

Slipping into Depravity, Chapter 45 - Fetish Pretzel, twisted but open at both ends

"You two," he said finally, "you're such a beautiful couple."

"A beautiful threesome," Sam corrected, but Leroy only smiled indulgently.

I rubbed my calves sensuously back and forth on other side of his body, trying to draw attention to my pussy. Maybe it was working, as my leg brushed against the front of his boxers, I felt him filling out. Casually, he reached down to adjust it.

"Penny for your thoughts," I said.

His smile grew tighter, more evil and exciting. I felt Sam shift behind me, yeah, he was picking it up too. Our little devil was definitely getting horny. I batted my eyelids.

"Are you sure?" he said. "They're dirty thoughts."

"The better be," I teased.

He nodded.

"I really want to fuck your ass," he said. "I want to fuck it dry. And I want to fuck the shit out of it."

Yow!

"Yikes!" I said, eyes wide and virginally innocent. "Those are dirty thoughts! I'm shocked."

Then I couldn't hold it together any more, and giggled and stuck my tongue out. I turned my head, looking up at Sam, looking down at me. Our eyes met.

Then we burst out laughing, as Leroy smiled tightly at us, his hand on my naked calf.

I sobered.

"Dry?" I asked. "I don't know about that. Anal, okay, we've done that. But.."

"It'll be fine he assured me," smiling easily, "it'll feel great."

"For you, maybe?" Sam offered.

"Oh no," Leroy assured us. "I'll be careful, she'll love it. It's a special sensation. It's the ultimate."

I giggled.

"Yeahhhhhh," I drawled. "I don't know."

"Come on," he said, "I know what I'm doing. It'll be good. Besides, you're all loose from sweetie there giving you tongue. That's ten times better than lubrication."

"That was fifteen minutes ago," I complained. "No way any of that spit is still wet down there."

I was dry. Not super dry, but dry. Well, actually, kind of tongue wet. But...

"Yeah," he shrugged. "But you're all relaxed back there. It's feeling good. A little high. Come on. Perfect time."

Again that teasing, knowing naughty look.

"I dare you," he said. "Let's give it a try."

"I don't know."

"Sam?" Leroy asked.

"That's cheating!" I protested. "Don't ask him! You're not fucking his ass!"

"I'm staying out of it," Sam said primly.

"It's a democracy, remember," Leroy teased.

I burst out giggling.

"No it's not!" I laughed. "And Sam is on my side anyway."

"Oh come on Sam," Leroy said. "Don't you want to see me fuck her ass again? Wasn't it hot the last time? You got off watching that cherry get busted?"

"It was hot," he admitted.

"There you go," Leroy said. "Come on, girl. You just made Sam lick your asshole. The boy deserves a reward. He wants to watch it again."

"You guys are incorrigible," I laughed. "Sam, go get the lube."

"Sam, no!" Leroy snapped, just an edge of command. Sam, who had been shifting to move, fell back on the couch. "Let's do it dry, it'll feel better."

"It'll hurt!" I complained.

"It's supposed to hurt a little," Leroy smirked. "Just to start, if you're doing it right."

"Fuck that," I replied, with a lot less conviction in my voice than I wanted. "It'll hurt a lot. No way."

"It won't hurt that much," he cajoled. "Come on darling. It won't be more than you can handle, I promise. If it gets too much, you let me know, we'll get the lube."

Our eyes locked. He was smiling, just nodding ever so slightly. It was hard not to nod back automatically. He was challenging, daring me. Did I have the nerve? Was that a challenge? A dare I should rise to?

Something else: Was there something darker in his eyes, something that made me want to keep him smiling? We were all having a great time. What if that stopped? I'd rather it didn't stop.

"Sam?" I asked.

"If it's too much I'll get the lube. If you want to try."

I chewed my lip.

"All right," I whispered. "But the minute I yell uncle!"

"That's the spirit," he laughed. "We're going to take good care of you."

"Likely story," I mocked.

"You're going to love it," he assured me.

I stuck my tongue out at him.

“Honestly,” I said, huffing, “I don’t know why I’m letting the two of you talk me into this. I know I’m going to regret it.”

“Me?” Sam protested. “What did I do?”

“You!” I replied, “with your exquisite rimming skills. There’s no way he would have worn me down if you hadn’t tongue torqued my starfish into bliss.”

I looked back to Leroy.

“How do you want to do this? Bedroom?”

Leroy chuckled.

“Nah. Right here on the couch,” he said. He pushed me upright. “Let’s get you into position. Shift over towards, Sam. Bud, help me out.”

