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Story: DRAFT - Angel: Unintended Gifts

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Title: DRAFT - Angel: Unintended Gifts

Universe: Tom, Angel

Summary: Angel's best friend, Tara, is taking her shot at Tom. Tis the season for giving, and it's better to give than receive, right? Cheating on her bestie isn't nice, but Tom makes sure he puts Tara through her paces.

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DRAFT - Unintended Gifts  
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written by Max

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"No way in hell," Tom growled. His shoulders were set, and his hands flexed with menace. "You want to set the dogs on me... you think a few jackasses wrapped around your finger can walk up to me and threaten me... get the hell out of my way and don't come back until you have a plan for making amends for this fuck up of yours."

Any other man would be shaking with rage or shouting a string of obscenities. But Angel knew how seriously pissed off Tom was by the extreme control in his voice. There was no way to make up for Greg and Alan coming out to talk with Tom. No way to cover up the fact that they did so because Angel had complained to them about how Tom didn't respect her. No way to cover up a few too many drinks on top of not being ready to leave on time because Angel wanted to avoid wearing anything out to the club. But Angel still felt it was completely unfair for him to blow up at her about it.

Before she could say anything though, Tom ended the discussion. He took out his wallet, pulled a couple of twenties out, and threw them at Angel before turning and getting into his SUV. No further words. Nothing more to say. And he drove off without even looking back to see Angel's tears.

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Standing on his front step, Tara could see past Tom. Behind him the warm orange glow of a fire flickered across dimly lit walls, and Tara imagined the warmth giving her courage to be bold. She reached out to Tom's chest and ran her hand over his pecs. He wasn't ripped, but Tara liked the contours and firmness of his body underneath a snug fitting black tshirt. Tom just stood there, curious and slightly bemused by Tara's distraction, and waited for her to explain why she was ringing his doorbell at five in the morning.

The long haired brunette got to her point slowly. With a classic hair flip, and a million watt smile, Tara left one hand resting on Tom's chest. Then she wet her lips, her tongue slowly sliding over the cherry red lipstick she'd touched up in the car, and she made her interest obvious. Angel was tucked into her bed, crashing at Tara's apartment until Tom's temper cooled off, and Tara knew Tom was home alone. Her words sang out with a soft southern accent, plucking gentle harmonies that rose and fell with Tara's rounded breasts. "Angel is safe... back at my place for the weekend." She squeezed Tom's hard chest, french tipped nails dragging over black cotton, and looked up into those hard rootbeer eyes. "She'd had a lot to drink - so she's out like a light."

Tom only nodded in response. He was too angry to sleep so he had been meditating in front of the gas fireplace. Its unnatural silence had bothered him, the lack of crackling wood and coals settling seemed out of season, but Tara's voice was more threatening. Women in the south

had turned out to be a continuous contradiction, and as much as Tom tried to roll with it - they unnerved him quite a bit.

Tara lightly pushed on Tom's chest, encouraging him to back from the doorway so she could come in. When Tom actively resisted her attempt to steer him, Tara tried a more social approach. "I figured you might need to talk..." Tom was still immovable, and Tara shrugged. Her charms worked on most men, but she hadn't expected Tom to be easy. She turned up the heat, smiling broadly to show off her red lips and dimples while stroking Tom's chest. Her offer cut to the chase. "Or maybe you would like a no strings attached fuck."

Whether he meant to or not, Tom clearly sized Tara up with a glance. His eyes blatantly roamed up and down her curves. She wanted to believe his gaze lingered a bit on her well formed tits and her disarming smile, but Tara was much more aware of Tom's interests than he knew. So she suspected he was sizing her up while judging the spread of her hips and pelvis, and her intentionally slightly open stance, to determine if a five foot tall woman like Tara could handle the kinds of play he enjoyed.

Tara must have passed the test. Tom stepped back and beckoned her in.

