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Story: DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 09)

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Story Codes: MF FMast vaginal anal toys stretch

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Title: DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 09)

Universe: Tom, Grey

Summary: Grey wanders London and plays with him in the hotel. Includes some MF, FMast, vaginal, anal, toys, and stretching play.

Keywords: MF, FMast, Vaginal, Anal, Toys, Stretch

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DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 09)

written by Max

MF, FMast, Vaginal, Anal, Toys, Stretch

He encouraged her to take his hand, and together they walked through the gardens. It was a quiet place with knots of people here and there on the paths or headed into the various botanical buildings. He talked to her in a low voice at times, chatting, and she enjoyed his company as the cool afternoon became grey with storm clouds overhead.

Twice she checked nervously, but this was one of his cities - a place he knew well enough to walk and get lost in and find his way back to any number of hotels. In his messenger bag and the pockets of his combats he had an odd collection of things that enabled him to address the majority of things the city threw at them. An umbrella, of course, because if it wasn't raining yet then it quite possibly would later. A book for buses and the Underground. A jacket which he was currently wearing but could be rolled up and tucked away. His camera which he repeatedly took photos with, sometimes just capturing things on a whim, other times very clearly going to effort to collect a scene or set of scenes. His wallet, passport, hotel key, Oyster card, local currency, ziplock bag for the heavy and valuable British coins, a pen and a bit of paper - all tucked away in various places on his body or in his bag. His cell phones - one local and one his mainline.

She'd watched him in the mornings and after excursions. She'd noted his precise way of structuring things - as well as the manner in which he allowed chaos to swallow piles of receipts and tokens of their trip. He had a system, but it wasn't entirely clear what it was or how it worked. Yet it was decidedly there.

He paused as she pondered this, a set of large birds taking wing off a nearby water feature caught his eye and he brought out the camera and took pictures. She moved up alongside him, attempting to peer through his eyes and see what he saw. The white birds lifted up and moved in a lazy flow around to another side of the water's edge. The spray from the fountains scattered in the shallow pond drifted sideways from the increasing wind. The trees in the foreground were long tendriled willows that seemed to be run their fingers through the air. And there was a moment, a savage joy on his face, as he caught in the camera's memory a certain motion in stillness. She didn't see it all, but to him it made sense. To her it was just a pleasant grey day.

Later they headed back to the hotel with promises of tea and cakes. She felt vaguely uncertain about what she should be doing, but mostly he was just enjoying her company. He had pointed out many of the features he enjoyed about the city - her mixture of modern and elderly edifices, her quiet parks and gardens and busy streets and rail stations, and her temperamental moods and weather. So far he had only taken her to spots that seemed randomly off the map, but it was ok because there was so much to see and he asked her to make notes about any place she was curious about so they could visit it in the future.

The Hilton lobby had a nice lounge area and bar, and he suggested that as a good place to watch the rain pouring down rather than cloistering up in the room or executive lounge. They asked about tea and a smart dressed woman brought them a kettle. As Grey sipped and enjoyed the warmth in her mouth and chest, he smiled and focused on watching her face and her fingers and her breaths. His attention could be so deliberate and blatant at times. She smiled back, glad to know he liked to look at her, enjoyed the line of her features, and invested time in her.

After small talk and two cups of tea, he moved closer to her on the couch seating, and leaned into her shoulder. With a conspiratorial whisper he confided, "So tonight there's regular dancing, which means tomorrow we need to take you window shopping for fun rubber wear." She rolled her eyes. He always insisted on buying her things to dress her up, and she enjoyed being his Barbie doll - but sometimes it was just kind of funny how much delight he got out of taking her around and having her try on things.

"Only if you let me pay you back," she lightly teased. He kissed her then, a warm peck on the cheek really, and she blushed as he whispered "On your back and your hands and knees I hope." She thrilled at how much he wanted her, and how could she say no to enjoying him while he also took each orgasm, each muffled scream, each moaning and begging exhalation as reciprocation for the things he did for her? She fought the blush down, and poured herself another cup of tea. At the same time her hand squeezed his, and she felt herself rubbing her thighs together once again in anticipation of his intentions.

