

Slipping into Depravity, Chapter 47 - Magic Facials

“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,

“Woo!” I breathed, eyes snapping open, my body rising and stiffening! Leroy looked so satisfied, like a cat eating a canary. His hand between my legs. “Naughty boy!”

“I think you liked it,” he teased.

“I did!”

“You should relax,” he said. “Let the two of us do the work.”

“Sam,” he barked, “cut that shit out. Slam her on her back, fuck her like a real man.”

Sam and I looked at each other, and snorted. Was he for real?

“Yes Massa!” Sam laughed, pushing on my hips.

“Sir! Yes, Sir!” I slid up and off him, letting myself fall heavily on my back, bouncing a little on the mattress. “On my back, Sir! Ready for cock, Sir! Like a woman, Sir!”

I stuck my legs straight up in the air. “Sir! Fuck position! Sir!”

Sam swung over on top of me, smoothly moving back into the saddle. His cock dropped down, instinctively homing in on my pussy. He kissed me, and I opened my mouth to take him, as we devoured each other. When we paused for breath, I gently pushed his face.

“No mushy stuff, Private! What are you, gay? No kissing, right Sir! Manly fucking only!”

From the corner of my eye, I caught a flicker of an expression from Leroy. Annoyance? Oh lighten up.

“Manly fucking!” Sam agreed. “On your back, and spread em, corporal. Point those toes at the ceiling!”

He slid smoothly into me, my legs bent under his touch, as he hooked his elbows under my knees, so that he could pound deep, forcing a series of guttural grunts out of my lungs.

“Me is fucking her manly, Massa!” Sam called. “Her legs is what up in the ai, Sirr!”

I kicked my legs, pointing my toes straight toward the ceiling.

“Am I fucking her man enough, Massa?” Sam shouted as I tried not to giggle, “Just tells me, and me am fuck harder!”

Leroy barked one of his fake sounding laughs.

“You guys are such a couple of clowns.”

Sam’s eyes widened. He dipped his head to kiss me. Our eyes met.

“That’s an idea,” he told me. “We’ve never dressed up as clowns to fuck.”

I kissed him back, loving the feel of how deep he was going, I swear, he was reaching past my womb with these deliriously long strokes. I giggled.

“No way,” I said. “Not manly enough.”

He dipped his head, I turned to offer him my cheek instead

“And no kissing!” I ordered. “It’s not manly!”

Sam set up a wild rhythm that had the whole bed rocking back and forth, leaving me breathless. I looked to the side, and there was Leroy, watching us, holding the phone again, his eyes lidded. His cock was hard, so I decided he wasn’t pissed at us. At least not that much.

“It’s all right, Leroy,” I called to him, careful of his feelings. “We’re not making fun of you. We’re just playing. We love you.”

Sam paused just a moment in thrusts, his cock suspended half way in me.

“Yeah, man,” he called to Leroy, “we love you guy.”

Something passed over Leroy’s face, I wasn’t sure what. Vulnerability, acceptance, something? He smiled, almost shyly, as if he got that we were playing and joyful, and not mocking him.

“Come over,” I said, “give me a kiss, while I get fucked the manly, totally not gay, way you want. You’re part of this. You belong here. We want you.”

Almost hesitantly, he moved towards me, cupping my breast with one hand. His mouth found mine, his kiss surprisingly aggressive, pressing so hard that the back of my head sank into the mattress. He broke the kiss, laying on his side, watching Sam’s cock piston into me.

“Wow,” I said, “that’s a kiss!”

As he watched, his hand crept down, across my ribs, down my belly, over my pubic mound. Sam dipped his head, to watch the progress of Leroy’s fingers towards his shaft driving in and out of me.

“What are you doing?” I teased, but I already knew, as his fingers danced along my clitoris.

“I think Sam needs a little help,” he said.

I glanced up at Sam, raising my head, even as he lowered his. But Leroy’s arm was in the way between us, and we couldn’t come together. We both shrugged. I turned my head to Leroy, but he was too engaged with what was between my legs. So I just laid back and enjoyed.

With Leroy inserted between us, the tempo of our fucking changed. Now Sam's pubic bone mashed against Leroy's knuckles as it sheltered my clit. Instead his fingers moved on their own, sometimes in harmony with Sam, sometimes discordantly.

