

Slipping into Depravity, Chapter 48 - Truth is what you do in the dark.

New

Yesterday

LEROY

Leroy whistled to himself in the shower. Sam was gone, Kayley was already late for work. So he took extra time in the shower, enjoying himself. She'd face a quandary, go in to the office late, looking like a skank and reeking men's sweat and semen. Or wait and go into the office inexcusably late but presentable. Or just call in sick.

He didn't particularly care, he had no special plans for her, not after the workout last night and this morning. The girl had drained his balls empty.. He just liked fucking with people, messing with their lives, taking away the things. Everyone was so selfish and self-directed, everyone had their schedules and plans and places to be at specific times and things they wanted to do. There was a simple pleasure in taking that from them.

Leroy relished the night thoroughly. He'd enjoyed working with Sam in the kitchen, there had been a smoothness to their interactions that Leroy had only found a few times in his life. Sam had been an apt pupil, willing to be lead, and deeply attentive. They'd played off each other with almost psychic coordination. It had been a pleasure working with the younger man. Leroy enjoyed cooking, but due to temperament found few occasions to really indulge.

Kayley, of course had been a thorough little whore, cartoonishly hungry for attention, her thoughts and impulses bare for anyone to see, and so easily manipulated she was practically transparent. It seemed to Leroy that you could do anything with her, or make her do anything.

Except that there was a disturbing intelligence behind those eyes, an awareness that threatened to see through him, if he ever let his guard down. That and the frightening savagery and cruelty that came out if coaxed properly.

She needed careful handling, until she was thoroughly broken, and broken past all hope of recovery.

Until then, keep smiling, keep teasing, keep her off balance, while feeding her own fantasies distorted and tailored for Leroy's purposes, until she couldn't escape.

Sam had called Kayley a bitch, Leroy had been pleased to note . He'd heard it distinctly, the word 'bitch' and then a microsecond of shock on both their parts, a forcible return to playfulness.

Afterwards, in the kitchen, he'd made a point of quietly mentioning it to Sam out of Kayley's hearing, complimenting and affirming it. Sam's embarrassed smile was reward enough, but later on, on the couch, he'd seen Sam mouth the word.

Another sweet moment on the couch - Kayley's vague admission of prior lovers. She'd been hiding something, he wasn't sure what, or whether she'd been hiding it from him or Sam or both of them. But it didn't matter. As she stumbled, it seemed like she was admitting that she'd

fucked at least some of the previous contestants in their flirting game, behind Sam's back. He's caught Sam's eye, seeing the younger man wonder about the same thing and nodded.

Leroy didn't much care, but he wanted the idea planted that Kayley had been fucking behind Sam's back. A little seed of mistrust, a wedge to work in. Whatever she'd been stumbling around, he'd got what he wanted.

The seeds were sprouting. Leroy wouldn't push it hard, you couldn't push seedlings. But a little watering, a little nurturing, a word here and there always friendly, would foster a subliminal sense of resentment and alienation for a woman who seemed selfish and immature, who went out of her way to humiliate him, and who repeatedly chose others.

Probably wouldn't go anywhere with Sam, the stupid fucker was too in love. He'd just bury or ignore it, but a little poison in the right place never hurts. It would probably fade away, but maybe, with a little care...

Sam.

Sam was interesting. Stupid and naive of course, inferior, just one of the toys to play with. But oddly, he liked the younger man a lot. He enjoyed his company. He liked them both when he allowed himself to, come to think of it.

They were stupidly nice, ridiculously so. Open hearted, generous.

No jealousy in Sam, Leroy reflected. He couldn't fathom that.

Leroy would have preferred Sam jealous as he took his wife in front of him.

Or at least humiliated.

But somehow, he took it in stride.

Still though, cracks were forming. 'Bitch' had been a breakthrough. The mistrust, the resentment, almost invisible, but definitely there. Other cracks were opening up. Sam's confidence, his sense of self, his sexual identity, insecurity was starting to fray. He was starting to lean on Leroy, that would become reliance, even dependency.

Last night, as they'd all slept together, Leroy had waited until they were both sleeping soundly, drifting in and out himself as he watched them, like a cobra. Then he'd slipped between them, pushing Kayley away, allowing her to spoon him, while he pressed against Sam's body.

Then, casually, he'd turned around, and Leroy's cock had laid against Sam's butt cheeks. The defilement of the younger man had brought him to a pleasing semi-erection. He despised how much bigger Sam was when they weren't erect. He'd drifted in and out, enjoying the humiliation of his body against the younger man's, the vulnerability of him.

He thought vaguely of that asshole in Hungary? What was his name? M... something. Wanting to be a player. Already large, larger than Leroy, wanting to be bigger, harder, longer. Leroy'd gotten him to inject a toxic soluble into his cock, the fucking idiot. Three days in the hospital, and out with a twisted, warped, internally burned member, useless for anything, as if anyone would want to touch the disgusting thing, couldn't even pee without agony.

