

Angel Baby Part I

By harrylime

Published on Lush Stories on 09 Sep 2011

All Harry Lime stories are copyrighted under application made August 15, 2011 #441275 copyright @ directlegal.com All requests to download or reprint these stories will be granted after contacting the author at this site or at kattawatta33@hotmail.com. All Harry Lime stories will soon be available on Amazon.com as kindle E-books Volume I is released. Vol II will be released October 2011 and Vol III will be released December 2011. Additional copyright information will be posted on the Amazon. com site.

When the orgasm hit her, Angela pushed her ass back against the ceramic tank almost breaking it.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/angel-baby-part-i.aspx>

Banished!

That was a terrible word. Angela knew she was at fault but she wasn't the only one to transgress with the human species. It was all so silly that her simple explanation sounded false even to her own ears.

She knew she was not truly a heavenly creature.

Angela was offspring of a Throne entity and human innocent developed in the mist of limbo existence. Human in appearance, she was almost immediately the subject of ridicule by the winged light holders around her. She was not capable of casting the light or temporal shifting. Poor Angela had empathy for the stranded human flotsam and jetsam wandering the halls of limbo waiting for some form of divine intervention to send them on their way.

She had to admit it was a big step up from purgatory and the anguish of bewildered hordes of humans denied heavenly entrance. Angela had full access to heaven and the joys of being literally in the hand of the Creator. She was extremely fair of face and possessed of superior female attributes.

As a quasi-Throne, she usually was granted more respect than even Archangels with their many confused missions and conflicting agendas. If she had been a full blooded Throne, she would have powers never imagined by the majority of the more common angels.

Her banishment was temporary, but Angela felt properly chastised nevertheless.

Angela's issue was her inability to drive her desires for fleshly pleasures out of her mind. The need for human contact made her sleepless at night and kept her in a state of agitation most of her waking hours. When she was caught in bed with a young human girl who had been waiting a full 18 years for a sign of deliverance, her sentence was pronounced in a matter of hours.

10 years of Earth time to learn the error of her ways.

Here she was, only she wasn't quite sure where here actually was. Angela was sitting on the side of the dusty road on a milk crate wearing only a simple linen covering and no shoes. After all, there was no need for shoes in heaven or purgatory or limbo for that matter. Everybody just sort of floated. It sounded silly now just like her honestly spoken explanation for sharing a bed with Rebecca, but that was the way of it.

The sign on the other side of the highway said "Truth or Consequences, N.M." Angela knew exactly what Truth meant and she knew what Consequences meant, but she had absolutely no idea at all what N.M. signified.

Her Throne creator had made her in his image in a pique of jealousy caused by the overbearing Seraphim constantly infringing into his realm.

He knew she was not mortal. She could never be that human. Angela was so human in appearance that most of the Angels assumed that she was mortal just like all the other lower creations. The Angelic choirs tended to be a bit upper-class minded when it came to such considerations. The only exceptions were the Guardian Angels. They were a separate class entirely with their own agenda.

Angela's cross-bred humanity made her susceptible to those base instincts that insured the continuation of the human race. The one that seemed to bother her the most was the one that made her want to cleave her flesh with the male gender humans. She did enjoy the contact with the females of the species, but only because she enjoyed their sounds of pleasure and their soft submissiveness.

Here she was early in the morning. She had been sitting on the crate for almost an hour now and wanted to get to a shelter place because the rising Sun would surely redden her skin and suck the moisture from her slender body. Angela knew she could not move on her feet because the hot pavement would burn the bottom of her feet and the gravel would puncture her delicate skin.

Hopefully, a kind human would transport her to a location where she could secure sustenance and replenishment for her fluid losses. A pair of thongs wouldn't hurt either. She needed thongs for her

feet, not for her hidden pleasure entrances.