At first, the sensations were intense, he teased my clit, stroking it, tapping all around it, beating time with Sam's thrust, introducing new rhythms that seemed to drive me headlong towards orgasm. My breaths came faster and deeper, I went red in the face, my back arching, toes curling, lightning dancing in my hips.

"Oh fuck!" I cried out, oh it was soooo good! "Oh oh oh yessss!"

Then nothing, his fingers made a barrier, I hung on the edge of orgasm, unable to move forward, and every time I felt the intensity ease, he'd tap, keeping me there, edging me until I was breathless.

"Oh!" I moaned. "Oh! Oh! You fucker!"

Leroy just laughed, as I gasped, caught between my two men and their relentless torture of me.

Eventually, he let me climb down, but an instant later, he was building me up again, pushing me towards the edge of orgasm, but holding me from going over.

"Oh fuck!" I whined to Sam, twisting around his cock, trying to work more pressure against my g-spot. Fuck, I was dripping sweat, it was running down my thighs. My heart was racing, and every time Sam thrust, I felt like I'd go out of my mind. "I need to come so bad. I can fucking taste it."

Sam and Leroy exchanged looks, and they smiled.

"What do you want me to do?" Sam asked.

"FUCK HARDER!" I yelled.

And he did, he thrust so hard I was bent double, the bed was bouncing under us. Sam's pubic bones mashed against Leroy's knuckles so fiercely that they flattened out against my clit, sending sensations going wild.

"OH YEAH!" I screamed, "THAT'S IT!"

Sam pounded wildly, his thrust long and savage, relentless as a wild animal, pushing Leroy's hand against my clit again and again. I could feel it building finally, like a runaway freight train crashing through one barrier after another.

Leroy took his hand away, and now Sam's bare flesh was slapping against me. The change of texture and shape, the absence of constant pressure, the quickness of contact, took the edge off. My impending orgasm backed away, not completely, but I could feel the difference.

Suddenly, Sam shifted, his relentless rhythm went wild, discordant, uneven, and chaotic. The relentless power of his hips became unfocused, seeming to lose strength, still urgent but uncontrolled. He moaned loudly, and I could feel his cock swelling, his ejaculation spurting.

No! I thought. No! No! No! Not yet. Just a little more, just a little harder, but now he was all over, deflating, I could feel him spurting wildly as he pulled back, falling out for second and then driving in, his stroke weakening as rigidity overtook him.

Desperately, I reached down, slapping my clitoris rapidly, wrapping my legs tight around his hips pulling him in deeper.

There! Not as wild, not as intense as promised, a quiet pulse rather than a volcanic eruption, but the orgasm burst over me, spreading out from between my legs, a gentle tidal wave of pleasure. I found myself going limp, relaxing into it, my body boneless, as Sam fell on me, equally unstrung, the two of us wet and panting.

“Jesus,” Sam mumbled, “warn a guy when you do that. I’m not used to it.”

“I think it made it better for you,” Leroy said. “More intense.”

“What?” I asked.

“I stroked his balls,” Leroy answered for Sam, “very lightly, but at the right moment, it can really magnify sensation.”

“Oh yeah,” Sam was still gasping. “I think I ejaculated my kidneys.”

Borderline homophobic Leroy was stroking balls? I thought. What the hell is this? Some barrier he had broken through? A new level of comfort and security with us? A new intimacy?

“I’ve had it done,” Leroy said carefully. “It’s not something I do, but I thought it would help,”

He shrugged.

“I’m not gay or anything,” he said, defensively. “It was an impulse, that’s all. I don’t even know where it came from. Sorry.”

“That’s okay,” Sam replied, he was still catching his breath. A moment later, he rolled off me. Leroy moved to kneel between my spread legs.

“My turn now,” he said, his erection rampant. He was grinning like a little kid given the keys to the candy store. It was hard not to smile back. I lifted up a little, reaching out, to capture his hard cock in my fingers, loosely cradling its velvet stiffness.

“Well,” I teased, “you didn’t waste any time.”

“I’ve been waiting,” he replied, his grin was evil, even gloating. Maybe it wasn’t a new intimacy, maybe he just fucked with Sam? Stupid thought, I pushed it out of my mind.. Concentrate on the now, the here, Sam’s body beside me, his semen in me, and my other man about to thrust and fill me..

“What do you think, Sam?”

