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Story: DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 08)

Author: Max (max@cherishdesire.com - <http://bit.ly/Che...>)

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Author: Max ( max AT cherishdesire DOT com, <http://bit.ly/Che...> ,  
<http://bit.ly/Che...> )

Title: DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 08)

Universe: Tom, Grey

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DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 08)

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written by Max

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MF, FMast, Vaginal, Anal, Toys, Rubber

He smiled at her curiosity and nervousness. The first time you wore rubber and latex was always a bit of a process. And while she was convinced he had overdone it, he knew how tricky sizing and fit could be so he always had to order some extra outfits in case the one she really had her heart set on just didn't fit right across the thighs or the bust or the shoulders. Women who were uncomfortable with how something looked on them rarely could let that go and have a good time after all. He even ordered a PVC dress as a backup contingency.

Each outfit from Honour UK came in a heavy plastic bag. He directed her to separate them out on the hotel bed in an orderly way so they could go through them one by one. Grey immediately focused on the Nighthade Geisha outfit she fell in love with online, but he walked through step by step preparation. While he had her fetch a full sized towel and a hand towel, he took out the shining spray and a buffing cloth from his bag. He had enough for the weekend, but just in case they would stop at the Fetish Factory store and pick up more. He intended to leave the outfits with her after all - that way she could practice wearing them on her own.

When Grey returned he had her strip and they started with the basics. First he opened one of the bags with a rubber thong. He showed her how it was put together, and how the risk was that a side would pull from tugging on it while pulling it up over her thighs. Then he had her lay it out on the full sized towel and spray it down with the shining spray. Three or four squirts were enough to make the surface moist but not soaked, and then turn it over holding it by the edges and do the same to the back.

He showed her how to lightly spread the spray and mop up excess with the hand towel, still keeping the bath towel on the bed so nothing got on the duvet. And then he had her try it on. She stepped into it and immediately did what comes natural, trying to pull it up by the sides so he told her to stop. He had her place her hand on the crotch of the panty with one hand and lift it up between her thighs, then put her hand between the left hip strap and her thigh, push out to gently stretch the rubber, then lift that further up on her thigh. Then he had her do the same for the other side. Carefully see-sawing back and forth the thong went on easily, without tugging or overstretching the thin rubber material.

The thong looked good on her. Grey's well shaped labia were comfortably hugged by the elastic material. With the thong in place, he took the shining spray and the polishing cloth - just a smooth non-terry cloth fabric like an over sized eye glasses wipe - and showed Grey how to

carefully cup the rubber and spray so she didn't get any on her skin. As he had her practice he enjoyed her oooo's and ahhh's. The spray caused the rubber to relax which cause it to feel like the material was suddenly chilled. He knew how much Grey enjoyed temperature play, so he made sure she didn't over do it.

Next he picked out one of the looser fitting outfits. It was a linear top which flowed into a flouncy skirt. He could see Grey eyeing the black rubber of the geisha dress, but he knew that would probably be the last thing they put on. The longer and tighter the rubber outfit was, the more difficult it was for the initiate to not yank and tug on it trying to get it on.

This time he had Grey go through the process herself. Her erect nipples and the way the rubber thong hugged her well formed sex had his cock throbbing. She noticed and made sure to bend this way and that, even as he took several opportunities to step up behind her and guide her efforts while she leaned back into his trousers and ground her hot ass against him.

With bigger outfit pieces it's hard to target the key points where you want some extra give. So he made sure she focused on collars and near the arm pits and along the ribs and waist with one last pass. Then they worked together to put the outfit on.

For a moment Grey was pulling the rubber over her head, felt it catch, and she had to fight down a brief panic. Rubber is binding and caught halfway in and out of an outfit can be disconcerting. But she felt his strong hands holding her and listened as he showed her how to always keep an arm slightly extended out up or down to make sure air can flow. The outfit was a bit snug because it had never been worn before, and he explained it would stretch out a bit more over time but not much without a lot of pulling and tugging that would weaken joints and ultimately damage it.

When Grey had it on she remembered to ask about baby powder. While he polished her up he laughed and told her the story about Miss M and her rubber wear experience in Germany when she left white hand prints all over his buddy's black trousers during a fetish party in Leipzig. Grey didn't quite understand why he thought it was so funny until he explained the hand prints had the fingers pointing down the thighs, meaning Miss M had been quite well placed mounted in the man's lap and was holding on for balance. He left out the part about walking in on them later in his hotel room.