Together, they manhandled me until I was flipped over on my side, facing the couch, head in Sam’s lap. I looked up at them, one leg around Leroy’s shoulder, head near Sam’s crotch, limbs akimbo, I felt like contortionist Barbie. Pretzel porn, twisting the other ways!

“Guys!” I announced stentoriously. “This feels like a most unladylike position!”

Then we laughed.

“You know,” Leroy said thoughtfully, “Sam needs some loving too. How about while I’m fucking your ass dry, you give him head. It’ll take your mind off of things.”

I froze, we all went rigid, forming a tableau. Sam and I looked at each other, astonished, Then we both burst out laughing.

“What the fuck?” I was almost crying, my sides were shaking

“I like my dick attached,” Sam was laughing.

“Oh my god, that’s such an idea,” I snorted out a few giggles.

“Seriously,” Leroy said. Yes. He was serious. Be burst out laughing again, while he just maintained his tight pained expression.

“I am serious,” he repeated, after we’d calmed down. Fucking Leroy I thought, he always does this, whenever he gets something, he pushes for more. But then the epiphany kind of floated away.

“No,” he was saying, “it’ll be wild. We’ve spit roasted her lots, this is just more calisthenic. Kayley knows what she’s doing. You both do. It’ll be safe, but it’ll also be crazy hot.”

“Yeah,” Sam was going, but he was grinning, and I could see a glint in his eyes, “but you’re working at the non-guillotine end.”

“You’re fucking nuts,” I smiled. “What if something goes wrong?”

Leroy shrugged.

“No great loss.”

“Ouch!” Sam said. “Ouch!”

“Oh burn! Sam, you got burned!” I laughed.

“You’re afraid?” Leroy taunted, he was smiling now, genuinely playful. “Don’t trust her?”

“With my life!” Sam replied, I could see they were in guy banter mode. “I don’t trust you.”

Leroy laughed.

“I’ll be all the way over on the other end. It’s not as if I’ll go all the way up her bottom, up her throat and push yours back out,” he replied, “I’m not that big. And even if I was, you might like it.”

Guy banter, this weird combination of competition, simultaneously fanciful and mundane, and laced with homoerotic longing. I hoped it didn’t go on too long. Meanwhile, Sam’s semi-hard cock was dangling right in front of me. I stretched my neck out and took the head in my mouth, squeezing wetly.

The boys went quiet. I glanced up, they were staring.

“What?” I demanded.

They glanced at each other.

“You want to?” Sam asked.

“Give it a try?” I said. “Could be fun. How do you feel?”

“Can you?” by which he meant, ‘you wouldn’t bite me, love of my life?’ I got it.

I lifted my mouth off his cock head and grinned.

“Totes safe!” I slid my lips back over Sam’s cock, squirming to get closer, so I could take the first couple of inches. That’s all you need really. That’s where all the nerves endings are. Most of them. There’s like a ring or something of nerve endings right at the base I think, you can tell because they always want to go deep. But mainly, the fun is at the front.

Leroy’d gotten his way again, I thought vaguely. Funny how that kept happening. It was like he played us off against each other, but not really, it was more like he knew exactly which of us to push and when. It wasn’t a bad thing, I thought, just odd. And honestly, I was kind of intrigued by his proposition. I liked playing with both of them at once, and I especially liked that Sam was in this. He deserved special treatment after his amazing analingus. And you know, it just felt exotic and wild. A lot of sex is just feeling that exotic wild quality.

One arm was digging into the couch cushions, as Leroy manhandled my other end into position, I managed to twist it forward, between Sam’s thighs, and turn my elbow until my hand was brushing Sam’s butt. God, I really was turned into some fetish pretzel, twisted open at both ends. Pressing a finger between his cheeks, I worked the tip towards his little entry. He felt my probe and I felt him deliberately relax.

“All set,” Leroy asked. I twisted my neck around, losing a precious inch of Sam, in order to fix Leroy with one eye, and gave him a thumb’s up.

He nodded, gripping my hips. I could feel him lining his cock up against me. I turned my head back to Sam, taking more of him.

I desperately hoped this wasn’t a really stupid idea. Has that ever happened? Something looks super-intriguing and exciting, and it just seems so compelling, and then it turns out to be

nothing like you imagined at all but sucks horribly and you're horrified, wondering what you were thinking in the first place. I hoped that wasn't this.