Best part, he hadn't even blamed Leroy, never realized who to blame. Leroy would hang out with the man whose effective castration he'd arranged, and they'd drink beer and get drunk. He'd

listen to the asshole whine about his life. He never even suspected. He blamed Doctors and nurses, bad dealers, bad compounds, you name it. Not Leroy.

When Leroy drifted back to awareness, Sam was gone, retreated to the couch once again. Leroy smiled. Call it a teaching moment, Sam was, groggily and half consciously, learning his place.

Later Kayley stirred, Leroy roused enough to hold her tight. She pushed, he tightened his grip and mumbled, pretending to be more asleep than he was.

“I need to pee,” she whispered.

Leroy grumbled some more and let her go. Counting down. The little cunt was going to sneak off to Sam on the couch. Well fuck that. Quietly, he climbed out of bed listening for the sound of the toilet, to make his move.

When the bathroom door opened, Leroy was right there. Kayley’s grasp of surprise was muffled by his mouth on hers. He pushed her up against the doorjamb, squeezing a breast, and using his other hand to cradle the back of her head, letting the slow sensual kiss unspool her. Slowly, he felt her resistance melt away, and dropped a hand between her legs.

“I have to piss too,” he whispered. “I’ll let you watch.”

Even in the dark, he could feel the sudden hot blush that washed over her. The hiccup of halted breath. Way too much of a reaction, it made him smile in the dark, his natural smile, the one that disturbed people. Abruptly, he let her go, enjoying the way she sagged in the doorframe, and stepped into the bathroom.

Kayley didn’t follow him in, but she didn’t leave either, he noted. She just hovered in the doorway.

Leroy angled his body to make sure that she had a view even though the lights were off, then he let go with a hot thick stream. Leroy didn’t particularly care whether he hit the bowl or not, it wasn’t his fucking apartment, but after a moment the bowl began to sizzle from urine hitting it. He glanced at Kayley who pretended nonchalance, but he was sure the bitch was watching avidly.

When he finished, he didn’t bother to flush, he just wiped the dripping head with two fingers and returned to Kayley. Pressing his body against her naked form, he pinned her to the doorjamb. With one hand he wrapped fingers tight in her hair, as his mouth descended on hers for a forceful kiss.

His wet fingers he wiped along her cheek. Smell my piss, you little cunt, he thought. Did she smell it, did it affect her? Had his fingers been wet enough? Was there a trace of odor? Did it she melt into it, or cringe in disgust. He couldn’t tell. It didn’t matter to him. Not really.

What counted was keeping her from her asshole husband on the couch, and dragging her back to bed, so she would know who was in charge. He kissed her until he felt her resistance dissolved, running his fingers again and again through her hair, until his fingers were twined tightly.

Leroy’s cock pressed into Kayley’s naked belly. The subtle cruelty, the sense of fucking them both over, made him hard. Sam slept through it, it was too much to ask that the younger man might have watched Leroy make out with and take his wife while he laid on the couch. Sam would sleep the night with any couch visitor, maybe he’d wake up in the night and miss it, feel an ache

for some gesture of love and affection that had never come. Leroy kissed her more intensely, bending her head back, and licking her throat until she gave a little moan.

When he decided she was ready, Leroy dragged Kayley by the hair behind him, keeping her submissively bent forward as she followed in his steps. The discomfort and humiliation he inflicted made his cock surge, the head swelling with urgency.

In the bedroom, he pushed her forward to the edge of the bed, until she was kneeling on the edge of it. He loved her silent compliance, clearly, she didn't want to wake her poor cuckold. He shoved her face into the mattress.

"Stay," he whispered, as he regretfully let go her hair. Standing behind her, her perfect ass up in the air, pale and almost ghostly from the light from the window, he put his hands and dug his fingers into her cheeks, almost exultant with power.

Pussy or asshole, he thought. She had no choice. He liked it that way, when they had no say in what you decided to do to them. Her face was planted in the mattress, the smell of his piss in her nose, her body pliable. He could have her any way he wanted, he could do anything, whip that ass, bite it and leave teeth marks, do anything he wanted. Ass or pussy?

Ass? Hard enough and fast enough, he could make her squeal loudly in pain. Sam would wake. Leroy could tell him to fuck off and go sit on the couch like a fucking cuck. Unless he didn't, unless Kayley complained, unless it got fucked up.

Not yet, they're not quite there, neither of them.

Pussy? She was dripping for it. Leroy slid his cock up and down from lips to clit, feeling her wetness on the head of his cock, the way she pushed back subtly. His lip curled in a sneer. You don't get this because you want it, bitch, he thought. You get it, because I choose. And then he slid in smoothly. Kayley couldn't hold back a loud sigh, moaning into the mattress.

Leroy exulted in her slickness, the way the wetness just seemed to drip from her, almost trickling down her thighs, the slippery viscosity of her pussy. Submissively, Kayley held her pose groaning softly in time with Leroy's thrusts. Her pussy squeezed, as if to futilely resist his conquest, as he drove into her again and again. Each time he bottomed out in her, his hips pressing into her ass, his balls slapping her lightly, she moaned and squeezed and surrendered, going tight and then relaxing as it surrendered to its master's intrusion.