She followed him with a smile and sashay of her hips. Angel had never invited Tara over despite how often they went out drinking together. Some unspoken rule about Tom deciding who could come and go, and Angel preferring to hang out elsewhere to avoid his moods. Out at the club Tom could be a complete jerk - utterly disinterested in people unless he wanted something from them - so Tara had never suspected this side of him existed. The furnishings were comfortable but obviously well made. She passed a den with two walls of floor to ceiling books and a pillow strewn couch. Then she entered the living room where wooden shelves full of CDs and DVDs lined the long wall, a fireplace faced the atrium, and a bar style counter top finished the half wall shared with the kitchen. Tara looked around and saw the Christmas tree tucked in the corner with piles of wrapped presents underneath it. She was already wondering what the hell Angel was always complaining about. If one of her boyfriends had this sort of lifestyle then Tara would be living the good life with her mouth shut.

Tom scooped up a large tumbler from the counter, took a long drink, and then set it back down. "Do you want something?" he asked politely and gestured toward the kitchen. "I can make you a sandwich, and there's sweet tea and lemonade in the fridge." His calm even tones matched the half light from the track lighting overhead and the dull flicker of the flames in the fireplace.

"Yeah," Tara said and made sure to turn on her most innocent smile. "You. On Angel's bed." She read his hesitance, expected he might protest or resist, but after thinking it over Tom just took another long swig of his drink. "You're ok with that, right?"

"Charming," Tom murmured. The sound of the tumbler being set down just a touch too hard into the counter punctuated his brief statement. Then Tara watched as he walked up to her.

His hands were strong, and there was no lack of interest in how Tom ran them over Tara's back and explored the smooth swell of her buttocks. She tilted back her head, and his mouth found hers to be willing and moist in anticipation of his attentions. There was a pause, his fingers deftly untucking Tara's shirt, and then his hands slid over bare skin to her mid back. She whispered "Yes" to his lips, felt him pause while probing the clasps of her bra strap, and then he released her breasts from bondage. They sagged onto Tom's sternum, soft and full, and he ran his hands over Tara's ribs to cradle each in the natural curve of his thumb and pointing finger while still tasting her lips with one kiss after another.

If it wasn't for her jeans, Tara probably would have filled the room with her sweet aroma. She hadn't expected this - whatever the hell it was - but Tom was touching her like he'd been her lover for years. He didn't ask questions, didn't seem concerned or worried, and Tara sensed he had always known she would come to his door one day. Her panties were clinging to the blushing curves of her moist mound, and Tara had to focus to hold on to her intentions while Tom's caresses and kisses threatened to sweep her away.

He noticed. Tom slowly eased his hands out from underneath her shirt, leaving the warm flushed skin of Tara's chest, and then backed away half a step after one last long kiss. "You had something in mind?" His directness didn't surprise Tara - she knew Tom was as blunt as he wanted to be most of the time. "You told me once that you were multi-orgasmic... did I set you off too quickly?"

Only then did Tara realize how much she was burning up. Her face was bright red, she was sure of it, and Tara could feel beads of perspiration on the back of her neck underneath her long hair. But it was her rapid and shallow breathing, the tightness in her chest, and the way her hands trembled as she reached out to Tom that shook Tara up. He, Tom, wasn't supposed to affect her like this. "No..." she replied while trying to master her body's strong desire to

hold Tom close. For distraction, Tara looked away from him and toward the living room. "Is that the couch..."

With a comfortable laugh, Tom answered, "Of course." He hooked a hand into Tara's elbow, and guided her over to sit with him. "Selected by a good friend - she understood the three principles that make a couch wonderful."

Tom was close enough to touch, but letting Tara catch her breath. She knew it was a set up. She asked Tom to repeat the story of the couch anyway, intentionally stalling while trying to decide on what she really wanted with Angel's man. "And those principles are?"

Tom sat down and eased Tara down next him. He turned so his back was on the pillows arrayed on the arm of the couch, and stretched out his legs. "It needs to be comfortable enough to sink in to." He rearranged Tara a bit so he could place one of his legs behind her lower back. With a pat of her hand he continued, "It needs to be supportive enough to allow for casual reclining without risk of falling over or in." Satisfied that Tara was positioned comfortably, Tom settled into the pillows behind his back. "And..."