I worked my shoulders, taking his cock a little bit further, like a half inch. Sam's cock felt odd in my mouth. I was contorted over to the side, so it was off kilter, all the parts, the shape of it that I knew so well was in different places in my mouth, my lips and tongue and jaws touched different places in different ways.

It was intriguing, to experience Sam in this different way. Even wildly aware of my bodies contortion, my impending deflowering, the new novel sensation of Sam's shape filled my mind. I worked it, both as familiar as my soul and suddenly deliciously alien. I concentrated on it, trying to block everything else out, closing my eyes. I pressed a finger against his asshole, making a purring noise in my throat.

I felt pressure building steadily against my anus as he pushed his cock against it. The pressure shifted, and I recognized the feel, he was moving his hips slightly, rotating a little. Sam did that when we did anal. Leroy had never done that before, where had he picked it up?

I felt myself opening up, the head working. My awareness seemed to flicker back and forth, mainly between the cock in my mouth I hungered to explore, and the intruder working my anus, pushing it open. But the fractured awareness was everywhere, every part of my body was pushed or twisted or positioned in some strained strange new shape. It was impossible not to be aware, not to have my awareness pulled every which way, unable to focus.

Leroy pushed, his hard cock worming against my asshole in its little corkscrew motion. I was surprised at how easily I was opening, Sam had done an amazing job relaxing the muscles. I felt almost pliable back there. Leroy pushed harder, and I felt my body yield suddenly, opening to his head

"Owuagh!" I gasped around Sam's cock, my whole body stiffening.

"There we go," he gloated. My body stiffened all over, I had to concentrate not to bite down, but the involuntary tightening of my whole body sent my finger pushing hard up into his ass. Sam grunted with surprise.

"Almost there," Leroy whispered. He waited for the spasm to pass, for my body's automatic rigidity to ease. His hands were on my body, measuring, gauging tension. I concentrated on Sam, wriggling my finger sensuously, daring to slide back and forth a little, letting him be my focus. As my tongue slid around, my lips tightening rhythmically, I could feel myself drifting.

"Now," Leroy announced. He'd been talking to me, maybe to us, but I didn't have enough attention to register his words. Suddenly he pushed, and for a moment, I felt my ass collapsing inward as he shoved himself deeper. No worming, no corkscrew, I guess he'd decided we were past that.

Crying out involuntarily around Sam's cock, I shooting pain rocketed through me. I went stiff all over, wrenching myself, desperate to keep my jaws wide parted. Sam's cock pushed further into my mouth, his cock head bouncing against junction of my jawbone, pushing up against my gag reflex before diving for my gullet. None of that was Sam, he was holding still, it was just my body lurching from Leroy's invasion.

Fucking asshole! I thought, blinking nonstop, trying to clear my tears.

Leroy's cock felt immense, like he'd shove-forced a tree trunk, my sphincter was taut, like the drum skin, pulled to absolute tension all the way around. It felt distended, stretched so tight that I could literally feel his pulse with my anal ring.

"Okay," I pulled my lips off of Sam's cock, gasping. "Okay, that's enough."

He didn't move. The pain subsided, leaving this persistent hot burning sensation that was almost pleasant. I hadn't felt anything like that before. I'd have to try this with Sam.

"You're doing great, princess," Leroy said. "I knew you could take it."

"You asshole," I lifted off, gulping air, feeling my temples throbbing. But I grinned at him. The adrenaline was kicking in, I found my heart pounding, a light sweat on my brow. This random excitement careened through me. I had the sense of being on a ledge, that we could go any which way. "Happy now?"

"Not yet," he said, "but I'm going to be, once I give you a good ass fucking."

He thrust his hips a little for emphasis, making my whole body shudder. A cold sweat broke out over me. Fuck he felt so big, it felt like I'd sat on a fire hydrant, the way it filled and pushed my insides.

"Here's what we're going to do," he said. "I'm going to stay right here and enjoy the feel of my cock buried in that sweet ass of yours. I'm going to let you get used to it. And while I'm doing that, you suck Sam's cock again, all right. Don't let him come. You just wrap your lips around and focus on that."

"Sounds good," Sam said, he was sounding way too confident.

"You guys," I sneered, winking at Sam. "Always in on it together."

I opened my mouth and slid my lips around Sam's hard pole, taking its reassuring familiarity and hot rigidity into my mouth. It was hard not to think about the streetcar rammed up my bowels, but I made the effort, taking Sam with a series of gulping thrusts that left him gasping. I'd never done that with oral before, not at this angle, it felt different. Fish gulping, it felt funny in my throat, stretching and pushing, but not quite gagging.