Upstairs in their room he quickly stripped and slipped into the shower. She watched his broad shoulders and the bare ass vanish into the bathroom and then sat down. She should be picking out her clothes and preparing to change. But she had more pressing needs to address to first. She took off her shirt, and reached into her bra to squeeze and twist her nipples and breasts. The sensations felt good as she let herself work on some of the sexual tension built up over the day. He had known, or at least suspected, as he teased her about the slight shuddering of the tube car and the gentle throbbing of the bus. All the times he touched her and gave her a kiss or squeezed her hand. All the times he whispered how much he was looking forward to slipping inside of her over and over again.

And then he'd stop and talk about the weather or where they were going or someplace they had just passed. Daring her in public to break the rules and throw herself on him - or at least that's what her body wanted though she'd never do it and he didn't expect her too. His soft caresses and the way he'd run his fingers over her neck and thigh had made her pussy moist time and time again. Now she needed some release before they went out again.

She pushed off her jeans and left them and the shirt in a pile off the side of the bed. Then she sprawled on to the fine linen duvet and rolled herself up in it. The fabric was textured just enough to subtly stroke her bare skin. But that was forgotten as her fingers found the heat of her sex and began slowly stroking around and over and in. After a few moments Grey had to pause, reach over to the bedside table, and squeeze out some Liquid Silk into her hand. Then she pushed her thong down, and stroked the smooth cooling slickness all over her shaved lips and clitoris.

He didn't know if she meant to be found like that, four fingers stroking deep inside her swollen and wet pussy while she was face down on the bed, but he certainly didn't mind. He quietly took out a condom, her moans and breathless prayers to the goddess covering the sound of his bag, and only made himself known when he began lubricating her ass while stroking her back. She was slowly becoming used to this, to his way of handling her body, and she comfortably shifted position. She scooted back on her knees a bit and lifted her ass up for his wet fingers to play with. All while still enjoying her own fingers probing and stroking her pussy walls and g-spot.

His cock hardened even more with the blatant invitation. He had to position a bit differently as he got into bed, and his hands guided her hips even as her fingers slipped out of her pussy and focused on her labia and clit. Her ass and pussy were wet inviting holes, but he knew which one he wanted first. Grey moaned and then cried out in pleasure as his cock slowly eased into her ass - one of his hands massaging and pushing down on her spine from hip to shoulder

while the other held her thigh to keep her in place. His strong fingers curled over her collar bone, his thumb on the base of her neck, and she let him pull her - flexing her back - on to his cock as it tenderly sunk to the root in her welcoming bottom.

Sometimes, usually later on, he would begin slamming himself into her pussy or ass. The hard bone of his pelvis and force of his thrusts literally shaking her body as her orgasms exploded inside of her. But this, these deep grinding slow steady forceful applications of his cock and toys, was how he preferred to fuck. His hands, their latent strength realized as he held her or stroked her or massaged and worked her muscle and flesh, reminded her of how powerful he was, that she couldn't get away, and that encouraged some part of her deep inside to give her pussy and ass to him even more fully. He was always gracious to a fault - if she complained or he sensed she was in pain he would slow down and stop, moving her to see what was wrong, even if she'd rather tough it out. He reiterated to her his belief that while pain commingled with pleasure, emphasizing pleasure made her continual sexual flowering more sustainable.

She grunted as she felt his cock head deep in her bowels and her ass cheeks spread by the pressure of his grinding force. With three fingers she reached along her belly and stroked her moist labia and pushed the fold of skin around her clitoris hood back and forth. Just a fingertip slipped between her swollen lips, stroking that cleft and feeling the heat of her sex. That same fingertip then found her clit and Grey felt herself rolling her hips slightly as she did the same to that tender nub while his cock filled her bottom.

He matched the motion with an opposite rotation. This pulled her buttocks apart a bit further, and his cock stroked into her inner walls. Just for a moment, with her pelvis tipped back and his shaft tipped in, she felt that electrifying touch from her g-spot being probed. Grey arched her back and tried to find it again, tried to get his cock in her ass to apply pressure on the abdominal wall of her pussy. He enjoyed her motion and, guessing her intent, tipped inward while lowering his pelvis.

Her fingers worked frantically over her clit as Grey felt him both stretching her anus downward and the length of his cock pushing into her pussy from her rectum. He had to readjust because of all her quivering and shaking, but he found the mark often enough to cause Grey to speak out and then come to a writhing orgasm. But he didn't pull out of her ass then - he simply eased her down on her side, his cock still planted in her bottom, and pushed a hand between her thighs.