A rather large, yellow conveyance approached her. It was making a terrible racket and appeared to be on its last legs. The yellow thing shuddered to a halt just past her sitting place. Angela ran up to the door on the side and when it opened, she saw a number of little human boys and girls all sitting in their seats. They looked at her with some astonishment because this was definitely not a normal thing for them.

The rotund driver was female, fifty, and quite fat.

“Hop on board, honey, I got to keep my schedule. You got to stay in the first seat and don’t talk to the children. Else, I will get in trouble with the dispatcher for sure. We can’t have you sitting out there in the desert sun with no water, so I would judge it to be an emergency.”

Angela was happy to sit inside the bus. She smiled brightly and all the children were calm and went back to their conversations with their friends. She was just another “grown-up” and of no interest to them in their world of worry-free childhood.

The drivers name was Consuela.

Angela rolled that name on her tongue. It sounded musical to her.

“You’re not from around here, are you, honey?”

She quickly devised an appropriate story asking her creator for forgiveness for her lack of truthfulness in advance just to be on the safe side. Sin was such a dangerous threat on the path to salvation.

“My boyfriend kicked me out of the car because I did not want to do what he wanted me to do.”

This was delivered in an almost whisper so little ears in the back could not hear.

The bus driver was fully satisfied and did not pursue her interrogation any further.

It was about 7 miles to the edge of town and the small schoolhouse. After the children had all left for their classes, Consuela asked Angela if she wanted to go to the “IHOP” for some “Pancakes”.

She had no idea what an “IHOP” was, but the word pancakes was familiar from a past conversation with some of the stranded humans. They sometimes lamented the lack of pancakes and a good cup of “coffee” in their plane of existence. When she asked Consuela what an “IHOP” was, the heavysset

lady laughed,

“Honey, if you don’t know what an IHOP is, you are in for a treat. It stands for “International House of Pancakes”. Why you will think you were sent to heaven.”

Consuela parked the bus on the street right in front of the restaurant. It was obviously too difficult to try and maneuver the large vehicle in the small parking lot on the side.

“Just a sec, honey, let me check my lost and found. Yup, just as I thought, here is a nice pair of flip flops for you. They may be a little small but your feet will sure appreciate them.”

Angela put them on and they fit her feet perfectly. She leaned down and hugged Consuela. The bus driver was so round, she could barely get her arms around her.

Consuela’s face got all red and she patted Angela’s delicate hand with her work roughened hands. She told her not to mention it. It was the least she could do to help out a “stranded woman”. The kind-hearted woman had no idea just how “stranded” poor Angela really was.

The restaurant was crowded with locals and a smattering of tourists and travelers looking to placate their empty bellies before hitting the road.

The clattering of glasses and dish ware blended in with the buzzing murmurs of the hungry patrons. A harried looking older black female brought 2 glasses of water to their table and held her order pad at the ready.

“I’m getting a stack, honey, how about you?”

Not quite certain exactly what a “stack” was comprised of, Angela replied,

“I would like some pancakes, please, but I don’t have any money at all!”

“Don’t you worry your pretty little head about that, girl. I got this covered. Bring us the coffee pot and a couple of cups, Betty. We need some Java to get us motivated.”

“Consuela, what is Java? I am not familiar with that word.”

Consuela laughed and hit the table with her hand.

“That’s a good one, Angela. I thought everyone knew Java was plain old coffee. Where have you

been hiding all your life?”

Angela realized she had to be more flexible and relaxed to fit in without notice.

When the pancakes arrived at the table, she was astonished to see how many there were on each plate. She told Consuela that she didn't think she could eat all of them. The friendly bus driver told her to eat what she wanted and she would finish off what was left so they wouldn't go to waste. Consuela wound up eating about half of Angela's order. Angela was amazed at the way they disappeared into her new friend's mouth.

While Consuela was eating, Angela told her a short story of how she had run away from a foster home in the East with a boy who promised to marry her and quickly changed his mind after he took all her money. She reassured herself that it could have happened that way and it was a story that harmed no one and could be excused as necessary to make her seem as normal as possible.