"Oh shit!" Sam moaned, ecstatic. He sounded breathless and astonished, even while he lightly stroked my hair, "What she's doing right now! Unbelievable."

This new sensation was almost distracting in itself. But it was exhausting and after a dozen fish gulps, I settled down sucking on his cock head in slow rhythm like a baby with a soother.

The burning sensation increased, as I felt Leroy slowly, carefully pull his cock back, my bowels deflating and collapsing inward as he retreated. I tried not to let my body tighten, but of course, you can't completely control something like that. Every time I tightened though, he'd stop, waiting me out before continuing.

"She's ready."

He pushed again hard! My eyes bulged, I howled around Sam's erection in my mouth, the sound bubbling up from my throat, my body squirming uncontrollably under Leroy's hands. My hands became claws, digging into Sam's thigh and butt. It fucking hurt, the pressure built and built rapidly and...

Then he was through, past the barrier, my his cock sinking into my ass, not fast but with this relentless unhurried pace. The pain seemed to dissipate, still sort of there, or at least the memory of it, but resistance was gone. I felt so full, I'd never felt so filled, he felt immense inside me. As he bottomed out, I could feel his pubic hair jamming my ass crack, his scrotum brushing my pussy.

I jerked my head up off of Sam's cock. He was so rigid it was practically vibrating. I slid my hand along his thigh, pressing my elbow into his flesh to get leverage and wrap my fingers around his erection. I looked up, a trickle of drool running down my cheek from the skewed angle. Our eyes met.

"He's in," I told Sam, gasping. "He's all the way in."

Sam reached down and stroked my hair.

"You okay?"

I jerked my head in a nod.

"Of course she's okay," Leroy chuckled, slapping my ass.

I threw him a look of mock annoyance, well not completely mock.

"Geez Dude," I snapped. "We're having a conversation on this end. Read the room!"

Leroy only laughed.

"What are we doing?" Sam asked, watching me.

"We're doing it," I said, eyes wild. He nodded, reaching down to stroke my hair, carefully wiping sweat from my forehead. I smiled tightly, nodding back.

I pulled/pushed him towards me, kissing his cock head and letting my lips slide over it. I couldn't get over how different he felt canted at an angle, it felt weirdly exciting and new, like discovering him all over again.

"Well," Leroy said dryly, his hands gripping my flesh extra tight, as if he was a little annoyed with us, he began to pull back slowly, "if it's all right with you two."

I was twisted on my side towards the couch, one leg up pushed over Leroy's shoulder, he squatted on my other leg, leaving me stretched like a wishbone, his cock buried deep in my ass. It felt weird, not just dry penetration, which surprisingly wasn't painful. It burned a little with movement, but not even that much.

But now that he was in, the most pressing thing was the angle, his cock in my ass felt like it was pushing in at my pussy from the inside. The sensation was weird, like being filled, but not. It was like being defilled, the pressure from outside reducing my internal space.

He pulled back, and there was this drawing sensation in both my pussy and ass, I felt my pussy lips gape apart, and a wet trickle. I moaned around Sam's cock.

On the other end, on my side, Sam sprawled, my one free hand stroked his thighs and I bobbed back and forth. My other arm was trapped under him, but I had a finger up his ass.

Leroy pulled all the way back slowly, until he was just at my sphincter, and then he pushed slowly back in, pushing forward, making me stretch into an almost painful wishbone. His hand

slid up my body, finding my breast and yanking my nipple cruelly. I grunted in irritation, heaving my body, but I couldn't really do anything. He chuckled.

As he pulled back the wishbone pressure eased, his hand slid lower, down across my belly, pressing just above my pubic mound. So temptingly close.

Slowly his thrusts picked up, each move going slightly harder, faster, the strokes longer. He fell out, and simply battered his way in, my bodies resistance barely a token.

Everything was distracting, the awkward position of my body, the contortion of my limbs, Sam's cock sitting oddly in my mouth, Leroy's fucking. He was completely in charge, completely dominating both of us. With each thrust, he pushed my lips deeper onto Sam, and each pull yanked me away, the motion sending ripples of sensation through my pussy and ass.

My awareness fractured, broke apart. It became impossible to think. I was aware, but yielding, a creature of experience. But it wasn't the experience of a wave or tidal wave falling on you. It was everywhere different, everything in different directions, in different ways, all demanding attention, and nothing staying still. My rational mind struggled and just gave up.

