

The Special Delivery



The Special Delivery

Steve had been planning it for six weeks.

Seven years of marriage. Seven years of good sex that had slowly become careful sex, then scheduled sex, then the kind of sex you have because you love someone and you don't want the spark to go out. Sarah was forty-five, slender, dark-haired, still the woman I watched walk across a room and forgot what I was saying. She had a wicked mouth and a shy streak that only came out when she was already wet.

I couldn't give her jewelry again. I gave her two men instead.

They weren't couriers. They worked private parties for women who wanted to be handled by strangers who knew how to keep a secret. I paid them, briefed them, and sent them to our front door on a Saturday afternoon with a clipboard and a fake tracking number.

I left the house at noon. I told Sarah I had a site meeting. I sat in a café three blocks away with my phone in my hand and waited for the first photo.



The doorbell rang at 1:14.

Sarah opened it in a short robe, barefoot, hair up. Two men stood on the porch. One Black, tall, shaved head, a clipboard in his hand. One white, shorter, darker blond, a box under his arm that was empty except for a bottle of wine and a note from me.

“Delivery for Sarah Brennan?” the Black man said.

“That’s me.”

He smiled. “We were told to get a signature. And to make sure the package was received in person.”



She laughed, a little confused, and stepped aside. “You can put it on the table.”

They came in. The door closed. The white man set the box down, opened it, and handed her the envelope.

She read my note out loud before she understood it.

Happy anniversary. These two are the gift. You can send them away. Or you can let them stay. I'll be home at six. I want the full report. I love you. — Steve

Sarah looked up. The robe had slipped half an inch. Her throat moved.

“Is this real?”

“Yes,” the Black man said. His name, he told her, was Malik. The other was Chris. “Your husband hired us. We’re here if you want us. We’re gone in two minutes if you don’t.”

She stood there for a long time. Then she laughed, a short, stunned sound, and said, “He really did this.”

“He did.”

She looked at the clipboard, then at their faces, then down at her own bare legs.



“Stay,” she said.

Malik asked her to say it again.

“Stay. Both of you. I want the gift.”

They didn’t rush her. Chris poured the wine. Malik set the clipboard on the counter like a joke they were all in on. Sarah drank half a glass standing in the kitchen, robe still tied, pulse visible in her neck.

“What did he tell you I like?” she asked.

“That you get quiet when you’re turned on,” Chris said. “That you like being watched. That you haven’t been shared and you think about it more than you admit.”

Color rose in her face. “He’s not wrong.”

Malik stepped closer first. He didn't grab her. He put two fingers under the knot of her robe and waited. She nodded. The knot came loose. The robe opened. She was naked underneath except for a thin gold chain and the wedding ring Steve had put on her seven years earlier.

Chris swore under his breath, not unkindly.

Sarah let the robe fall off her shoulders and catch at her elbows. Small breasts, tight nipples, a flat stomach, long legs. She looked at both of them looking at her and her mouth curved.

"If you're the delivery," she said, "you should inspect the package."

Malik kissed her first. Slow, deep, one hand on her waist, the other sliding up her ribs until his thumb brushed the underside of her breast. She made a small sound into his mouth. Chris came in behind her, kissed the side of her neck, and cupped her other breast. Sarah's head tipped back against his shoulder.



They walked her to the living room like that, kissing her, hands everywhere, until the backs of her knees hit the couch.

She sat. They stood in front of her and stripped without theater. Shirts first. Then belts. Then everything. Two hard cocks, different and equally thick, already wet at the tips. Sarah stared, licked her lips, and reached for both of them at once.

She stroked Malik with her right hand and Chris with her left, looking from one to the other like she couldn't decide who to taste first. Then she leaned in and took Malik into her mouth.

She sucked him the way she sucked Steve when she wanted to ruin him — deep, wet, unhurried, eyes up. Chris's cock slid along her cheek. She pulled off Malik with a string of saliva and switched, swallowing Chris to the back of her throat until her eyes watered. She went back and forth until both of them were breathing hard and her chin was shining.

"On the couch," Malik said.