He fucked her like that for a while, slowly speeding up, listening as her breathing hitched, she began to pant loudly and her body flushed hotter. On either side of him, her toes curled up. He dug his fingers into her ass cheeks, the skin slick with sweat, pulling them apart so fiercely her asshole winked at him. His cock surged with energy and he drove it into her hard, his hips slapping her butt loudly, and she squeaked.

Maybe it was the slapping sound that did it. A moment later, when Leroy looked up, Sam's lean form was in the doorway. For an instant, Leroy was terrified, he was way too vulnerable if the younger man came after him. Sam had too much muscle in him to dismiss, especially if enraged. But then Leroy noted the hard cock, loosely cradled in Sam's hand, and smiled.

That's it, Leroy thought, watch me fuck your wife. Watch how much she loves it. Sam moved closer, Leroy shook his head and Sam stopped. Leroy moved his lips as if whispering, and then turned, ignoring Sam and looking down at Kayley's ass. Leroy didn't actually say anything, he just let Sam fill in whatever details.

As Leroy fucked his girl, Sam reached down to his hard cock and began to jerk himself off. Leroy nodded with satisfaction. That's it, fucker, jerk off watching. The more you end up jerking off while watching, the easier it will get, the safer it will get, until you accept that's your role.

Leroy lifted a hand from Kayley's ass, not breaking rhythm, to grin at Sam and give him a thumb's up. After a second, the asshole actually returned the thumb's up.

A soft moan began from Sam, and Leroy groaned loudly and thrust extra brutally bringing squeals from Kayley to cover the sound. Sam ejaculated in his hand and onto the floor, a sudden trembling weakness leaving him leaning against the door frame for support.

Leroy grinned again at Sam and nodded, and when the younger man had recovered, Leroy waved at him dismissively, fucking a moaning Kayley all the while. The message was clear. 'You came, now fuck off back to the couch.'

Sam nodded and retreated. Leroy's victory made him so much harder. And Kayley, fucking Kayley, the stupid cunt, had no idea that her husband had watched Leroy fuck the shit out of her, and had jerked off to it. Leroy had a wild impulse to tell her, but instead, he just shoved her forward and rolled her onto her back, just before her orgasm, casually denying it to her.

He climbed on top and slid his cock into her unresisting body, kissing her savagely, his hands clutching her breasts so hard she whimpered. He hoped he left bruises.

"Wrap your legs around me tight," he whispered in her ear as he began to thrust cruelly into her wet fold, driving her hips into the bed, trying to bottom out against her cervix. Kayley whimpered again as he fucked harder.

He loved that she was still trying to be quiet while her husband's worthless semen was drying on the carpet in front of the doorway. Sam was back on the couch, still awake, listening and holding his soft useless dick, while Leroy fucked his wife. The thought of their respective humiliations made him groan softly, and ram his rigid, swelling cock even harder into her, pushing sighs.

"Tell me," he ordered, his whisper harsh in her ear, "tell me you love it."

"I love it," she whispered.

"Say it," he demanded, pumping into her.

"I fucking love it," she groaned it loudly, and Leroy was sure Sam heard it..

"What do you love," his voice rasped in her ear.

"I love your cock," she moaned, louder this time, "oh god, I love the way you just take me and fuck me."

The thought of Sam, laying on the couch, his useless soft dick in his hand, frantically jerking it, as he listened to Leroy fuck his wife, listened to Kayley say how much more she loved Leroy's cock, sent electrical surges of pleasure through Leroy's erection, made him swell until the skin was tight as a drum inside her clenching wetness.

"I own you," he whispered.

"Oh god," she moaned, he was sure Sam could hear, "you fucking rule me with that cock. I love it. Fuck me hard."

“More,” Leroy demanded ecstatically. It was too delicious.

“I love the way you fuck me,” she moaned, her sweat slick thighs sliding back and forth against his hip, one of her heels stroked the back of his calf, “I love your cock more than anything.”

“Even your cuck?” he whispered, his breath hot in her ear. “Tell me. You like mine more. Tell me how much better I am.”

“Fuck me hard, Leroy,” she moaned, “with that big cock. Dominate me. Conquer me.”

She wouldn’t say it. She knew what he wanted and wouldn’t give it to him this time. He bared his teeth, bending low over her, and kissed her cruelly, dragging guttural moans from her.

The fucking bitch. Always fighting him, she never stopped. She never stopped losing either, but sometimes that wasn’t a consolation, because no matter how far down into submission, he could always feel it, that tiny little core, observing him, judging him, resenting him, always looking for a moment to push back. That hidden place of rage and cruelty curling like a snake in her soul.

“Do it!” she grunted. “Do it! Do it! Take me! Own me! Make me your property.”