Sam's erection became a pinpoint of identity, as my body was pushed pulled, moved and invaded, I clung to him, like a drowning victim clinging to a life preserver. He was the constant. The one thing I could touch and manipulate, where I could use my lips and tongue and jaw, where I could hear his sighs and moans, feel the shivers in his body.

Behind us, the other pole was chaos, invasion, of hands grabbing me everywhere, taking and owning without any kind of consent, this massive invasive cock going in and out at strange angles. My hips flexed, struggling on their own, and he slapped my pussy lightly and only fucked my ass harder.

Each thrust rocked my body, and gradually, as it got harder and faster, my body became his rag doll. A sweaty, groaning, gasping twitching ragdoll, all hot slick flesh, contorted. Sam was fucking my face now, except that he wasn't. Leroy was pounding my ass so brutally, I was being shoved back and forth on his cock, barely able to keep it in my mouth, all semblance of coordination or control lost.

Leroy laughed joyfully, seeming both close and far away, somehow disconnected from my body. It sounded demonic. Sam's voice beneath that, quiet, rushed, frantic as if trying to hold on.

There was no hesitation now, Leroy's cock was a brutal battering ram conquering my body with each thrust. I was utterly despoiled. He pulled all the way out regularly, and thrust back in without a trace of resistance, filling me with hard cruel strokes. His fingers found my clit, dug into my pussy and he strummed me like a guitar. Each savage thrust sent a pair of waves of sensation, simultaneously from my ass and pussy, surging through like I was being filled up with water.

The waves were coming faster and vaster as he violated the deepest parts of me with his iron will, taking me, owning me completely with each thrust. They seemed to sweep up other sensations twist them into themselves, carry them along. He was going faster and faster, the peaks and troughs of the simultaneous waves piling up until suddenly they were building.

Then I was screaming on Sam's cock, sucking air around it, my mind bursting to pieces, my identity breaking apart, lighting up as it burned intensely, but the fires in my head, in my body



wouldn't stop, wouldn't stop, wouldn't stop, the only fragment of will left forcing me to distend my jaws at all costs.

Everything went white, and electric, hand hot and cold, and wild, I could feel myself shaking, somewhere someone was screaming, and I couldn't care, because my body was exploding, wrapping into knots, simultaneously tightening and pulled apart. I couldn't breath, everything was spots in my vision, and I was desperate for air but my body had forgotten...

And then, at some point, it was over. I couldn't say exactly when. It was more like the tide going out, a slow pulsing receding of the mindlessness, awareness of myself, of my surroundings, coming back in drips.

A giant fucking cock up my ass, like the fucking Hindenberg. My sphincter burning, like we'd tried to start a fire by rubbing two boy scouts together with it. Panting like a dog. My pussy, softly backstabbed from inside my body. Sweat, sweat everywhere, cooling on my goosebumps. Lubrication, or squirt all over my thighs, slick and pungent.

Semen all over my face. I ran a hand across, smearing it. Sam? Sam. I twisted around, until I could make out his cock. No longer hard. Fuck me, he'd come and I'd missed it! My vision was blurry and I struggled to focus.

No bite marks? Good.

Something really hot but soft was squeezing my finger like a vise. Sam. Oh right. Leave it there for a moment.

My hair was being stroked, it felt so good. Sam.

Sam? I craned my neck to look at him.

Leroy pulled his cock out of my ass with this horrible squelching sound. Oh god, it made my skin crawl, I never want to hear that again. I felt my insides collapse with his absence. No fair, I thought, he'd rearranged my internal organs, they'd been shoved all over the place to accommodate him, and he just up and left? Fuck.

My sphincter gaped, refusing to close. I could feel it, raw and sore and kind of burning a bit, hyper-aware of the movement of air around it. Oh fuck.

I moaned and let it stretch out. I wasn't capable of more than that. Words were beyond me, much less thinking.

"Well," Leroy said, he pulled off the couch, and groaned with relief at my body finally falling into a normal position, returning to my comfortable arrangements with gravity. I groaned again, a noise of relaxation and gratitude, and rolled over on my back, legs spread.

Oh god, I was so fucking wet down there, wet and gaping in both. I hoped I didn't do anything embarrassing like shit myself.

Leroy passed by, the movement drawing my eyes automatically. The fucker was still hard. I groaned again, signifying something different.

"Let me just clean up," Leroy said, as he padded into the kitchen out of my view. An instant later I heard the kitchen tap running. "Then we'll find the next fun thing to do."

This groan was excitement and terror. Sam stroked my hair, again wiping the sweat from my forehead.

How was it possible to want and not want something so intensely at the same time?