

Slipping into Depravity, Chapter 46 - Glorious Threesome

"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?

"Are you washing your cock in the kitchen sink?" I called. Men!

"Yeah?"

"Gross!" I yelled. I swear... Men! But I was in a post orgasmic, just fucked really good, come all over my face blissful mood, so I let it go..

I squirmed around on the couch, until I was pressed up against Sam, my back pressing against his belly. There was a wet spot against the my shoulder blade which I marked as Sam's cock. He wasn't flinching, so that was good. I got an elbow under his knee and pulled his leg over me, even as his hands descended, one resting past my shoulder, the other stroking my hair.

"How you doing, hon?" I whispered. "You okay?"

I felt him move slightly as he nodded.

"I'm good," he said. "No bite marks."

We shared a little laugh.

"You must really trust me," I said.

"Trust you completely," he replied. "Love you completely."

I smiled.

"Love you completely too," I told him, "but I wouldn't have trusted me. Just saying. Whole lot going on all over the place. Anything could have happened, what if I sneezed."

"You'd never hurt me," he said.

"Never," I replied, enjoying the closeness of him.

"How about you?" he said. "You okay. How are you back there."

I took stock.

"A little tender," I said thoughtfully, "but not bad, kind of... feels a little swollen. Pins and needles, but doesn't hurt."

I paused.

"Ask me how I'm feeling tomorrow morning."

"Hey kids!" Leroy said, lifting my legs and plopping down in couch with us. He laid my legs across his lap, . "So what are we going to do next?"

His erection brushing against my calf. It was wet.

“Ugh wet! You didn’t even towel off?” I demanded.

“It’s drip dry,” he replied cheerfully.

“All clean?” Sam asked.

“As a whistle,” Leroy replied. “You could eat off this cock.”

Sam laughed.

“I’ll pass, but Kayley might,” he said.

On cue, I rubbed my calf against his erection, lifting a leg and folding it on the other side of his cock. I wiggled my legs back and forth, as his hand crept along my thigh.

“Ooh look, Sam!” I tilted my head upwards to catch his eye. “Leroy’s hard again.”

“I see that.”

“And it’s soooooo big!”

Leroy grinned. His hand slid smoothly up my thigh, finding my pubic mound, and his thumb tapped lightly around my clit hood, teasing. I spread my legs a little wider to let him have more access and squirmed happily against Sam.

“That it is,” he said, “and ready to go. Anyone up for round two?”

Deftly, his thumb parted my pussy lips. I suppressed a little gasp, feeling a slight contraction and dilation up inside, this tingly surge of wetness. Christ, he was good with his fingers, it was fucking unearthly. The tip of his thumb slid down, and then up, pushing against my clitoris. I sighed, and rubbed my calves on either side.

“I’ll let you go first, Sam,” Leroy offered.

“I’ll pass,” Sam replied easily.

“No,” Leroy said easily. “I don’t mind. You go first.”

Sam shifted uncomfortably, just a bit.

“Sam’s not quite ready,” I explained. “He came. Really hard!”

I huffed and rolled my eyes.

“See what I have to put up with?” I mock-complained. “Sam comes, and then it takes whole minutes before he can go again. Like minutes and minutes!”

Leroy smirked at us.

“What am I supposed to do while I’m waiting around for him to be ready?” I groused, rubbing my calves on either side of his cock. “Take up knitting?”

“I’m ready to go,” Leroy said, offering his sleazy grin. His thumb between my legs slipped lower, sliding into me, even as the edge of his hand pushed hard against my clit, moving in slow rhythm. I sighed again, more loudly, and spread my legs a little wider for him.

“You are!” I drawled. “Well aren’t you insatiable! You’re a regular eager beaver.”

Leroy laughed.

“Eager for your beaver,” Leroy replied. I winced, men just aren’t good at this, but tried not to let it show.

“Hey Sam,” Leroy said, “since you’re out of commission, I’m going to fuck your wife. You can watch.”