She was saying it for herself, building her arousal, her excitement, role playing her slavery. Working towards orgasm. He wanted to seize her by the throat, but instead he kissed her his teeth pulling on her lip, biting lightly to vent his aggression, as he punched his cock harder into her slick tight cunt, her whole body rippling with sexual surrender and submission.

But never fucking completely.

Leroy let her get close to orgasm, and then took it away. He punished her with his cock, grabbing her wrists and holding them pinned under one hand, as he thrust, the sound of their bodies colliding a steady slapping noise. He spat, and it hit her cheek, and for a moment she didn’t notice, but then her eyes widened. He just grinned and pounded, his free hand squeezing her breasts.

“You like that,” he whispered, more loudly than he intended.

Kayley was so fucking wet, he could feel her pussy, lubricated to silk, so slick that despite her tightness, there was almost no resistance. Her thighs climbed his hips, pressing, but he only pushed them apart with driving thrusts. He could feel her orgasm building, but shifted his angle of penetration to steal it from her.

“You like that?” Leroy demanded, his face above hers, spittle spraying her from his speech. He kissed her, her jaws hung open, and he thrust his tongue into her mouth. When he let her go, she was gasping. “You like me spitting on you?”

“Yes,” she choked out, her hips were lifting to meet each thrust, she was panting like a dog, her body hot and ripe, glistening with sweat. The picture of submission.

The fucking lying cunt, playing him, telling him whatever she thought he wanted, except when she refused.

She was close, she was so close, but he refused to let her go, slowing his pace deliberately, pulling away, even as she locked heels behind his ass and tried to pull him deeper.

“Then open your mouth,” he snarled.

Kayley's eyes were wild, her mouth open, stretching in an 'O,' her tongue out. Fuck that, Leroy thought, and spit hard into the back of her throat, perfectly, touching nothing else but spattering against the soft palate. Her body reflexively startled, her mouth snapping shut, she choked, a moment of panic and surprise.

That did it for him, he felt the head of his cock bursting with pleasure, and he pushed harder into her, reaching back to pull up her knee so that he could avoid too much stimulation of her clit. He ejaculated brutally, loudly, almost roaring for Sam, his semen marking her to Sam as his property. All the while, taking his pleasure while denying her hers.

Fuck you, cunt, he thought, as he collapsed on top of her, careful to elevate his hips to deny her clitoris any stimulation, keeping her wrists pinned, letting her body climb down from its near peak.

Once he was sure her arousal had faded sufficiently, he rolled off her, pulling her body against his into a spoon. Kayley reached between her legs, but Leroy got there first, sealing her vagina away from her.

"Holy shit," Leroy said, "you're a hot piece of ass. You just don't quit do you? You fucking wore me out."

Just loudly enough for Sam to hear. He kissed her on the back of her neck, licking and then nibbling her shoulder until she squirmed and giggled.

"Oh fuck," she replied. "You wrecked me."

She wiggled her butt against his slimy cock. He enjoyed the subliminal need in her, the way she was almost unconscious of it, the feel of her cheeks, the cleft between them working against his limp cock.

"Wanna finish me," she whispered teasingly. Her admission of weakness, of his superiority and control made him want to swell with pride. Leroy laughed, and nibbled her shoulders again, making her whole body squirm. But he gave her no relief, and she was too exhausted to really struggle, just held her in place. Eventually, she quieted and slowly drifted off to sleep. One more small conquest, his denial and her eventual acquiescence a sublet domination.

Leroy was a light sleeper, living in dangerous places had developed that in him. He held Kayley caged, and when she woke and tried to move, or even slip a hand between her legs, he'd rouse just enough to tighten his grip. Eventually, the impulse would fade and she'd drift off again, and he'd smile to himself, enjoying the victory over her.

He liked being in control, that in itself was enough.

But he wanted her horny in the morning when he fucked her again.

He drifted off.

When he woke again, the dawn's early light was coming in. There was an alarm beside the bed. Kayley, beside him was sound asleep, undoubtedly worn out. He checked when the alarm was set for - of course, there'd be an alarm, they'd have to get up early to go to work. He contemplated the hour it was set for. Then he turned off the alarm.

Then he turned to Kayley, watching her sleep. Naked, body akimbo, legs parted, she was utterly limp and completely accessible. Vulnerable. It was as if he could do anything to her.

Leroy couldn't, not really. The minute he did anything rough she'd wake and react.

Still, it was nice to contemplate, the things he could do before she woke. Consciousness arriving simultaneously with shock and horror at what was being done to her. He imagined carefully slipping her into ropes and cuffs, so she'd wake to bondage.

Experimentally, he reached out and teased a nipple, waiting for her response. The nipple hardened, she shifted slightly, but never climbed to wakefulness, continuing her deep sleep. His hands, feather light, explored her naked body, measuring sensitivities and responses, always careful not to bring her to the threshold.