Sam was still flat on his back, recovering. Just flattened. I was going to have to remember that ball stroking thing. Hard to figure out how to put it to use, but I could be creative.

“Go for it,” Sam groaned. “I’ll just lay here and recover.”

“Wimp!” I said. I didn’t want to let Leroy’s cock go, so I made kissy faces at him. “Get hard soon, I want more of you!”

I turned back to Leroy.

"I don't know," I said thoughtfully, looking up at the ceiling, as I stroked his cock. I parted my legs wider, letting my pussy lips gape. "I mean, what if I'm no longer in the mood? Have you thought of that? Maybe I've had enough?"

"Have you?" he asked, flashing his sleazy grin. "Had enough?"

"Oh hell no!" I laughed, leaning backwards. Drawing his cock towards me, I bent and pulled my knees back, exulting in the touch of him, the feel of his cock head meeting my lips, parting them, opening me, reshaping me around him as he entered and smoothly plunged deep.

I laughed wildly with joy, as our hips smashed together, his close cropped pubic hair grinding against my smooth mound. Sam's come inside me squirted all around my entrance, forced out, leaking as I involuntarily tightened around Leroy's shaft.

He started to fuck me with powerful brutal thrusts, pressing his face down on my lips, his body pressing down on mine, not heavy enough to crush, he kept most of his weight. But hard enough, firmly enough to show me who was in charge. To teach me that I was his captive under him, as he claimed and reclaimed me with very long driving thrust.

For a moment, I forgot all about Sam, as Leroy took my breath away. I just enjoyed the submission, wallowing in it as Leroy pounded away on top of me, shaping me to his lust. His every movement, his touch, the way his hips thrust, or he pulled a leg higher, the way he grabbed and pinched a nipple, or licked my face.

Over and over, the message was: I'm in control, your body isn't yours any more, it's mine and I'll use it how I wish. That big cock filing me, stretching me with every thrust, feeling my pussy lips pulled taut, my clit grinding on his pubic hair, his weight shifting ceaselessly on my sweat covered body. Beneath him, I trembled and whimpered, hungered for him, like I couldn't stop drinking him down. He hovered above me like a god, invading, conquering, possessing, it took my breath away.

God, how I loved the way he fucked me, the way he consumed and took everything. I never wanted him to stop.

Then on a hard thrust, my head shifted, Sam came in my field of view. Our eyes met and we grinned at each other.

"Oh fuck!" Leroy moaned on top of me, battering me with a series of punishing thrusts that had the whole bed shaking. I squealed and groaned.

But my eyes remained on Sam. My tongue flicked out. Leroy bent his head to force a probing kiss, moving deep even as his cock ground deep inside, stroking my G-spot. My hand snaked out, feeling fingers twine with Sam's, the simple touch adding happiness and excitement.

Leroy broke the kiss, rearing up, and plunged into me like a runaway stallion.

"Fuck," I groaned, "you're so amazing!"

As his lips left mine, I kissed Sam. My hand slid down, wrapping around his cock.

"Getting there?" I whispered.

"Soon," Sam said.

“Oh right!” Leroy said, “I forgot you were there. I’m sorry. Sam, please stick your cock in your wife’s mouth while I fuck the shit out of her.”

Something about the way he said it had us both snickering. Leroy had a sense of humor. Would discoveries never end?

“Well,” Sam said, he gave me another sweet kiss, “since he asked nicely.”

“I am orally unoccupied,” I replied archly, affecting an accent. “And it is a truth, that a woman in possession of an unoccupied vacancies must be in want of men to fill it.”

“Pride and Pussy juice? By the way, I noticed the plural,” Sam said, “shall I get out a rolodex. Or just ask for volunteers?”

I extended my hand between his legs, and reached up to cup his ass cheeks, worming one finger between them.

“Oh, just come here and get that thing in my mouth,” I ordered. “Fellatio waits for no man!”

He moved closer and I lifted my head and swallowed. There was something about going down on Sam when he wasn’t hard that thrilled me, he was still big, but there was a pliability to it, I could squeeze it, shape it, move it in my mouth, it yielded to my tongue. And of course, there was the excitement of feeling him swell and harden, knowing I was making him feel pleasure.

Leroy pulled out and grabbed my ankle, pulling it, twisting me around. Once again, Sam’s cock was pulled off my mouth, I struggled, disoriented. I was just getting into it. Fucker was doing it on purpose.