With that he explained that the baby powder helped around specific joints, but her outfits wouldn't be too much trouble. They were largely sleeveless, and after they had seen how well her skin and body dealt with the rubber they would decide if the powder was necessary. However, when the outfits came off it was ideal to immediately wash them in the hotel shower, blot them dry, and then powder them. That would keep the rubber from sticking to itself and make them last longer in storage between wearings.

Grey made an "Oh" face at him, and then skipped off to the full length mirror. He was done polishing anyway and she wanted to see how she looked. The rubber skirt portion was darling - more than flouncy, when she turned it lifted up just so. The top was snug and she felt it holding her abdomen and torso. Her pert breasts and long erect nipples didn't show as much as she thought they would - the rubber pushing them down - but there was definitely a little looseness across the chest. Grey wasn't very busty, and the sizing give her some room to breath.

She came back, and he took a few pictures. He enjoyed this part. The shopping was of course an enjoyable necessity. But the trying on and posing and being sexy was where he got a lot of enjoyment. After several more candid shots - Grey enjoyed wiggling her bottom with the rubber thong stroking her labia - he suggested they work together to take the outfit off.

Again he had to show Grey how to carefully apply distributed pressure and push rather than grip with fingers and pull. Even he admitted to being in a rush and forgetting to be gentle, but particularly for women's outfits - which tended to be longer and more complex to get on and off - you risked blow outs if you weren't consciously careful. Grey asked what they'd do if that happened, and he pointed to his messenger bag. In it, he explained, he kept patch tape as well as shining spray, a hand towel, and the polishing cloth. If anything went awry they could at least tape over exposed body bits if that really became necessary.

When Grey took off the flouncy skirt dress, she was surprised to see how much she was sweating. He laughed and told her that since the rubber doesn't breath it traps all your perspiration against your body. If your body doesn't get relief by sweating then it sweats more. He reminded her to mind her fluids and also make sure she took breaks so she don't overheat or overexert herself when they went out.

Then he took a cool damp wash cloth from the hotel bathroom and wiped Grey down, very consciously choosing to leave on the thong that she seemed to be enjoying. As he dried her off he leaned in close and scattered kisses on her shoulders and back while his strong hands held

her breasts and rubbed the soft terry cloth over the sensitive skin.

She was quite conscious of a hard object in his trousers, and as he finished wiping her skin down - leaving it feeling cool and tingly - she turned into his chest and put a hand between his legs. "You know," she said with a smile, "I intend to make you very happy for all of this."

He smiled and kissed her some more. Her hand undid his combats one button at a time, he had removed his belt earlier so he couldn't accidentally scrape the rubber outfits, and she sunk down to a squat as she fished out his cock. They had been talking for a while on different ways to help him enjoy oral more, and Grey discovered he was definitely more aroused with her naked in front of him with just the rubber thong on. She felt that arousal in herself too. Walking and bending with the thong was came with a constant stroking of her tender flesh, and squatting down she felt the smooth rubber dig deeper into her pussy. She made a mental note to do this more while she slowly suckled and teased him in her mouth.

When he was obviously fading a bit, she got up and went to the hotel window. It looked out over leafy jungle typical of the Florida coast, and she beckoned him over. He was there, still in his trousers but his cock now put back in his boxer shorts. She didn't complain though, leaning forward with her hardened pencil eraser nipples pushed to the glass, and ass pushed out toward him.

Deliberately she reached back between her buttocks and slowly moved the thong aside for him to watch. And he left her side to pick up the lube and a wash cloth, taking her hint, returning as she reached back with both hands and pulled her buttocks apart with the thong held to one side by her thumb. She wanted his cock in her pussy, badly wanted him to fuck her, but she knew what buttons to push to turn him on quickly. She wasn't surprised to feel the slick lube on her anus and his two fingers slowly working it in and out. But she was caught a little off guard with how hard he was even after pulling out his cock and putting on a condom.

She groaned as he pushed the tip of his meat into her ass, and then turned her head so they could kiss. Was it the window, she wondered, as she looked out and realized she could make out people at a distance. Or was it her willingness to give him her ass so readily, or maybe the rubber thong she let go of as she reached around his thigh and managed the depth and approach of his thrusts while her ass adjusted to his throbbing cock sinking into it.

He bit her shoulder gently, lifting the skin from the bone, and enjoyed the pleasure of her warmth around his cock. The room was air conditioned and that always kept his cock's rigidity in check. But now that he was, after only a half dozen strokes, firmly embedded to the root in Grey's hot ass, he could feel the heat encouraging his cock to swell even further. He enjoyed her show, her willingness, the rubber thong and her deft use of it as a prop... But most of all he enjoyed fucking her, feeling her skin against his, kissing her half turned head and twisting and pulling on her amazing nipples as she pulled him into her body with a firm grip on his hip.