Finally, his hand hovered over her pubic mound, so close he could feel her body heat, but not quite touching. Watching her face carefully, Leroy applied just the lightest touch to her clitoral hood, a gentle circling pressure. After a moment, she moaned softly, her legs closed and he lifted his hand, then opened, and he returned, teasing her vaginal lips until they parted. She remained in deep sleep.

Smiling, Leroy kept toying with her, teasing her clitoris, brushing her inner thighs, her nipples, her neck, but always returning to her clit. He would back off when she became too restless, but he always returned. He was careful to never apply too much pressure, to offer too much stimulation, nothing that set her on the path to wakefulness. Instead, he followed a cycle, tease and subside, tease and subside, watching her body drift into generalized arousal.

Finally, he laid back, pulling her to him. Unconsciously, she ground her hips against his crotch, something that amused him no end, and allowed himself to drift off.

Leroy drifted back up twice more, each occasion checking the time, and then repeating the exercise on Kayley's helpless form, until she was squirming. He was pleased to note that each time she reached arousals faster, the thresholds higher, lasting longer. Her sleeping body slowly acclimating to arousal, adapting and tolerating the sensations.

Normally, he was too impatient and cruel for such games, they were too subtle for his tastes. But he liked the idea of slowly working her, so that when she woke, she'd be horny but exhausted, full sleep denied to her, but somehow, without her ever realizing how or why she was so desperate to be used, desperate for release.

On the third occasion he drifted back, the time was close to the now silent alarm. He slipped out of bed, unplugging the alarm, playing with it until the plug just rested in the socket, hanging there, but not enough to make the electrical connection, something that could be accidental. He switched on the now dead alarm.

Kayley's vulnerable body was there to be played with, and he began again the careful process of teasing her sleeping figure to arousal. This time, as she moaned slightly, he pressed his lips to hers ever so slightly, lingering until her lips moved against his. The touches were firmer now, more insistent. He stroked her thighs, caressed her breasts, showered light kisses, growing steadily more insistent.

Her moans were clearer now, her movements stronger, more coordinated. She was rising to wakefulness. Behind closed eyelids, there was movement. He laid on his side beside her, kissing gently, hand sliding from shoulder to breast to belly and below, lifting to repeat. Involuntarily, her legs parted. He tried to touch her the way he thought Sam would in this

situation, to lull her into further compliance. Her eyelids fluttered, her mouth opening in invitation. The tip of his tongue slid in to tease her.

Leroy slid over, slipping between her spread legs, before she was fully aware. She registered motion, but not what the motion was or what it signified. She blinked, recognizing him. He could almost see the thoughts clumsily forming in her mind. He kissed her again to distract her, reveling in the passive way she welcomed the kiss.

His cock pressed against her pussy lips. She wasn't fully wet, but she wasn't dry, he'd kept her fitfully aroused and so her body was in some intermediate stage of preparation. He pushed his cock into her an inch or so, that was all she could take. Even so, the shock of it made her back arch and knees rise, her body instinctively trying to accommodate the intrusion. Her eyes snapped open wide, rudely jerked from a half dream state to find herself impaled like a butterfly on a pin.

Leroy kissed her, fast, hard, but not too hard.

"Good morning," he told her, his hips moving back and forth gently, fucking her to the extent her unready body permitted, working a little deeper with each short thrust.

"Well," she husked, still slightly disoriented, trying to pull herself together, "I see someone is up."

Her pussy was wetter now, the lubrication turning on slowly. She still wasn't all there, but it was enough for him to claim more. He pushed, and she grunted and winced in a mixture of discomfort and pleasure as he drove a couple of more inches into her, over half his length wrapped around her tight vagina. He liked when they weren't quite wet enough, he thought it made his cock feel bigger to them.

"What can I say," he grinned, kissing her again, forcing her to respond.

Kayley's head drifted from side to side.

"Where's Sam?"

"Oh he's around," Leroy assured her. "I'm just getting a head start."

She winced as he pushed another couple of inches into her, enjoying her discomfort as he opened her up. He wanted to push all the way in, to bottom out in her and make her cry out in sudden pain. But that would provoke resentment, even resistance, it might wake Sam, and he wanted none of these things. So he was careful to give her what he thought she could handle, barely handle, but handle. Keeping her discomfort below the threshold of refusal.

In a few minutes at most, she'd be wet enough, and the fucking would be smooth enough that she'd forget all about the initial penetrations, the way he'd pushed harder and more uncomfortably each time.

Kayley reached around to embrace him, but he caught her arms, raising them, and pinning her wrists crossed above her head. He felt a surge of lubrication then and pushed all the way, bottoming out in her, making her grimace briefly. But it was all right, pinning her wrists had triggered something submissive in her and she accepted his final invasion.

"You like doing this," she said. The girl was perceptive, too clever by far. "Sneaky morning fucks behind Sam's back."

“Mornings, I’m just horny and eager,” he lied. “It’s not more complicated.”

To distract her, he pulled back, dragging his cock backwards through her not quite ready channel, until only the head was within her. She twisted a little, her body subliminally protesting, as he kissed her, pulling her attention every which way. Then he drove back in, not harshly but implacably, forcing a long grunt from her, train of thought derailed.