“Hey!” I protested.

“All fours,” he ordered, “going to fuck you like a bitch! Sam, get in front, we’re going to do a spit roast.”

“Bossy,” I complained, assuming the position, hands and knees. I looked over my shoulder.

“What happened to letting go?”

He slapped my ass.

“I’m not overthinking. I just want to fuck you,” he said.

“Well in that case...” I grinned. “Wreck that pussy!”

I arched my back, presenting for mounting. Leroy grabbed my ass with both hands, and slammed my his cock deep inside me so fast and hard, it made my whole body convulse. I groaned, as he held still, letting me get used to his fillingness. Sam knelt in front of me, holding his stiffening cock steady. As he brought it to me, I pursed my lips as if to kiss, and then with a quick gulp, swallowed the head into my mouth. My eyelids fluttered as I swirled my tongue around it.

Behind me, Leroy began to thrust, this time slow and smooth, almost sensuous. I liked this, it was teasing, careful, such a contrast from his earlier brutality, but still controlling. I felt myself sinking into his rhythm, going with it, letting my body slide back and forth on two cocks, one on each end. There was something hypnotic about it, I knew it wouldn’t last, that it would inevitably grow faster and harder. But for now, I wanted to enjoy it.

Sam's cock hardened steadily, sliding in and out of my mouth, stretching my jaw. Sam held my head, not controlling, but supporting. It was Leroy's thrusts behind that set my motion. I flashed vividly on the spit roasting with Derek and Leroy in that hotel room. That had been rougher, more difficult. This was better, my two men more genuinely in synch.

Oh my god! We should do a double penetration! Totally! Sam and Leroy! Oh that would be perfect!

But first... Spit roasting, the way it was meant to be. The thought of double penetration drifted away. For sure though, later.

This was easier, Leroy's thrusts were hard, but not punishing, he wasn't trying to ragdoll me. Sam was innately gentle. Why the difference, I wondered. Was Sam's presence pushing Leroy to his best behavior, or had Derek's incited him to compete and contend? Whatever it was, it was sooooo good.

Behind me, Leroy's cock was an iron bar, slamming into me harder and harder, their energy ramping up imperceptibly but steadily. Each time, my face was forced onto Sam's cock. I struggled to keep my teeth from scraping. Pushed and pulled, it was hard to focus to use my tongue, my lips, to deliver a proper blow job. Instead, my mouth was simply a hole that slid back and forth over Sam's cock.

The tempo increased, Leroy started slapping my ass. He'd shift constantly, moving from short strokes to long, slow to fast, his hips would shift one side to the other. Keeping up became a struggle, I gave up even trying, and let myself be used, trying to find a mindset of submission, but every third thrust pushed me forward so that I was gagging. Even taking a proper breath became difficult, I started to get light headed.

Pleasure and discomfort, ceaseless random motion, the ecstasy of being filled and the awfulness of being used merged together, as Leroy grunted and slammed harder and harder behind me. This didn't feel like sex, it felt like being in some wild carnival ride, flung back and forth, and all the while, the sensations built up in my pussy and clitoris, bright spots, covering over in layer upon layer of pleasure. Breathless, I felt the beginnings of orgasm, a tightness between my legs, a tension in my limbs.

"Come on her face," Leroy ordered. "Pull out and jerk off on her face, she loves it like that!"

What? I thought.

"What?" Sam said.

Where the fuck did he get that? What woman enjoyed that?

"Where did you get that?" Sam demanded. "Do women enjoy that?"

"She loves it, come on her face while I give it to her. Come on, she's so fucking close, just do it."

With a pop, Sam's rigid, sweat slick cock fell from my mouth. Streams of drool ran down my chin, some of them spooling into threads. I tried to look up at Sam, but Leroy's savage thrusts were pounding me back and forth. I braced myself, one hand on the bed, one on his thigh. I could feel my orgasm swirling around, flickers of energy dancing further up my spine with each thrust. I gasped and kept gasping, making grunting noises.

“Oh fuck!” I whimpered to neither or both of them. “Oh fuck! It’s close, I’m close. So close. Don’t fuck this up for me!!!”

My brow, my face was dripping with sweat. I was sweating everywhere, I could feel it running down my back. I lifted a hand from the mattress for a second to wipe my face, momentarily pressing my weight into Sam, before putting it back down.

