

Mechanically Minded

By Rowan Elizabeth
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“**W**HAT ARE you doing out there?” Pam had to know.

Frank added a raised eyebrow to his typical smirk and went back out to the barn.

“It’s a garage,” he always corrected her. “And you don’t need to be out there right now.” Fine, her husband was in the garage for the third night that week. Each night, he came home with metal and machinery in his trunk. Each night Pam watched through the kitchen window as he unloaded and left his car blocking her view. *Damn.*

Later on, Pam tried again to spy from the kitchen window and saw welding sparks jumping.

What the hell is he up to?

Hank Williams Jr. blared from the garage to cover up the sounds of pneumatic drills and cutters. Pam cleaned the house, changed the bed and snuck past the window every five minutes.

“You hungry?” she yelled across the lot.

“I’m good. I’ll be in for a couple beers in a second.”

“I’ll bring ‘em out.”

“No!” Frank called and he was inside in a matter of moments. “It’s no big deal. Just a government project.”

A work side-job? Unlikely.

“Who’s it for?” Pam tried, but got nothing more than another knowing smirk from Frank.

The Law and Order marathon ended at eleven and Pam gave up her own investigation to the idea of sleep. She curled up on the sofa and slipped into a leg-cramped doze.

The light from over the kitchen table woke her at one-thirteen.

She slipped around the edge of the living room to peek into the kitchen. *What the heck?* Frank had a stainless steel box sitting on a towel on the dinner table. Three feet long and nearly a foot tall, it held an old electric motor and a long iron bar that had a corkscrew on the tip.

Frank turned with a most satisfied look on his face. "Look!"

"What is it?"

Frank flipped a switch on a cord and the mechanisms started up. The bar began to move back and forth as a piston. Frank seemed thrilled with himself. "See? And you can hold the switch, so you have the power to turn it off if it gets to be too much. I couldn't get the remote speed control to work too, so you'll have to tell me when you want more. It still needs a good dildo, but the mechanics are working just like I want."

Pam stared. The rod worked back and forth and then sped up as Frank rolled the white control knob. "You're putting a dick on that thing?"

Frank had developed an affection for adult toys since he first saw Pam's simple vibrator and small, lifelike cock. They had quite a collection of playthings in the box in their bedroom; playthings that got a lot of use. Frank wielded dildos of all textures and sizes with precision and talent.

"I found something at Priscilla's. I just want to see if it will fit first."

"Fit the machine?"

"No. You. Meet me in the bedroom."

Pam twitched in her sweatpants and tank top. Her nipples never reflected the way she felt, but her pussy clutched and released in anticipation. She pressed her thighs together and felt the familiar throb. "I'll meet you there."

In the bedroom, Pam stripped off her clothes and lay naked on the bed. Frank was only moments behind her, carrying a pastel-pink plastic bag and the device. He slid her hope chest against the bed to act as a base for the heavy machine, sat it down and aimed the piston directly at Pam.

"Shut your eyes and relax. I'll be right there."

Relax? Pam adjusted the pillow under her neck and stretched out her legs. Her muscles tightened in anticipation of Frank's touch. The mattress gave as Frank settled between her spread legs, blocking her view of the contraption. "We're going to start with your favorite and work our way up."

Frank massaged Pam's thighs and up into her crotch. He licked his fingers and rubbed one into her heat. Frank brought his face close and Pam could hear his deep intake of breath. He always said her scent turned him on. He drove his finger into her pussy and brought his mouth to her clit. *Dear Lord.* There was nothing like that first contact.

His single finger was soon replaced by two and then three. He sucked and flicked at the same time and Pam's legs tightened against his shoulders. Heat rushed up her belly and her hands grabbed the flesh of his shaved head. Frank ate her pussy with a determined gusto and plunged his fingers deep against her G-spot.

Frank sat up on his heels and left Pam's pussy wanting, his mouth and his three fingers painfully absent. He replaced them within moments with the head of the small, cream-colored cock Pam loved. Pressing forward, he filled her pussy.

"Is that what you want? Harder?" Frank plunged the small dildo in and out of his wife's twat.

Pam squirmed against the pressure. It wouldn't give her release until Frank sucked her clit again. Instead he rubbed the rough pad of his thumb over her nub and jammed the small cock further into her.

"Please. Your mouth. Please."

"Not yet. Let's see what else fits." The flexible cock left Pam's body and the distinct point of the harder, longer and wider cock, torn from a strap-on, worked at her opening.

Next was the black double-header, followed by the largest dildo Pam's body could take; the blue, jelly cock. Her deeply stretched pussy was completely filled.