“What time is it?” she asked, brow wrinkling.

“It’s okay,” he lied, hushing her. “It’s early in the morning, we have lots of time.”

He was gratified by her nod, the brow smoothing, her acceptance. The next move was smoother, her body acclimated, lubricating. She sighed with pleasure, accepting his use of her, and he began to pump in and out with careful, measured strokes, not rough, not fast, but enough to put her in her place without waking Sam.

Kayley’s pussy wrapped tight and sopping wet around Leroy’s cock, he liked fucking her in the morning when she was most defenseless. The day hadn’t infiltrated, the endless tasks, the business of identity and awareness hadn’t quite taken root. Kayley’s body and mind were like almost empty vessels, open to Leroy’s possession, their own will and motivation tenuous and weak, easily swept aside by his own.

He set up an easy pounding rhythm, long deep thrusts that bottomed out deep inside her, and had her knees lifting as he plunged deep, her breathing synchronized with his thrusts, just a little out, her face just a little reddened.

Leroy noticed with each plunge, her lips would seal, jaw clench slightly, even as her back arched, her nostrils flared, brow tightened. Resistance? Then he almost laughed as he realized, she was trying to be quiet for Sam. He plunged hard, forcing a tiny grunt out of her.

“It’s all right,” he whispered. “Quiet. We don’t want to wake Sam,”

She nodded, and he thrust hard again, delighting as he forced her to almost choke as she swallowed the next grunt. The fact that she was struggling to be quiet for her stupid cuck made his cock as hot and hard as an iron bar in a furnace. He could feel himself swelling and stiffening in her, feel her knees go back a little further each deep thrust, as her body yielded.

The sneaky little cunt, he exulted, loving her desperate effort to be quiet. There were a hundred ways to make her squeal like a pig, flipping her over and taking that bruised asshole, spanking, slapping, a hand on her throat artfully controlling her oxygen, teeth on nipples. Hell, a series of brutal slams of his raging cock, wrecking that compliant fold and she’d make all kinds of noise. But too obvious.

Instead, he just played with his rhythm, a little faster, a little slower, grinding her clit, twisting one side to the other. Never too much, never too obvious. He knees bulled back as he went deep and he caught them there, pushing further back, so that head pushed directly against her G-spot momentarily on its journey.

Pursed lips gave way to parted breaths, to tiny yips and mews, breaking her down into small sighs, then barks and grunts, each loader, forcing a load moan from her. She bit down on it, managing to stay quiet for a whole minute, before he pushed a tremulous extended groan.

With every thrust of his cock, his grind of pubic hair on her clit, the push against her G-spot, their bodies grinding, her resolve faltered and slowly dissolved, until she was moaning loudly.

Did she remember Sam, trying to be quiet for him? Had she forgotten him in her ecstasy, imprisoned and impaled on Leroy's relentless cock? Or had she stopped giving a shit, surrendering to Leroy's possession of her body and soul.

Leroy didn't care, it was all fucking good. He laid on top of her, looking down at her helpless, heaving, sweat drenched body, her thighs wrapping around him, her pussy stretched and surrendered to his ownership. All she could do was moan loudly, yielding her body to captivity.

"Shit!" came from the couch in the living room, a panicked wide awake sound. Kayley stiffened. Leroy smiled internally, there was no drowsiness, Sam hadn't just woken. He'd laid there on the couch, all alone, listening to Leroy fuck his wife in the bedroom.

What had been going through his mind? Had he wanted to crawl back into bed like a shmuck, trying to join them. Or stand in the doorway jerking off as he had last night like an asshole. In the end, he'd opted to remain on the couch like a coward, stroking himself to the sound of Leroy taking his wife away from him.

Kayley looked over to the doorway, startled by Sam's curse. He pushed hard into her, knocking her breathless, and stuck his tongue in her mouth.

Outside, Sam was frantically rushing around.

"Shit! Shit!"

Sam appeared in the bedroom doorway, freezing there momentarily, taking in the sight of Kayley naked on her back, Leroy's cock pistoning smoothly in and out of her yielding body. He blinked, startled, as Leroy and Kayley looked up at him.

Taking it in, Sam's eyes swept urgently to the dead alarm.

"Fuck," Sam said.

"Sam?" Kayley breathed, between thrusts. "What's wrong."

"The fucking alarm got unplugged," Sam replied, he was crossing past them, moving smoothly to the dresser and closet, plucking clothes. Kayley tried to sit up, but subtly, Leroy pressed her back, sliding deep into her. "We're going to be late. We're both going to be late."

Leroy picked up the pace, making sure to grind against her clit. He pulled her hands up over her head, pinning her wrists, feeling the moment of yielding, the subliminal submission.

"Kayley," Sam said urgently. "We have to get up. We're running out of time."

Kayley's attention wavered between Leroy's fucking and Sam. Leroy decided to risk a kiss, pressing lips against hers forcefully, feeling her yield.