"It needs to be good for fucking," Tara finished for Tom. She had her plan in hand now. She'd tease him with the goods, suck Tom closer, and then take it from there. Tara was sure Tom had intentionally pushed her buttons just to show her he could because now he seemed very hands off. "So what do you like in a good fuck?"

Another hair flip. Another million watt smile. Tom was groaning inwardly over how painful watching this attempt at seduction was going to be. He'd even given Tara the rope to hang herself, they could have fucked as soon as Tom got under her clothes. But instead he now had to sit through whatever poorly conceived con Tara needed to get comfortable with her decision to break every rule in the best friends book and come over to screw him while Angel was sleeping off a dozen mixed drinks at Tara's place. He changed the topic deliberately out of boredom. "Can you orgasm without being touched? Have you tried?"

"What... what do you mean exactly?" Tara looked suspiciously at how Tom kept his hands to himself. "Without being touched by you - or by me?" She wasn't going to put on a show for Tom. She knew from Angel's whining that he preferred Angel to do all the hard work while he watched. Tara wanted to at least see Tom in action first.

"Not being touched at all." Tom smiled darkly. Tara had brought up being multi-orgasmic and overly sensitive a few times. Now he guessed it was a competitive statement - something said to emphasize Tara's superior sexuality. "If you can't then that's ok - I mean I don't know many women who could. Just wiggling a bit, thinking about how hot and swollen their lips were, feeling the fluttering within their pussies... it gets them rev'ed up but not all the way."

The words sunk in with barbed hooks that Tara couldn't help responding to. "Oh, if I've got something good to think about... it's not like I have to play with myself to get off..." Tara thought Tom might be leading to something else as well so she put her foot down fast. "But I'm a tight girl - even if I play with myself I only use two fingers..." Her voice trailed off while she slowly looked over Tom's hands. "Two fingers or a cock..."

Tom put his hand on Tara's thigh. "And nothing ever in your ass, right?" He teased her with a slow shake of his head. "It's only a couple of weeks to Christmas, and I've got a virgin on my couch."

Tara pushed her pelvis out, rolling to one side to encourage Tom's hand to make contact with her crotch. "Hardly a virgin..." she snorted. "But there's nothing that would get me turned on enough to let you finger my ass." She put the challenge out there, unwittingly locking herself in a trap of her own making. And then she took Tom's hand and put it on the zipper of her trousers.

Amused by how forward Tara was when she thought the game was in hand, Tom took his time unbuttoning her fly and then pushing the zipper down. Her skin was soft and pale, the underbelly of a woman who never uses more than two fingers because she's afraid of getting stretched out. The irony of her coming to Tom to be fucked, screwing over Angel deliberately, and expecting he would follow her rules... he chuckled to himself while running his hand up under Tara's shirt and helping her pull it off. She looked good topless, despite showing no indication of ever working out. Tom ran his fingertips over Tara's breasts, testing how her nipples responded to being stroked and caressed, and then he focused on her face. "So you're saying if I tell you a dirty story then you might be able to cum without touching yourself?"

"It'd have to be good."

Tom gestured and Tara moved closer. She had to partially get up and sit down again, and she settled in close between Tom's legs with her buttocks on his thigh and the base of his cock

against her leg. Despite the warmth of the room, Tara's nipples were so hard that they ached – and she hoped Tom knew to do something about that. When he leaned forward, Tara was hoping to feel his tongue on her breasts.

Her arms goose pimpled as soon as Tom exhaled warm breath on to Tara's neck. His fingers brushed back her long hair, and he whispered into her ear. "Something you would never fantasize about. Something you would never do. Something like taking you upstairs and pounding my cock into you while you feel your ass sinking into the mattress... your wetness spilling out on to the sheets... your breasts crushed against my chest... knowing... knowing all along... knowing each time my cock is buried into you... each time my balls are grinding into your swollen lips... that I fucked Angel in the same spot less than twenty-four hours ago." Even though the impact of his words were obvious, Tom saw no reason to let Tara catch her breath a second time. "And after that... I should take you to each room... starting with Angel's spare room... and finger you until you cum... on her pillows, on her sheets, in her closet, bent over her desk, on the kitchen chair she always uses... Oh, you would never do something like that. You would never go from room to room, orgasming over and over, leaving your scent and sticky juices to mark Angel's territory."