“Aaah, he’s fucking me,” I cried out. “So hard.”

Every brutal thrust of his cock shook my whole body, sent sensations ripping through me. My breasts swung beneath me. It felt like I was being physically shaken. My ass tingled with pins and needles from how hard he slammed his hips in. His hands were like bruising claws on my hips.

“Aaagh!” I screamed, the pins and needles exploded on my ass cheek, as he slapped it hard.

“Come on, bitch,” he snarled. “Show me what you’ve got!”

“I’m close!” I cried. “So close!”

In front of me, Sam’s erection was almost purple. He was masturbating so hard his hand was a blur. The skin of his cock head pulled so tight it was translucent. Beads of precum oozed out, dangling, or smearing across my cheek when a hard thrust from Leroy drove me against Sam’s cock.

Did I really want him in my mouth while I came? I mean, okay, the last time it worked. But wait, he’d come on my face then too. Oh fuck it, Leroy knew what he was doing, just trust him!

“Do it,” I groaned, hanging on against Leroy’s pounding, with everything I had, “do it the way he says. Oh fuck! Oh fuck! So close! SO CLOSE!”

Leroy was slapping my ass hard, now, every two or three thrusts, a vicious slap, mostly the left, but occasionally the right. I squealed with each slap, almost incoherent.

“Show me!” Leroy demanded. Lunge. Scream. Slap. “SHOW!” Lunge! Scream! Slap! Scream! Lunge! “ME!” LungeScreamSlapScream! “SHOW ME!”

LungeScreamSlapScream!LungeScreamSlapScream!LungeScreamSlapScream!

“SHOW ME! SHOW ME! SHOWME! SHOWME!SHOWME!SHOWME!!!!”

Then it happened. Time seemed to stand still, to slow down inside, I could hear my own heart like a slow drum the size of a house. My vision filled with black spots all around the edges, and Sam’s cock seemed to swell gigantic and vivid in my field of view. The urethra opened, a round dark hole opening in a way I’d never really focused on before, but now it was fascinating.

A glob of pearly glistening semen came out, both incredibly slowly and startlingly fast, sailing through the air to slam onto my cheek, and then another, and another, peppering my face like some pink rapid fire rifle. I couldn’t hear anything, except that I could everything too loud and too silent, everything distorted.

The pins and needles sensations from the slapping of my ass cheeks spread from there all over my body. The orgasm, an incredible intense surge of white hot lightning, boiling with each thrust, loosed suddenly, tearing through me like a freight train. I couldn’t think, couldn’t see or hear, everything exploding everywhere, on and on and on.

Then it was over, and suddenly, I didn't have a muscle fiber left. I felt my arms giving way, Sam catching and cradling my body as Leroy, screaming, slammed a dozen more thrusts into my, shaking me like a rag doll, triggering aftershock piling on top of aftershock.

Then he went stiff, pushing into me so ferociously, my face hit the mattress, the pressure of him forcing me down, the mattress sinking around my face and shoulders. I could feel him ejaculating, pulse after pulse, ropes of semen emptying into my vagina with wild abandon.

"Fuck!" He grunted, as his orgasm passed. His clawlike death grips on my hips melted away. I could feel his cock shrinking inside me as he ground away, twisting his hips, unable to possess his conquest. He was panting like a dog, and I felt wet spatters on my back and butt, either from his sweat dripping off, or drool.

Sam pulled my limp body up onto the bed, laying down beside me. Cuddling, but not too tight. Somehow, he always knew just how to hold me. My body overheated, my skin tingling, he was there, but with just enough space to let my nerves calm, my temperature to lower, but enough contact to reassure.

Leroy, just let himself flop down on the bed beside us, on the other side of Sam. I reached down finding his hand, curling his fingers in mine, and let as much of my skin in contact with him either of us could stand. The three of us simply laid down together, catching our breaths, recovering.

"Fuck!" Leroy said suddenly, his voice was hoarse, he sounded raw. "That was intense."

"That was right up there," I agreed. My face was wet, I reached up and wiped my brow, momentarily puzzled by how slick and viscous it felt, Then I remembered...

Sam had ejaculated all over me.

"Pretty fucking spectacular," I said.

Maybe I did like him coming on my face?