The next morning, Angela woke up in the Army surplus cot Consuela set up for her in the basement of her small house. The bus driver's family consisted of her younger sister, Maria, and her elderly Father, Jose. Her husband was serving a long term in the State prison for armed robbery of a liquor store in Albuquerque, New Mexico about 3 years prior. Now she knew what N.M. stood for.

Maria was a schoolteacher and was so prim and proper that Angela felt guilty for looking as pretty as she did. She told Angela the first thing she had to do was get a proper bra to hold her pert upturned breasts in check. She even took several of her white "granny" panties from her drawer and told Angela to wear them at all times so men could not peek up her dress and see her private parts. Maria had Angela bend over with the panties on so she could adjust the edges to cover all of her fully curved ass cheeks. It seemed like her fingers were back there an awfully long time, but Angela dismissed the thought as silly. What would an attractive middle-aged woman want with her silly bottom?

The Father, Jose, was weathered and a little bit shriveled from years of hard work. Angela was a frightened of him because he looked her straight in the eye and said,

“Angela, is it? Yes, Angela, an Angel sent from the heavens to help send me on my way. Pray for a poor sinner, little angel. Make me free from sin, I implore you.”

She could tell when she touched the top of the old man's head he was already a shriven sinner and had no obstacles to final salvation. She realized he had mistaken her for an angel of death. Angela always tried to stay out of their way because they were so single-minded and tended to be sticklers for procedure.

“You are free, Father Jose, be not afraid.”

He looked at her and nodded his head, silently.

Before Consuela left for the regular school bus run, she told Angela there was a job opening in the City Library on Constitution Plaza. Maria told her she could ride with her to the intersection only 2 blocks from the Library. She could not deviate from her route or she would be late for school. It was a small Volkswagen that Maria proudly told her already had 200,000 miles on it. All the way to the drop-off point, Maria kept up a constant barrage of chatter filling Angela in on all the ins and outs of life in Truth or Consequences, N.M. Every time that Maria had to shift the gears, Angela felt her hands rubbing her knees and the sides of her bare legs. It didn't bother Angela. In fact, she liked the contact, but it tended to make her slit puddle up a bit and wet her “granny” panties.

Angela walked the short two blocks to the Library briskly and with a step that made her shortened dress swing nicely in the breeze. She noticed several males were ogling her bottom and her bare legs as she passed. She could feel her tummy start to get the little tingles when her urge to have human contact got strong. She felt a little flushed, but that could be due to the exercise.

When she got to the Library, Angela made a beeline to the ladies room. She went into the last stall and pulled down her white granny panties. Angela could see the telltale spot of wetness right in the center where her juices had started with Maria's hands on her legs. She took the tampon stick and began to slide it up and down her slit. She pushed it into her vagina enough to make her gasp in sexual arousal at the probing. She tickled her clitoris milking some more drops of pussy juice onto her questing hands. Angela started to rub seriously now. She was in the grip of a need only she could gauge fully.

Instead of saying dirty things, Angela was praying in a low voice. She was praying to be forgiven for her naughty surrender to her own base desire for physical release. It was too late to stop. The wave of passion was on her. Her juices were starting to flow. She could feel her anus opening and closing and her pussy lips trembled with intense desire for penetration.

When it hit her, Angela pushed her ass back against the ceramic commode tank almost breaking it. She grabbed hold of the paper dispenser and hit the metal wall with her hand. Her feet came up and banged into the stall door hard enough to loosen the hinges. After the convulsions were over, she smoothed her clothing into a semblance of order and exited the small stall. Two women at the sink looked at her with a mixture of jealousy and disbelief.

She got the job at the Library and was to start the next morning.

Angela smiled thinking how pleased Maria would be to have her bare knees so conveniently placed next to her gear shift each morning for some mutual relaxation exercises.