Bigger wince. I glanced up toward Sam, our eyes met and he shrugged slightly, deciding to roll with it. Right, fucking Leroy being fucking Leroy. I nodded. He didn’t mean anything by it. Our heads both tilted slightly to the left. We decided to let it go.

“Sounds good,” Sam said, showing no annoyance.

“You’ll both get your turns,” I teased. “You’ve already had a few.”

Leroy pulled me up, away from Sam, into a kiss. His lips pressing against mine, hungry and possessive. An arm snaked around me, even as his free hand cupped my bared breast. I squealed a little, and let him, secure in the knowledge that Sam and I had decided to let him have his head.

He didn’t stop though, he pulled me up to my feet, until my body was pressing against his, his hard cock nestling against my soft belly as he wrapped arms around me possessively, and kissed me even harder. His tongue pushed between my lips and I let it in. Sam leaned back on the couch, watching us.

“Goddamn,” he said, “you’re a piece of ass, I could fuck you sideways three times a day and never get bored. Sam is wasted on you, girl.”

“Sam does just fine,” I told him.

“Yeah,” Leroy said, “but I’m the one that’s going to fuck you right now.”

He glanced at Sam.

“Don’t worry, Bud,” Leroy said, “you’ll get your turn.”

“Counting on it,” Sam replied. But Leroy wasn’t listening, instead he was dragging me towards the bedroom, his cock bobbing angrily with each step. As we passed Sam, I grabbed his hand, dragging him after us.

“Slow down, Cowboy,” I giggled casting a glance back at Sam. My eyes widened a little, Sam nodded ever so slightly, and I grinned.

“I can’t wait,” Leroy said as he pulled me long. Yeah, we’d figured that out. His eagerness was kind of exciting.

We rushed into the bedroom, and Leroy sat me down on the bed, he stepped up between my knees, spreading them wide apart. His erection dangled in my face.

“Is that a present for me!” I laughed, wrapping my fingers around its hot throbbing shaft.

“All yours, Princess.”

“Ooh! Can I unwrap it?” Reaching up, I gently slid for foreskin back, exposing his head. Oh hello there, long time no see, I thought. I took a quick sniff, just a tiny one, to make sure he’d gleaned

properly. Then, parting my lips, I took it into my mouth, making a little throat sound of pleasure as I did.

Pushing my lips up against his foreskin, I worked my tongue under the loose skin, exploring. I knew the taste of him so well by this time, smooth as velvet with just a subtle graininess. Growers, I was finding, were like that, as they grew and shrank the skin stretched a little, there was a delightful texture.

Leroy slid one hand down the side of my head, fingers tangling in my hair, cupping my ear as he guided my head ever so slightly back and forth, changing the angle just enough to shift sensations. I let him, enjoying the feel of him in my mouth, the bliss that came with oral servitude.

“Sit down over there, Sam,” Leroy ordered. “Relax and enjoy the show. I’ll save some for you.”

I couldn’t see, Sam. All I saw was Leroy’s crotch with its close cropped hair, his masculinity slowly enveloping my entire world. But I heard Sam sit.

Pure spectator. The thought of that went through my head. He was just going to watch for a bit. Deliberately watching, not just kind of being in the position in play where he ended up watching.

Pure spectator, no junk, no playing together. This felt like it was something a little different. More exhibitionist, voyeuristic. I supposed we’d been doing that all along. It just kind of crystallized a certain way for me.

Sam would watch, I would perform for him. The thought filled my mind as my lips slid around Leroy’s cock. This wasn’t sex, it was theatre, I was putting on a show. Deliberately, I moaned loudly around Leroy’s erection.

I let my eyes flutter in forged ecstasy for Sam’s sake. Suddenly, Leroy’s admonitions to be loud and dramatic came back to me. For the first time, I really understood what he’d meant. It wasn’t about showing up Sam or humiliating him. Going over the top was about performing for Sam, about thrilling and exciting him.

I lifted my head, looking over at Sam, he was sitting back, staring intently, hand cradling his genitals, stroking lightly. Not there yet, but soon.

“First him,” I said, and slowly licked my lips, “then you.”

