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Story: DRAFT - Marie : Gates (Part 1)

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Title: DRAFT - Marie : Gates (Part 1)

Universe: Tom, Marie

Summary: Tom works with Marie on stretching her as open as possible. Includes some MF, speculum play, large toy play, and fisting.

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DRAFT - Gates (Part 1)

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written by Max

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MF, Vaginal, Fist, Speculum, Large Toys

"It should be simple enough," he muttered. He had the equine speculum sitting in front of him, and he scanned it with his eyes one more time. Shaking his head, he looked down at the paper where he'd been sketching out a potential frame. The tension in his hands hinted at his frustration that he could not solve the puzzle.

On one hand a stabilizing frame would be the first step to ensure using the speculum could be done consistently and ultimately solo. On the other hand the frame needed to be designed so it suited the human form and body. It couldn't be boxed in - the dimensions would be too large for fitting between a woman's thighs. It also needed firm support - the smallest shift on one end of the fourteen inch long steel prongs translated into motion that would cause the speculum to pop out or dig into tissue.

Slowly he pondered alternatives - including replacing the speculum with separate mechanism of digits with a controller for opening. Too much time required though. Too much experimentation that he'd never finish. He returned his focus to the equine speculum and designs. Perhaps the problem was the notion of externally supporting or cradling the speculum.

Slowly he sketched out a different approach. Cupping the far end of the speculum with rods that fit within the speculum to stabilize it. Then he headed to Home Depot for more supplies.

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Marie arrived punctually as always. It was her style. The hotel doors turned slowly as she stepped through them and then she strolled up to the front desk. The attendant looked up, Marie's six foot two figure and broad shoulders catching her attention.

"May I help you?" she asked coolly.

"I'm meeting Tom Calbo for dinner, he's running late. May I have his room number or could you connect me to his room?" Marie's voice was smooth and she spoke with a smile. The desk attendant - it said 'Debbie from Texas' on her badge - nodded for a second.

"Let me look that up," she replied and looked down at her computer. "I'll dial up and patch him to the house phone right at the end of the desk." She gestured absently while looking up 'calbo' in the system. "Ah, here he is. One sec it should be ringing."

Marie leaned forward a bit and her jacket opened. Her heavy cleavage stood out, the edge of a dark green and blue corset framing her bust perfectly. Debbie chose to look away. Calbo came up as a diamond guest, and it was none of her business. She overheard Marie say "Uh-huh. Be right up then. Do I need to... Oh. Ok. See you in a minute."

Marie set the handset down and smiled at Debbie. "Thanks! He forgot his cell phone needed to charge. No wonder I couldn't reach him." And then she headed over to the elevators and out of Debbie's sight.

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There was a sound near the door and Tom called out "It's wedged, you can just push your way in." When nothing happened he turned around and saw Marie had already let herself in, and the noise he'd heard was her working open the closet door to hang up her jacket. "Oh," he laughed, "there you are."

His shoulders and pecks set the line of his torso in a dull black cotton long sleeve shirt. His biceps were slightly bigger and heavier than Marie recalled. She lightly wet her lips with her tongue as she saw the stand he was just finishing the last few bolts on.

Tom turned back to the mounting frame. It needed two more parts and he'd have to improvise because they weren't anywhere to be found in his tool bag or parts bag. TSA had been all over the kit, but it was unlike them to take something. More likely he'd set it on the tabletop when disassembling everything and not scooped those last pieces before leaving the house. Marie's hand stroked his shoulders, up close now he could smell the cloying scent of the shampoo she used on her long brown hair, and he leaned back as he thought about it. Then he noticed the ziplock bag sitting alongside his ditty bag and toiletries.

"Ha! Found it," Tom said and Marie let him leave her grasp to fetch his bag of bits. She smiled to herself as she watched the last of the apparatus come together. Tom was checking and double checking it, but it was clear it would do. It would do wonderfully.

"So what do you think?" he finally asked. Marie saw how Tom's face was radiant with his success. She also noted one or two wild eyebrow hairs she might trim before they went out the next evening. Quietly she unwrapped her skirt from her waist - a few conveniently placed buttons coming undone - and stood in front of him in just her corset, her shaved cunt plainly visible between her thighs.