She turned, knelt on the cushions, and put her chest down, ass up, looking over her shoulder. Chris got behind her first. He rubbed the head of his cock through her wetness, found her open, and pushed in with one long stroke.

Sarah cried out. Not pain. Fullness. The sound she made when she was already close.



Chris fucked her in steady, deep thrusts, hands on her hips, watching himself disappear into her. Malik sat in front of her and fed his cock back into her mouth. They used her from both ends on the living room couch in the middle of the afternoon, the curtains half-drawn, her robe on the floor, her wedding ring flashing every time she braced herself.

She came the first time with Chris buried in her and Malik on her tongue, a broken moan around the cock in her mouth, her thighs shaking.

They didn't stop.

Chris pulled out, dripping, and Malik took his place. Different angle, thicker stretch. Sarah gasped and pushed back onto him. Chris held her hair and fucked her mouth in the same rhythm. The wet sounds filled the quiet house. Sarah came again, harder, one hand between her legs, rubbing herself while two strangers used her in her own living room.

They moved her to the floor on the rug. Sarah on her back, legs open. Malik between them, sliding back into her pussy. Chris straddled her chest and slid his cock between her small breasts, then into her mouth whenever she opened for him. She looked wrecked and happy, hair coming loose, lipstick gone, eyes glassy.

"Steve's going to see this," she whispered when Chris pulled out of her mouth. "He's going to lose his mind."

"That's the idea," Malik said, and drove into her harder.

She came a third time with her nails in Malik's shoulders.

They flipped her onto all fours again. Chris took her from behind. Malik lay down so she could suck him between thrusts. Then Malik asked, quietly, if she wanted more.

Sarah looked at him, breathing hard, and nodded.

"Ass," she said. "Slow. I can take it."

Chris spat into his hand, rubbed her open, and pressed the head of his cock against her ass. He pushed in an inch at a time. Sarah's mouth fell open. Malik kissed her while she adjusted, then she nodded again and Chris sank the rest of the way in.

They fucked her like that until she was shaking and begging without words. Chris came first, pulling out of her ass and finishing across her lower back in thick stripes. Malik pulled out of her mouth, stroked himself over her face, and came across her lips, her cheek, her tongue. Sarah swallowed what landed in her mouth and left the rest where it was.

They were not done.

Malik sat on the couch. Sarah climbed into his lap, facing him, and sank onto his cock with a wet slide. Chris stood behind her, reached around, and rubbed her clit while she rode. She kissed Malik like she meant it. She came again, clenching around him, and he held her through it, then lifted her off and laid her on her back on the coffee table.

He fucked her there, hard, until he came on her stomach. Chris followed, kneeling over her, stroking himself until he painted her tits and the gold chain.

Sarah lay there laughing, breathless, covered, looking at the ceiling.

"Clipboard," she said.

Malik brought it. The form was a joke Steve had printed: *Delivery Confirmation. Recipient. Time. Condition of package. Notes for sender.*

Sarah sat up, smeared, glowing, and took the pen. She wrote while Chris watched and Malik held the board steady.

Package was delivered on time. Best surprise ever. Next year I want more.

She signed her name. Then, smaller, underneath:

Tell my husband I said thank you. And that I love him. And that he can taste this when he gets home.

She licked a streak off her bottom lip, looked at the two of them, and smiled.

“You should take a picture of the form,” she said. “He’s waiting.”

Malik photographed the clipboard, then Sarah holding it, robe back around her shoulders but not closed, cum still on her chest. He sent the pictures to the number Steve had given them.

Three blocks away, my phone lit up.

I read the note twice. I looked at my wife’s face in the photo — wicked, satisfied, in love with me in the exact filthy way we had always been in love — and I paid the check and walked home.

They were still there when I opened the door. Sarah was on the couch in the robe. Malik and Chris were dressed again, professional, almost polite. Sarah stood up, walked to me, and kissed me with a mouth that tasted like both of them.

“Happy anniversary,” she whispered against my lips.

I took her to the bedroom and fucked her while they let themselves out. She was sloppy and swollen and she came on my cock saying my name, then theirs, then mine again.

At six-thirty she showed me the clipboard.

I framed the note the next morning.

Next year, she wants more. I’m already making calls.