"Relax," he whispered quietly against her cheek, feeling her resistance melt away.

"We're a little busy, Bud," Leroy told Sam, careful to sound distracted, but secretly gleeful. Under him, Kayley, completely tamed, made no further move to escape. He thrust harder now, pushing her arousal. "Look, why don't you take a shower, we should be done then."

For a moment, the fucking loser hung there indecisively. Idly, Leroy wondered what he would do. Accept his banishment to the shower while his girl was being fucked in front of him? Get ready to go to his meaningless job, the life of a drone, while Kayley spread her legs for another man?

Or would he futilely try to reclaim his manhood, joining them in bed, but finding the only role open was one that Leroy assigned to him?

“Or,” Leroy said, knowing the answer in advance, “you could join us. I think she can take you when we finish.”

Kayley blinked up at him. She’s caught that he’d offered her body as if he owned it, to the man who had a better claim to her affection. The bitch was too fucking smart, he always had to be careful with her.

He kissed her to distract her, smoothing the irritation, and gave her a series of hard thrusts, making her gasp so that the moment to say something passed.

Sam hung just a moment more, then he vanished. A second later, they heard the shower running. Leroy watched her, waiting for the realization that Sam had picked his job over her, abandoned her to Leroy’s cock, so that he could get ready for work. It was nothing really, everyone had lives, everyone was pulled constantly, and normally it wouldn’t even register for Kayley, the sentiment flickering on and off so quickly. But Leroy was waiting for it, and when he saw it, he struck.

“The boy has his priorities,” and he chuckled. The barb struck home, her eyes widened, with a consciousness of betrayal and abandonment. He jammed his hips, giving her a long ferocious thrust to reminder of who had chosen her. The moment was forgotten, at least it was on the surface. Down below, in the unexamined places of her psyche, he hoped it would remain and take root to fester.

Now that Sam was up, there was no need to be quiet or gentle. Leroy picked up the pace, becoming rougher in his handling. Long past resistance, no longer needing to be quiet, he drew one squeal after the other from her heaving body.

Lunging upward, Leroy reached back, and grabbed her ankles, pushing them back all the way to her shoulders, bending her double. This way, he could push with a series of devastating thrusts.

“Oh!” Kayley cried. “Oh! Oh Fuck!”

“Take it bitch,” Leroy ordered loudly, bending her in half and fucking even harder. “Let me hear it”

“OH! OH FUCK! FUCK!” She cried.

“Let him hear it,” Leroy commanded, the sound of the shower silencing.

“OH! OH! OH!” Kayley screamed “OHMYGOD!!! OHFUCKOHFUCK!!!”

Right at the edge of her orgasm, he pulled out suddenly, ignoring her protesting squeal. With his grip on her ankles, he could use her like a rag doll, and so he twisted her around onto her stomach.

“OHHH FUCCKKKK!!!!” Kayley squealed, thrashing on her belly, one hand reaching under.

Leroy grabbed her ass, pulling her into position. Her cunt was so hungry that it almost sucked his cock in, the mere brush of his head, making her hips twitch back, briefly enfolding the head. He hissed, and pulled back. The bitch got it when he decided to give it to her, not before.

“Fuck,” Sam told Kayley, who was almost beyond hearing. “Kayley, we have to get going.”

“Aaahh,” she whimpered, her forehead in the mattress, “I’m so close, so fucking close.”

Leroy reached down her back, grabbing a handful of hair and pulling the suddenly whimpering girl up onto her elbows. He felt her ass bouncing frantically against his hips, rolling and twisting, trying to work itself over the edge into orgasm. She whined, pumping herself back, lost in the desperate need for pleasure.

“Come on, Sam,” Leroy offered with evil glee. “There’s time. We can both do her. Take your cock out, fuck that face. She wants it.”

Sam stared at them, face red, hung up on indecision. Leroy didn’t care, the fucker would either run out the door, leaving her behind, or he’d drop his trousers and take her. Either would be a betrayal, making her worthless. And no matter what happened, he’d have her tight little cunt wrapped around his cock, impaled, dancing like a puppet as he fucked her.

“Yes,” whined Kayley, “a little more. Just a little more. Sam...”

Kayley was bleary with eroticism, Leroy could feel it.

“Come on Sam,” Leroy coaxed, “you heard her. She wants it. Stick your cock down her throat.”

He bent forward, pushing her towards Sam, keeping up a fierce rhythm as the girl bounced on his cock.

“Tell him Kayley,” he ordered. “Tell him to stick your cock down your throat, think about how fucking hit it would be to get it, to take it both ends.”

“Fuck!” Kayley grunted, her head tossing wildly. “Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!”

“You sure,” Sam asked warily, but his cock was already out, escaping his unzipped trousers.

Leroy wanted to swear, the fucker wanted to slam her so bad himself, he could taste it. But the gutless cuck didn’t have the nerve to throw Leroy off and take her, or even to grab her head and slam her throat.