Frank came back down to suck her pussy while he worked the blue tool in and out. The sharp pressure of its entry was replaced with a gliding acceptance. With each thrust, the openness in Pam grew. She flexed her hips, locked her knees and forced her cunt as far into Frank's face as she could. Her hands gripped his skull and pulled him into suffocation. Pam worked her ankles together over Frank's back and held her breath. She felt the rising energy center in her clit.

She came with loud profanities and a painful grip on Frank's scalp. They both held on through the duration of the surging orgasm. Pam gasped and nearly hyperventilated as Frank tried to get enough oxygen to stay conscious.

"Mother of fucking God, Frank!" She lifted her head enough to see Frank grinning from between her legs, her pubes making his goatee seem devilish.

"Are you ready for what's in the magic bag?"

“More?” Pam felt a slight panic accompany the fading ripples of her orgasm.

“I just want to see if it fits before we put it on the machine. Just one time in and out, baby.”

Pam’s panic became even more real. “You’ve got to use a lot of lube and if it hurts you have to stop as soon as I say and —”

“Honey, I would never hurt your pussy. Trust me. Just look at it.”

Pam sat up on her elbows. Frank presented the new toy with both hands. It was red jelly, like the blue cock, but larger. So much larger. Pam wasn’t good with dimensions, but knew it was bigger than anything that had ever been near her pussy. “How big is it?”

“Nine inches long and about an inch wider than the last one.”

“An inch?!”

“Don’t worry. It’s not even as big around as my fist.”

“Your fist? Are you fucking crazy? Your fist doesn’t fit in there.”

“It almost does and this will be smooth and easy. No knuckles.” Frank smiled.

Pam flopped back on the bed and squeezed her eyes shut. “Try.”

Frank worked cold lube into her stretched cunt and his knuckles pressed against her bones, twisting the slickness into her wetness. After stroking her G-spot with his hand, Frank pulled out.

The large, round head of the dildo slid along Pam’s slit and pressed insistently against her opening. With a pronounced push, it entered and filled her.

“God!” Pam put her hand to her pussy and felt the giant cock easing inside of her. Half inch by half inch, Frank worked the dildo into her body.

Everything felt larger. Her hips wider to accommodate. Her legs farther apart. Her breasts swelling with the deep breaths broadening her chest. Frank’s already broad shoulders wedged between her thighs; his thick lips and tongue grabbed her clit and sucked.

Pam’s second orgasm ripped her from her wide opening to the top of her head.

“Fuck me. Fuck me with it.”

Frank worked the cock in her hole as he slid up her body and whispered in her ear. "I can really fuck you with it. Do you want that?"

"Yes. Please."

"Get on your hands and knees." The cock left Pam's body with a wet, sucking sound.

"No! I need — " Pam sat up to watch Frank twist the huge, red cock onto the corkscrew.

She knew she would do it. Unspent orgasms whirled inside her and they needed out. Frank's machine would release them from her body. Without another thought, Pam flipped over and held her ass up.

"Scoot back. More. Just a little..."

The full, round head of the cock bore down on her cunt. Pam senses swam as Frank put the switch in her hand.

"Whenever you're ready, Baby."

Had Pam thought, she might have talked herself out of it. Instead, she flipped the trigger. The engine whirred to life.

The equipment thrust into her and worked its way deep into her snatch. She held stock still until its full length was inside and then began to rock with the device.

"You look incredible, Baby."

Pam didn't care how she looked. All she cared about was the driving force in her cunt.

"More."

Frank ramped the apparatus from stroke to fuck.

"More."

From fuck to pound.

Pam's cries could have woken the neighbors had they had any. With a wail, Pam threw herself forward on the mattress, off the plunging cock and hit the off switch.

Frank's weight bore down above her. "Fuck yea, baby." He drove his hot hand into Pam's pussy and smeared the grease up her ass crack. "I'm gonna come in your ass."

Frank aimed his cock at Pam's rim and sunk in to his base. Pam screeched with pain and pleasure.

"Both. Let me feel both."

Frank pulled out of her ass and Pam rose to her knees again. The machine came to life and buried itself in her soaked pussy. Frank straddled her hips and wedged his cock against her rear as the jelly cock fucked her cunt. One push by Frank and Pam was full in both holes and swimming with Frank's hand on her clit.

Who or what was jerking more was a mystery to Pam. Frank groaned with the pressure and, with a tremor, shot cum deep into her ass. Pam screamed out her own orgasm as Frank worked her over.

Satisfied, Pam and Frank flopped onto the sweat drenched sheets and heaved their breath into the cool air of their bedroom.

Frank was the first to regain his composure.

"I'll bet my fist would fit."

Pam jerked up to sitting. "What?!"