I turned back to Leroy’s cock, hard and insistent, but he was already moving. Laying his hands on either side of my head, he held me still, as his cock head pushed hard against my lips, pushing them apart. I was forced to open wide quickly to avoid my teeth scraping and he surged into my mouth, filling me with his hardness.

“Good girl!” Leroy grunted, beginning to pump in short possessive thrusts. “You love this, don’t you.”

There was a cruel edge, a domineering edge that made my heart race. I tried to keep my hands down at my sides, palms on the insides of my thighs, not quite touching my pussy. There’s something about being used just the right way, hard and brutal, but not too much, with just the careful amount of roughness to make you feel helpless, but not scared. I could feel my pussy dilating, the wetness coming all over down there, my vaginal lips parting. His grip tilted my head, sliding his cock further down my throat.

Leroy worked deeper and deeper, using short thrusts and tilting my head to make me take him farther and farther, his grip tightening relentlessly. I squirmed, the fingers of one hand brushing my pussy lips. My chin began to press against his scrotum, sinking into the soft ball sack. I inhaled and then his pubic hair was surrounding my nose. He laughed, a low evil sound, as he held me there until I was running out of air. My hands lifted to push against his thigh.

He pushed my head back off his cock, and I gasped for breath, sucking in great lungfuls of air.

"You okay," he asked, looking down on me. I nodded, gasping and gagging a little, swallowing spit, not trusting myself to speak. He nodded, and turned his head. I followed his gaze to where Sam was sitting on the edge of the bed.

"She likes it a little aggressive," Leroy confided to him. Panting a little, my heart racing, fingers between my wet pussy lips, I couldn't dispute him, but I felt slight tingle of irritation at his self assurance.

"Yeah," Sam answered.

Leroy's hand lowered to rest on top of my head. For an instant, there was a gentle pressure forward, and I began to open my mouth to take him in again.

But then he stopped and the pressure reversed. As Leroy shoved my forehead with even steady pressure, I leaned further and further backwards until I was laying back on my elbows. My head beyond reach, he drew his fingers along my knees as I crab walked backwards onto the bed, scooting back until I was completely on the bed, propped up on elbows, legs spread and knees bent.

I glanced at Sam, enjoying the wanton pose. He winked, stroking himself gently..

Leroy climbed onto the bed kneeling, his body straight and upright between my legs, his erection sticking straight out, hard and magnificent. I looked up at him, vividly aware of his position of power, as he looked down, drinking in my submissive posture, thighs parted before his mastery, a prize waiting, wanting to be claimed. He smiled down at me, as I smirked up.

I could imagine what it must be looking like to Sam, so fucking hot, a porno pose, a sculpture of eroticism. The wolf ready to devour, and the willing victim beneath, surrendering to its hunger. The imagery burned into my mind. I wished he would take a picture, not one, pictures from every angle, capturing this moment, this exquisite pose of raw sensuality, hovering on the edge of deflowering.

"Fucking gorgeous," Leroy glanced to the left. There was raw hunger in his voice, a predatory satisfaction. It both ruined the sensual perfection of the moment and pushed it to the next level to raw lust. My whole body trembled at his words. "I'm going to fuck her Sam, I'm going to fuck her so hard she squirts like Niagara, then you can have your turn."

"Do me good," I husked, and then as an afterthought, "Both of you."

Leroy slid forward between my thighs, holding himself up on his palms on either side of me, suddenly a cage made of man. His angry cock head brushed against my pussy, leaving a livid wet smear against my pube. Then as it descended, it found my lips and slid up between them.

My left hand reached out for Sam, to hold his cock, to twine my fingers with his, I wasn't sure which. But it didn't matter, without looking, Leroy caught my wrist and pinned it over my head.

His eyes burned into me, as his cock probing my parted wet lips, I couldn't look away, I was frozen like a mouse hypnotized by a serpent. The serpent had invaded my garden, parted my branches, and now hovered, coiling and ready, cold and reptilian, about to invade the temple I had opened to it.