Her chest was heaving, and Tara was gasping for breath. Only Tom's grip on her shoulder kept her ear close enough for him to continue whispering. The ache from her nipples had been replaced with an unavoidable awareness of her soaked panties riding up between her buttocks. And Tara could feel how close she was to sliming herself even more.

Tom tested her. His hand moved to her waist. Tara batted it away. "No touching," she wheezed. "So close..."

With an invitation like that Tom couldn't help himself. "You're just a bitch in heat... always wet, always a moment away from cumming... You want to mark your territory. You want to make sure any other bitch can tell where you've been. You can't help yourself. You can smell Angel on me. And you want her to smell you... on my fingers, on my mouth, on my chest..." He lightly stroked Tara's breasts and she shuddered in response. "You want Angel to taste your pussy on my cock. You dirty bitch... You'd fuck our dog just to prove you were better than Angel. Maybe you should do that next... maybe I should take you out to the backyard... he's smaller than two fingers I'm sure..." The look on Angel's face when you're his new favorite and he ignores her..."

She couldn't take any more. Tara moaned "Fuck..." while her sex pulsed and squeezed out thick creamy cunt juice. Even if she hadn't orgasmed properly, her pussy had worked itself into a frothing mess. She turned her head and kissed Tom while leaning into him. Together they slowly breathed in and out until Tara could form words with her mouth again. "That was..."

Tom covered up his boredom well. At least Tara lived up to her boasting. "Are you ready to go out to the deck?" The evil in his voice was plainly evident.

"Oh god... no... I couldn't do that." Tara tried to pull away from him, but Tom held her against him with one arm wrapped around her shoulders. "Let go... you wouldn't dare!"

With a laugh, Tom released Tara. "We only have Ghost. We don't have a dog. I guess you're all talk and no action." Tom had Tara where he wanted her now. And based on the look in her eyes, she knew it.

She smacked Tom on the arm. Once. Then a second time. Then a third time for good measure. It felt good – hitting him for teasing her. It almost covered up how ready she was to let him drag her out on her hands and knees and get fucked by whatever Tom wanted. Almost. "Have you made her cum on this couch?" she asked once Tara was done showing she could fight back.

"Yes. Are you ready for the tour?"

She winked, flipped her hair back, and flashed Tom a smile. "One room at a time... I want you to cum on my tits in her bed."

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Thud, thud, thud. Tara pushed her buttocks into Tom's strokes. His hard pelvis smacked into her soft curves, and she could feel the bruising rhythm deep in her stomach. Her forearms kept her chest from collapsing into the mattress, but Tara's breasts ached from rocking forward into her chin. She gave in, lowering herself down and letting her forehead support some of her weight. Then Tara panicked for a moment when Tom's hands moved to her hips and he whispered, "Dirty doggy bitch..." But she couldn't get back up – and another orgasmic splash of wetness engulfed his latex sheathed cock. The sloppy wet sounds of her pussy filled the room once again while Tara drooled a bit on to Angel's pillow.

Again. Tom seemed to enjoy this more now. Tara felt how his two fingers explored her well worked pussy. She had to reach between her legs and feel his hand to make sure Tom didn't try to put in a third. She cupped her pubis so Tom's two fingers slid between her spread fingers. Her entire mound was soaked and sticky with pussy juices, and Tara was impressed by how tirelessly Tom had worked to over stimulate her quivering vaginal walls. Tom withdrew his fingers and then pressed against the top of hers. It took her a moment to understand what he wanted, and then Tara allowed Tom to push two of her fingers into her opening. Her pussy was burning hot, slick and slippery, and yawning for more. She couldn't deny that last because Tara could feel her pussy hollowing out around her fingers. Tara didn't even fight Tom as he pushed a finger in alongside hers, using it to guide her to press down on a spot along the front wall of her pussy. Her sex clenched tight, squeezing down on the three fingers thrust into it, and Tara let her fingers fall away after her orgasm crushed them.