“YESSSSSS!!!!” Kayley howled, almost shaking with desire, the orgasm endlessly seething out of reach. “Yes! Yes! Let’s do it! I want you both.”

Sam knelt on the bed, undoing the waist button on his pants, as Kayley dived forwards onto his cock. Leroy felt her pussy sliding away, and thrust hard to bottom out, pushing her onto Sam’s erection hard enough to make her gag. He suppressed a grin at the way she’d been rag dolled.

He pulled her back, allowing Sam to get on his knees on the bed and fit into position, and once he’d allowed them both a breather, he started thrusting unevenly into Kayley. Sam hissed as her teeth scraped him again and again. Other times, she gagged awkwardly. Kayley’s orgasm receded even as she worked frantically to try and retrieve it. Meanwhile, Leroy held her ass in his iron grip, burying his cock in exulting in her endless slick wetness, the perpetual dance of her muscles gripping around his erection, her hips rolling in the search for just a little more stimulation.

After a few moments, of intermittent gagging, Leroy felt Kayley giving up, pushing herself up on one hand, pushing against Sam’s belly with the other. Sam’s erection fell from her lips, drool running down her chin. She caught it in her free hand, jerking the sweat slicked member. Sam’s fingers wrapped around hers as they moved.

Kayley looked up as Sam's face tilted down, and for a moment, Leroy was sure they were looking into each other's eyes as they stroked Sam's cock together. Angrily, he started thrusting hard and off rhythm into Kayley's tight pussy, Leroy's steel hard cock violating her inner walls, making her gasp and squeal.

Soon she'd dropped her hand from Sam's cock, grunting erratically, as Leroy punished her brutally from behind, his hips slapping her ass audibly, his cock bottoming in her slick, tight hole, violating it. He slammed into her, working to keep her off balance, forcing her to use both hands to hold herself.

As her body swung and heaved, sweat almost flinging off her, head tossing, a series of moans and grunts forced from her, Sam knelt in front of her, frantically jerking. Leroy flashed on Sam masturbating in the doorway last night. My cunt, you fucking cuck, he thought. Watch me take your woman and make her my whore while you kneel there and jerk off.

"Come on her face, Sam," Leroy ordered. "Do it. Fucking paint her. She wants it."

Sam looked down at Kayley, then up at Leroy. The older man nodded fiercely, thrusting hard into Kayley from behind, forcing her to struggle to stay upright.

Kayley rose up, wrapped her lips around Sam's erection. Then Sam's cock fell out of her mouth. She lifted it, taking the head between her lips, but the next thrust had her opening wide, barely touching it. Sam reached down, holding her head with one hand, his other gripping his cock, fingers in her hair, he tried to guide his cock in and out of her mouth.

"Do it," Leroy commanded. "Come on her face. Splash per, that's what she wants."

That was enough. The younger man pulled back a little, pulling his cock away, reaching down and starting to jerk frantically. Kayley, after a moment, accepted the action, letting Sam masturbate, giving herself fully to the erection filling her from behind. She bent her head, looking up at Sam, trying to meet his eyes.

Hastily, with no thought beyond his own pleasure and getting off, Sam jerked his spit slick cock frantically, his face drawn, held on conflicting urges, the desire to stay and do it properly, the need to be out the door to work, the torn desperate urge to come.

There was no contest, with a moan that was almost a roar, Sam ejaculated, spurting into Kayley's open mouth, spattering all over her face in thick ropes while she gasped and squealed. Despite himself, Leroy was impressed at the volume.

"Holy shit," Sam gasped, suddenly exhausted.

"Good job, bud," Leroy told him. "Now get dressed, or you'll be late. Don't worry, we're going to finish real quick."

For a moment, Sam wavered, confused. His cock drooping, beads of semen spilling uselessly, caught in post orgasmic lassitude, the world beyond his orgasm crushing in.

Sam vanished from the bedroom, but returned an instant later, surprising Leroy.

He knelt and kissed her, surprising Leroy, as he tenderly wiped the semen off her face with a damp hand towel. For some reason, the gesture angered Leroy, but he said nothing, merely tightening his grip on her ass until he was sure to leave bruises. He was sure they were making eyes at each other. Fuck them.

"I wish I could stay," Sam whispered to her between kisses.

"I know," Kayley said.

"You'll be okay?" he asked.

"Oh yeah," she assured him. "But you need to run."

"All right... Love you."

"Love you."

One more kiss, to Leroy's disgust, then Sam headed for the door.

"Sam?" Kayley called.

He stopped in the doorway, turning.

"Thank you," she said. Leroy had no idea what that was supposed to be about. Thank you for leaving? Thank you for jerking off on her face?

Sam blew her a kiss, and then was gone. A moment later, the apartment door closed. For an instant, Leroy felt a wild sense of liberation. Sam was gone, Kayley was trapped alone with him. He could do anything he wanted with her. The impulse flickered and died. He had other plans than some momentary satisfaction.

And besides, the more frightening and dangerous member of the couple was the one still in the apartment with him.