Shifting his weight, he reached down to capture my other wrist, lifting it, until it was laying across the first, pinning them both, crossed, above my head. He smiled, and it was absolutely predatory. In response, I shivered from head to toe, my hips lifting involuntarily, pushing myself ever so slightly against his cock head, so it nestled at my entrance.

"You're mine now," he whispered. "Say it."

"I'm yours," I replied softly, staring up at him, captured, contained, surrounded. My mind was frozen, I couldn't even think, only his words existed in my consciousness.

"You belong to me," he said, and it was a statement, not a suggestion, or request, or order, but an inalienable fact.

"I belong to you," I replied.

His cock pushed a little between my pussy lips, perhaps a centimeter. I gasped as it moved and then withdrew.

"I'm going to own you," he said.

"You own me."

"Who owns that pussy?"

"You do," I whispered. "My pussy belongs to you."

"Tell him," Leroy snarled, I could feel the hunger radiating from him, the dark lust that seemed to come off him in waves. He was intoxicating.

Moaning, I writhed under him, my body squirming futilely against the cage of his flesh. I pulled my knees higher, raising my hips to take him. My ass rocked back and forth, my spine arched, my arms pulled helplessly where my wrists were pinned. Leroy licked his lips, waiting.

"She's so fucking hot for it," Leroy said finally, "watch me fuck her good, Sam."

His cock head pushed forward, I gasped as I felt myself open, my folds parting, my body reshaping itself to his intrusion, redefining me.

"Oh god," I cried.

"Tell him," Leroy said, "tell him what it feels like, tell him how much you want it."

"Oh god, Sam," I cried out, "he's got the head inside, and it feels so fucking good. I'm so fucking wet."

"You want more?" Leroy grinned down at me, humourlessly. For a second, there was something in his glee, something mindless and cruel, like a child tearing the wings off a fly, it was just a flash, and then it was gone, my lust and need sweeping everything away.

"I want it all," I replied. "I want every inch. Fuck me."

"I hear that," Leroy chuckled. Or maybe it was, "You hear that?" But it didn't matter because in that instant, his cock plunged deep in one smooth even stroke, and my hips rocked back to meet him as he filled me gloriously.

Leroy began to thrust into me, a series of measured precise strokes, powerful and brutal. His left hand pinned my crossed wrists over my head, his right held him up, bracing beside me. His body hovered over me, not touching. I could look down and see the gap between us, see his masculine form heaving, his hips pumping in measured relentless tempo as his shaft slid into me. Instinctively, I wrapped my legs around his hips, urging him harder and deeper.

I knew that Sam, on our left, could see everything, that he could see my naked captive body, already shining with sweat, my heaving breasts, the tension in my belly and the urgency filling me. I glanced at him, he was frozen, barely touching himself, staring at the place where Leroy's cock thrust relentlessly into me, pulling back to reveal a hard, lubrication shining and slicked shaft, only to disappear with each thrust.

"Oh Fuck," I moaned, looking at Sam. "He's fucking me good now. It feels incredible. His cock is amazing."

"Fucking right," Leroy grunted, his face descended, and I had to turn my head to him to meet his cruel kiss.

"I'm fucking owning this pussy," he growled between kisses, his tempo increasing, "I own this bitch."

"Yes!" I cried.

Leroy was hammering me now, his pace increasing, the gap between strokes narrowing until it was simply a continuous movement, a smooth pounding, that kept taking my breath away. I couldn't speak coherently any more and simply babbled obscenities.

Suddenly, I felt my spine arching and going stiff, a tingling lightning in my hips. I bucked under him, trying to take him deeper, to push him into me. My breath seized in my throat and I yowled like a cat in heat and the orgasm flooded through me.

"Good one," Leroy whispered his eyes burning with triumph. His tempo shifted to a slower more leisurely fucking. Beneath him, my body was loose, I felt half melted.

"Oh yeah," I whispered, enjoying the post-orgasmic bliss. His cock felt delicious in me, filling me at full penetration, moving like a live thing, exploring me even as I explored it. I glanced at Sam, and once again, Leroy descended to kiss me.

