

THE ANNIVERSARY-

part 2

Angel woke before the sun and went in to the home office to check emails.

Sitting in front of the monitor was a manilla folder with a giant number thirty decorated on it. Angel laughed loudly when she looked closer at the number. It was a mosaic of large cocks, some barely fitting in tight pussies, some requiring two hands to stroke.

She grabbed the light pink throw blanket off the back of the oversized chaise lounge in the corner, covered herself and then curled up to read the contents.

Angel smiled at the thoroughness of the document, complete with drawings and pictures. The list seemed very specific, she was so happy that he put effort into what he did and didn't want.

Hank sketched a man, she guessed was himself, bent over and a giant red X over the asshole, captioned below NO DICKS ALLOWED, acceptable entry point for tongues and fingers only.

Next showed a colored pencil rendering of a cartoon woman squatting on a dick designed like a tree trunk followed by THE ONLY WAY I AM LICKING A DICK IS IF PUSSY JUICE IS FLOWING STEADILY DOWN IT.

Angel laughed and laughed at third picture. Hank had taken a selfie, cut it out and pasted it to the page. His impressive thick eight incher proudly protruding below his Ghostbusters t-shirt, "I ain't afraid of no holes" printed off to the side.

Angel's nipples tightened at the realization that she may see him get sucked off and fuck a man in the ass.

"I know we talked about no kissing him, I wonder what he thinks of ball sucking?" she quietly whispered as her fingernails traced lines from one nipple to the other.

The silhouette of a giant oak tree took up the rest of the page. Inscribed to look like bark were words. "Our lust is strong, our love even stronger. While I am no tree hugger I do want to hold the branch as you impale your beautiful pussy down on it. I want to feel the power he has to split you open. I would like him to also fear that his life is in my mouth as I drop down to hold his shaved nuts tightly until I know he is not going to hurt you. I envision his ass at the end of the bed, you sliding up and down fucking yourself and holding his legs up and out for balance. I see me watching your mesmerized face as I split his ass open with my cock while I lick and bite your tits as they pass by. I want this gift for us to be special with respect for all three of us and our needs and desires."

Angel smelled coffee about the same time she heard the refrigerator door. Sneaking out of the office she stripped naked and wrapped with the blanket.

Just as she pictured, his morning wood trying to poke thru his boxers.

"Shorts stay on! Lay that ass on the floor mister!" she called out.

When Hank turned around she dropped the blanket and put one hand tween her pussy lips and one to twist a nipple.

"Hold that branch up for me!" she snapped.

Facing his feet, she straddled his legs and impaled herself down, slamming down as hard as she could. Their groans were loud and primal as she ground herself on him, never rising, simply clenching. Hank grabbed her long hair and pulled her back until he could grope her boob. He playfully slapped at it and repeatedly told her to ride him.

He let go of her hair and she fell forward. Her breast pulled from his grip as her ass winked at him. They both came as his thumbs wiggled and pushed trying desperately to climb in her ass.