She felt the heat build in her pussy and reached down her belly to her pelvis. The thong still cradled her labia against her opening, but she could feel the heat and moisture seeping out. She tested pushing at the rubber and discovered she could push her fingertips back and forth over the surface and enjoy how the elastic material stroked not just the place where she made contact but also tugged on skin ranging from her clitoris hood all the way down to near her anus. She wanted direct stimulation though so she worked her fingers under the rubber panel soon enough - releasing a gushing flow of her juices and feeling the rubber dig into her lips following her fingers.

He enjoyed the shift in pressure as the strap of the thong stopped digging into the side of his cock and slipped more fully to one side. And then he felt her begin stroking two and three fingers in and out of her pussy alongside his cock. The extra pressure on his shaft was nice, but knowing how eagerly Grey double penetrated herself inspired his imagination. His cock throbbed in response, and he hoped she could feel it despite the condom covering.

It wasn't long before Grey's legs were getting rubbery from the position by the window. With the bed covered with her other rubber garments, he moved them to the floor, grabbing a towel on the way down, and allowing himself to exit her ass only long enough to reposition her on her back and then plunge back into her again. He pushed her thighs back toward her chest, the rubber thong pulling on her sex as he did so, and let her verbally coach him as her hands scratched at the carpet and towel in response to his thrusts and the way his pelvis ground into her pussy lips and clitoris.

"So this," she gasped and moaned, "this is what you want?" Her breathing was irregular and punctuated by his fevered thrusts. She wasn't holding him back any longer. She wanted him to pound her ass, and she was very pleased with herself that all her work meant she was able to let him do just that.

"Mmmmmmm, yes, this is good," he replied. He paused. "Oh you actually wearing the rubber outfits is good too of course." His smile and chuckle made her grin like crazy in response. "You must have worked very hard to have such an amazingly capable ass," he added as he slowed his pace and kissed her face.

"Don't stop," she said quietly, feeling him pull away. But it was too late, his wonderful cock was slipping out of her ass and he let her leg stretch out. He got up and grabbed another condom and the wash cloth while Grey sat up. It took him a couple of tries to swap off the slightly dirty one, but when he was done he got down on the floor next to her, and pushed her down with a gently but firm hand on her chest.

"Now tell me," he said with that wolf's grin, "about all the wonderful things you've been doing with your toys while I enjoy the luxury of a pussy that loves being filled wrapped around my cock." And he mounted her, and pushed the rubber thong aside once again, and fed his cock into her pussy.

He was only half hard initially from the change and the cool air, but Grey worked hard between moans and cries and pleading to her goddess to tell him all the things she had fucked, all the ways she had fucked them, and how well their mutual inspiration had worked to make her so ready for him inside of her. It was an effort, but she was learning all the ways to stimulate him. With each accomplishment - from letting him dress her to taking his encouragement and playing with his wonderful toy gifts to telling him as she masturbated how her toys and fingers delved into her wet openings - she was closer to understanding and participating in a broader sexual context that made her wet and warm as she thought about it.

He continued to fuck her, moving them from position to position, and finally he got up and cleared the bed systematically and literally picked her up and tossed her on to the soft duvet - both of them having carpet burns and bruises from the floor - and then mounted her all over again with kisses and caresses and fingers playing alongside hers until he was hard again and put her on top of him.

When his cock could take no more of her strident joyful pounding thrusts, he retrieved some new toys, solid and thick, and placed one between his thighs as he sat with his back propped on pillows. Then he guided her down, cradling her buttocks with one arm, and began to teach her how to fuck them while sitting in his lap facing him. She could feel his cock warm and wet against her pussy if she got far enough down the thick shafts. The reward was well worth it as he played at all her senses. His hands roamed all over her body. His mouth suckled and pulled her entire breast into it. His tongue dragged and circled around her erect nipples. His lips met hers and they kissed and frenched. And she fucked the whole time, black rubber and black silicon enjoyably filling and pushing and thrusting into her dripping pussy while he encouraged her to keep going.

Later, after washing up, he gave her a playful kiss when the thong fit her differently. The swollen and well worked labia did not tuck in as much. As he gently kissed her neck and ear, his mind's eye full of the wonder of her swollen and wet sex, he whispered, "And that is the look I adore the most."

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by Max

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