tearing it open and then fucking her ass deep and well until her ass drooled horse cum. It was that last image, on her back with stringy horse ejaculate dribbling out of her wrecked ass, that brought on the big orgasm. The four inch wide cock head trembled under the pressure of Andrea's clenching walls and was so tightly wedged in that it took Andrea a few minutes after she came and was splayed out on the shower floor to pull that big cock out again.

As Andrea recovered from her mighty orgasm, brushing her hair back out of her eyes and slowing moving, she felt a growing hunger for a real cock though she still wasn't sure she'd know what to do with one. The heavy dildo rolled to the side, and Andrea got up and let the hot water massage her knees and shins to work out the soreness from being on the tiles. Then she washed herself with the citrus body wash and enjoyed the orange scent filling the shower and bathroom. Her hair felt silky smooth as she ran her hands through it, her arms lifted up presenting her heavy breasts to the water as it tickled her thick nipples. The aches in her sides and her abdomen were minor but lingering, all the thrusting and humping and deep penetration was hard work on her body. Andrea was definitely getting more sore with each passing evening.

When she finished up washing, Andrea took the time to wash the toy and return it

to the bedroom bureau towel to dry. Then she dried off quickly and looked herself over in the mirror. Her labia were a bit visibly swollen, but otherwise she looked fine. Her craving for horse cock was an invisible thing that only Andrea and Tom could see and feel - yet she kept looking for an outward sign. With a quiet sigh, Andrea decided to turn in for the night. She had cleaned up all she needed to and more, things were organized and put away, and now was time to shut her eyes and rest until morning time.

Andrea was more tired than she expected. On the way to bed she picked out a small two inch wide cock about seven inches long and inserted it fully into her well worked vagina. The small cock floated loosely within, and Andrea wondered what it would take to feel full when she was being fucked by horses daily. She pulled on a comfortable thong and then climbed into bed behind Alexi. Sleeping on her side, Andrea lovingly curled up into Alexi's back while feeling her own labia close around the cock like it was nothing. Her bare breasts were smooth and warm, and her hands stroked Alexi's hips and thighs as she practiced clenching and unclenching on the cock in her vagina.

(to be continued)

by Max

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PUBLICATION (TBD)

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