Jealous? I thought.

But after a few minutes of fucking, once again, we were building. My hips started to buck. I bared my teeth, staring up into his eyes.

"Fuck me good," I ordered.

"Oh yeah," he laughed.

But shortly after, he began to slow. His rhythm shifted, becoming more cautious, even his grip on my wrists loosened.

He stopped, his cock buried deep in me.

“Shit,” he said, looking concerned. “I’m doing it again, aren’t I?”

“What?” I asked. I glanced at Sam, who looked back at us, suddenly concerned. I couldn’t help but his cock was rigid, suddenly, I was hungry for it. I’d wanted to hold it, to touch it, to kiss it but Leroy had trapped me, overwhelming the impulses.

“You okay, Man?” Sam asked, leaning forward.

Leroy leaned back, his cock still buried in me, but he released my wrists. I lifted up, resting on my elbows.

“What’s wrong?”

Leroy slid back on his haunches. Only the head of his cock remained, I unwrapped my legs from his hips.

“I’m doing it again,” he said. “We were all enjoying, and I turned it into a contest.”

Sam and I glanced at each other. Apparently, Leroy was having a moment? We waited.

“I’m just... I’m sorry,” he said. “I’m just competitive. All the time, I feel like everything is a contest, and I’ve got to win and everyone has to lose. I can’t seem to stop.”

“Yeah,” Sam said dryly. “You were getting a bit much.”

“Yeah,” I said. “That whole ‘I own your pussy’ thing was hot, but kind of creepy. You were going a little far.”

It had been really hot, but yeah, it was a bit much. Too much. It sort of carried you along, it was hard to resist it, and you didn’t think as it was happening. But yeah. It could be fucking obnoxious.

Leroy sort of chuckled. His cock fell out of me. I looked at Sam again.

“Yeah,” he said, “sorry. I can’t seem to help it. We were all doing so well, I was really enjoying everything, just the three of us hanging out. But I think I screwed up.”

In the middle of a fucking threesome, Leroy was having an epiphany? A moral crisis? Fucking Cripes! The timing! No, I wanted to fuck, I wanted hard raunchy sex with two wild men with raging erections. I didn’t want to hug it out! Oh god, what if he cried?

Sam reached out, and put a hand on Leroy’s shoulder.

“Hey man,” he said, “it’s okay. We both know you’re an asshole.”

I burst out with a laugh at that, and then clapped a hand over my mouth. Leroy, thankfully, didn’t react.

“We know you’re an asshole,” Sam repeated. “But we both see a lot of good in you. We see it in you. You’re more than that.”

“I just... can’t seem to help it,” Leroy said.

“But you caught it this time,” Sam told him. “You saw it, and you stopped.”

“That’s a good sign,” I told him. “That was good. It’s hard, but we can get better.”

"I worry," Leroy said, "about screwing it up with you. The both of you, you're so amazing. You feel like family. And I can't stop pushing..."

Like the other night, I thought, always pushing. He was right, he acted like everything was a competition, acted like an eight year old. And while it was exciting, it was toxic as fuck. I wondered if, suddenly, he was actually starting to grow up, right in front of us. Were we doing this for him? Showing him it was okay to let go being an asshole. Maybe we needed to stop, go out into the living room and talk it out? This could be an important moment. I hated the idea, I really just needed to fuck.

"Sam," Leroy said, "I think I need to back off a little. It's your turn. I think you should go. I'll watch."

"Are you okay," I asked. "Are you sure? We can just talk. I can make coffee or something."

Leroy smiled at me.

"Yeah," he said. "I don't want to ruin the moment more than I have. And that pussy needs attention. We can talk it out after."

I looked at Sam, opening my eyes a little wider. He shrugged. I glanced at the mattress, he nodded. Then at simultaneously, we gave each other tiny little smiles.

"Okay," Sam said. He looked at me, and asked unnecessarily, "Kayley, you up for it."

"I'm always up for you, Sweetheart," I said, smiling.

"How about," Leroy said, "you two go at it. I'll sit back and watch."