No, not quite, not that. But there'd been something hypnotic and fascinating about seeing that moment of his orgasm, that instant of his cock transforming, super-rigid, the urethra opening like a tiny dark tunnel. I tried to hold onto the image, to internalize it. It wasn't so much the ejaculation on my face, maybe I would come to like it. But there'd been something so amazing about witnessing his orgasm so close, so intimately. His penis had almost glowed, it had literally transformed right in front of me. Suddenly, I wanted it again, I wanted to witness that ejaculation over and over, I wanted to listen to his heartbeat when it happened, look into his eyes as he was lost, feel every fiber of muscle going stiff, his skin going hot. I wanted to experience him having his orgasm from a hundred angles, and memorize all of it.

And wear his come on my face like a trophy, an ultimate intimacy.

"Yeah," Sam breathed, his voice was the strongest, most focused, least incoherent. I understood, all he'd done was jerked off. There was a limit to that. But I imagined it was still intense for him.

I just let myself come together.

"Showers?" Sam said finally.

“That would require moving. Not happening,” I said firmly.

Leroy turned his head to look at us.

“Fuck,” he said, “he really got you there. Full facial. After coming twice, I figured he’d just spit dust.”

I shrugged. It wasn’t actually all that much for Sam, he tended to produce volume. But as Leroy said, he’d already come twice. Didn’t matter, I was pretty sure I’d drained them both.

After a while, we recovered enough to make small talk. Then Sam kissed me, which was nice. Leroy watched, and when I turned my head, he kissed me. We went back and forth, kissing like that, not wild or passionate, but enjoying the teasing intimacy. Leroy’s hand crept down slowly, my legs parted, and he found my clit, making me laugh and squirm.

“I think you’ve got a little still left in the tank,” he teased.

I snuggled against Sam, to look at him, laughing a little.

“Maybe you should go down and find out?”

He did his sleazy grin thing.

“I don’t do that,” he told me, “sorry.”

Oh come on! He’d just strokes Sam’s balls to make him come like a rocket, the homoerotic hero! And now he was squeamish about going down on me? No fair! But I kind of got it. He’d experienced some kind of moment of relaxation, of openness while in the throes of sex. He’s allowed himself to step past his barriers in arousal. But now that he’d come, the post-nut insecurity was kicking in.

Sweet Leroy, so vulnerable and insecure, so transparent. I reached over and kissed him.

“Maybe you should,” I coaxed, just in case. “You never know what you’re missing out. You might love it.”

“Maybe,” he said. Oh my, I thought, considering it! He really is opening up! “Maybe sometime, but not a pussy I just busted a nut in.”

Come on, Leroy, open up just a little more, lose all your wound up crap. The human race is waiting, come and join us. I giggled. He tapped around my clit in a mad four-two beat, making me squirm.

“Such a classy way to put it,” I said.

I turned my head, kissing Sam.

“What about you, lover?” I asked. “This pussy needs attention.”

“Hmmm,” Sam went, as we exchanged pecks.

“You figure you can go down and find one more orgasm?”

He smirked.

“Just one?”

I clicked my tongue, and jerked my head down, grinning at him.

“Don’t worry Sam,” Leroy said cheerfully. “I’ll keep her busy at this end.”

Sam laughed at that, and made his way down. My thighs parted wider as he crawled over them, I lifted my knees back to give him access, and reached down with one hand to pull on my hood and expose my clit. Soon Leroy’s fingers had withdrawn and Sam’s sweet, sweet tongue tip was working its magic.

Leroy leaned over on his side, cupping my breast, and kissed me sensuously. Drained as I was, I decided I could get used to this. There’s something wonderful about being kissed at both ends.

“Look at him go. Two loads at least,” Leroy whispered in my ear, so quietly I could barely make it out. “He really loves eating men’s come out of your pussy. He gets off on it. Some men are like that.”

I laughed at the silliness of it. He was such a little boy, but at least he wasn’t mean about it.

“He doesn’t care,” I whispered back. Sam really didn’t, it didn’t seem to mean much to him, one way or the other. I’d read enough of Leroy’s cuckold stories to understand creampie eating was a fetish thing, but it just wasn’t Sam’s fetish. It would be cool if it was, if he got an extra charge out of it. “He just loves my pussy.”