Grey didn't mind his caress, his touch, his fingers stroking her clit as his cock began to gently glide back and forth in her anal opening. He rotated his hand, palm up, and she moved her legs so he'd have easier access as he worked first two then three and then four fingers in. His thumb fondled and massaged her clit as his fingers stroked her pussy walls and his cock continued a slow steady pace of slipping half out and then in to her well lubed bottom.

"Are you comfortable, sexy?" he said without any tension in his voice. She looked up toward him and saw the supple strength and control he had even as he twisted a bit to fit himself into her at the right angles. There was a little sweat on his brow, and she could smell the low cloying odor of his perspiration along with the sweet note of her juices.

She pushed her hand down, and helped him play with her clit as her other fingers stroked the arm he used to hold her lower back. She smiled - the sensations of his cock and fingers and her clitoris commingling and giving her the euphoric equivalent of good chocolate. And his smile, his clear enjoyment, his interest - all making her grin on the inside as she felt the way he was polishing and bring her to a glowing shine for their pleasure.

"Yes," she said with a smile. "Are you enjoying this?"

"Indeed," he said as he allowed her to roll on to her back, removing his four fingers from her pussy but making an effort and successfully keeping his cock embedded in her ass.

"Then I have a treat for you." Her grin was broad and mischievous, the sort she could only have when this satisfied and with the pleasure still coursing through her nervous system. She reached over and put more lube on her right hand. "Do you want to watch?"

He nodded and slowly withdrew. She felt that sad moment as his cock exited her, saw him soften a bit as the room air struck, and watched him pick up a hand towel and wipe the juices and lube off his hands and his condom wrapped cock.

He offered the towel to her, but she shook her head 'No.' Slathering the lube on to her pussy she grabbed the bottle and poured out more. Then she began working her fingers over and between her well defined swollen labia.

He watched as she easily sunk two fingers into her pink opening, the pale lips on either side blossoming out a bit from the way she tugged on them with each stroke. She added more lube and

then put in three and then four. She reached into herself and stroked her g-spot and the textured walls of her pussy. Grey tilted her head back and moaned as she took out her hand and added even more lube. Then she looked him in the eyes, with that Cheshire grin, and pushed four fingers into her pussy.

With her thumb tucked just so, Grey reached down with her other hand and began to play with her clit and pinch her lips. It took an effort and the angle was not easy when laying on her back, but slowly her fingers and thumb went into her pussy more and more. He moved and helped - lifting her shoulders and propping up her back with pillows. Then he returned to sit between her calves, his own strong hands stroking her legs, and his eyes urging her to continue.

She saw that look on his face, his hopes and excitement, and it made her proud. Proud that she could do something so readily to please him. Proud that she could so easily see his appreciation. It took some work, the ache in her wrist and the unfamiliar stretching sensation at the mouth of her pussy were things she slowly mastered on her own. But now, reclining in a hotel in London, she was showing him how she had pushed past some of her limitations. Her hand went in to the pad of her thumb, and he leaned over her and began kissing her belly and then her breasts, and then he was alongside her kissing her mouth and face and neck.

"Keep it in if you can, but when your wrist starts to hurt, take it out so you can go out tonight," he whispered to her between warm moist kisses and brushing lips on soft skin. He let himself exhale on her neck and she felt the warmth and tingling that left in its wake. All while she slightly adjusted her body and kept her hand inside of her, her other fingers squeezing and rubbing her clit.

After she finally relented to her wrist's unhappiness, and he enjoyed slipping into her wet and open pussy and brought her to several strong orgasms for such a wonderful display, they both showered together. And if he took advantage of her body then, the hot water streaming and flowing over her, then what of it? She was enjoying his every touch, his kisses and gentle bites, and she even let him fuck her ass after her pussy as the water made splashing sounds between her buttocks. He planted her against the wall, her thighs around his hips, and had her ride his cock as best she could with the shower water streaming in both their faces. He brought her to orgasm with one set of fingers stroking her inner vaginal walls while using his other hand and body wash to thoroughly and entirely lather and clean her breasts and nipples. He made sure to give her every satisfaction to reward her for what she had achieved, as well as let her know how much it turned him on.

Later as they left the elevator on the ground floor, him in combats and a snug shirt and her in a skirt dress and stockings, Grey could feel the way her swollen labia moved a bit and stroked over one another she walked in her boots. She didn't say anything to him. But on the inside she could feel how it just made her feel sexier and hotter. And ready for more of his attentions as soon as she could sneak him into a dark corner or back to the room.

by Max

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