"You sure?" Sam asked.

"Oh yeah," he said. "I'll enjoy the show."

Leroy got off the bed, and Sam climbed up, positioning between my legs on his haunches. I laid my thighs over his, presenting my wantonly open pussy, all wet and sloppy from Leroy's cock. Sam was rigid, his cock gorgeous in its excitement. I looked up at him, and he was so fucking beautiful towering over me, he took my breath away.

Staring into his eyes, bracing my thighs on top of his, I pushed my hips forward, presenting my pussy, reaching down with both hands, forearms pressing my breasts together, and pulled on my lips, opening my shining wet cunt wide.

"This pussy is yours now," I whispered, as he broke my gaze and looked straight down.

His cock leaped, and then leaped again, like a salmon swimming up a waterfall. An overpowering surge of lust swept through me like a huge, warm wet pulse. The excitement I'd felt for Leroy was swept away, the intrusiveness with which he consumed my attention was forgotten. Instead my world opened up like a flower, I felt aware, excited, blossoming with lust and excitement, and at the center was Sam and the center of Sam was his beautiful cock, a perfect bead of precum, like a pearl at its tip.

"Come to me lover," I whispered, unable to stop my body from writhing with sensual joy.

Sam slid down over me, my legs wrapping sensuously around his hips, his body sliding against mine. I reached up and drew his head down to me, and we kissed passionately. Below, I could

feel his cock slide unerringly down my pubic mound, over my clit hood, the swollen, rigid head positioning.

“Should I record this?” Leroy asked.

Sam froze for a moment, he broke the kiss, and we looked at each other. Fuck, I thought, timing Leroy, timing! Then I blinked and Sam nodded.

“Sure,” he said, turning his head to Leroy, “go ahead.”

Then Sam and I kissed, and I forgot everything else as that kiss went on. I felt the bed shift as Leroy got off to retrieve his smart phone, and I tried to blot him out of my awareness. Sam’s cock slid into me with the velvet ecstasy of an angel’s love, filling and stretching me, and I could only hold him tighter and sigh with delight.

As Sam began to move in me, I felt a momentary lightening, Leroy’s absence from the room, the absence of his presence, being a kind of relief, so ephemeral it was barely there. Then he was back, without seeing him, I could feel him. But as Sam and I began to move together, our bodies synchronising.

Leroy’s sex had been conquest and control, it had been exciting, a heady driving force taking me. But this was more like an exploration, an adventure. Our hands roved up and down each other’s bodies. He laid hard on me, hammering with pounding thrusts. He lifted up, his cock in me suddenly delicate and teasing, his erection skittish and sly as it moved in and out.

We kissed passionately, as he slid in, and then he licked my throat as I threw my head back and moaned. As we fucked with wild abandon, we showered each other with kisses on our shoulders, our cheeks and foreheads. Our eyes meeting again, and again. I giggled with the happiness of our bodies merging.

In the middle of this sensual bath, a thought flickered through my mind, what if Sam was performing? Performing for Leroy, the way I’d performed with Leroy for Sam?

Then Sam kissed me, and as he did, he hooked an elbow under my knee, pulling it up, so my hip shifted to the side a little and he thrust deep, his cock going to a new place inside me that just left me squealing and breathless.

Fuck, if this is what being watched does for him, then I wanted to spend the rest of our lives fucking in Madison Square Garden. Suddenly, the thought had me laughing.

Sam lifted his head, smiling guilelessly.

“What’s so funny?” he asked.

“Nothing,” I said, “everything. It would take too long to explain. Just kiss me, you fool!”

So he did, and I melted with pure joy.

We rolled over, he fell out, as I pushed him onto his back, straddling him. With a sigh of deep pleasure, I sank down onto him, taking him inside me. Sam groaned with pleasure and reached up with both hands. I grabbed his palms, twining my fingers with his, as I rode him, exulting in the way his hips moved back and forth as I rocked on him.

Leroy never did this. His loss, he couldn’t dream of what he was missing. From the corner of my eye I spied him recording on his phone, and stuck m tongue out.