With a smirk, Marie said "I think we should give it a try - right now." And she kissed Tom then and he kissed her back. Marie could feel how wet she was becoming, and Tom enjoyed her bare sex against his khakis as he tasted her mouth and her cheeks and her neck.

"Only one rule," he whispered to her as he pulled on her hair near her scalp.

"And that is?" she coo'd in his ear.

"There's no going back from this."

She smiled and hugged him ferociously in positive response.

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The final device was rather simple. Ordinarily the equine speculum was hand inserted and controlled - placed with the wide base flange along the spine, the other two flanges moved up and away from the base flange as a screw was rotated at the base. Due to the length of the speculum and the heavy material used in its construction - steel - this set the stage for a very delicate maneuver that could go wrong quite easily.

Tom addressed this in four stages. First he used a tripod laying on two legs with the third leg affixed to the interior of the speculum's base flange to stabilize the speculum itself. The tripod legs themselves could be extended for greater stability or kept short as appropriate. The adjustment of the tripod's upper leg relative to the two lower legs also established the angle of approach. The tripod allowed the legs to be locked into a specific position too, preventing slipping to tipping.

Second a mat was set in place over the two lower legs. The mat had specific tie points so the tripod legs would be fixed in position. The mat was also backed with a thin stiff material to prevent the legs flexing independently so there was a decent amount of stability and control.

It took Tom a few minutes to get the mat configured, Marie in position, and the angle of the equine speculum locked in. Once he had it, Marie and Tom together fit the equine speculum into her cunt - using some liquid silk lube to make sure everything was wet and staying wet. Marie's vagina was burning hot in anticipation as she and Tom fingered it open and applied first the lube and then the cold steel.

Once Marie was in position, Tom attached the battery powered screwdriver to the far end of the

apparatus. It was of the sort that have a two part body - one segment for the battery and a separate segment with the motor and drill bit mount. This one was bent so the battery segment fit comfortable in a holster mounted at the end of the tripod, and chuck had a bit mounted that was a shaft with a horizontal tuning fork like ending that Tom then fit over the equine speculum turn screw.

He kissed Marie gently, and then handed her a small remote. "For opening you permanently and fully," he said softly under his breath. The remote allowed controlling the drill and would in turn rotate the screw that opened the equine speculum up inside of her.

Marie sighed and stroked Tom's hand. With a few stops and starts she set a slow speed that kept the equine speculum opening steadily but very slowly. Then she set the remote aside.

Tom looked at her and grinned. The equine speculum slipped past the two inch mark and began to expand to the three inch mark. He picked up the remote just in case they needed it, but he took Marie's message as clear. "Until it is fully open," was all she was trying to say.

And he agreed completely.

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Tom slipped around Marie, cradling her face in his hands as he kissed her forehead and moved to face her. She pushed her forehead against his lips, her skin moist and slightly salty, and Tom slipped his hands down to her breasts, his fingernails trailing down her face, neck, and collar. His mouth found hers as he pushed a hand between her thighs.

Marie tipped her leg up and back, and Tom's hand slipped between her loose labia. The soft stretchy skin was moist and still saturated with lube. Marie moaned slightly as Tom's other hand pinched and twisted her nipple. Tom slowly bit down on her neck, catching the skin in his teeth and pulling it, while his four fingers entered her. There was no resistance.

The warmth spread over Tom's hand as Marie enjoyed him pushing in to her. There was no sense of stretching or discomfort or tugging on her lips. Marie's vagina was completely open now - stretched beyond the breaking point, trained repeatedly, and now ready for his hand to slip into it. Tom's fingers stroked and massaged the inner walls of her cunt as his hand slipped in past the wrist. The flesh of Marie's cunt was textured and velvety, and they both enjoyed the sensations as Tom deftly manipulated and caressed the tissues deep inside of her.