“Oh yeah,” Leroy teased, “what if a dozen men came in that pussy. I bet he’d eat it all.”

I looked at him.

“Do you have a dozen men in mind?” I asked fluttering my eyelashes and grinning

“What are you talking about?” Sam lifted his head, curiously.

“Why you, Darling!” I told him, reaching down to stroke his hair. “We were talking about what an artist you are down there!”

Impulsively, I drew him up towards me.

“Come up for a moment,” I whispered, “and give me a kiss.”

Sam crawled up over my body, guided by my hand on the side of his head. As he loomed above me, I slid it across his very wet cheek. Was that my pussy wetness? Or his semen? Or Leroy’s? It didn’t matter. Or maybe it did, maybe I was into having my creepies eaten, the intimacy of it all. I looked into his eyes before our lips met in a long and sensuous kiss. I knew Leroy was watching us, and so I let it linger, let the passion simmer a little longer. This is love, I thought at him, love without barriers.

“Any luck finding that orgasm I misplaced?” I asked We rubbed our foreheads together.

“I’m hot on the tail... I mean trail,” Sam replied, and then descended. I laid my hand on top of his head, even his hair was wet, and pressed his face down between my legs. Beside me, Leroy leaned over to kiss me and with my free arm, I embraced him.

Sam did indeed find that last orgasm, it was small and slow and sweet as lilacs in the spring, opening up like a little tiny flower in the desert.

Afterwards, the three of us just laid there. Not talking, just enjoying the feeling of being together.

“I suppose I should get going,” Leroy said. He made no move to get up, he made no move at all.

“Sammmmmmmm?” I whispered.

“Mmmm?”

“We’re out of blankets,” I said. “We have no blankets at all!”

They were all over the floor around the bed actually. But that was such a long way to go.

“I’m going to be cold,” I complained. “Colllllldddddd!”

Sam propped up on one elbow to run his free hand up and down my body, kissing my cheek. I could feel the powdery sensation of dried semen on my face as he nuzzled me.

“Mmm,” he said, as Leroy watched us, giving nothing, “well, I could keep you warm with body heat?”

“But that’s only one side of me,” I pointed out. “The other side will be collllddd!”

He nodded wisely, pondering this intractable problem. Then we both looked at Leroy, sharing our tiny smiles.

“Leroy,” Sam said, “Kayley’s going to be cold–”

“Colllllldddddd!!!”

“Could you maybe spend the night, so we can keep her warm and toasty on both sides?”

I batted eyelids at him, and pulled the corner of my bottom lip down with my little finger.

“We’d be ever so appreciative!” I said. “Wouldn’t we?”

“Totally grateful,” Sam said.

Leroy gave us the strangest look. Maybe he was developing a sense of humor, but it still felt like he just didn’t get our banter sometimes. There was a playfulness that he struggled to follow. But we’d teach him.

“I guess,” he said, with exaggerated care, “I could make the sacrifice.”

I giggled and kissed him.

“Cuddle time!” I announced, squirming sexily and pulling my men towards me, as I twisted back and forth, rubbing their bodies against mine. We didn’t have a drop of sexual energy left in us. But intimacy? Intimacy never runs out.

Afterwards, sandwiched between my two favorite men in the whole world, between my angel and my devil, I listened to them each drift off, almost bursting with sheer contentment.

What an evening! It had been absolutely perfect. Raunchy and sensuous at the right times and the right places, just nasty enough at times to be thrilling, sweet enough at others to make me glow, the dinner had been exquisite, it had all gone so well. Each of us had been at our absolute best, particularly Leroy. Especially Leroy.

Sam was behind me, spooning. And Leroy was on the other side, his back to me, nestled against my breasts and my thighs. Our child-man had literally begun to grow up right in front of us, visibly shedding his insecurities and competitiveness, overcoming his limitations, freeing himself.

I knew it wasn't all at once, it would be a journey. But I was so glad we'd made this safe space where he could evolve and change. It made me so happy to think that we were as good for him, as he was for us. That he could, with us, leave his negative qualities behind, and become fully, the man he was capable of being, the man who shone through again and again.

I reached out, running my hand back and forth along his arm, his shoulder, listening to his breathing change at my touch, and smiled. Then I pushed backwards, wiggling a little to make sure Sam's cock was tucked between my ass cheeks where it belonged.

I sighed and drifted happily off to sleep.