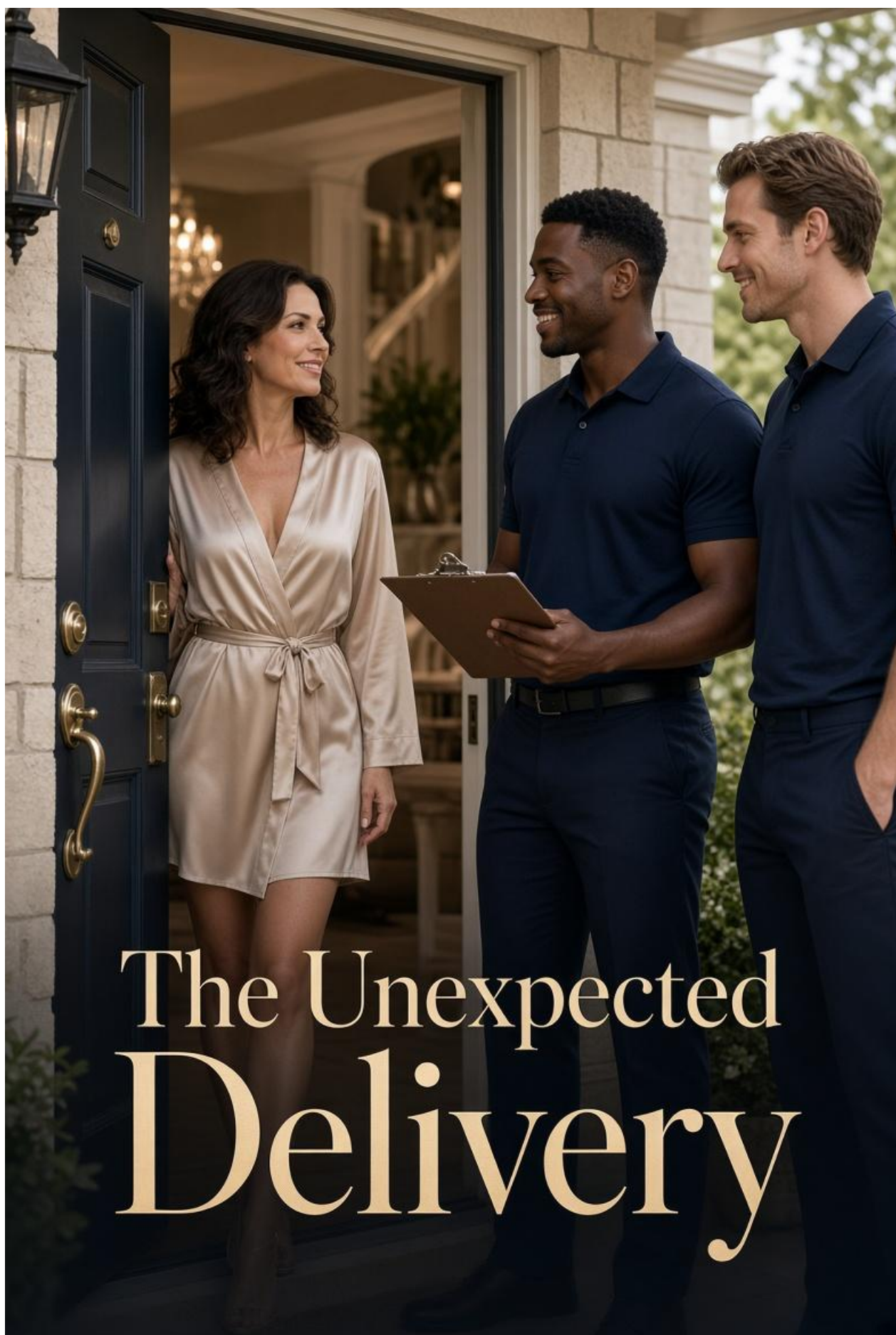




The Unexpected Delivery

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Sarah had just finished folding laundry when the doorbell rang.

She glanced at the clock—2:17 p.m. Steve was at work. No packages were expected. She tightened the belt of her short silk robe and opened the door.

Two men stood on the porch. One was tall and broad-shouldered, Black, with a confident smile and a clipboard. The other was white, slightly leaner but clearly fit, holding a large cardboard box. Both wore matching dark delivery shirts that stretched across muscular chests and arms.



“Mrs. Sarah Collins?” the Black man asked, voice smooth and professional.

“That’s me.”

“We have a special delivery from your husband. Anniversary package. Needs a signature.”

Sarah blinked. Their seventh anniversary was tomorrow. Steve had been secretive about gifts this year. She stepped aside and let them in.

They carried the box into the living room and set it on the coffee table. The Black man—his name tag read Marcus—handed her the clipboard. The white man, Chris according to his tag, began opening the box with a box cutter.

Inside were two bottles of expensive champagne, a small velvet bag, and a sealed envelope with her name on it in Steve's handwriting.

Sarah opened the letter.