Tom encouraged Marie to pinch and knead her own breasts as he moved his other hand lower and tugged on her labia. Marie's lips formed the shape of deep thick furrows on either side of her stretched opening. Even turned on her side with Tom's wrist between them they were thick and full. Tom stroked two fingers alongside his wrist, catching the thick fold of Marie's labia, and tugged it outwards. Using his thumb as well, he made sure to apply as much pressure and force on the skin as he could. Marie grunted as she felt the combination of Tom's hand inside of her and his attention to her labia. Her own hands stroked and crushed her breasts, and Tom looked along the long line of her neck as her breathing became more labored.

The tenuous grip Tom had on the flesh of Marie's labia slipped now and again - he harshly pinched and grabbed the slippery skin time and time again with his thumb and forefinger. Instead of just tugging, Tom actively pulled and stretched the skin more and more. Marie's moans and the way her open mouthed cunt clenched and heated up around Tom's hand gave him all the encouragement he needed. Marie became more vocal as her body began to tense up; her hands falling to her sides and gripping the sheets; and Tom felt his cock thicken and harden as she began to grind harder and harder on to his hand.

"Do you want more?" Tom sighed to her, and Marie's hand grasped his arm and pulled him in deeper. Judging her building orgasm, Tom slipped four fingers in alongside his wrist and pulled her opening apart. Marie went over the edge from the sudden stretching and pulling - Tom felt her convulsing and pulsing on his hands as her thighs clenched and her motions pulled him by his arms. In response Tom simply leaned forward - pushing his second hand deeper and keeping pressure on stretching and prying Marie more open. Her hand had released his arm and she was now flat on her back, fists clenched full of sheets, and her cunt thrust up eager for more.

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Marie sat across the table from Edward, her cheeks slightly flushed from the wine. He smiled and nodded as she told him about her day out riding her horse. She ordered dessert and they continued talking while they waited.

If Tom had been there he would have had a smile on his face. Marie's legs were apart, her skin obviously warm, and her eyes and smile were twinkling. Tom would know she was already wet,

anticipating, and hungry.

Edward appeared to be stumbling to similar conclusions - or at least concluding he had a good chance of a very friendly night. So he was surprised when Marie sifted gears on him.

With a smile and shrug of her hair, Marie leaned forward. Her cleavage was on obvious display. "Just remember," she was saying and Edward was partially hearing, "I'm not like other women." Edward nodded. "Seriously, Edward," and her tone of voice cut through the blood fleeing his brain.

"What... I mean what do you mean?"

Marie smiled. "I mean, I have special tastes. And you cannot change them, Edward." She leaned across the table, and he let her wrap her fingers with their long nails around his hands. "I mean, that if we go back to my place tonight then I expect you to do what I ask of you." She smirked at him.

Edward's pulse was racing and he was amenable to anything.

"After all you have such big hands. Do you know what I want you to do to me?" Marie maintained a straight face and their intimate body language made it clear to other tables they were simply discussing something physical.

"What would you like me to do?" Edward asked. His mind was full of those breasts and her lips and the way her ass hand moved as he followed her into the restaurant.

Marie beckoned Edward to come closer just as dessert arrived. Taking advantage of the moment, she asked Edward to bring his chair beside her so they could share the treat. Once he was settled and they'd each had a bite, she leaned in close to his ear and lightly kissed him. Edward went to turn and kiss her back, but Marie kept his ear in her teeth and dissuaded him.

Releasing his ear, the pinpricks from her teeth still glowing, she whispered to him "After I get you off, and I will make you cum so very hard for me, and you can penetrate me anyway you want," she sighed, "after that I want you to put your hands inside of me, I want you to pull my hair, I want you to bite my nipples and breasts, I want you to force your hands so deep inside of me over and over again until I get off." She kissed him again. "Deal?"

Edward was bright red and didn't know what to say or do. "I... uh... I..." he stammered.

Marie kissed his cheek again. Getting up she whispered to him one last time. "Your cock in my ass, in my cunt, in my mouth, between my breasts, in my hands - any and every way you like it. But in return you have to stretch me and fist me and crush my breasts and pull my hair and pinch my skin and anything else I ask you to do so I can cum..." Then she stood up and stroked his shoulder.

"I'm going to the ladies. Take care of the check, and I'll meet you back at my place. If you can't make it then be sure to text."

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written by Max

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