Again. Tara's pussy ached and she couldn't take much more. He must have felt her hesitating because Tom slowed and tipped his head so he could kiss and murmur to the top of Tara's head. "I make her sit right there..." he crooned. "Stuffing her ass with a skinny cock dildo..." His hand squeezed her ass cheek with fingers pressing on her anus while his cock rocked within her spasming pussy. "You'd like that too... riding a rubber cock... feeling it sliding deeper and deeper... the fake balls splitting your buttocks..." Tara could tell Tom wasn't trying to penetrate her bottom, but her asshole was being pulled open anyway. She fought it, squeezing her buttocks together, but she couldn't do that forever. Tom's cock lurched within her pussy when Tara finally relaxed. "What a lovely bitch in heat... your pussy is so wet... you can feel how well lubed your ass is getting." Then Tom kissed the top of her head and began pounding into Tara while his hands moved lower to push her thighs up and to the side. "Let's make sure every drip of your cum runs down over your tight virgin asshole."

Again. Tara sank into the pillow top of Tom's bed, feeling the firm mattress underneath catching her hips every time his pistonning strokes slammed her into it. She was just hanging on now, occasionally wrapping her arms around Tom's powerful chest, but mostly limp. Tom didn't seem to mind Tara's transformation into a broken fuck doll. He seemed to expect it - expect Tara to yield, to breakdown, to be reduced to a living pillow with a slippery hole that he could hammer with his sheathed cock. Thrust after thrust. Her pelvis was bruised, her pussy sore, her clit so swollen that Tara was thankful Tom didn't sink deep and grind over it any more. Yet he worked her body more, driving Tara to the next orgasm. If it happened then Tara wasn't sure she would know. She feebly pushed up on his chest, and Tom smiled at her with glistening rootbeer eyes. He got up from between her thighs, and then flipped Tara over. She was face first in the pillows, forced to turn her head to the side to breathe, and Tom asked, "Can you smell Angel's perfume?" Her pussy was suddenly dripping wet, and Tom plunged into it with a single thrust while holding Tara's thigh to keep her from flattening out underneath him. But that's all she had left - and Tara finally succumbed to a hazy stupor while Tom got in his last strokes before pulling out and cleaning up. When he came back to bed, Tom positioned Tara so he was spooning her, and they fell asleep.

Again. His cock twitched and pressed into the cleft between Tara's buttocks. She tried to forget it was there, but her pussy was already dripping. Tara reached back and stroked Tom's semi-rigid shaft. He moved away from her, letting Tara's fingers slide up and down his flesh more easily. Then he pushed into her backside, brushing her hand away, and Tara felt the head of his cock teasing her rosebud as he applied deliberate pressure against her virgin asshole. She fell back to sleep while Tom held her to his chest, cradling her breasts with one arm, and kissing the back of her neck.

Again. Tara moaned a bit and tipped her pelvis forward. Tom's bare cock cleaved her wet labia and pushed into her clitoris from underneath. She needed to adjust again, just to make sure he wasn't inside of her pussy like that, and then she dozed off knowing that Tom was just as capable of fucking her asleep as awake. His throbbing stiffness caused her inner walls to spasm and push out more juices - soaking Tom's cock and her inner thighs.

Again. Tom felt the weak resistance of Tara's anus, and then her whole body froze as his glans entered her ass. She didn't squeeze down to push him out. He didn't thrust forward to push himself in. They delicately balanced like that, with just a half inch of cock penetrating Tara's bottom and the Tom's shaft tightly gripped by Tara's sphincter. Neither said anything, though Tara's breathing was irregular for quite a while. Not that Tom would know. He fell asleep waiting for her to decide what she wanted.

Again. Tara pushed back, gripping Tom's hip, pulling herself on to his cock. Her pussy was in overdrive, feverishly clenching, but its only satisfaction was the phantom sensations of Tom's cock pushing deeper alongside her inner walls. It burned and ached and yet Tara kept going. She didn't stop until she was sure that Tom was completely buried in her ass. Then his fingers massaging her heavy breasts and swollen nipples helped her relax. Eventually they fell asleep like that, with Tom still filling her bottom.

