



Anniversary Gangbang

The luxurious hotel suite in downtown Manhattan glowed with soft golden light. It was Michael and Elena's 12th anniversary, and he had planned the perfect surprise. Elena, a stunning 40-year-old blonde with a fit, toned body and small perky tits, sat laughing on the wide couch in nothing but her favorite red-and-black lace lingerie set. Her head was thrown back in pure delight, mouth wide open, one breast completely exposed.

Four handsome, muscular men surrounded her—two sitting on either side, two standing behind the couch with their strong hands resting on her shoulders. All of them were shirtless, their ripped torsos glistening, wearing only jeans. They were all smiling, laughing with her, their eyes hungry.



“Happy anniversary, baby,” Michael had said earlier, after inviting the three other men he’d carefully selected from a discreet lifestyle app. Elena had been nervous at first, but the moment they started touching her, she melted.

Now she was in heaven.

The man on her left—a bearded stud with a wicked grin—had his hand on her exposed tit, pinching and rolling her hard pink nipple. The clean-shaven guy on her right had his hand high on her thigh, fingers teasing the edge of her soaked panties. The two standing men behind her gently massaged her shoulders and neck, their hard cocks visibly straining against their jeans.

Elena laughed again, a throaty, joyous sound, as the bearded man leaned in and sucked her nipple into his mouth. She arched her back, pushing her chest forward.

“Fuck... yes...” she moaned.

One of the men behind her reached down and pulled her other breast free, squeezing both tits together while the bearded man alternated sucking and biting her sensitive nipples. Elena’s hands came up, one waving playfully, the other gripping the clean-shaven man’s thigh.

They didn’t waste time.

The bearded man pulled her panties aside and slid two thick fingers into her dripping pussy. Elena cried out, her laughter turning into raw moans. The man on her right dropped to his knees in front of the couch and buried his face between her legs, licking her clit with long, hungry strokes while fingers pumped inside her.

Elena came hard within minutes, her body shaking, head thrown back in ecstasy as she screamed.

They moved her around like a precious toy. One man sat on the couch and pulled her onto his lap, impaling her on his thick cock in one smooth thrust. Elena rode him reverse cowgirl, moaning loudly while another man stood in front of her, feeding his cock into her eager mouth. The other two men took turns sucking her tits and stroking their cocks, waiting their turn.

They fucked her in every position—bent over the couch, sandwiched between two men, on her back with legs spread wide. Elena came again and again, her juices soaking the couch and their bodies. The men were relentless, pounding her pussy and throat, slapping her ass, pulling her hair.

Finally, they surrounded her on her knees.

“Open wide, baby,” one growled.

Elena smiled up at them, tongue out, eyes sparkling with lust. All four men stroked their cocks furiously over her face and tits. One by one they exploded—thick ropes of hot cum painting her beautiful face, filling her open mouth, dripping down her chin onto her breasts.

Elena laughed breathlessly as she swallowed what she could, the rest running down her body in obscene streams.

When the last man finished, she looked up at the camera Michael was holding, covered in cum, smiling like the happiest slut alive.

“Best... anniversary... ever,” she panted.

Michael set the phone down and pulled her into a deep, cum-smeared kiss while the other men watched, smiling.

Elena looked around at all of them, eyes shining.

“Next year... I want five.”