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Story: DRAFT - Angel Glimpses (December 1)

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Story Codes: MF toys anal

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Title: DRAFT - Angel Glimpses (December 1)

Universe: Angel

Summary: Max catches glimpses of Angel even after she is gone. This story contains references to MF, toys, and anal.

Keywords: MF, toys, anal

Language: English

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DRAFT - Angel Glimpses (December 1)  
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written by Max

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MF, Large Toys, Anal  
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Showering in warm water but there is no sensation of being wet. I lift my face out of the showerhead stream, and a sudden pile of suds descends on my forehead and eyes and I am snorting it into my nostrils. I shove my face back into the water spray, and this time I step back rather than tilting my head back. Opening my eyes just in time for another splattering of foaming soap to hit me from the side. Blinded, burning, forcing my eyes to open in the rinsing water as I feel a draft from the shower curtain being pushed aside.

I clear my eyes and, squinting, I can make out her impish figure as she prepares to lob another soap barrage. I step forward into the water and grab her extended arm, stepping effortlessly out of the shower as I flip her upside down. Water should be streaming from me but I do not notice it as I hold her by the ankle and calf and easily raise and lower her up and down. She's struggling a bit to grab on to me but her hands are too soapy and her head and shoulders crash into the floor three times before she finally yields.

I lower her down and towel off - she's standing nearby as I toss on some jeans. She's in tan shorts and a tight fitting t-shirt. Gym clothes. She leans into me when she sees an opportunity to do so - straddling my right thigh and grinding against me. I can feel the wide base of a latex plug on my leg, and I allow her to wrap her arms around me. Her chest is hard and bony, the sports bra flattening her chest completely, but her inner thighs are a soft contrast to her hard thrusting pelvis. She's looking up into my eyes, her brown hair pulled back, and her urgency has become a full body activity as she tries to crush herself into me.

Her breath is coming in rasps now and she may be muttering something. Then I watch as her eyes roll back into her head and she climaxes. After her orgasm she breaks the tight grip, and I move to my bed and look her over. The shorts have ridden up her hips a bit and her white panties are exposed as well as a bulge in mid crotch. She runs her fingers down her waist to her hips, smoothing her shorts down and then draws her fingers up over her pelvis while looking at me.

"I'm completely full," she says in a simple direct tone. "And that plug - Jay picked it and fucked it up his ass before shoving it up mine. The base is to the plug filling and stretching my ass. It's completely forced the other toy inside of me."

She paused - waiting for a response or comment or desire or praise or something. "Do you know how big it is?" She asked rhetorically. Before I can respond she says "The small plug."

"The medium one," I say knowing from the base it is at least the three inch wide trailer hitch or maybe the three and three quarter inch wide conical plug.

"That's small for me now. It just has to be shoved in because I already had something in the

front. Jay gets off wrecking my ass." Her reply is simple and matter of fact.

The "just like you used to" is left unsaid. Maybe it's a challenge, an attempt to get a rise out of me. I just shrug and it all fades away.

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by Max

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