“He feels so fucking good,” I told the camera, “even flat on his back, he knows just what to do!”

My fingers slipped from Sam’s, I lowered my hands, fingers trailing along his palms to wrap around his wrists. I guided his hands, pressing them against my breasts, cooing with pleasure. I assumed that was where he wanted to go anyway. But you know men, terrible sense of direction, I wanted to make sure that they ended up where they belonged.

I loved Sam touching me, I always have. There was something about the way he did it, the way each touch felt new, felt like a discovery and exploration, sensual and adventurous. I loved his hands on my breasts, my ass, anywhere really. But especially on my breasts. As I bent forward to kiss him, I wanted to tell him that if we were on a plane and the engines exploded and it was crashing, my last words to him would be “quick, hold my breasts!” but I didn’t say it, because men take those sorts of things weird. Instead, I just pressed my lips to his, exulting in the taste of him.

The mattress shifted slightly as Leroy got closer, but I just adjusted, and kept on riding and kissing, hoping that the camera was catching it all. I’m ready for my close up, Mister DeMille, let me just make sure I’ve got Sam’s tongue and cock all the way inside.

Leroy’s fingertips trickled down my back, a delightful squirming sensation, that made me lift my head and squeal. I pressed my hands against Sam’s chest, rising up and arching my back like a cat. I made sure Sam’s hands stayed where they belonged, priorities right.

“You guys are so fucking gorgeous,” Leroy said.

“He makes me gorgeous,” I said, smiling down, at him. Behind me, Leroy’s fingertips danced up and down my spine like he was playing scales, oh those musicians! “He looks at me and I feel like an angel.”

“You are an angel,” Sam said, his words floating up to me, teasing my nipples. “You’re the angel of fuck.”

Leroy’s hand slid down my spine again, grip cupping one ass cheek and then the other, squeezing them. I turned my head, and his lips found mine, we kissed deeply as he squeezed my butt cheeks deliciously. Oh god, it was so amazing having sex with two men, I could become addicted.

Leroy’s hand dropped, and suddenly, Sam gave a yelp, his hips rose over a foot in the air. His cock seemed to surge inside me, going suddenly hot and hard. I almost lost balance, but Leroy steadied me.

“Easy,” Leroy cautioned me.

“Are you okay?” I asked Sam as we sank down together, bending forward, balancing with my hands on his chest.

“Oh yeah,” Sam said, his eyes were still wide, he looked startled, as if not sure how to respond.

“Sorry, I didn’t hurt you there, Bud?” Leroy said. Fingertips trickled back up my spine. “I thought you’d enjoy a stroke. I didn’t mean for it to be bad.”

“No,” Sam said, “it’s okay, I was just surprised. It wasn’t bad. Just surprised.”

Leroy's other hand slid across my belly, and rose until it joined Sam's hand on my breasts, the two sets of palms and fingers twisting against each other. I looked down at Sam, brow's raised. He shrugged. Sometimes a touch goes awry, no need to make a big deal over it. I nodded and settled back down, riding him, laying one hand over both of theirs, just to keep them contained. Leroy stopped trickling his fingers, and laid his palm firmly across my back to stabilize himself.

Rocking back and forth, I looked from one to the other, the lover below me, the suitor beside me, exulting in the feel of Sam's cock inside, their hands all over me. Leroy smiled his cocky sleazy smile.

"He makes you feel like an angel," Leroy whispered, his face close enough to mine. "How do I make you feel?"

I laughed.

"Like a devil, of course!"

And we kissed. I was vividly aware of Sam, his cock buried in me, looking up at us, as we kissed, and thought how incredibly erotic it must be for him. The kiss went on, evolving naturally, pressing, exploring, until our lips parted, breath slithering between us, tongues touching. It was a sensual kiss, all the more erotic for dividing my attention between two men. I closed my eyes, melting into the kiss, melting onto the cock full and proud inside me. One of the hands slid down from my breast across my belly. Whose? I'd have to open my eyes to see, and I just didn't want to.

Then it brushed my clit hood, a bolt of lightning,