Happy anniversary, baby. I know you've fantasized about this for a long time. These two gentlemen are from the private entertainment service I researched carefully. They're clean, respectful, and here for you. Everything is paid for. You can say no at any moment and they'll leave. But if you want them... they're yours for the next two hours. I love you. — Steve

Sarah's heart pounded. She looked up. Marcus and Chris had already stripped off their delivery shirts. Both were shirtless, muscular, and watching her calmly. Chris's chest was lightly freckled. Marcus's dark skin gleamed under the living-room light. Their pants did little to hide the thick outlines of their
cocks



"Your husband said you've talked about this fantasy for years," Marcus said gently. "Two of us. Taking our time with you. We go only as far as you want. Green light?"

Sarah's mouth was dry. Her robe suddenly felt too thin. She had told Steve late at night, after wine, that she sometimes imagined delivery guys who didn't just drop off a package. She never expected him to actually arrange it.

She nodded once. “Green light.”

Marcus smiled. Chris stepped closer, took the champagne, and opened it with a soft pop. He poured three glasses. Sarah drank half of hers in one swallow. The bubbles went straight to her head.

Marcus took the glass from her hand and set it down. Then he untied the belt of her robe. The silk slid off her shoulders and pooled at her feet. She stood naked in the middle of her own living room in the middle of the afternoon while two strangers looked at her with open appreciation.



“Beautiful,” Chris murmured.

Marcus cupped her face and kissed her. His mouth was warm and confident. Chris moved behind her, large hands sliding around to cup her breasts, thumbs brushing her nipples until they hardened. Sarah moaned into the kiss. She could feel Chris’s hard cock pressing against her lower back through his pants.

They guided her to the couch. Marcus sat and pulled her onto his lap so she straddled him. Chris knelt on the cushions behind her. While Marcus kissed her deeply, Chris’s hands explored—sliding down her stomach, between her legs, finding her already wet. Two fingers slipped inside her easily. Sarah rocked against them.

Marcus unbuckled his pants. His cock sprang free—thick, dark, heavy. Sarah wrapped her hand around it and stroked. Chris stood long enough to shove his own pants down. His cock was equally large, slightly longer, flushed pink. Sarah reached back and stroked him too.

She rose up and sank down onto Marcus's cock slowly. The stretch made her gasp. Chris pressed the head of his cock against her lips. She opened for him and took him into her mouth while she began to ride Marcus. The dual sensation was overwhelming—full pussy, full mouth. She moaned around Chris's shaft every time she bottomed out on Marcus.



They let her set the rhythm for a while. Then Chris pulled out of her mouth, moved behind her again, and rubbed his slick cock against her ass. Marcus held her hips steady. Chris pushed in slowly, carefully. Sarah's eyes widened as both thick cocks filled her. She dropped her forehead to Marcus's shoulder and breathed through the intense stretch.

"That's it," Marcus murmured, kissing her neck. "Take both of us."

They fucked her in a slow, deep rhythm—one thrusting up while the other pulled back. Sarah came hard within minutes, shaking between them, a broken cry leaving her throat. They didn't stop. They kept moving, kept filling her, until her second orgasm rolled straight into the first.

Eventually they pulled out and rearranged her. Sarah on her hands and knees on the thick living-room rug. Marcus in front of her, Chris behind. She sucked Marcus while Chris fucked

her pussy with long, powerful strokes. Then they switched. Chris's cock tasted of her. Marcus's filled her even deeper from behind.

They used her thoroughly and patiently. Sarah lost track of time. She came on their cocks, on their tongues, with their fingers rubbing her clit. At one point both men had her on her back—Marcus between her legs, Chris straddling her chest so she could suck him while she was fucked. Spit ran down her chin. Her breasts bounced. Soft, continuous moans filled the quiet house.

Near the end they both stood over her while she lay on her back on the rug. Sarah stroked them, licked them, took turns sucking the heads. Marcus came first—thick ropes of cum across her tongue and lips. Chris followed almost immediately, adding more to her mouth and chin until it overflowed and ran down onto her breasts.



Sarah swallowed what she could and licked her lips clean, eyes half-lidded with satisfaction.

Marcus chuckled softly and reached for the clipboard that still lay on the coffee table. He flipped to a fresh page and held it out along with a pen.

"Delivery confirmation for your husband," he said with a grin. "He asked us to have you sign."

Sarah took the pen. Still naked, still glistening, she licked a remaining smear of cum from the corner of her mouth and wrote in slightly shaky handwriting:

Package was delivered in time. Best surprise even. Next year I want more...

She signed her name and the date, then handed the clipboard back.

Marcus and Chris dressed quietly, packed up the empty champagne bottles, and left the velvet bag on the table—inside were two thick gold chains, one for each of them as a tip from Steve, and a second sealed note for



Sarah to open later.

At the door Marcus paused. “Your husband is a lucky man. Happy anniversary, Sarah.”

When the door closed she stayed on the rug for a long minute, body humming, a slow smile spreading across her face. Then she reached for her phone and sent Steve a single photo—her flushed face, messy hair, and the signed confirmation page held up for the camera—along with the text:

Gift received. Come home early.

Steve’s reply came thirty seconds later:

On my way. Don’t you dare clean up.

Sarah laughed softly, licked the last trace of salt from her lower lip, and went to unlock the bedroom door.