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Tom got up first, the soft mid morning light coming through the bedroom blinds and reminding him that there was work to be done even on a Saturday. He had fallen out of Tara's ass hours before - which guaranteed he'd need to wash up and change the sheets. He smirked to himself, amused knowing Tara would be disappointed that the evidence of her thorough fucking would be removed. She had been so uncontrollably turned on by the idea of leaving her mark wherever Angel might find it. He eased out of bed and stood naked on the cold wood floor. After a moment's hesitation, Tom decided there was no reason to wake Tara until she was ready to get up. He'd worn her out, and Tom suspected Tara would be full of piss and vinegar to make up for her willingness to let Tom past her boundaries throughout the night.

He took a shower, got dressed, made a brief detour to show his appreciation, and headed downstairs to get his day started. There were still Christmas presents to order, and Tom needed to make sure he'd either received everything he ordered for Angel or that he had tracking information for packages on route. Alyssa's birthday was coming up as well, so he needed to take care of that.

Tara watched Tom through slitted eyes. She wasn't used to being allowed to sleep in. It was a luxury. And Tara had expected Tom to wake her up and kick her out. It's what she was used to from other men. Instead he seemed comfortable leaving her in his big cozy bed. Tom didn't even seem to care that she was there. She'd frozen when he'd swung back through the bedroom and dropped something off. But once Tara was sure that Tom wasn't coming back, she turned over and checked what he had left on the pillow.

At first glance it was just a card with a suspicious bulge in it. Tara picked it up. The pale blue envelope had something slightly thicker and heavier than just a card - and she could hear it moving when she gently shook the envelope. Tara held still and listened closely, but all she could hear was Tom fussing around in the kitchen - the fridge door opening and closing, and the sound of cereal being poured out into a bowl. She turned her attention back to the envelope. The top flap was tucked in instead of sealed and Tara took that as an invitation to open it now rather than later.

With one ear out for trouble, Tara pried the flap up and slid out the card. It was a night time Christmas scene with "Happy Holidays" in silver gilded script across the front. Clear tape along the sides and bottom held the card shut. There was definitely something inside the card. It took a single french tipped fingernail dragged along the left edge to split the tape and then Tara could turn the card sideways...

A woven silver bracelet slid out on to the bedsheets, and Tara had to scoop it up before it got away from her. It was dainty but well made. Tara dangled it from her fingers and examined it, surprised by how it shined in the weak winter daylight. The metal was twisted around itself in an continuously interlocking spiral. The fine weave had just enough texture that Tara could feel the outer curve of the silver with her fingertips, but it was smooth enough that it didn't grab the skin on her wrist when she tried it on. Tara was surprised by how nice the bracelet fit and how good it looked on her. But before she got too attached, she took the silver bracelet off and poured it into the empty envelope. It only took a moment to fold the flap down and make sure the envelope was secure.

Then Tara undid the remaining tape around the edges of the Christmas card. After seeing how deliberate Tom was when it came to her body and mind, Tara had no doubt there was an explanation to go with the present. She opened the card and saw what Tom had written in tight manuscript. Then re-read it. All it said was "Merry Christmas, Tara. Your unexpected gift deserves one in turn. Best wishes, Tom." And under his name was a little flourish - a cross shape with a loop over the top. Riddles. Tara wasn't sure what Tom meant by her "unexpected gift."

Tara carefully reached over the side of bed and dropped the card and envelope onto the floor by her clothes. Then she rolled back into the middle of the bed and pulled up the covers. Her pussy was still soaking wet, but Tara was too angry to think about it. She couldn't imagine anyone as stupid as Angel to screw things up with a man like Tom. She was sure every gift under the Christmas tree downstairs was for Angel - and Angel probably hadn't gotten anything for Tom. Which made her wonder if Tom had just given Tara something he'd intended for Angel. That put a wicked smile on her face. Tara knew it would serve Angel right if Tom started giving gifts to women who would actually shut up and fuck him. She pushed into the pillows, turning her head so she wasn't pulling on her own hair, and getting comfortable. Then Tara dozed off wondering what it'd be like to have a nice bed like Tom's for her own.

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by Max

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